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Africa/ Senegal

The tireless one

A poem prepared for the West African Fair for Artisanally Processed Fish

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You are the tireless one
Who feeds our people and doesn't count the cost
You are the woman
Who comes home late in the joy-filled evenings;
Listen, woman of the landing site
Listen, you crafter of our hopes
Woman from the muddy ground
Struggling in the bad weather
Offer me a basket filled with bonga¹
Give me those pelagic fish
that give sweat flavours
to the peanut sauce
and to the palm oil.

Amazon from the jetties
Your breast is filled with hope
Like a sailing-boat at sea
Woman who comes home late in the evening
and watches all night
over the smoking grills
Woman smoker with fiery hair
Woman of the *poto-potos*²
You carry within you
Lakes with the names of Princesses and Queens
Your body exudes the sweet smell
Of the fish smoked by your sweat
Woman smoker,
I'll write your name in red-letters, make you a knot
of joy.

Woman,

How many mouths have you fed
With the milk from your breasts
And with the beads of sweat from your brow?
What joy for the town
and village folk of this beautiful country.
What joy for the fishermen
And for the consumers!

Listen,

*Piroguier*³ hoping for a better tomorrow, Do you know how fond this great people are Of the *konkoé*⁴ from the improved *banda*⁵? Pray for the woman smoker Who labours on the jetties
Watching the horizon
in search of the fishermen's arrival
Listen to the *flouf flouf* of the pelagics
Joy is dawning
On the ocean of hope.

Listen

Listen, *piroguier*The smoke reddened grills
The *banda* engulfed in smoke
is the precious creation
Of this woman, the author of our life
whose body exhales
All the perfumes of the earth.

- ¹ Bonga shad (*Ethmalosa*)
- ² Coastal marshes
- ³ Canoe-man
- ⁴ Sea catfish (*Arius*)
- ⁵ Oven for smoking fish