


# A voir aussi

Lecture 

Orchestre de la Suisse Romande | Julien Leroy  
Gabriel Schenker   
jeu 13 sept 20:00  
Victoria Hall

Alma Negra | Les Diplomates |   
Ramin&Reda  
jeu 13 sept 23:00  
Le Club

Dimitris Papaioannou  
*The Great Tamer*  
ven 14 sept 20:30  
Château Rouge | Annemasse

Julie Beauvais & Horace Lundd  
*ORLANDO*  
sam 15 sept 06:00  
Parc du château de Voltaire | Ferney-Voltaire

## Hissa Hilal<sup>SA</sup> & Khalil Tufeyhat<sup>SA</sup>

mer 12 sept 19:00  
Alhambra

Durée 75'

En arabe

Hissa Hilal n'a pas froid aux yeux. Journaliste et poétesse, la Saoudienne a osé défier la société patriarcale de son pays via un concours télévisé en déployant une arme bien particulière : la rime. Après la publication de ses œuvres sous pseudonyme, sa participation à l'émission *Le Poète du million* (version littéraire de l'hexagonale *Nouvelle Star*) lui a offert une tribune inespérée. Formulées devant 75 millions de téléspectateurs, ses critiques à l'égard de la société arabe et des sévères fatwas lancées par certains religieux ont été largement relayées par la presse nationale et occidentale. Pour preuve, le retentissant documentaire de Stefanie Brockhaus et Andreas Wolff salué par une standing ovation au dernier Festival de Locarno. Petit miracle : Hissa Hilal fait une halte à Genève pour nous dire ses poèmes, sur la musique interprétée en live de Khalil Tufeyhat. O temps ! suspends ton vol !

## Restaurant

Avant ou après les spectacles, rendez-vous au SEPTEMBRE VERT, restaurant de La Bâtie.

Des plats aux saveurs métissées, des recettes traditionnelles, des produits régionaux, le tout à déguster seul ou à partager entre amis !

Ouvert tous les jours jusqu'au 15 septembre  
Horaires : 18:00 - 02:00  
Service : 19:00 - 01:00  
Réservations au +41 77 439 49 98

Salle communale du Faubourg  
Rue des Terreaux-du-Temple 8  
1201 Genève

Représentation à La Bâtie avec  
le soutien de Flux Laboratory

# Les poèmes

## 1. Poetry Night

### Poets

Poets are the forerunners of prophets

The wisdom of need

The fire of necessity

The clouds of questions

The rain of rejection

The downpour of gnosis

Poets are the whip of the desert in the face of the stingy

And the temptation flag of generosity for the hesitant.

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### Towns of Oppressive People

Towns like camels suffering from intestinal ailments,  
forever ruminating

coveting thorns and sinful suspicions

Craving evil-doing

Towns like impotent ghouls

Backbiting girls, histories, and illusions

And spitting black meat and sins

Too wicked to repent, too stupid to draw back

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### Strangers could be angles

Strangers could be angels

Do not be afraid of strangers; they could be angles  
who've lost their way

Fill the pockets of strangers with sweet tales

And bright smiles

Leave upon their shoulders the warmth of your  
empathetic hands

Place in their eyes a tear of love

A sparkle of motherhood

Grant them a candle of hope and a star for forgetful-  
ness

All these lovely woods

All these rivers

All this freedom

All this ladder

Because this city

Never stones strangers with suspicions  
and fear

\*\*\*\*\*

### Victim voice

The red steaming voice of the victim

Thrown upon the shrouds of our silence

We are the graveyard of victims

We are the evils who say their prayers and fast

Their terrible screaming...

A flaming sword sheathed in the coldness of our blood,

We are the religious corruption

We maintain justice

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### Silence

My silence is a jar

sealed upon the dinars of history,

In my eyes truths and signs shimmer.

My poems are the sacred chapters of seduction

And prophecies of deserts

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### Sagacity

Poets Grief does not knock out poets  
any longer

Nor do songs make them cry or be delighted.

Poor people's smile in the eyes of desolation,  
Because I am a poet

I am the tree unbeaten by the blazing heat

I am the thunder of spring

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A woman in her bewilderment

A she-camel with tied legs

A tribe in its virginity

The desert in its serenity

The poem in its veil

And silence as it should be when trees are turned into  
embers

embers, tea, and coffee with smoke

of apprehensions and the fragrance of ash.

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In folk tales and movies

The indigent hero conquers the thieves

In poems and novels knights triumph over the wicked

In history kings triumph over invaders

Prophets over infidels

Priests over the ignorant

But a poet named Hessa Helal says that in fact...

The cruelest and most ferocious villains

Triumph over weak villains

Good people never win

From the beginning, battles have been fought on good  
people's lands

Since the first conflict, evil has had the upper hand

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### Mad World

Invaders are becoming better than nationalists

An invader leaves your soul and body alone

A nationalist confiscates your soul

The cleric confiscates your soul, body,

the homeland and life after death!!

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The desert is an eternal widow.

The sea is tears,

The valley is an attempt to run away,

Lightning is a sword tearing the garments of water

Thunder is heaven's drum... the roar of possibilities.

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### The Folk Songs of the Tribe

Tales are the cups of evening gatherings  
Poetry is the tome of the Bedouins  
Tales that for barbarian villages  
Sound like empty water bottles scattered in parks  
Like chocolate remnants  
Of a wedding party swarming with foolish children  
In a cheap lounge  
But in the of hearts of the tribes  
They are the lances charged in battle and coffee-  
roasting pans  
The rumbling of defeats and roaring of raids  
Fowl hunting and falconry  
The steeds of confrontation, champions of fortitude  
The eye kohl of prominent ladies, the blaming of belles  
In the hearts of tribes...  
Honored camels that never drag well water skins or  
plows

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O ye oppressed,  
I am beneath the night  
I never enjoy the songs I love  
Or the films I like  
Nor does my mouth relish the taste of mint tea  
Poems in my heart are meaningless  
For you stand between me and life  
I think about you all the time  
You are sparrows in pain  
I am the tree where you dwell every night  
O how tortured am I by your agonies  
When will God do you justice; when will you set me free

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My heart is a precious stone  
Magicians' myths hover around it  
Monks' tales inhabit it  
Sad pastoral songs seek its shade  
And mares of Bedouin colloquial verse graze on its  
grass  
My heart is the primal temple in this universe  
Built by a woman cast out by kings and soldiers

\*\*\*\*\*

A poet  
Hence... all this glory is mine  
I am the Arabian chanting melody  
The opening of tales hanging on the curtains of  
revelation,  
The joy of stories so hard to tell,  
The tamarisk of Bedouin blood in the embers of history  
I am the proud coffee pot of pleasure in January nights  
The spear of long silence in the bosoms of  
narratives and oblivion  
The blossoms of gorgeous dresses and lasses that go  
to remote water springs  
The modest belles' salute to knights  
The greetings of antelopes to brooks  
The Bedouin women's tassels when men are  
vanquished  
My poem is a mare of free battles  
My voice is the falcon of confrontations  
Isn't poetry the boldest thing within the bosoms?  
Isn't it?  
A flag of rain in the thirst of deserts,  
And longings of villages  
Good people's laughter in the face of defeats,

Poets are aware of the horror of forthcoming calamities  
Like horses digging the ground with their hooves and  
snarling anxiously...  
Then lie down for their destiny.  
All that is left for them of maturity and sensibility  
Is to stare silently and dully...

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### Warning

...Kafka knocked  
the doors early  
To warn us...  
But  
we preferred the gold of illusion  
To the silver of truth

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### Ice from Switzerland

If (Zurich) gives me a snow that it's forest doesn't want  
For the sake of god  
For My hot dry burning desert  
If Lucarno gives me the rain that is beyond its rivers  
Tolérance  
For the Bedouin who are overwhelmed by overwhelming joy,  
When the sky threw them with a spoon of rain,  
If Switzerland is so generous with me  
And fill up a private plane with rain and fog,  
If every forest gives me a small village of trees,  
I would give Switzerland a sun that does not go away,  
or set dark  
And I would give Switzerland,  
A tribe of beautiful Arabian horses,  
Also I would have given Switzerland a thousand Arab  
stories of Arab love and virginity,  
If Switzerland ..If Switzerland  
leaves me on its beautiful mountains write poetry,  
Do not be afraid of a poetess veil  
Great Switzerland remained in my stories an eternal  
novel,  
Shepherds sing for it's beauty in the desert ..  
They imagine it as a seventh heaven  
And remains a poem arab men sing it for the Arab girl  
in their chest on the emergence of camels traveling  
through the history,in love heaven  
How many behind Barka dear Switzerland,  
How many behind the veil sad poetess  
They fall in black robes like poems burned by oblivion.  
Like an oriental brown novel about old love,  
I'm desert ..woman  
Which I crave forests, rivers and snow in my dreams,  
I suffer from the need for rain and desire fog  
Switzerland blew beautiful in my blood, children joy,  
And ignited the madness of the thirsty tribes,  
When the snow fall down and the wind blew,  
the rainy wind blew me  
Whisk my ribs.  
Oh my God..  
All this magnificence over my possibility ..  
All this beauty is many.  
:all this is much than my poems ever dreamt

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Your eyes are...  
Two Arabic nights dark and stormy  
Beats the the the silent villages wildly

Your eyes  
Having a flood y days promising a grate spring,  
promising to change the valleys history

promising : wheats, roses, happy birds... and love  
poems

Your eyes are two black horses loaded By victory and  
defeats  
Loaded by courageous And intrusion  
Your eyes are two deers eye lined  
By Nights, stars, black moons and stormy  
Daybreaks

Your eyes are two novels written by vigil and coffee

Your eyes are two sharp Arabic swords  
Have no mercy

Two mysterious Saucepan  
And arriving... ever never happens

Your eyes are Two rivulets  
Deeb in refus and Curiosity and thurs

Nouf your eyes are two short stories  
About a very long silence  
You tough me what is the mean of silence  
When the screaming is only a sand storm

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I love my desert  
the giver of mirage, the poems and the legends  
The sun is it's queen , the thirsty is it's army  
The moving sand is it's grate castle  
My desert storms are horses from the fire  
It's storms are Sand and phobia  
An enormous tent of apprehension  
It's limbs are of hair and palms  
It's objects are suras and verses  
It's tribes wisdom of the ages  
I love its mystery  
The eyes of it's stories sharp like swords and lightning  
like light and jamer  
Fired with swords and lightning  
I am captive silent howl  
In the history of love and famine  
Captive for tigers and deers  
In eternal silence And stone inscriptions  
My desert i am Tightened to it  
To the valleys of poetry, magic and mysteries  
And prophecies  
I love it I love...  
which deprives my face to give me a long night and a  
cloak instead  
It confiscate my voice  
And gives me silence fatwa  
The obeying the acceptance thé kneeling down  
I refuse but I love  
Tightly tied to my pain  
Love of this desert such as a swastika  
Such as Sickle  
Never disengages if Ingres