

Once More Tomorrow

JULIO SAVI

after the Paris attacks on 13 November

Those young lives cut short
under the stage of the Bataclan,
near the bleachers of the Stade
de France, among the tables
of Le Petit Cambodge,
Le Carillon, Casa nostra
and La Belle Équipe,
did not bring only grief.
Their names, their faces,
burned into our minds and hearts,
reawake, with strengthened
thrust, our love of freedom
and justice, the perennial muse
of the best intellects of the world.
The cry “You won’t have
My hatred,” by Antoine,
Leiris confirms
the power of love
that tragedy can still evoke.

The free hugs of Parisians,
the resolution of their government,
the dignified sorrow
of the parents of Valeria
Solesin poignantly proves
that human feelings
can rise like the sun
and bring renovated hopes
to this old civilization.