

BOULEVARD DU GRAND MAGHREB ARABE

Aboard the "Carthage" from Genoa across the sea to Africa
Air full of salt and heavy oil soot.

Gruff customs officers with a customs officer's stare, a stare that grabs you
like it's the scruff of your neck

"Marchandises, goods to declare...Donnez moi un cadeau!...."

La Goulette, Sidi Bou Said, thé à la menthe at the Café des Délices.
And then out, out of town on the Boulevard du Grand Maghreb Arabe.

Mémé* sells warm take-away khobs** by the roadside.

Cars like arrows whizz by on the Boulevard du Grand Maghreb Arabe.

Feel the wind blowing from the desert and it goes into your soul
Rush-rush-rush hour on the Boulevard du Grand Maghreb Arabe.

Concrete castles in decay and with pillars that like claws
Involuntarily stand in line on the Boulevard du Grand Maghreb Arabe.

We drive, drive, drive to the edge, in the south the sea of sand calls out
Fissa, fissa*** out to the country on the Boulevard du Grand Maghreb
Arabe.

Fresh jasmine behind the ear, two guys in a traffic jam sing in chorus
"There is magic in the air...allez, allez, allez, allez."

Cop at the checkpoint, elegantly the note finds its way into the hand
Bon voyage, au revoir, Monsieur on the Boulevard du Grand Maghreb
Arabe.

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* grannie **Tunisian bread *** quick, quick