

The child of our children

Maurice Clerc 2008
translated from French by
Abhi Dattasharma



Look at her hair
And look at her eyes
Count, there are two
Isn't it marvellous?

She has very smooth skin
Delicate ears
One two three four five six
Seven eight nine ten toes

The child of our children
Is like all children
A pure wonder
Not similar to any other

See how she smiles
She looks truly mischievous
Now she is sleeping
Is not she pretty?

Looks like she is dreaming
Or is it a fever?
I don't feel restful
She seems so fragile

The child of our children
Does not matter whether yellow or black or brown
Is a precious gift
For the old women and men

Listen, she woke up.
She is indeed not sleepy anymore!
She found her voice
That of an opera singer

What cries of despair!
Give her something to drink, someone!
Poor little thing
Ah! her life is not easy

The parents of the parents
Think that their children
Can not take care
Of their little baby

The family is on their toes
And says gaa-gaa-goo-goo
At every small belch
The camera comes out rushing

And thanks to digital techniques
And informatics
Everyone on the internet
Can see her tiny face

The child of our children
With her courtiers
Who pay homage to her
That makes a nice picture

Then months will pass
She will try to walk
To say a few words
That we do not understand

And everybody is amazed
Would cry out that she is a genius!
Not even three years old
And she has already said "Papa, mama"!

The child of our children
Stumbling, stammering
Will build the future
We will not see

Look at our hair
Look we are old
Yes we pass the torch
To you, for the future

Let go, little damselfly
Open wide your wings
But before the leaving
Take a keepsake

Child of our children
This song is for you
Maybe you will listen
To the voices of your ancestors

Child of our children
Before it is time to go away
We, who saw you being born
We wish you wind in your sails