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Le Nouveau Temps
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LE NOUVEAU TEMPS

The water's cut off again tonight. They must be digging on the new highway, working around the clock to paint white arrows, connect street lamps, at least on the strip between here and the presidential palace, so Ben Ali's black cop-flanked limousine can cut red ribbons on the new route on November 7th, the anniversary of the coup, the date of what the party calls *le nouveau temps*, the new time. They like to ring that date in with such ribbons, the paint on the latest metro stop or highway cloverleaf still dripping. Only the dark vans of police make continuity on every corner, the new time in the same old story. The stones in the graveyards head toward Mecca. On the roofs, the satellite dishes aim the other way.