


AIDA FARRAG GRAFF

Where Have the Words Gone

Hidden in the recesses of her mind
Was the memory of someone saying
That no matter how sick the body
A mother tongue always resurfaced
To help you through the final exit.
But into what language was she born
Whose infancy was rocked
To lullabies from different lands?

She spoke so many tongues
That none was hers now
As she lay in her bed.
She couldn't tell the nurse
What kind of dragon
Was coring her guts.
She had lost her many tongues.
They had melted deep into the furrows of her brain
With the onslaught of the ice-age.

At times she felt
They were playing hide and seek
She and her many tongues.
But that was years ago
In a green unfractured land,
Where children played on concrete courts
Under the watchful eyes of shrouded nuns.
You couldn't really play hide and seek there
Under their ever watchful eyes.
You could only play in groups,
And never, never, in twos or fours.

So where have the words gone
Where have the children gone.


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