

## « Les yeux de mon cœur », nouveau recueil de poèmes d'Edouard Bizimana

@rib News, 11/01/2020 Ambassadeur Edouard Bizimana vient de publier un nouveau recueil de plus de 75 poèmes en français, en anglais et en russe. Quelques poèmes de la collection :

1. A Departed Fellow (to Leon Manwangari) Too late for nice flowers And for so touching but fake love words To praise a departed fellow, After a lonely life in a crowded city And after so many fights and unfinished agendas! Forgotten while living and remembered once dead Leon was no more there to witness The hypocrisy of the country of his birth And for which he fought. No-one is there to give a sense To the struggles of yours. You did much for so little Leon! Your legacy and fights are worthy More than a wrath of flowers That will fade within a day, You deserve, Leon! The nation owes you tribute To cool down the anger Of the spirits of those, In their graves contemplate The peace, freedom and democracy you Dearly cherished and fought for Overwhelmingly flowing in the blessed land Of Ntare, a land of milk and honey . These verses are a tribute To you, freedom fighter As I have nothing else to offer.

2. Bercé par une muse Dans mes nuits tranquilles, Une muse s'invita pour bercer mes rêves Elle ne connaît ni Zeus ni Mnemosyne, Mais sa présence seule inspire: Des vers infinis d'amour Des chants mélodieux; Réveille en moi des talents cachés, Des sentiments que l'âge veut relâquer Et des pouvoirs que je pensais délaquer Aux plus jeunes moi Qui pourtant, ne sont pas mieux que moi Ni en amour, ni en intelligence. Face aux responsabilités, aux vicissitudes de la vie, On oublie de vivre, d'écouter, de voir, de sentir nos envies, On ignore la vie qui nous sourit La nature qui nous parle, Les gens qui nous regardent et espèrent en nous, On oublie, on reporte et la mort remporte. On tourne le regard à ceux qui nous sourient On se crispe sur ceux qui nous maudissent Et cela nous truit et nous angoisse. La muse m'a visité et m'a ressuscité; A rempli de vitalité mon cœur asséché. Mon corps a repris Des envies positives ont resurgi Et je reprends mon pèlerinage Pour explorer les chemins et les chemins Qui attendent un geste d'amour, un mot, un baiser, Décidément de ne plus, mes yeux baisser Devant les âmes qui cherchent l'apais.

3. The word That word you whispered in my ear, And that I still keep in my heart, The word of wisdom, the word of life. That word reverberating for me to hear, And remember so as not to part, From the way of promises. Your word lightens my path, And gives me more strength In my search of meaning in a meaningless world And joy in worldly fancies. The word I have to pass on to generations to come, So that it can be everlasting. The word to lead your endeavour, For the joy of the caring Creator, Whose Angels guide our daily steps, So that there is less sorrow In the search of a better tomorrow. That word of divine inspiration, And the explanation of the second coming. The word you told me in your last breath, While on your heavenly journey. And that Angels did wish you To pass on unto me before They take you to your heavenly Father: "Love your neighbour as you love yourself" Love, love for others, love for love's sake, That's the word, the meaning of life.