

Introduction
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Les âmes aux pieds nus

It's always hard to know the exact moment of a poem's creation, also the circumstances that surround and accompany it. Although we know the date on which it was written, a poem remain a long story that comes to rest on a blank page. A poem that is doubtless read in a matter of seconds or minutes is a result of a process that can stretch over several years. When I received my first slap in the face, a slap that, sadly, was to be followed by many more, physical or emotional, as is the case for so many women who suffer at the hands of some kind of cruelty either bodily or mental ... What have I done? my impotence caused me to cry bitter tears, and still today, if I feel anger at enduring what is imposed upon me, I can do nothing other than suffer. But this has given me a clearer understanding of the human race and to exchange more intimately with all those, women or men, who suffer violence. Since not only women are victims but nations in their entirety, children, old people, the oppressed, those who are subject to humiliation no matter their nature or their origins.

The day I felt hot liquid run between my legs, like a little girl's fears, I decided that not a soul on Earth had the right to threaten me, even in speech. From this humiliation, this suffering that I have been subjected to for so long, which was worsened when my child was taken from me, was born the woman that I am. A woman that does not know how to return a blow, but who know there is a way out, a sublimation of all the hardship endured.

This sudden awakening, the ability to overcome the human condition by the journey which is feminine condition... is poetry. It is this intuition that first stirred the feeling that I belong in everyone's life, and my understanding of the joy and the pain in every life. It came as a startling revelation to me that beauty does not exclude ugliness, but rises above and takes responsibility for it.

I was overwhelmed to discover that my poem "women like me" had been chosen in schools, in Ramallah, Palestine, as part of an educational program for children from 12 to 18 and also in France for students in secondary education in a class where a student was able to speak of her rape. I understood then that poetry holds a mirror before each of us within which we can find a remedy.