

SAMI BEN LARBI

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I was awakened last night by a recurring dream, or nightmare, I don't know how much of it is recollection, how much of it is unconscious imagination.

I am in Tunis. I am living there and it is summer. I am 20 or so. I am visiting grandma at Aunt Fatouma's house. My cousin Cherifa is there too. My grandma and I are sitting under a tree in the garden. She's making tea on the Kanoun. Even though it is summer we are both sitting around the fire. She's talking to me and I'm talking to her, but I have no idea what she is saying because I do not speak Arabic and she does not speak French. She's gesturing, using her cane, pointing in different directions, at me sometimes. Her voice gets angry. It seems like she's cursing someone. I have NO idea what it's about. Is she fussing at me? I don't think so since a few minutes later her voice gets lower and she does her "yaah sidi, yaah sidi", slaps me on the back and laughs. I don't know what I myself am talking about. I know I am opening my mouth. I think I am talking about my aspirations, what I want to be, but again I feel like I am a spectator to it all. Maybe I'm trying to tell her about me, about my life back home --home-- She's looking at me with big eyes, she's quiet when I talk, it seems like she's making the effort to listen to me, but then she nods at the wrong times. I know she has NO IDEA what I am talking about.

Then I wake up.

Or did I?