

Lletres en anglès

1.- LA BOIRA

The fog

The randomness of this capricious biology / or as many theories as can fit in the box. / Maybe the spark of a bat, / while health is not a priority / and governments are at the service of capital, / or maybe there are some who play God, / quite a few are more than capable. / In any case, / people's lives are like pawns on a chessboard. / Thousands, millions. / In any case, / badly and late our reactions emerge. / Politicians, powerful, insensitive, inhuman. / In any case, / they wear their face masks over their eyes. / Everything for money, / thousands and millions, / everything, always for power.

We are in mortal danger, / the whole planet, / globalized world, / we are all equally vulnerable. / Regardless of social conditions / it can affect us, we are all alike; / for example, / the test of infection / should be universal, / not just for millionaires, / politicians and loaded athletes.

We are alike, / but in places where no tap water flows / the virus can be devastating. / And here the scissors puncture every day / schools, theaters, hospitals. / And now there won't be enough beds, / saturation and final thrust.

Now everyone can see clearly / the value of public services, / the vital importance / to strongly nurture the common good. / Now everyone sees it clearly, including some glittering neoliberalist, / when they find themselves in dire straits / they suddenly talk about equality. / And it is known that the only solutions / are not mine or yours, / but are those made for everyone.

We also know that we have heroines, heroes, / they are doctors, nurses, / who do all that they can / everything possible and impossible, / who are openly exposed to danger, / who bear a heavy load, / who lack everything, / who will be able to save us / only if we help them as much as possible.

There are also drivers, / caregivers and cashiers, / refuse collectors, / basic services, / necessary, / but at the same time exposed and spreading the virus, / other people unfairly forced to work.

To be responsible, supportive, / is to empathize. / What is good for others is good for you.

While there are those who only fill their bellies, / empty shelves, elbowing and pushing.

If I think of others, / I think of myself. / Only if we share, / will we make it.

We must understand that what we do, / or what we stop doing has consequences, / not just for us. / It directly affects others. / Let's assume once and for all / that we depend on each other.

You can help stop it, / or, unconsciously and selfishly, / scatter it all over. / Two more people died today, / two days ago they were perfectly fine. / And this will multiply / in a few weeks, in a few days, / tens, hundreds, thousands?

It doesn't matter / we are not numbers, we are people. / It doesn't matter / we are not numbers, we are people.

Anyone's life / has the most precious value, / worth more than all the gold in the world. / The human life of anyone / has the most precious value, / worth more than all the gold in the world.

It doesn't matter / we are not numbers. / It doesn't matter / we are people.

Scientists warning weeks and months ago; / maps, graphs, forecasts. / Politicians becoming deaf, / showing off about the healthcare system, / looking at how to take advantage of the situation, / neglecting the experts, / who knew this was imminent: / "Clear decisions must be taken now, radically, for everybody". / A determined strategy, / explain it to the people / and a plan for what is to come, / now and in the future.

But meanwhile, those in their chairs / looking away, / not taking sides, / going, as always, / in favor of the flow, the stock market and the banks. / The rudder with no hands on it, / stop governing, / so that in the end it is too late / and the current itself swallows us completely.

We can always learn, / some can't find comfort because they don't want to, / but who will continue to do and undo, / playing with human lives on the board? / Who will never really learn? / How many people will fall into ditches on the way? / What is happening right now in refugee camps? / What will be left for the rest of us mortals? / What awaits us after all this? / More crisis? More dictatorship? / More poverty? More precariousness? / More capital?

2.- EL TEMPS DELS ARBRES

The time of the trees

To continue we have to stop. / Live in the time of the trees. / Vegetation that decreases when it has to / and it grows slowly when it can.

To continue we have to stop. / Live in the time of the trees. / The stillness of their movements, / knowing how to be present, / despite the onslaught of the storm, / despite the tears, / despite the defeat of leaves and branches, / despite the fall of its trunk, / the twig pushes out a couple of flowers. Little by little it will be like before / or even bigger. / The time needed, all the time ahead, / it will clear the fog, the world will return.

Fear can fill us, / disaffection can hunt us all, / but another feeling can also overwhelm us: / the conviction that we will get through this.

To continue we have to stop. / We live in the time of the trees.

3.- L'ANHEL

The longing

Thick fog days. / It blurs the hand, the silhouette. / We are dreaming, / a horror show / and you can't turn off the TV.

The fog is setting, / we are helpless, lost, / full of fear, decayed.

Confined inside, / we want to see, / touch, feel / all around us. / Shipwrecked in the middle of the ocean, / isolated, communication failure.

In order to move on, we have to stop. / Let's connect with the here and now. / Let's survive with what we have. / Surely there are a thousand things to do. / And now you can get started. / Regain your inner space.

Digest misfortunes and losses. / We will learn many things, / take care of ourselves, value the common good, / governance, solidarity, solidarity.

The fog is clearing, / we are helpless, lost, / full of fear, decayed. / Confined inside, / we want to see, touch, feel all around us. / Shipwrecked in the middle of the ocean, / isolated, communication failure.

In order to move on, we have to stop. / Let's connect with the here and now. / Let's survive with what we have. / Surely there are a thousand things to do. / And now you can get started. / Regain your inner space.

4.- L'ALBADA

Sunrise

Maybe we have a reason, / a motive, a course, a horizon. / Maybe we hold the seed. / A change of consciousness / in our hearts. / Maybe we hold the seed.

First plant it, / then take care of it / and get to work.

First plant it, / revive it / and get to work.

We will raise the shutters, / something will shine / in our eyes.

We will raise the shutters, / we will come out of this hole. / We will hug again.

We will walk through the forest, through the city, / we will enjoy the sun and freedom. / We will walk through the forest, through the city, / life, love and friendship.

In our eyes, we will hug again, in our eyes, hug. / In our eyes, we will hug again, in our eyes. / In our eyes, in our eyes, we will hug again. / In our eyes, in our eyes, we will hug again. / In our eyes, in our eyes, in our eyes, we will hug again. / In our eyes, in our eyes, we will hug again. / In our eyes, in our eyes, in our eyes, we will hug again.

And again, and again we will hug again. / And again, in our eyes, a light will shine.

And again, and again we will hug again. / And again, in our eyes, a light will shine.

5.- COM-MOURE L'ESFERA (ELS DE SEMPRE).

Move / How to move the sphere (the usual ones)

The air we breathe. / What we throw into the sea. / The rivers, the land we tread. / They appreciate the truce. / Set aside the rush, / the non-stop buying and throwing away.

From time to time / a small part returns / of all we do to it.

But the whole planet / trembles to think of our return. / A new winner / of the gold rush. / The same show, / change of pattern, / in tax havens / they are the greatest hoarders.

And the usual ones: / fight for the crumbs, / adapt without limit, / flexible to the point of shattering. /

Reversible, suffering every morning, / surviving if so, / and fighting between us. / The usual ones...

It only grows and grows / but it will burst eventually. / From time to time / it returns a small part / of everything we do to it.

Those who work the land. / Let's strengthen the peasantry. / The food from next door. / The network extends, / let's change the paradigm.

Let's take the reins, / Let's invest in making the body vibrate, / feed the mind, joy for the heart, / the beat of the earth. / The usual ones... / The usual ones... / The usual ones...

6.- TINC UN AMIC

I have a friend

Abuses of authority, / ministerial gag rules. / They solve everything / with more police repression.

The system is the crisis, / the crisis is the board. / Blocked people, / hugs suspended too.

Keep the casino rolling.

Products circulate, / finances wander. / If you still have a job / you can go to work, nobody knows at what price.

The purse is worth more than your own life.

As a friend used to say, / it's capitalism itself, / capital in me. / Sea of contradictions, / you didn't want to do it / but you are reproducing it inside.

Reason and freedom, as he used to say. / Decide together, think for yourself. / Capital itself, capital in me.

The system collapses. / Let us follow our conscience: / let's slow down the pace we were setting, / let's try to take care of our living space.

The planet in our hearts, / let's turn the system around: / imagine and act / in your neighborhood, in your village, in your town.

Let's bring down what has brought us here.

Everybody's business is nobody's business.

In each of the climate summits: / no will at all to commit.

Collective risk straight ahead / and Donald Trump / with his finger on the button.

Reason and freedom, as he used to say. / Decide together, think for yourself. / Capital itself, capital in me. / Capital itself, capital in me.

7.- RULETA RUSSA

Russian roulette

Hold the tiller / and never make any decisions. / Bent by the market. / The more you put it off, the more casualties. / You also plundered the health care system.
Having seen the trailer from a nearby country, / you downloaded all of the episodes. / Can't you see from up there that we're not ready? / It's people's lives versus money. / The parties in power, here and there, / they have all ordered budget cuts. / So many homeless people.
We don't belong to that world, / neither to an obsolete, sick state.
"It is always Monday during wartime. / Business as usual. / We are all soldiers, / the king is the first of them".
Hungry for war, / it's more like a game, / a collective struggle against nobody, / in which we win if we stay alive, / or the final victory will belong to death. / It could be worse, / from the supermarket to the store / of weapons to load, making an arsenal! / We uncover what they want to hide: / dismantle welfare, the social state!
We don't belong to that world, / neither to an obsolete, sick state. / We don't belong to that world, / neither to an obsolete, sick state.
We are very clear about the priority: / more hospitals. / We are very clear about the priority: / no weapons, no more hospitals.
We want to be wrong and be right. / There is no excuse to dominate anyone forever. / Yes, we 'want it all'. / Working in the field, / communicating with people.
We do not want to depend on distant places / that know little or nothing of what they are dealing with. / All aimed to force 'unity'. / Shameless supremacism, / fleshless centralism.
We are very clear about the priority: / more hospitals. / We are very clear about the priority: / no weapons, no more hospitals.
We don't belong to that world, / neither to an obsolete, sick state. / We don't belong to that world, / neither to an obsolete, sick state.

8.- MANS DE CEL

Heavenly hands

It's 6:00 am, let's see what we find in the emergency room / driving in my car: what will today be like? What awaits me, I'll face it with energy, / but it's getting under my skin, I can't get to everything.
I don't know if I'll hold on, / I live with the risk, I take it home. / I don't know if I'll hold on, / I don't want to worry my partner and my son.
In the afternoon I get calls, I can't answer, / my strength gives out. / I need to get out, rest my body and mind. / I can't, I can't take anymore.
Hours later, our equipment does not protect us anymore, / it does not transpire. / We can't go to the bathroom.
With the second shift we have lunch while our colleagues / stay in with the patients; a little break. Glasses and masks / so tight, the face needs air. / Glasses and masks. / There is always pressure, but this is just too much.
Eternal days, recycled material, / total lack of protection. / I have never experienced anything like this / not in 30 years on the job.
Patients are alone, isolated, frightened. / If awake we suffer for them, if sedated, we suffer for their loved ones.
If things get complicated it is tough to explain over the phone. / If they pass away without saying goodbye we suffer for both sides. / If they make it and walk out on their own / it's wonderful.
Lots of love between us and them. / If they make it and walk out on their own / I tearfully think: this is my vocation.

We live with a lot of sadness, a phone call / that can break your heart; / I just heard that our dear Ramon / will need artificial ventilation.
Seven o'clock at night, 12 hours on the go, the 'pager' rings again, / the floors above light up, the hospital fills up.
Roller coaster of emotions: euphoric, hyperactive, fatigue and slump; / I have some doubts and rightly so.
Moments of loneliness lead me to grief, / anxiety, urge to cry. / I'm scared about the day after, / concerned about when it's all over; / professionally and emotionally, where will we be?
A complicated day on call, / a patient died and another couldn't breathe all night. / When I get home I would like to kiss my son, / but then comes the fear, / "Did I get infected today?"
I don't know if I'll hold on. / Shoes at the entrance, clothes to wash and shower right away.
People are kind. / I want to thank those at home who understand what I go through, who give me all the support.
People are friendly, / applause that comforts, we feel their warmth. / I don't know if I'll hold on. / It is resources that are needed, better working conditions.
Missing beds, people, appliances. / More and more budget cuts. / Missing beds, people, materials. / There is nothing left.
Clap for carers at eight. / Their hands save us from the fire. / They put their bodies, their minds and also their hearts.

9.- MANS DE FANG (TRENCADÍS)

Hands of clay (brittle material)

Hands of clay. Hands of clay. / Hands of clay. Hands of clay.
Your body breaks, you would sink right away. / Your body breaks, but we are strong.
You feel it can happen to anyone: a sister, a friend, / and I tear myself into pieces. / You feel it can happen to anyone.
Your body breaks, you would sink right away. / Your body breaks, we need to stay strong.
Hands of clay. Hands of clay. / Hands of clay. Hands of clay.
The wave has come and it is obvious, we are naked in the face of danger. / The misfortune is great, the wave has come and it is obvious.
Your head breaks, you would be overwhelmed right away. / Your head breaks; we must go on.
Hands of clay. Hands of clay. / Hands of clay. Hands of clay.
The catastrophe is monumental, the wave has come and it is obvious.

10.- MANS DE FOC.

Hands of fire

The great forgotten of society, / abandoned to their own fragility.
We push the elderly away, treat them badly, / we break their routine and they lose their direction.
State of alert, / altered state of consciousness.
They don't understand a thing, their motivation falls, / they collapse and their mood hits rock bottom.
Astronaut suits around them, / isolated in prison, immobilized.
State of alert, / altered state of consciousness.
So much loneliness and uncertainty / it is a nest of distrust and fear, / that eats you up inside, disturbs your mind, / it's easy to fall into the arms of depression.
State of alert, / altered state of consciousness. / Fear of infection, / frightened to see / how they are moved somewhere else. / State of alert, / altered state of consciousness.

Looks like we don't know what to do with them. / Looks like we don't know what to do with them.

11.- MANS DE FOC QUE VOLEN SER D'AIGUA II (EL DOL FURTAT)

Hands of fire that want to be water II (the stolen grief)

First isolated at the nursing home. / Then taken to the hospital. / We wait powerless, / thinking we won't see him again.

Threat of a lonely ending, / the bitterness of not being able to be by your side, / the horror of not saying goodbye. / *No kisses, no caresses, no hugs, / no relief, no gazes* / from all your loved ones / before embarking on the last journey, / We will love you just the same.

Hands of fire that want to be water. / Being able to live and go through the grief.

It's raining blood, my hands are burning / ignited by the fire of death. / Sadness in flames, I'm overwhelmed by / continents of pain.

Three hundred and sixty degrees, the heart explodes / in every direction. / Infinite mazes, / a knot in your throat, stitched arms and legs.

Hands of fire that want to be water. / Being able to live and go through the grief. / Hands of fire that want to be water. / Being able to live and go through the grief.

Trapped between sadness and grief, / divided in between dimensions. / The first bite / is not enough to chip away at this brick.

The gall burns my skin, / there is no human way to digest this. / Candles that go beyond worlds, / as they soundlessly march.

A double ordeal, / they don't seem to find the place. / The time will come; / we must help them rest.

Hands of fire that want to be water. / Being able to live and go through the grief. / Hands of fire that want to be water. / Being able to live and go through the grief.

12.- MANS DE TERRA

Earth hands

It was 1957 when they first met. / More than 60 years of loving each other. Companions for life. / And now he's lying on a bed / in a hospital, full of breathing tubes. / Three days later / she was taken, unconscious, to the bed beside him. / Despite their eyes being closed / you could feel the energy between them.

After a while they were separated; / rooms, corridors, floors, up and down, / at a great distance, the shutdown was noticeable.

And she did all she could to be together again. / Petals of the same flower that come to life when they are together.

It was beautiful, when they woke up / and found each other side by side / It was beautiful, when they woke up / and found each other side by side.

The best medicine, / a space of tenderness, kindness. / They set their tables together for lunch every day. / The staff (around them) / was surprised and said, "we're going to die of love". / It was a tonic, coming out of the shadow of oppression. / Getting rid of the fog of anguish and sadness.

It was beautiful, when they woke up / and found each other side by side / And now they are holding hands. / The staff nurses clap in tears.

"A difficult chapter in life, / and at the same time a gift to put it behind us. / Thanks to the people who took care of us. / You nurses / are angels, hands of heaven. / Being aware that I might not be with him. / Thinking that he might not take her hand again. / It was terrible, but we have overcome it".

They talk to each other, caressing each other's hands.

It was beautiful, when they woke up / and found each other side by side / And now they are holding hands. / The staff nurses clap in tears / of joy and happiness.

13.- DES DE LA COVA

From the cave

From the cave, submerged, / everything is dark. / A white light flickers in the background,
our spirit, our impulse, / everything is dark, seeking light.
The cave within, / a lake of fire, a centered and distant clarity.
Although surrounded by the black night, / we have the north in mind.
The light, no matter how tiny, / is the main protagonist here, / it pushes the boundaries of the
darkness, / and gives a face to the gloom.
Everything is dark, fear vanishes. / Everything is dark, fear vanishes.
The darker the night, / long and lonely, / the closer to dawn.
Luck, again, / is born at the window, / and the spring, and the spring.
... and the dawn, and the spring.
The regrowth lives on the balcony. / The regrowth lives on the balcony.

The increase in the appearance of viruses is closely related to food production and the profitability of multinational corporations.

Ebola, Zika, Coronaviruses, etc. are some of the pathogens that move from the most remote areas of wild ecosystems to regional capitals and, finally, to the global travel network.

From bats in the Congo to killing people sunbathing in Miami in a few weeks.

Pathogens, in the forest ecologies where they come from, are controlled and in balance. When both big capital and agribusiness take action, they steal land and resources from weaker countries; land that is deforested and exploited industrially. This creates a kind of red carpet to develop the most virulent and infectious phenotypes and spread them around the world.

Agroecological production must be supported.

In short, we have a whole planet to win.

Text from the final reflection based on the interview with Rob Wallace, an evolutionary epidemiologist with the Agroecology and Rural Economics Research Corps in the United States. He has worked on various aspects of new pandemics for 25 years and is the author of the book *Big Farms Make Big Flu*. Interview published by Marx21 and La Directa.
