

Epic and death of the earth

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Ecological poem

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English version by John Lyons

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*With deep affection
with enormous admiration
I dedicate this vision
to two beings in the world:*

*To the combatant Greenpeace,
Brigitte Bardot, for her actions
worthy of the environment!*

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Prólogo

Reader
(I cannot, nor do I want to call you friend)

You who wasting your time,
have strangely agreed
to read this unusual topic,
you should accept
it's high time you took a look
at the world in which you live.

Pay heed to this
redemption song.

The earth's crisis
with all its might warns you:
-you're not the owner of the planet
which, unworthily, you inhabit.

You are just a trampler
an ungrateful predator
carrier of the death
of this ancient paradise
(soon to be hell)
which, unworthily, you inhabit.

Open your eyes,
an intruder
turned poet
now warns you:
change the way you behave
on the earth
our shared home!

THE AUTHOR

Part One

I. Origins of life

After thousands and millions of years,
when the gradual and complex evolution
of the sidereal and cosmic incandescence
had begun very slowly to cool
an infernal, burning space of fire,
(which threatened to break up)
something awesome and wonderful occurred!:
*–the spinning, and the solidification
of all the separated masses that ensued
gave them geometric texture
and all the planets were formed!*

The reciprocated dynamic interaction
between physical and chemical fronts
and above all: the action of the waters
on the newly born cooled heavenly bodies
brought about the second, cosmic wonder:
*–seemingly, slowly the first strong
intimations of life now began,
and biological plant life!*

Millions more years elapsed, untold
millions of years,
for cell upon cell to unite:
the rudiments and beginnings of life!
to multiply to infinity
and create different organisms
nourished, by the cooled and ever
more complex mineral world!

And plant biology progressed
and evolved, burgeoning

to extend itself and grow more complex
to its present magnificent immensity!

Primitive man had yet to appear
because animal life was incipient
and only the rudiments of life existed:
a handful of animal cells!

And so centuries elapsed, centuries
multiplying animal biology
nourished by the other two realms
so as to consolidate its life as such.

An infinity of tiny creatures
and also other gigantic ones were formed,
as recent archaeology has uncovered:
Dinosaurs, brontosaurus
pterodactyls and "horrific" species
("horrific" storytellers would have us believe).

These animaloids, extinct today
and may they rest in peace throughout the globe
populated all our continents
and were the lords of the earth!

Planet earth, passively suffering
the calamity of natural disasters
still needed to suffer considerably
until the first primate species were formed
and then, out of these, man!

(Charlatans and politicians, alike,
emphasize that this predatory specimen
and strange rodent of the earth
is now its Lord almighty.)

II. First ages of man

The isolated, solitary life of primitive man in his origins was hard.

Once he had begun instinctively to know and, then to recognize all those of his own kind alike and then to live together with them things changed completely.

His life became a paradise.

Man in the community did not work; (the idea of "work" was unknown).

He enjoyed his existence, healthy, strong and complete, in an Eden.

His environment was pleasurable.

The air pure, very pure was a delight to breathe, free from infectious viruses in the atmosphere.

The rivers resounded in pleasant musical murmurs.

Mother Nature provided everything for its inhabitants, generously: a wide variety of climates and landscapes with beautiful reliefs.

infinite flora...
infinite fauna...

There were exotic fruits
sweet, wholesome and varied
excellent and exquisite
all in abundance.

To no one did it occur
to seize nor to hoard them,
nor to corner them
to exchange them, for money.

There was abundant
food for all!

Clothes: simple:
they'd take them
from dead animals
and from some plants.

Dwellings: caves.

Nothing was disrespectful
much less did they dare
to fell trees.

Since there were no civilizations
illnesses were unknown.

Men, however,
treated accidents
with some products
from the plant world.

Showing respect
and gratitude
the community worshipped the forces
of the physical world
which they witnessed:
sacred rain,

limpid snow,
healthy air,
fresh breeze,
splendid sun
crystalline waters
and so many others.

How beautiful!
how sweet
how sincere
how wholesome
how honest!
natural religion...
pantheist
free of dogma!

III. Domination

When man began to enslave
and converted his power into authority
the strong rudiment shone clear
which gave birth to the State
and with it the permanent
unmistakable mental conflict.

The age of great amnesia was born
and everyone forgot about nature.

It didn't matter a bit that our planet
had been the honest environmental home
nor that it had been our refuge, nor of interest
the shared house that had welcomed us.

The earth conquered, its origin lost;
it was transformed into a suffering slave
to create wealth and to exploit it,
sacrificing it to the point of exhaustion.

Primitive values were lost!
the value of beauty was a thing of the past.

The value of natural religion
was not civilized, it was animal!

Much less did righteousness matter
nor the spontaneous attitude
which fused man
with the mother home he adored.

Worthy principles disappeared
wretched behaviors arose
imposed by rapacious economic
activities to profit and exploit.

IV. The leap of ages

And centuries of life continued to pass:
the primitive age came to an end,
then slave society, abnormal
did away with medieval society.

However the fools kept telling us
that humanity continued to progress
because every day the production
of merchandise just got better.

Since this production generates money and value
those who engage in it, improve it
but they also transform
every customary way of life.

Beware: the changes that arise
are lifestyles that suit
the owners of our planet
so that they will have more net profit.

“Progress” means that the majority
survive on nothing, but an agony of hunger
while the few spend their existence
living bloated with indigestion.

Progress was of benefit to few
because they imposed on the earth their vice
of exploiting it without pity or care
pillaging it cold-bloodedly.

V. Odious age of destruction

Times have changed
 everything has been transformed!
 we've had many centuries
 of civilized "progress".

We've entered another millennium
 and instead of order being kept
 roles are reversed and we are
 arrogant with power and pride.

Our mistress and lady, Mother Earth
 to whom we owe profound respect
 admiring her goodness and what she contains
 is now the dirty slave of the world.

Listen you, traveler on this planet,
 roaming from place to place, competitive
 curious and adventurous character
 true lover of geography:

Don't you get it yet?
*—it's taken millions of years
 for life to gradually give shape
 to an entity noble in gifts.*

Now do you see? I'm not lying:
*—it's man himself, who by choice
 sows destruction and in next to no time
 has brought it all close to a bitter end..*

Beware! he is completely killing the life
 it took centuries to take shape.

What an age of lunatics
it has been our lot to live in!

In pain and bitterness we see
what human madness is doing!

Man continues to destroy
the shared home in which he lives
and as he is deranged, like a brute
he fails to see the fruits of his labor.

Greed has conquered him
and ambition worn him out.

He doesn't notice that "civilization"
is founded on the denial
of natural laws
and on the strength of evil.

It is predicated, in the last analysis,
on something a sane mind
will always recognize as deceit,
oppression, theft and damage.

Sorrowful laments
won't do anymore.
Actions and strong beliefs
will change things.

Enter the struggle, hesitant man!
wise up to the situation,
it's going to take every single person:
fight without fear of failure!

If you lack initiative
we'll give you enough of it.
If your energy flags
we'll fire you up again.

VI. Concerning the heroes of animal depredation

One fine day when men
greedy to make a fortune
discovered that some parts
of wild animals
are worth much more than the entire body
they decided to become criminals
enriching themselves at nature's cost.

They decided: to hunt them en masse!

They threw themselves into this hunt
with a vengeance.

Habitually they killed
elephants in Africa
clutching their machine guns
merely to take from them
their prized tusks.
and leave them for dead
not bothering at all
about their rotting corpses.

Habitually they killed
seals in Canada,
Antarctica and the Arctic
stripping them there and then of
their prized skin.
They left them for dead,
little caring that their motionless
murdered bodies would rot.

Habitually they killed
vicuña

in the Andes of South America
merely to strip them
of their prized skin
and leave them for dead
quite naked
little caring
that they'd soon rot.

They wiped out alligators
took their skin,
and in the very same rivers
sank their bodies
little caring either about
the contamination this would cause.

They killed snakes
and took their skin.

They killed the otter
the mink, the sable, the chinchilla
so that rich ladies
could wear striking
and luxuriously elegant coats
and make everyone envious.

Worse still;
any animal whatsoever
was killed
thoughtlessly:
rabbits,
hares,
partridges,
wild pigs,
deer,
beautiful bears,
*when not even
needed!*

They just hunted
they just killed
for fun.

It was just another sport
for the recreation
of those sick
from killing.

It was a morbid passion
a morbid passion
from the depraved instinct
to shoot
mindlessly!

Recalling the great poet,
Rubén Darío:
"it wasn't out of hunger they were going to hunt"

VII. Sadism against the animal kingdom

There also appeared a curious variety
of sadistic alienated merchants
who torture animals mercilessly
for the amusement of cruel deviants.

Deluded by the heroism and false glory
utterly debauched they celebrate the bulls' torment:
if these creatures could speak and tell their story
how they'd complain about this human trade.

Is it pleasure to enjoy the animal's pain
ogling these stiletto jabs,
six banderillas of assorted colors,
and killer cuts with the lance?

Is it really an art to kill a bull with a sword
displaying the skilful technique of a criminal
who once he's applied his malicious hand
seeks applause from the brutal public?

A Roman circus makes the bulls live
the bygone days of gladiators
who must die, in order to entertain
the spectators, thirsty for blood.

If fighting cocks could talk a little
they'd curse the gamblers
who with typically mad behavior
wax wild with their shouts.

The outcome is well and truly known
leaving broken wings, a blinded eye

all due to the greed which rakes in the money
alongside the life of the dead cocks.

As for mastiffs, what can we say about
cultured Italy whose sinister mafia
drug and force them to fight to the death
contesting huge gambling matches?

For there are pathological mental cases
in many parts of our globe
who do not conceal their criminal instincts
and for them torture is a skilled art.

Thanks to this coerced animal Calvary
they earn what they could never earn
from honest paid work
which by and by gives people dignity.

Ingenuous reader, you are charged
with investigating the game of toad
in the pampas of Argentina
To see whether you'd like to be the toad!¹

1 The game of toad is a competition between two opposing teams of players on horseback. The ball is a toad imprisoned in a net, which they fight over, hook up and throw through the air to put through the hoop (like in basket ball). The game ends when the toad dies.

VIII. Lesser cruelties against the animal kingdom

There are also other specimens
of no less cruel entertainers:
they do not kill or torture, but their crimes
entail imposing lesser sufferings.

These train animals by dint
of punishment, harshness and hunger
to amuse the on-looking spectators
who pay for these fantastic feats.

In circuses and other venues they parade
and exploit them for a little food
while the owners, cynically
pocket their earnings for life.

Vile and evil
whoever coerces
an animal, turning it
into a performer just for show

Oh how great the elephant looks
standing on its head!
How great that gorilla
riding a motorbike!

Tigers, leopards and panthers
(driven by a whip)
leap through
hoops of fire.

Troupes of dancing horses?
Have dolphins become clowns?

Boxing matches
between chimps?

Water skiing
with a floating dog?

And why don't humans
charge the same
for the same grubby games?

*–Would you pay reader
all the money you pay
for animal spectacles
if human beings were doing the turns?*

IX. Factory farming

Factory farms
for animal meat
are a shameful example
of our barbarity.

Nothing is thrown away
since everything can be used.
Such is the first principle
for making more money.

Artificial feeding
is thoughtlessly sustained
from when it is born until it dies
but this the consumer never knows.

For poultry, artificial light?
and no matter, the harm it does them.

What matters contrary to nature
is that several times a day
they produce an increased supply of eggs
through persistently enforced vitamins.

It's not understood that depriving poultry
of their natural and free life
provokes hormonal reactions
which lower their natural defenses.

The inversion of things: we live
unaware that we suffer from
brazen technological norms'
contempt for the laws of nature.

To boost the weight of cattle, pigs
and other species several times,
the males are mercilessly castrated
and the meat swells unstintingly.

They're also fed hormones
so they'll get fat right away!

No matter the consequences or harm:
there are five-year old girls who
developed breasts and characteristics
of grown women, at their tender age.

The chemistry of the body tells us
that if they bleed live cows
(to improve the meat)
the cows suffering torment
do not produce good meat of their own.

As punishment for all things forced
their meat is consumed with toxins.

Mother cows are not allowed
to live with their poor calves
who never know the mother's affection
though instinctively they know and miss it!

These calves live in prisons
and have no room to walk
there they live, feed and die
and their bellows betray their unhappiness.

Doctors diagnose psychological problems
in people who consume those meats.
Can it be good to consume the meat
of a creature that has suffered all its life?

Human, when you wake with cancer
feeling, suffering and enduring it

in the breast, or prostate or intestine
consider your fate with caution:
did the meat you previously ingested
not bear a dose of anabolic steroids?

Think too that these feared chemicals
provoke loud and horrific screams
from the unfortunate captive calves:
for even aided, they are unable to stop.

What cataclysm have we reached
on this sad wretched earth?

The mode of the efficient industrialist
predicates profit with a deficient morality
without scruples and just for money;
he orders, foremost, and always FIRST:

*–let them eat only what is programmed, let the animals
be the low overheads...or properly,
say nothing if they carry forcing chemicals,
what matters is that they produce a lot of meat,
with plenty of volume and weight,
because few are wise to the forcing this entails!*

Reader, do not forget these evils:
factory farms tremendously, cruelly
and ferociously do harm
to you and your family's environment!

X. The toll of animal plundering

With the hunting of birds
of infinite varieties
in woods and forests
species have become extinct.

The demise of many has been proved
others: in danger of extinction.

The intensive killing of whales,
a juicy business with healthy profits
almost wiped out that beautiful enormous
species in the northern seas.

The executioners, extracted massive fortunes
from their lifeless bodies, from the oils,
utilizing the meat, skin and bone,
manufacturing salamis; wasting nothing at all.

Justifying their motives, these motley pirates
pretended to be the defenders of animals:
"whales are wiping out the fish," they said
and to save the fish...they hunted the whales.

As you'd expect of whalers, such a poor pretext
ignores the growth equilibrium
which nature establishes for its species;
it never has a need for crooks!

For a period of years, these despicable people,
quite sensibly, ceased their activities, yet as today
in their idleness greed is making a comeback,
they wish to return to their old ways, once and for all.

The USA of North America a long time ago
 had way over eight million
 wild buffalo, in herds.
 In sorrow we ask: How many remain?

In the previous past century
 the great Indian chief, Seattle
 with the majesty of a naturalist
 protested at the slaughter.

Such creatures, in their thousands on the prairies:
 rotting!... also in the foothills
 because the white people fired from trains
 and killed the buffalo with scorn.

China had countless
 and unrecorded numbers of pandas.
 How many are left?

How the lions and other wild beasts
 are disappearing in Africa!

How all but the black alligator
 is left!

The natural balance
 is destroyed with a vengeance!

Learn, naive and ignorant human being:
 nothing in this world exists in vain.

Everything that exists fulfils a function
 whether you're aware or not it has its mission!

With every species that becomes extinct
a real disaster ensues
and not on account of some witchcraft or black magic
but because it brings with it another problem.

If you kill alligators, piranhas increase
but the danger from these is now greater
because the creatures who fed on them are dead.
Such is nature's guile.

If you kill lizards, salamanders, toads,
all kinds of insects will multiply
the dangers to your health will be more serious
because you have broken the mandatory balances.

Only immoral shysters
on earth cannot understand
that a tragedy for animals
is a tragedy for human beings.

Grateful humanity
one fine day forgot
all it had learned
from the animal world.

Was it not from the swallow
man learned to build his houses?
from the ant to work?
from the spider to weave?
from the eagle to fly?
from the swan to sing?
from the buck deer to run?
from the monkey to jump?
from the fish to swim?
from the owl
to meditate...?

Let's acquaint ourselves with other areas of nature
where with our own hands we shatter
and lay waste their entire order,
creating new and greater evils.

Part Two

I. Concerning examples

The ancient Greek naturalists:
Hesiod, Thales of Miletus
Democritus, Anaxagoras, Epicurus,
give us teachings
to understand the laws of nature
to love it more
and live harmoniously with it.

The ancient Roman naturalists
Lucretius Carus and Virgil,
express with refinement and in sweet poems
that we should honor nature.

Greeks and Romans together
have a wealth of gods and goddesses
who represented a whole world
of the valued natural forces.

Gaia represented
the first cosmic creation:
the earth, Universal Mother.

Rea, her daughter, symbol of fertility.

Demeter in Greece,
called Ceres in Rome:
agriculture, wheat.

Poseidon in Greece,
called Neptune in Rome:
the waters and the seas.

Hephaistos in Greece,
called Vulcan in Rome:
volcanoes.

Dionysus in Greece,
called Bacchus in Rome:
Wine! fruit of his magnificence.²

Hades in Greece:
the underworld.

Helios: the sun.

Selena: the moon.

All these gods
were respected
loved
and understood
because they had
a magnificent meaning:
the great force
of life!

But in strange days
in the course of time
arrogant man, grown proud
forgets his natural origin
and takes to plundering
the world we live from
in downright offence
to the sacred gods:
we should say,
to the earth itself.

2 The great Persian poet Omar Khayyam (12th century of our age) exalted and admired wine until his death. His exquisite work "Rubaiyat" has been continued by other poets.

II. Concerning the depredation of the waters

The so-called modern world
under the banner of “progress”
is bent on destroying nature
in a vile and pitiless way.

Combustion from sailing engines
spews out considerable oil residues
and filthy used fuels
in river, sea and lake waters.

Oil spilt without restraint
has contaminated all water
and daily brings a horrific death
to what little fauna remains.

Fish, turtles, sharks, dolphins
and so many fine quality species
like so much plant flora
helplessly fatally disappearing!

It would be good if the predators
were to suffer in their own flesh and die
just like the fish, who reach the shore
twisting and leaping in torture.

It's sad and painful to behold the agony
of species which go out to sea to die.

God Neptune! these bare-faced buccaneers
don't just poison your waters, the wretches,
they seek to humiliate and offend your marine kingdom
they wish to kill you, put an end to you!

Who would believe that the world's seas
are changing into something foul
into rubbish dumps for a variety of waste
from ships of heartless companies.

Beware, mankind, of what you're doing,
Neptune is growing angry and he'll not be pacified
and he'll hurl back your waste with a vengeance,
if you doubt this, come to the coast with me.

You'll see thick layers
of toxic scum like a film
which the sea God's great kingdom
emphatically refuses to accept

Great European and German cities
have lost the attraction of their healthy beaches
now constantly encroached by
foamy and foul smelling areas.

In the rivers
*—things
are no less
alluring.*

These once crystalline sources
have been fouled by salt works
by so many insane waste products
and also human excrement.

How can fishing
in those conditions be good!

(Worse still there are fishermen
who in complete ignorance
or perversity
fish with dynamite
and destroy the fish eggs.)

We'd be fools to believe
that the lakes and lagoons we see
are not contaminated
and fouled too.

III. Concerning pollution

Why do you cough, wretch?
like a poor old man.

Why do your eyes
look bloodshot?

Why does your breathing
seem like a contraction?

Why do you show fatigue
as though you were carrying house beams?

Why are your lungs
full of coal dust?

*—It's because there are men
who kill natural gifts.*

The air gets dirtier
the air gets thinner.

The air is not clean
or crystalline as before.

Pollution from the chimneys
of factories large and small
(the latter very much indeed)
which run on oil,
on solid coal, wood or petrol,
emit incredible amounts
of carbon dioxide.

This gas, useful in the natural
laboratory process,
in these criminal conditions
becomes a toxic poison
which contaminates the air
and thins the clouds.

But other atrocities also occur
in their millions throughout the world
which gradually and persistently
poison the atmosphere
(the lower atmosphere):
trucks, automobiles
and all kind of vehicle
which competing to pollute
ever more and better (blackier)
burn up miserable fuels!

We are more brutish than beasts
we feel, but fail to see
the thousands of other ways that exist
for elaborate and loathsome poisoning
which human entertainment throws up.

*—pyrotechnic games
San Juan bonfires
incineration of trash
funeral pyres.*

And not content with this
man starts to smoke
so that his immediate surroundings
become contaminated with smoke.

IV. Concerning deforestation

How wholesome and sweet was nature
in the centuries that are gone forever
when men savored the beauty
they enjoyed in gentle paradise.

But now we will soon see the disaster
the apocalypse of the tragic finale
because civilization like a slow-witted fool
destroys the best we have to enjoy.

The pace of destruction gathers speed!
that it is gradual, we cannot believe,
suffice it to see the technology, money
and ingenuity they employ in devastation

From forest and woodlands, criminals
grow rich on the plunder of timber,
making these shameless ones responsible
for the cruel deforestation of the earth.

Responsible for the disaster too are
those who buy such sacred material
and in their lust for luxury, such wretches
pay no heed to Hades' imminent revenge.

But sharing a mentality and the blame are
a whole range of co-authors in government
who on the one hand preach environment
and on the other protect the destructive swine.

Must we resign ourselves to our fate
and say: honor to the new deserts!

Let the crass scoundrels of that complexion know
they'll pay dearly for the murdered woodlands.

And what should we say now
of the other lesser destructions?

Does not the burning of lands left fallow
to prepare them for cultivation
burn also sacred plants
many with a high curative power?

Great part of plant life
is thus fatally wiped out.

It would be good, vile human being
for you to recognize what your hand has done.

Beautiful wooden furniture you made
but did you never think
how many trees died for it?
worse still: whether they suffered.

Yes, trees suffer and tremble
moan, cry and feel great pain;
their tears are the sad resin
shed by the agonized pulp.

With deforestation
poets have been stripped
of imagination.

There are no longer fauns and gnomes
nor other imaginary beings
we are devoid of inspiration.

There are no longer wicked witches
castles in woods
nor kind fairies.

Nor are there modest woodcutters.
They've been replaced by lumberjacks
in the predatory forests.

There are no longer beautiful stories
nor woodland fantasies
because today the woods have owners.

What beauties and stories of dead people
will we tell
in the deserts to come?

Witches and fairies spinning a tale
in the dry and burning desert?
–They wouldn't delight the memory.

What fictional characters could we create,
to maintain a now dead tradition?

V. Concerning war

It's a deceit of short sighted charlatans
that wars are not about conquest.

Wars are always prepared
for expansionist aspirations
which give more power to States
over other neighboring States.

They disguise their cunning objectives
feigning aggressions from their neighbors
inventing any lie
but always gaining an advantage.

Every war has countless goals
in which the victor imposes decisions;
but armies, quite unconsciously
care not how they damage the environment.

Since war bites hard
on the unfortunate who lose it
the belligerents prepare:
to triumph, and are tireless in this.

War demands much money to be spent,
to invade, lay waste, abuse and kill.

For this purpose weapons and instruments
are constantly required.

These weapons and instruments
inflict great harm on the earth.

For centuries, gunpowder was the basis
fire and projectiles of every kind
which equally altered the surface and the depths
and contaminated the planet in every way.

Today times have changed and they are worse
because the weapons now invented are better
especially the bombs which in so many classes
destroy everything, undermining the earth's foundations!

The missiles are thunderous:
they alter human and animal
nervous systems
and damage the psyche with disease.

Let's see whether cows, which require pure water
clean air, fresh pastures, peace and gentleness
with such stimuli, could give good milk.
Robots they're not...we know what they'd do.

Air raids also blight
and alter everyone's health
they poison, complicate and do harm
to all creatures, to the natural habitat.

Poisoning the air, toxifying the clouds
and these clouds, yielding harmful rains
to irrigate crops with blighted waters
leading to compromised human health.

And agriculture let's not forget already gives us
blighted fruits which we consume.

It brings a variety
of calamities:
our food
blighted for life.

Many of man's illnesses
are the fruit of environmental
changes.

Animals experience the same thing
in every process
with consequences slow to appear.

And the direct bombardments
of natural environments?

Let's remember Viet Nam
a country which had
one million elephants!

Let's remember the daily air raids
with chemical, incendiary
bombs: Napalm^[3]

They hurled fire onto skin
but not only soldiers, combatants
died, the civilian population too.

The pachyderms also died
(tortured: burned, roasted)
abandoned in the jungles.

How many thousands
of elephants died in Viet Nam
thanks to destructive science?

I wonder if half of that million
noble animals is left!

3 Napalm bombs were used in Vietnam by the U.S. army. They scattered a gelatinous flammable substance, impossible to extinguish, on the bodies of the victims, producing tremendously serious burns. Naturally this substance also fell on the forest's flora and fauna, causing death.

But there are also other bombs
as criminal as those mentioned above:
namely aquatic mines.

These devices contaminate the seas
and kill fish⁴
of all kinds.

And land mines?
do they not kill adults
children and animals?⁵

War has incredible horrors:
the Nazis poisoned the water
of streams to kill
guerrillas in Yugoslavia.

The North Americans drugged
soldiers in Viet Nam.

They also created destructive plagues
multiplying insects
and they invented and tested
other chemical bombs,
which released lethal gases.

They invented the neutron bomb
which without destroying anything physical
would just liquidate
any human being fighting
from a military tank.

4 Aquatic mines are highly explosive floating bombs. The moment any boat simply touches one of these devices it produces a destructive explosion, generally resulting in the sinking of large ships, contaminating the sea waters, destroying flora and fauna in the vicinity and transforming the sea bottom into a cemetery for waste of every kind.

5 Land mines are buried on the surface, but a camouflaged button remains exposed which, once trodden on produces an explosion.

But wouldn't biological animal life
die too?
who remembers that!
(birds, insects, rabbits,
reptiles, squirrels, turtles,
other rodents....)

Just as well this weapon has never been used
but it has been tested
with animals.

Nevertheless if we add up
all the daily military tests
in every country
we will appreciate
that just in simple rifle firing
alone
cannon and tank
tests
the air continues to be
poisoned
and the lie of the land
destroyed.

VI. Concerning nuclear explosions

History reminds us most clearly
that the atomic bombs dropped
killed a vast number of people, O memory!
in the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki⁶.

Those who escaped death
were left with injured bodies
because radiation left some organ
inert beyond use.

Hearts barely functioning,
loss of teeth and hair,
skin burned,
nervous systems destroyed,
sterility
so many more calamities.

And who speaks of the real damage
suffered by the flora, fauna and environment?
of course these were not beneficial
to the air, clouds, water nor minds.

In these times of war there are
governments with more than enough resources
for tests that kill the earth
although they do nothing to tackle poverty.

Nuclear tests are a curse
they are a display of might, vile subject,

6 As is known, at the end of the Second World War, the North American army dropped these deadly bombs on the cities indicated.

as despicable as they are criminal
they offend the world, its ecosystem.

A large part of the earth suffers hunger
although we have, just in case,
multimillion costing military satellites
which offend poverty, being so futile.

Over and underground explosions
and all that ghoulishness pursues
has already been tested by twisted minds
and continues to be tested in secret!

Could it be the mighty, acting like villains
wish to impose their "might" on everyone?

Could it be that to undertake their nuclear tests
it no longer matters about the material life
of rivers, lakes, oceans and seas
nor the Calvary that the wounded earth is suffering?

Human being: faced with these tests it is your duty
to despise them, to protest bravely
to fight fearlessly, putting your existence on the line
for the sake of all that lives.

If wars come back
destruction will return.

When these wars end
the danger remains latent.
There are interests that undermine peace
and warring comes back to mind.

If *conscience* were affirmed
on behalf of the entire environment
there'd be no more war in the world
ending it once and for all.

THE SONG OF HATRED

From the innermost depths
of my bleeding and suffering heart
I will always find strength to hate
shouting, at the top of my voice if need be
I hate and I put a curse on war!

I also hate those who lust after glory
intellectuals of death
and opportunist merchants
who take advantage of it.

I hate all arms, ancient or modern
the nauseating stench of gunpowder
tanks, cannons and bombs
because they destroy and kill the earth
cause destruction and sorrow
and parade death, in the midst of life.

I hate weapons with all my might
because they're no use in plowing the earth,
sating thirst or curing illnesses
and because their existence, steals bread from the poor.

There are strange individuals who live off death:
those who enjoy victories
those who profit and line their purses,
and their fawning lackeys.

It's this fauna of devilish beings
freaks born of the sewers
ghouls of other people's pain
who go on and on spending
the peoples' resources
go on manufacturing horrific weapons:
O how modern!
how technological!

“intelligent” and “electronic”
to draw down electronic pains
burning technological pains
piercing intelligent pains
with destruction, tears, death and mourning.

What is the United Nations for?
To clean the shoes of the powerful?

VII. Concerning the environment which we talk about (but continue to destroy)

The title environmentalist sounds hollow
because what's fashionable draws many people in,
although like a useless scratched record
it repeats what's already been said.

For it so happens that old predators
now overflowing with honors and riches
and their good servants: the authorities
would have us believe today they're kindness itself.

Ecology and environment
now exist like good offices
and everything the mind requires
to teach us agreeable things.

From their desks, technocrats
seek to make us discover the sun
and tell us bureaucrat stories
as though we knew nothing of sane living.

But this is the harsh reality
beyond the walls of all those offices
the depredations continue unimpeded
making a farce of these stupid remedies.

Trees continue to be felled
animals lose their natural habitat
timber is sold at inflated prices
and the earth become a complete desert.

Hunters continue
to hunt

and trade daily
with animal parts.

Garments are still manufactured
from hunted or trapped animals
not even produced working
through farming facilities.

Every wretch who permanently dresses
in parts which were once animal
should take stock in their minds
of how many died for their enjoyment.

Otters, chinchillas, rare mink,
for fine, expensive furs.

Antelope, chamois, hare, porpoise,
for other exotic apparel.

Ophidians, alligators, goats, cattle,
for so many other inanities.

Rhea and ostrich feathers
for the filthy wiggling of dancers.

The skins of hunted animals continue
to be used for other purposes:
handbags and belts; also for making
wallets, rugs and other abuses.

The factories emit chemical products,
insanely they continue to pollute
seas, rivers, lakes, lagoons and wetlands,
blind greed killing the environment!

In poor countries the waste increases
and through contaminated irrigation

pathogenic germs have the rather easy task
of binding to already toxified fruits⁷.

Nuclear waste, generated by powerful countries
irradiates biological destruction which undermines the body
and increases dangerous nuclear cemeteries
slowly killing any person who gets close.

It's well known that nature
far away from man displays greater beauty
and shows itself to be purer and more seductive
because it does not sense his destructive soul.

Heraclitus the Greek once said:
–*“Secret harmony
is better than the harmony seen”*.
But man makes it impossible!

7 It's a well-known fact that in Third World countries many crops are irrigated with waters already contaminated which germs which cause illnesses. The case of cholera is typical.

VIII. Concerning the disastrous consequences

Let's visit the geography
of what we believe we know.

The great Aral Sea
(in the former Soviet Union)
is drying up...and very seriously!

More than half is visibly dry⁸
and displays the dreadful side of death:
cemeteries of the remains of boats
showing only the ribcages of their past.

That sea causes such depressions
when you just see the animal remains,
derelict ports, salty sand,
and great desolation, which engenders grief.

The village climate?
—It's harmful now!

Dust storms disseminated
in millions of tons
scattered by whirlwinds
and struck the North Pole like a bomb!

What happened to agriculture?
—salinization, it ruined the crops.

8 The cause of the alarming drop in its waters is due to the tributaries being used intensively in agriculture, without heed to this danger.

Did it affect fishing?

–the fishing operations disappeared.

Any developments in human health?

–contaminated waters increased illnesses.

What happened regarding use of the sea?

–maritime transport disappeared.

I'll be brief so as not to dwell,

–reader– on just one long case.

Ethiopia became a vast desert;
many today are mere skin and bone!

The poles are melting very slowly.
So too the high mountains, slowly.

The heat in tropical climates
suffocates, it kills man and beast

Droughts are more frequent
water grows scarcer day by day.

The sun has changed greatly
and given rise to skin cancer.

Because the air, which man poisoned
perforated the protective ozone layer.

Everyday killing flora and fauna,
new deserts are coming into being.

Rain water is becoming toxic
don't drink it if you want to live.

Because the air has already been contaminated
they use masks everywhere.

Since the masks do not filter perfectly
they use bottled oxygen directly.

The sky, in many parts of our earth
the blue can no longer be seen.

Hailstones have become tempestuous
the size of nuts and ruinous.

The wind blows up dangerous tornadoes
which attack furthermore at any moment.

How the tornadoes wreak such havoc
to dwellings in tropical countries!

Hurricanes were once very rare
now there's more than one a year.

To remember them they give them good names
Flora, Dora, Andrew, Mitch, don't be shocked!

Beware! vegetable products carry
harmful parasites that upset the stomach.

Our very existence is contaminated
with fears and pain!

To think too much about health
is also harmful to health.

Is nature taking revenge now?
–Not so, it's just giving its response.

And will continue to respond
if we continue to create problems.

We give it no let-up with our activities,
we pressurize and force and harm it.

We allow neither the earth nor the sea
to regenerate their species.

Shorelines are being destroyed
flora and fauna and humans in flight.

In fishing, with complete criminality
the Japanese make death a reality.

They deploy kilometers of nets. But their trawl
sweeps the marine vegetation to disaster.

Oasis of flora and fauna, the sea bed
now has deserts, through this aimless damage.

Not content with terrestrial mistakes
man now wants marine deserts.

Since we've not prevented it
let's not forget what's been dumped:
chemicals,
metals,
contaminated waters,
spilled petrol,
dead bodies,
excrement.

Do you not notice the changes to the earth, human fool?
exiles, once political, suddenly today are
environmental exiles; people escape
and in millions flee to other parts of the map⁹.

9 Reports from world health organizations highlight that there are 22 million environmental exiles.

It's a grave risk they should continue to flee
because the good area is constantly shrinking:
the earth is continually getting smaller
while the unused area grows bigger.

IX. Concerning natural punishment

The song of death

What would become of our poor world
if the fauna-flora should end!
man would become a starving vagabond
stumbling through deserts, like the Sahara.

Man would eat his own kind,
without clothes to wear he would wander naked
missing what he once had
and purging his excesses, serious and silent.

What would become of man in this world
if the natural light of the sun should go out!:
he would tread in everyone's filthy dung,
and in his misery would kill himself in the cold.

The sun in mourning? O immortal Cosmos!
without meaning to, you'd punish Mother Earth
although she doesn't bear fatal responsibility
for her wretched children, day after day.

Mother Nature, you are within your rights
to continue to give your children
natural disasters and earthquakes
because they who inhabit you, violate you
and do not pay you the tribute you deserve.

They need floods. Real floods!
so as to understand, pained by their dead

and the calamities they now suffer,
that they should never do you harm.

It seems they want floods
instead of gentle nourishing rains.

It seems they want more hailstones
than those they've already had.

It seems that your predators
eager for wealth
instead of gentle winds
want storms
real hurricanes!
tidal waves and droughts.

Mother Nature:
if you put an end to this humanity
(which seems scarcely human)
you'll only be doing your prophylactic duty:
to put an end to your worms
(with apologies
for the comparison
to earth worms).

(I respect and admire the nobility
of these earth worms because they fulfill
their natural and useful function
revitalizing and regenerating the soil
for plant reproduction.)

How valid the statement
that follows:

*–Animals
who lack the powers of reason
behave in a manner
natural to life*

Man on the other:
increasingly perplexing
seeks death!

I am death

Be aware MORTALS that I am DEATH
I live so that what exists may not live;
where I appear and set foot, I leave everything lifeless
and ferociously lay bare all that is clothed.

I do not care about fauna and flora
desolation is my reason for being
and to every creature whose time is up
I show the sandglass and finish him off.

Since I have no color, black is my color
since I have no pity, I crush all alike.
all that pulse live in terrible dread of me
and aching with laughter I carry off mortal humans.

Since I lack feelings: *I scorn*;
my sole passion is to destroy LIFE
to provoke tears and misery at any price
for I hate that life, my great enemy!

Mortal human, you make my work easy
as a destroyer ally: don't you realize?
I control you...you, you fool, imitate me
gorily carving out a black future.

With what dung do you feed your brain?
on the one hand you're afraid of me, yet on the other
you help and spur me on in my task
of killing the Earth of which you are part.

It will be a pleasure to put an end to you, destroy you
and turn the globe into a sterile, calm cemetery
free from profit, chaos, hunger or chance:
LIFE does not bring happiness, I, BRING REST.

Socratic dialogue

Life

–Why cruel DEATH, do you attack my animal world
do you kill my fields, burn my flora, flay my very being?
Don't you realize that I do good and you do harm,
that I give strength and courage, but YOU dampen this spirit?

Death

–Foolish LIFE, why do you try to do good?
Your children encourage me to put an end to all things!
Do they live in harmony? did they not destroy your Eden?
They don't deserve to live! they have dug their graves!

X. Concerning environmentalists

The planet needs strict judges
alert guardians and soldiers
who can ensure respect for the sacred order
of emerging natural laws.

The planet urgently needs
effective armies of volunteers
of incorruptible environmentalists, warriors
against destructive human greed.

He is no environmentalist the conceited fool
who uses this word, currently in fashion
to disport himself decoratively
and just to keep it on his lips.

Environmentalist is the daily combatant:
on the street, against whoever sullies it
in the countryside, against whoever burns it
in school, against whoever is ignorant.

Environmentalist is the Titan combatant
volunteer and prompt defender
in any place at any time
with a loud voice and even with strength.

Environmentalist is he who's not afraid
and stands up unflinchingly, intransigent!
to destroyers insatiable for money
and servile protecting officials.

Environmentalist is he who doesn't earn a salary
but fights intransigently for the cause

because he is superior, fervent and tireless
a true earth vigilante!

Environmentalist is a tough individual;
he doesn't know how to give up or give in
and because he's not spineless, while he's alive
he's sure to fight tooth and nail FOR LIFE.

*If you want to be an environmental combatant
raise your eyes with energy and dignity
don't be afraid to join its standing army
and fight with honor...for our earth.*

THE SONG OF LIFE

There's no reason to fear life
if you don't want your existence to become tedious.
If man's life is eternal passage
we shouldn't turn the globe into an inferno.

Don't despair trying to seize for yourself
the riches the world offers you
the appropriation should be collective
for the good of all, and not of a few!

Life is passing through what is immense and inexhaustible
so as to enjoy what the earth has placed at the feet
of the whole of humanity, not just a few
so that it may be used according to need,
but never never never abused.

Life is what is felt and what is not felt
the ecstasy of the beautiful and the magnificent
the power of the wonder which surrounds
the blind who fail to fathom it.

Life is not about existing to accumulate money,
it brings disgust! it's going to ruin my health!
because under the ground and in the cold box
there's no room for all the treasures I piled up!

Nor is life squandering youth
killing the body to make money
in order, in old age, to spend that money
recovering the health that's been lost.

Life is hearing the murmur of the rain
getting wet in it, capturing its gentleness
understanding that it nourishes our fields
and gives exquisite fruits to eat.

Life is submerging myself in the noble waters
to romp in the earth, smell the vegetation
without disgust to cure myself in the medicinal pool
blending with everything, of which I am a part.

Life is feeling the pleasure of the breeze
the gentle and ephemeral pleasure of the wind
which ruffles the hair of the woman we love
and invites her to fly in her dreams.

Life is admiring the infinite colors
shapes, smells, tastes of fruit
to possess them, and ingest them with devotion
and to rhapsodize over the magic of their charm.

This charm is not experienced, however,
by those who, through their crude and mechanical routine,
do not treat living with natural devotion:
(for coldness atrophies their senses).

Life is not being frightened of the winter cold
nor by hail, ice or mist

since the fog is a great stimulus
to sustain pleasurable creations.

Human being: try to be a poet each day
and sing to the cosmos of its qualities
because the sensitive, inspired soul
elevates what is genuinely elevated!

If everyone were a poet, life would be secure
the capacity to love and to BE would be cultivated
and the magic of the flowers and their fertile pollen
would make us sensitive and simple in this world.

Let us live the reality the earth has given us
let us live stably, the restrained delight,
let us reject pernicious and blind immoderation
and remember the words of the wise Greek, Epicurus,
"pleasure, is accompanied by suffering".

XI. A curse on humanity

Human being, if you love your mother
that unforgettable and adored being
who gave you life
why won't you love
that other magnificent mother
whom you deny time after time
with your deeds?

Human being, you forgot to love
and to honor life,
the woods,
the trees,
the plants, the flowers,
rivers, lakes and seas,
snow-capped peaks,
mountains,
animals,
winds,
the gentle breeze,
sidereal space:
the cosmos!
everything beautiful
that has been given to you
but it seems
you don't want to see it.

The artificial life
of modern society
has made a fool of you.

The artificial life
has made you isolate yourself

from nature
and made you see in it
dangers that don't exist.

If you'd made an effort to understand it
you'd have overcome your city prejudices
and you'd understand how harmless
are all its species.

If you'd understood it
you'd be afraid
neither of vipers
nor bats
nor tarantulas.

The artificial life
has alienated you.
You now think off beam
(if you think at all).

Have you become alienated?

Yes!, you have become alienated:
You are mechanical man
a robot that doesn't think!
(with apologies to robots
because they
in a certain way
also think).

I repeat, you are a robot
that doesn't understand that there's
a magnificent macrocosmic world
and another just as magnificent
microcosmic world.

Human being: through your fault
nature and man,

being one and the same thing
are now at logger-heads!

If Aeschylus, the Greek tragedian, were alive
his inspired narration of the tortured soul
would quite reverse the tragedy
of the magnificent Prometheus Bound..

Since today man is the cruel eagle
with beak and talons of steel
who lusting for another's pain
insatiably devours the belly
of the new Prometheus: the Earth Bound
suffering, bleeding and lacerated
for the sin of giving to mankind
shelter and the flame of life.

If Sophocles, the great Greek tragedian
were alive today
he would do very differently the tragedy
of tormented King Oedipus.

For poor Oedipus, of Thebes,
unfortunately inseminated his mother
unaware she was his mother!
bringing upon himself
terrible curses.

He it was who gouged out his eyes
and his four children suffered
terrible punishments and pain
for sins which were not theirs!

O how severe, how perverse
was the Destiny of the Greeks!
it punished equally with grievous torture
the mighty, the humble and the innocent.

And yet now times are worse
and man violates his mother:
the Earth,
knowing that she is his mother!

The punishments of cruel Hades
as severe as they are merciless!
will make the predatory children suffer
atrocious torture and horrors
and some even draw close in our lifetime
though they may have to destroy continents!

EPITAPH IN LIFE

Mortal: when your time comes and you are finished
you will decompose in sickening stench
and by way of obligatory purification process
your unworthy body will return as dust
to the same earth whence it came.

Euripides, another Greek tragedian said it:
“what is born of the earth, falls to the earth”.

But beware!: *to her*, whom you did not embrace
and being part of you, did not respect,
now boldly to *earth* you must return
without remorse, fear nor dread
and with the harm you did unpardoned.

For your final eternal rest
for your good, without hypocrisy, I wish:
*–that your remains may not be scorned
nor ignominiously ejected
up a few centimeters higher
(the surface)*

When they see you returned to earth (or dust)
your human brothers will trample over you just the same.

they will set fire to you, empty chemicals into you
waste, radioactive waste, sewage
at least they will allow you a spit!

So, in your unavoidable final judgment
your debt will be paid at a fatal cost.

Part Three

I. Human deafness and the earth's lament

Mankind paid no heed
to the warnings
their deafness became powerful!

Their ears became blocked soiled
by contamination.

They could no longer hear,
neither did they wish to.

Mankind went back to worshipping
the golden calf (wealth)
as in the time of Moses.

In this sweet enterprise
they not only laughed
at environmentalists:
they fought them.

They set up political parties
"The Hunters", in France
(for example)

Pride prevailed
and worsened the world.

It was observed
that the great struggle
would begin
between the sick body
(the earth)

and its contaminating viruses
(mankind)

Yet the earth complained
tried to make herself understood
with different signs
but they wouldn't listen to her!

Some, who out of love and devotion
succeeded in understanding her,
narrated her lament:

*-I wail
because mankind is destroying me,
is burning me,
pours chemicals into me.*

*I feel pain
and much suffering.*

They don't allow me to bear richer fruit.

*The burns they inflict on me
are deep
and drive me to despair.*

*Very few children of the earth
give thanks to me
and bless the fruit I give them
with my arduous suffering
and sacrifice;
but always affectionately.*

*I am exposed always
to my best friends
to the sun, the air and the rain;*

*and I don't complain about that
because these elements
comfort me in my sufferings:
the air gives breeze, when others burn me
the sun gives me warmth, when I am cold
and water gives me refreshment, when I am thirsty.*

II. The planet's serious illness

If the battle is hard
between a serious illness
and the human body
which heroically fights back
so that life will defeat death
more serious must be
what would happen to the earth.

Let us imagine, now, how difficult
the planet finds
the epic of overcoming
so much calamity
so much pain
so much drilling through
so much cancer
inflicted
day and night
by millions of people.

This cosmo-illness
which permits of no surgery
is now the stern warning
of the great conflagration

The cosmic doctors
geologists
physicists,
chemists,
biologists,
zoologists

botanists
have warned
–the illness is serious
there is no remedy!
except
to alter
behavior
immediately.

The diagnosis is dreadful
and reveals
a complete
terminal crisis.

III. Death of the earth

I dreamed, human being, a terrible ending
I dreamed it half awake, as in a trance
because strange and unknown forces
by force, immersed within my body,
brought on a fever
and tormented me.

They made me live trembling through
a desperate nightmare.

I wouldn't like to recall it
but everything I've seen
forces me to the conclusion
of world apocalypse.

That story unsettled me
souring my memory deeply.

Left me distraught
I feel broken
destroyed
embittered,
escaped from a strange hell
of pain and sorrow and hurt.

I dreamed that the earth, powerless,
and with its whole crisis latent
was unable to cure its ills
because all were now incurable!

It drew together all its dependent forces:
waters of the sea, lakes, rivers and springs

which created mist and fog in the world
and shrouded all the dense atmosphere

They were not the normal drops that fell
strange thick opaque droplets
they seemed to display an immense bitterness
of pain, lament, sadness and torture.

They were tears! It was weeping cosmic tears!
the earth in its tragic odyssey, inconsolable
its wailing desperate, was setting off hurricanes
and the gray dark atmosphere, gave rise to fear.

Its terrible, unending sorrowful howls
were not just a sign of complaint; they were harbingers!
that in the fell symptom of its weakness
they were announcing the slow death throes of the planet.

The birds, obscured, flew in panic
wild beasts, seized with fear ran helter-skelter
the other animals, terrified, raised their eyes
heavenwards as the heavens would have them do.

The earth was in agony! As always, the humans
took refuge in their houses, haughty and disdainful
unaware of the start of this cosmic struggle
being too wrapped up in their things and their vices.

Feverish, the earth trembled. It could feel its temperature
fruit of the trembling the ground and solid rock were breaking up
geological forces were beginning to act
expressing horrifying phenomena that day.

Ancient extinct volcanoes, all together
expelled flaming ashes, to the extent
that the entire firmament took on a red glow
and these tears turning to blood, rarefied.

The roaring volcanoes in their activity did not cease
thundering and defiant: now they vomited lava
without a break or let-up; they were flooding the entire continent
turning the earth once more, into an incandescent mass.

What man had produced was nothing: nothing!
his cities broke up and sank, everything was drowned
his stupid war technology...meant nothing
and everything was disintegrating. All human work crumbling.

Only then did the hypocrites tear at their gowns
"sorry" the predators exclaimed, they begged for mercy.
It was late! The earth was in agony. From its entrails
it cast forth all its energy, but not in anger!

Its final death rattle left the planet in a sepulchral silence
it had died! everything reverted to the past, to begin
again a long evolution, a new era already endured
a new cycle...until life appeared again.

LUMINOUS EPITAPH IN THE FIRMAMENT

**Here lies bountiful Mother.
Generous, she gave all to all,
her own children killed her
and yet they too also met their end.**

**There are in this cosmos, worlds that
died because of the children they had.
Arid and inert, they await their BEING:
for the centuries to make them be born again.**

From the holocaust a few were saved, out of breath
clothes, a roof, books, progress or food
to begin again, the era and undertake
the huge task of not killing the new life, to be born.

Was it the earth's catastrophic total defeat?
–*Not at all, never!* In its bitter odyssey against evil
and even at the price of dying, it achieved its great victory
since it would return to life with fresh triumph and glory!

Free of the evil ones it would return, renewed, heroic and beautiful
with all its potentialities, strong and majestic
fresh, lush, noble, magic, deliriously sweet
beautiful triumph of the earth, at the price of its martyrdom!

IV. Requiem

The earth was always magnificent
down the centuries.

It gave us all for everything!

It gave us incalculable
riches.

It gave us incredible
delights.

It gave us unpredictable
joys.

It gave us innumerable
foods.

It gave us inexhaustible
fuels.

It gave us inspiration for everything:
for science, natural laws
for morality, its own balance
for logic, its emerging order
for painting, its own beauty
For music and poetry:
the murmur of waters,
the singing of birds,
the sibilance of the winds,
white snowfalls
an infinity of motives.

Mother Earth:

rest in peace

Your few surviving children
in time to ask your forgiveness
honor how magnificent you were,
your generous splendor
and we recall with shame
how unworthy we were.

V. Desperation

How terrible it is to return from an infernal vision!
on nobody do I wish what I felt: my misfortune.
I'll never forget the horror I witnessed
which, recuperating, I remember to be wretched.

My face recorded the effect of my fatal torture
and now I feel myself a fugitive from another life
I returned in despair from a ghastly future
I lost my peace...and I await what is hard and inevitable.

There are no miracles against human stupidity
nor will shouting reach its insane deafness
ambition has been instilled in countries
who do not see the danger...under their very noses.

Will we return to the beginning of the era?
will we, as savages, kill our earth?
can we not take care of the ground we tread
where we eat, live and find our enjoyment?

END OF POEM

**A new kind of environmental
poetry**

I. I have planted thousands of trees

Frustration vexed my soul
and my entire being nagged at me
forcing me to forsake my calmness
and reproduce life.

Today I can hope to die
untroubled, in peace and harmony
I carried out life's custom
reproducing...life!

I've covered my entire debt
with suffering nature
I have carried out my rightful duty,
so as to reproduce life!

I've contributed in good cheer
a good grain of fine sand
with my own efforts
to reproduce life!

Since everything was dying
I placed plants where I could
in order to keep everything alive,
so as to reproduce life!

Anxious, I dug up hillsides
and to cure my wounded being;
anxious I enriched the soil
so as to reproduce life!

I planted little seedlings
(I reached thousands in my obsession)

and gradually they turned into trees;
life reproducing life!

I cared for these children of mine
offering them flowing water:
they rooted down, free of woes,
life was reproducing life!

Their fragrance was magical
their hues beautiful, everything grew
it brought back my childhood
getting ready for life.

With beauty they repaid the affection
I gave them, nobody suffered
it made me ecstatic, like a child
I was reproducing life!

Years passed, full-grown now
tall, virile, unfallen,
proud and towering
they brought honor to life!

I traveled the far corners of the world
forgetting all I had,
half survived...another deep pain
(upon my return) life was in danger!

They felled them without mercy, wretches of the night,
and others, having hit hard rock, were dying.
The remainder awaited my return,
they wanted to conserve, not lose their life!

I went to ask them for forgiveness for my neglect,
to explain it all with my actual return
visit them, and feel satisfied
with my unflinching obsession with life!

Dressed in green robes and dark trunk
and the fragrant freshness that perfumes
they welcomed me with pure air
grateful that I had given them their life.

From their leaves pure drops emerged
gliding down gentle as the dew
these were their tears! tangible tendernesses!
for he who managed to reproduce life.

Ah, I though (like Bécquer and his dormant harp)
how many notes, surged through the air!
chromatic murmurs, expressive breeze,
honoring light, gilt with radiant sun.

II. I don't want to read the press, listen to the radio or watch television

I have an enormous, deep aversion
to the mass media
but not to the media as such
but to bad news.

Cruel and tragic, that material
which I fear for being so beastly
causes in me a psychosis of anxiety
because of the barbarity of the mad people.

The daily feed
is nourished,
and without exception,
by destruction.

The daily feed
around the clock
is news
of destruction.

Devastations
contaminations
calamities
and other woes.

I'm not aware of being weak or foolish
but I crumble under this bewildering
deluge, I refuse to watch it all
with my whole being: *I am deaf and blind.*

III. I fear death

As a child, my good mother taught me
that after my life, when I died
if I was good, I'd go to heaven with angels
if I was bad, to hell with devils.

I was afraid of being sent to hell
you see I've never felt particularly good.
But I was also afraid to go to heaven,
I felt I was not worthy of that paradise.

Now I'm not afraid of heaven or hell
because my life has been, far from both;
I do believe in the certain anxiety of death
because I don't know what will happen to me.

I am old now; of one fear I am convinced:
it's fear of the earth whence I must return
to account for the damage I have done to it,
remorseful for my depredation of this world.

IV. I fear life

Every day that passes it frightens me to live
and neither do I have a planet to flee to
because infinite woes harass the earth
and day by day in every way they are killing it.

This evil, like a cancer, advances swiftly
it devastates, destroys, contaminates, burns
taking a tragic negative toll
on what little manages to survive.

What fine future is left for the children
to the grandchildren, to those who come after?
How can we spare them from suffering the misfortunes
which increasingly disturb the horizon of living?

What more bitter destiny can we expect
when children drink milk full of bacteria
or when the bread that sates their hunger
contains clear traces of radiation?

A horror! life becomes one horror
we don't need hell; it's here with us
in every form, every moment, day and night
awake and in our dreams, like a real ghost.

I fear this life, because it is destruction
increase of woes and great misfortunes;
It's not sensible to leave children in the world,
bleak ill omen which humanity itself has procreated

V. Saw canto

I'm not to blame for having been born
my father is the man and his cruel,
criminal, pitiless wit made me
and against my will I fulfill my duty.

I wound my victims to the quick
I fell trees, whichever they may be
I kill equally life and beauty
for foolish human demands.

My daily role revolts me
I feel myself to be a killer of terrible strength
who cuts down life in a painful manner
and increases the deserts on the planet.

I look at myself with scorn, I disgust myself
when with a proud roar like a belly laugh
I sadistically torment the martyr tree
to bring it crashing to the ground, defeated.

My hateful cutting screeches
mask the lament of the suffering tree
they disturb me, cause me pain, exhaust me
kill me without killing; they prevent me from dying.

Sad is my destiny, I cause pain and death
but I also suffer as executioner
because I feel the same pain that I inflict,
I suffer, I agonize...I curse my inability to die.

If trees could talk
and tell of their tragedy

they would not lie
in accusing me:
-trembling saw
living hell
demoniacal steel!

VI. Coal and oil canto

We are born in the intimacy
of mother earth, Gaia,
out of chemical processes
of cosmic evolution.

We are black, black we are
and they brought us out of our sleep
from the dark core
which held us for millennia.

Humanity discovered us
made us slaves to burn;
greedy for fuel it uses us so we burn.

In this necessary industry
in the hands of speculators
(business is business)
consequences don't matter.

We expel poison
which we generate every day:
they are contaminating gases
which they force us to emit.

Although it is not our function
although we were not born for this,
man takes advantage of us
like trash, he burns us.

It is our sad destiny
to disseminate evil gases
and man who makes use of us
doesn't understand his own evil.

We poison the air
blowing toxins into it
from our smoke and our gas
and man breathes it in so!

VII. Offenses against the environment

Primitive man, always
honored his environment,
rendered homage to it
and humbly offered
sincere plant presents
and even animal sacrifices.

Ancient civilization
made the refinement clear,
giving prominence to its homages
and creating many greetings
to celebrate henceforth
the world around it.

The God Bacchus, was no drunkard,
the Goddess Venus, was no whore,
the God Mercury did not speculate
the Goddess Athena did not deceive.

It was the evil intellect
which distorted things, out of idleness.

Festivities in ancient times
were sober, with great sincerity
they honored nature
life and its purity,
with balance and great uncton
never aberrantly!

Today times have changed
because things have been overturned:
modern man is not interested

in honoring nature.
He thinks only, as his bounden duty
to honor his body with pleasure.

Festivities in our life
are typical, clear example
of uncontrolled, collective anxiety
which is sustained for pleasures
without at all worrying
that they coarsen everything .

They celebrate nature
in name, but offend its purity
without understanding that nature
never turns to licentiousness, being beautiful
never lends itself to human vices
and only cares for wholesome tribute.

They get madly drunk
and stupefy the atmosphere
with ghastly fireworks
which dare to poison the atmosphere
by way of entertainment degrading
and damaging the planet.

The earth needs cleanliness,
order, clear thinking, beauty
peace, balance, moderation
but never ever intoxication.
However the insane world
fouls up everything.

VIII. I now understand the hippies

I never liked them.
To me they were shabby, dirty, smelly
uncivilized
with long hair
fleas on their bodies
couples in promiscuity
making babies
(not knowing the father).

I viewed them as weirdoes
parasites on society
parasites on the world
maladjusted
slippery
not knowing what they want or are after
huddled together
in mini societies
smoking marihuana
using male earrings
dressing differently
as though they were
a world apart.

You had to watch your step with them
avoid them
avoid their smell
their presence
their image
their idea
their memory
their everything.

However these people
miseries of the world!
their groundbreaking conclusions
their brainchild
were the perfect
response
to the real world's crisis.

Which is that the world's become
a huge scenario
of industrious business people
who in their lust
to make money
transformed society
into the negation
of nature:
imposed laws which violate
the natural order,
geographical growth
of cement
(buildings, roads, other constructions)
which suffocated
diminished
oppressed
dwarfed
the natural world.

I didn't realize
but the hippies
proved to be the opposite.

Lovers of the world
lovers of its flora
its fauna
they articulated their protest
against modern society.

Lovers of things natural
they preferred to dress in wool
instead of synthetics;
to eat simply
instead of complicated dishes,
to let their hair and beards grow
so as to resemble primitive man;
to renounce comfort
revert to simplicity
demonstrating their protest
against an ultimately false
deceitful,
exploitative,
pseudo civilization.

XI. I ask nature's forgiveness

Forgive me, mother nature
for what I have done to you!

As a child I was bad
because my friends were bad,
and not because that's the way we were born
nor because man is bad by nature.
Nobody
gave us guidance.

As a boy, I was also bad
because we boys were bad:
we broke plants
soiled the earth
we discarded rubbish,
hated the smell of animals
it disgusted us
(naturally:
we never noticed our own smell)
Nobody gave us guidance!

As a grown up, concerned, I looked
for the reason for such behavior.

After much meditation
I found my answer:
the education man receives
takes care of the family
the established order,
the laws that suit it,
so-called civilization,
as far as it can.
But nature is forgotten!

But for rarely seen, spontaneous
glimpses,
States, Governments
forgot that the first
original
primary
and primitive principle
is to go back to what
primitive man did:
daily worship of nature!

That worship is not mere adoration
nor mechanical repetition
like braying.

It is daily awareness
daily intellectual reflection
to care for it
to respect it
to protect it
and not to destroy it.

X. Incitement to violence

How true is the phrase
of the English philosopher Thomas Hobbes:
"man is a wolf to man".

However another well established truth
is no less exact:
"man is a wolf to nature".

Begging the pardon of wolves (for the quotations)
because life bears it out, it must be admitted
that man is the number one destroyer.

If man destroys the earth
he must be destroyed
without the slightest pity.

Let's destroy the destroyers
make them pay for their barbarity:
an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!

Let's draw strength from the crisis
for necessity is the mother of invention
let's have no prejudices!

If the State, if governments,
do not protect the planet
let's take justice into our own hands!

May the force of indignation
give strength to the redemption
let's draw strength from the evil ones!

Vengeance is powerful and a wellspring
of great energies for action
let's avenge the earth!

Destruction to he who destroys,
death to the criminals who
day after day kill the earth.

Wake up, hidden positive forces
let us unite to defeat evil
Let's wipe it out for ever.

Let the aware and responsible humanity
destroy the other negative humanity
let the good wolf defeat the bad wolf!

XI. Salaried environmentalists

In these times of salaried
redeemers and bureaucrats
(boastful of their status)
the situation needs redressing.

Whoever works behind a desk
works behind a desk
and should know that it's time
to do the rounds outside.

Those spongers on a salary taken
from resources donated to the cause
are sluggards responsible for slowness
in the fight against destruction.

With considerable material support
they draw up plans which are never implemented
and they are aware of everything, except
the paper which they push around to no purpose.

Some seek to give consultancy
others utter pronouncements
others denunciations or warnings
everything is delayed and remains on paper.

Outside: there's no end to the depredation
the deforestation, the pollution
the laying waste, the anguish
the poisoning: DEATH.

XII. Frustrated desires

Have you noticed
human being
if your life
has any sense?

Some live
for ideals
and for them
may die.

Others live
with a great thirst
lusting
after money.

Most live
never knowing
a reason
for their existence.

Poor fools
who live
exclusively
for pleasure.

I live
with dreams
and visions
in the world.

It doesn't bother me to
be a dreamer

(what matters
is to be useful).

I want the entire
world
to be saturated
with gardens.

I want the world
with the sweetness
of pure, crystalline
waters.

I want the world
with a clean sky
a blue, enchanting
dream.

I want the world
with clean soil
like a yearning
for what is best.

I want the world
with white clouds
clouds of
clean white.

I also want the air
which man
contaminated
to be healthy.

I want to see
the sun reigning down
not causing
cancer, nor harm.

I want fine
healthy, nice
and plump
fruits.

Woe is me,
a utopian
still without
my world in sight!

XIII. Ode to bullfighting Spain

I

Desolate panorama

A coliseum prepared for death, un-
godliness copied from the Roman empire,
a central ring, filled with sand
and in the official box: an authority.

A lady admired by her gallant toreador
is dedicatee on such an afternoon of skill
gentlemanly gestured to by the adventurer
who with a bow pays honor to her beauty.

Outside: dealers parading up and down
cars stopped, ticket touts.
Inside: a radiant afternoon sun
words and profanities, in the stands.

II

The spectacle will begin

An announcer: "Ladies and Gentlemen:
the great toreador, with natural skill
will show his courage, bringing honor
to his lady seated there"...(with an animal).

It's clear that this mighty villainous bull
who's unaware what's happening, nor of his fate
is destined to die heroically
and to entertain everyone, who want him to be strong.

Sinister public, pent with sadistic
 emotions, bloodthirsty
 neurotic shouters (everything is depraved)
 egging the spectacle on from the rooftops.

Full approval will be celebrated
 rhythmic shouts of conformity, in unison
 loud applause with hearty claps
 for each display of sadism against the bull.

III

Enter the heroes

The death cortege enters
 (applause on all sides)
 it's a fairly old mob
 of weary sadistic killers.

Enter picadors with their lances
 on horseback, chests thrust out
 as second and first matadors
 head high, body erect.

Enter too second rate
 assistants, semi-bullfighters,
 evident killer candidates
 practiced with calves.

This fine business, created a ceremony
 to make a pleasant dance with bullfighters,
 invented greetings, dedications
 to solemnize the slaughter.

Saluting the local dignitary
 and then his lady sitting, with her veil
 the criminal raises his spirit
 and attempts to show he's a gentleman.

Fawners created mischievous myths:
and poets the phrase: "afternoons of glory",
although glory is the bull's and his destruction
more torture, a repetition of history.

They invented prizes of 'cutting off the ears'
and laurels for cutting off 'the tail'
phrases such as: 'blood and sand', now clichéd
but other stupid remarks, quite mad really.

They try to make believe in the heroism
of something which is simply a degenerate art
and nothing more than the terrible stoic suffering
of the unfortunate sacrificed bull.

IV

Enter the victim

And so with its release the powerful bull's
great miserable fight begins,
although the brave, indomitable creature,
enters at a pace...to lose its life.

What happened to the animal? Was it pushed?
Is there no strength could produce such a result?
They did something to him, somehow they provoked him
who entered so fast...and so wound up.

If they didn't infuriate him why did he run so
(someone knows the secret of the wickedness
which stimulates his entire hindquarters
to cause him anal pain).

This is why the animal runs flat out
and tries to charge down everything he encounters

wildly...but the brutal bullfighter
performs pirouettes at the cost of that suffering.

V

The game of acrobatics

And he begins to play with the cape which he flaps
so craven is he for glory, teaser
avoiding the beast's attack
his indignation, his strength and courage.

The moves are repeated with variations
causing him to display a squandering of strength
while they prepare the set-piece tortures
which enliven the sadistic public.

In the stands you hear gasps
and applause when things are going well
because they cause collective emotions
celebrating with their broad palms.

They wound the bull when he is not charging
sticking the pike in to provoke him
"picador" they call the executioner who persists
and sticks it in with a twist to fire his anger.

The set-pieces enter into play
"banderillas" they call the long dart
and three pairs of them are plunged into him
deepening his prolonged torment.

The unfortunate animal is forced to run
trying to charge down his criminals
the hanging darts have brought him to despair
because they jolt and cause greater harm.

VI The sacrifice

This torture has confused the bull
and though he still has strength, he is exhausted
the "matador" thinks it's time
to thrust his sword into the taunted animal.

The bullfighter is efficient if he has killed him
(most of them fail in their assault)
the animal...has the whole blade in him
and doesn't understand why he continues to live.

It sometimes happens that the sword is not the end
and it's not clear whether out of pity or madness
so that the animal will drop stone dead
a sharp dagger is thrust into his forehead.

The inflamed public has become bestial
enthusiastically it celebrated all its cruelty
it cheered, applauded, enjoyed convinced
in a joyful paroxysm of wickedness.

The moment of death is approaching
the unfortunate beast runs in a decreasing curve
he stops, bends his legs, falls bleeding
leaving a horrific pool on the earth.

VII Requiem

So as to satisfy the morbid instinct
of a mindless, deviant public
a strong animal died...in sacrifice.

For the glory of deluded jesters
for fame in the ring, tormenting
matadors acted without mercy.

For healthy overflowing profits
from a flock of Hispanic human hyenas
a poor wretch died leaving no woes behind.

VIII
A curse on evil

Modern Spain, land of the great Cervantes
why do you permit aberrant tortures.

Iberian Spain, you have stained your proud forehead
with millions of liters of bulls' blood.

END

XIV. The epic of the heroic boat

*(In honor of the ecological warship
Rainbow Warrior, in the service of life
on the planet, criminally sunk
by the destroyers of nature.)*

I Charity to fight

Greenpeace: an uncompromising fighter
without resources, but morality of the highest order
sets up in London its headquarters
to dedicate itself to permanent combat.

Although a modest, leaky office
for idealists of the deep
they hit upon a great idea which grips them:
a boat, to fight on behalf of the *world*.

Disinterested people, dedicated to doing good
on behalf of nature's well-being;
heroic titans, given to a cause
they were truly born to succeed!

Firm of spirit, tough veterans
they search for a boat to protect whales
the incisive, quixotic exemplars
more than achieved the end they sought.

Assisted by English fishermen
they obtained an old vessel
paying installments: month after month
with the help of a Dutch foundation.

The sad boat, weary of work,
 sorely in need of repairs, no doubt
 accrued more and more and more expenses,
 how difficult to get help to cover the cost!

Pioneer tenacity won out,
 the strength of the great ideal won the day;
 Greenpeace refitted the whole boat
 to fight evil unflinchingly.

II

The dawn of its destiny

1978

To baptize the superb boat
 auguries from Indians of the north were voiced:
 "When the world is sick and in agony,
 warrior of the Rainbow will rise up".

April: the boat is ready, no frontiers
 for the clearly international crew;
 Greenpeace and U.N. flags
 flutter side by side: announcing all is ready.

But legal problems emerge:
 technical questions: improvements to gear
 fuel costs, required additional expenses
 and, despite the adversity, everything was overcome!

That boat also needed to recover
 after its grueling campaigns
 so that, once again, it could put to sea:
 more and more expenses!... so as to repeat its exploits.

III The Warrior's campaign

1978

The boat had to put up a tough fight
against whalers from Iceland and Spain
who in the North Atlantic, with skill
were wiping out cetaceans... with every evil trick.

It also fought against nuclear waste
which ships unloaded where they could;
killing life... even in the polar region!
without a thought to the harm they were doing.

The ship was an intrepid and tenacious regent
which fearlessly intercepted every signal
although the results of their exacting zeal
were to unload such dangerous material¹⁰.

In this anti radioactive campaign,
Pacific islanders, with determination
opposed vicious Japanese ships
which sought to offload their waste.

The boat never lacked tasks
it had, later, to fight against the death
of six thousand seals...at the hands of bloodthirsty
Norwegian cowards, in the North Sea.

1979

Since in Iceland, the whale killers
feared they'd lose the profits they enjoyed
they set about the *Warrior* with harpoons,
starting fires and endangering lives.

10 On one occasion they had to dispose of 5,000 barrels of radioactive waste, which caused some technical problems.

It became commonplace for armed vessels
to attack journalists and crew,
the *Warrior* confronted such effrontery
with rubber dinghies, one after the other into action.

To stop the dynamic of the *Warrior*
the ship and crew are arrested
the boat's equipment confiscated
while everyone ends up being prosecuted.

1980

In Cherbourg, France, the nuclear campaign
against radioactive waste ships
was met with a military vessel
protecting the business of the unscrupulous.

In Holland the *Warrior* was blockading
the two faces of "Bayer", which unfortunately
on the one hand, produces medicines
but dumps its chemical waste into the sea.

New confrontations have occurred in Spain
the whalers are shielded by the navy
Warrior is trapped in a port,
they remove components.. and it cannot set to sea.

After five months of ruinous embargo
since Greenpeace will not give in to adversity
new components are replaced under cover
and in the night it escapes, demonstrating its vigor.

1981

In their greed for seals, the hunters
are never satisfied: they want to kill pups as well.

The crew members, become dyers
and create ruin for their business once and for all.

One pass of the brush down their back, to the fury
of the hunters, was enough to leave a deep stain
which once you saw how the puppy looked,
lost all commercial value (thankfully).

Greenpeace saves their lives, however,
the Canadian authorities view this
(such a wonderful deed) with bitterness
and order the crew's arrest.

1982

The *Warrior* returns to Canada for its seals
and in the St Lawrence Gulf, unwisely
they take them prisoner for trivial things
and the crew endures its fate.

Gradually now the results are appreciated:
they announce a ban on imports
as the coup de grace bestowed
on that commercial industry of hucksters.

Then its the turn to protect dolphins
pursued by tuna fishermen
in the confines of the Panama Canal,
(it urged an end to these cowboys).

The whale campaign reaches Peru
and achieves great awareness and acceptance
although its rulers merely
put an end to the hunting...without banning imports.

1983

Warrior has to fight in California
against spills of oil and gas

which were contaminating the entire sea water, flora, fauna and everything.

It rebukes the US navy
for its plan to sink nuclear submarines
dangerous, old things, a slow mine
a radioactive cemetery in the seas!

It travels to Bering, in a new crusade
almost to the north pole, against villains
whose annual salmon trawl killed
mammals for miles, as though they were hunted.

It travels to Siberia to highlight something vile
the death of green whales in their hundreds!
the crew is arrested in the USSR
although world pressure manages to free them.

1984

Warrior displays strength in several countries
(Panama to the Gulf of Mexico), fighting
in the ocean against the incineration
of toxic chemicals it came across.

The strategic effect was powerful
which faced with the pressure created
the U.S. government resolves with great speed
and puts an end to what had been suffered.

1985

From the nuclear Pacific: a necessary trip
(from Hawaii to the Marshall Islands) reminds
the aborigines who suffered this Calvary
of other unauthorized criminal tests.

Plagued with cancer, leukemia and birth defects
 the islanders want no further setbacks
 they ask to be removed far away: for all their might
 they're faced with rare evidence: the French.

Other islanders welcome the boat.
 New Zealand warmly welcomes it,
 it knows *Warrior* is gathering a flotilla
 to Mururoa with boats of good sense.

The French were preparing for other tests
 it was time now for someone to confront them
 to protest against the death they sow:
Warrior was going to take the lead.

In Auckland port, the enemies
 who are waiting for the dolphin boat
 in the black of night, the wretches
 with sure fire sink it once and for all.

IV The legal fight

The ferocious, bitter dispute
 was to last two years in court
 but the French government had to pay
 for the damage caused by its wrongdoing.

Since Greenpeace has no business
 and has to recover its fighting base
 it guarantees to use the resources it obtained
 for the same, well known cause.

What became of the *Warrior* they sank?
 –A burial at sea as a fitting homage
 a respectful, public act of farewell:
 from the Pacific, in clear waters, an honorable end.

V

The resurrection

In Hamburg, Germany, a new *Warrior*
is launched into the waters to continue
the ferocious struggle the first one undertook,
fearlessly, relentlessly, to fight on.

END

XV. Honor to Barry Horne

Few are the men in this world
who do good, for the love of good itself,
although they suffer heavy sorrows
ruin their lives...and come to a bad end.

He was a road sweeper in England
a fighter on behalf of animals
which in laboratories and chemical plants
were cruelly vivisectioned.

Barry punished these people, through his efforts
causing them material damage
and for these heroic deeds (crimes to others)
condemned to 18 years in prison.

From the jail, this resolute man
continued his fight for animals
sadly ending his life
for a cause few recognize.

Honor to this man
who had to fight
for that noble cause,
a business of wretches.

XVI. The sane man surpassed (Ode to the Olympiads)

Every corner of the globe is restless:
to the games' venue ten thousand athletes
are turning up, who arrive singing
breathing music in all its sounds.

The Olympic village teems with optimism
and equipped with modern comforts
an abundance of food, authorities,
is haven to so many countries, their civic spirit.

Flags of every nation are hoisted
huddles of people are observed
strange and varied languages are heard
smiles are on show and human niceties.

You see white, black, brown faces;
tall, short, medium sized athletes; oriental,
blue, black, hazel eyes; red hair
an infinity of delightful human detail.

You see beautiful women, pleasant in every way
others coarse and with male characteristics,
they stand upright with pride, senile ex-athletes
who will be feted for their past.

This world venue is a hive of activity
where millions of tourists have come
leaders, judges and press people
it's the center of the globe, a profound nucleus!

–Mummy (the son comments, affectionately):
they're wearing a uniform, with coats of arms

they seem content, happy, secure
nobody is sad; their heads held high.

The father replies, with keen tenderness
–Son! they come prepared to do battle
and amongst themselves to exhaust their energy
burning up their last drop of saliva.

They are prepared to break their bodies
to expel the last breath of their air
and their muscular heart demonstrate
the tough years they have imposed on themselves.

They will use up their bodily strength
because with anxiety and great euphoria
quite rightly they will seek glory
tenaciously mining their body in competition.

They are monsters! and they seek to be even better
they were and are slaves to discipline;
for their illness there is only one medicine:
wholesome glory, fame and honors!

Many will return to their countries successful
others, will go back having failed,
but the whole world will have enjoyed
the great fight of impetuous supermen.

XVII. A product of nature (ode to beer)

When I drink a glass of beer
I get inspired, I am transported and I can say
that my being teeters on greatness
and I feel full of the joys of life.

Oh rich and yellow, elixir:
a chunk of sunlight which my glass encloses
concentrated gold shining brightly,
the sap of a fine grain of the earth.

I drink my exquisite brew with great calm
because it is a beverage of life
which doesn't harm or dull the soul
and takes away our pain and suffering.

If my love, denies me affection,
my beloved liquid gives me warmth
enchanted blonde who blinds me!
and gives me her consoling power.

It's not propaganda, but true
that whoever drinks beer is an optimist,
he confronts life ably
sound in spirit and altruistic.

Yes, friends, let's drink beer
the hearty food of good health
and let us enjoy its delight
with the might of every breath.

Lyrics

I. To the great Chopin

From what grandiose Olympus have you descended?
O magical genius of sweet melody!
what power you display, strong and intense
to overcome and dominate my soul.

If adequate words existed
I could express what your visit causes
since you provoke with your heavenly works
delightful fruits of exquisite richness.

From the subsoil where I live, YOU lift me up
to strange heights, grandeurs of gentleness
and you shine the bright light you bear
illuminating my ever dark night.

If I am at peace, your music endures in me
if I am violent the anger is taken out of me
if I am ill, the sickness is cured
but your lyre always produces ecstasy in me.

What a magical, uncommon, and marvelous charm!
your playing displays O Maestro Chopin
you light up the song, the strength, the transcendence,
the outpourings of the entire heavens.

By force, you remove me from my body,
and your great power pushes me and makes me fly
you carry me far away! I feel everything and nothing!
my longed for imagination thus is exalted.

Your music provokes peaceful anxiety
it does not despair, nor have tragic notes

I feel pure romanticism, wild passion,
restless charm and magical wonders.

You were not Chopin, one more in the world;
you were the incarnation of superior beings,
exalted master, with a profound style,
a colossus of fragrant inspiration.

II. To the great Beethoven

Sorcerer of music, great villain
you are the true creation of Hades
to torment whoever hears you
forging in his mind the arduous struggle.

Whoever listens to your symphonies suffers torture
who listens to your concertos deep sorrow
whoever tries to play you endures agony
you take no pity on he who wishes to enjoy you.

You show yourself to be a master of war,
heroism, and things martial your music enshrines
vigor, catastrophe, tempestuous storms
madness and passions which the soul laments.

You enshrine turbulence, you cause agonies
yet you do not kill; you wish to torture
forever great sadist of suffering
you mortify and punish my feelings.

I don't want to listen to you but I am obliged
by the vice to which your memory has driven me
and tormenting me powerless against my punishment
like a morbid pleasure, I grow ill from my suffering

Maestro Beethoven: you should live in glory
in the times of the warriors of the Iliad
because your music incites combat
and gives heroic strength, which defeats the rival.

You are the passionate power of pure heroism,
which raises man to the very heights of himself

white summits of pure and beautiful fantasy
and descends triumphantly to the valleys and the plains.

Your kettledrums fulminated consciousness
tortured every corner of the mind
and proud of causing such fraying of the soul
in majesty you attained eternal glory.

III. Degradation of music

From time immemorial it's been known
that the rudiments of music existed
and that even the modest uncivilized life
imitated moments in nature.

The murmur of the waters, birdsong
were repeated through the voice
just as many expressions of nature
were equally reproduced.

The rhythm and sound of waves were imitated
The blowing of the wind: the to and fro of leaves
and man displayed the confused instinct
such as singing crudely, for his relief and well-being.

Nobody knows how or when the first unusual
musical instrument was invented
and it's not known whether the flute has been around
many years more than the angelical lyre.

Technically they were used in Greece
as discovered in the grandiose myth of Orpheus,
sufficiently to suppose how deep-rooted
was the art and rite of Hellenic music.

The ancient Romans were not to be outdone
and still less the medieval monks
who held in their hands musical notations
as still used today by mortal beings.

And great times of glory arrived
the classics, romantics made themselves thus

constructing the very best of history
and with their music they became immortal.

Honor to Chopin, Mozart, Schumann, Beethoven,
to Liszt, to Brahms, to Schumann, who have passed away
and so many...whose work will always be young
because it will never have grown old.

But it so happens that today
stranger forces, unfortunately, have implanted
an ugly odyssey of disastrous rhythms
leaving the noble art debased.

There is quite clearly a mad, abysmal difference
between the heavenly, classical-romantic
and all the present day barbarities which play
a strange type of infernal percussion.

Sickening nighttime shows,
smoldering with unconsciousness and strident air,
promote screamers, from the dregs of society
who degrade and stain the air and atmosphere.

Since the microphone exists anyone can sing,
just needs to move about as though he's been stung
and dulling the mind, he destroys the nerves,
achieving en masse, an ecstasy of stupidity.

What's more: as topics are exhausted
in contrast to the classical stream
sexual and ridiculous themes are made up
provoking morbid animal types of behavior.

That search of the psyche for its dementia
with the strong decadent commercial pressure
which imposes on people the whole miserable
and cold influence of the present world.

Toxic to the ear those sounds
make the tormented head explode:
it leaves people with sick senses
wanting to fight over everything...and over nothing.

Sad it is for man, emerging from the old century
who instead of appreciating beauty and excellence,
they corrupt his spirit, render him fusty
and degrade him to levels of excrescence.

IV. My ignorance

The more I study
the less I know.

The more I read,
the more there appears to read.

Although I wish to match up
I find myself way off...
I will never match up!

How can I say I know something
if all the time I know less?

I am defeated by the speed
I am defeated by the dimensions
of learning.

My anxiety to know
reeks of the frustration
of the honest searcher
after knowledge
who always loses the race
without reaching the goal.

How can I know
that knowledge exists
if it is no longer an attribute of anyone
and there isn't a mind capable of storing it?

I don't believe wise people exist
I am losing confidence
in the challenge

of knowledge,
infinite ocean
where nobody any longer
gets beyond
the shoreline.

How can I plunge
into the ocean of knowing
if the same ocean provokes,
torments, and drowns me
when I touch its waters?

Boldly it threatens me:
*–you will never grasp all of me!
and you will never dominate me!*

I no longer know where knowledge
is found,
whether in books,
in science
in morality,
in the infinity
of the micro cosmos
or the macro cosmos.

In the anguish
of my intellectual misery
I will not resign myself, as Socrates did,
saying: “I only know I know nothing”.

Earnestly I will say:
–I am nothing, nothing am I.

Ten miseries of humankind

I. Hunger

You need to have suffered
to really understand
the wretched pain that
social misery brings.

Children without shoes
starving
thin
tubercular.

Besides not eating
there's nowhere to sleep.

How to repel
the night cold!

How the empty
stomach groans!

There's no work
to live
and if there were
the poor are not trusted.

His rags are distrusted
because he's ill
and could also be
a danger to others.

The poor exist in millions
throughout the world

At least
in ancient times
slaves
had food to eat
and a place to sleep.

Whereas now
they make us believe
they're all free
although they have
no food to eat
nor place to sleep.

II. Alcohol

What led you to it?
Suffering? Disappointments?
the mere pleasure of drinking?

You stagger through the streets
in zigzag.

Your blood, loaded with alcohol
poisoning your body.

What greater insult can there be
to drink
than that there are alcoholics?

The thousands of drinks that exist
are for gentle relaxation
but never, brutalization.

An alcoholic is so because of his vice
the brand of liquor didn't lead him there
his own life led him there!

III. Drugs

Human trash
(if you're left with any powers of reason):
did they coax you into vice?
were you seduced by the glamour?
did you not have the mettle
to overcome the passion?

Can you no longer escape your vice?
so how do others escape!

Your brain cells
are destroyed
and your days are numbered.
I no longer know if you're human
or an animal,
your red eyes give you away.

I feel so sorry for what you are
but I am sorrier still
because your own will couldn't save you!

IV. Drug traffickers

Morbid passion
to poison humanity.

Even more morbid
when those poisoned happen to be rich
because they can pay more.

Morbid industry
which buys consciences,
buys governments,
brutalizes humanity
and takes advantage of its rottenness!

It sets up corrupt empires
taking away confidence in everything
but for itself it accumulates money
and vain pleasure at enormous cost:
–life, which is sacred.

Worst of all is that those benumbed
increase in their millions
or rather, those foully enriched
also swell in number.

For we have returned
to modern Sodoms and Gomorrahs.

V. Gambling

You're a true addict
you have no excuse or pretext
because you make fun of recreation
with the filthy betting game.

Besides society and the State
encourage your addiction making it comfortable
for your pleasure and devilish mania
setting up gambling dens for you.

You, poor depraved, miserable gambler
you have no scruple
to risk it all, even if it is sacred
though you may lose home and all you have.

You also lose your dignity:
Did you once stake your wife?
Have you now recouped all you lost?
Have you now won a lot? Lose it again!

VI. Fraud

There are many thieves in life
some rob to get quick money
others rob because they have no bread
others are thieves out of passion

But there is another species of thief:
those who play with every justified
and well planned dodge
to swindle the State and society.

The last sort are politicians
who taking advantage of situations
throw themselves with passion into
what we call: shady deals.

VII. The philanderer

What makes you do it?
Adventure?
Machismo?
Natural urge?

Do you feel more of a man
with more women?
or is it that you love them all
sharing out your affection?

Does society perhaps
flatter the Don Juan?
Are you maybe a good student
and you imitate others?

One thing is true
*–the way you are you find
no peace love or happiness,
you won't find it like this!*

VIII. The unfaithful woman

Your case is different:
you were always frustrated.

Perhaps you were a
self-sacrificing wife;
but they didn't understand you.

They cheated on you,
you stayed home alone,
profound loneliness!
and they didn't treat you like a wife.

You're ashamed of the condition
of unfaithful woman.
Keep it under wraps
never let another woman know!

Unfaithfulness is frightening
don't let women know!
because woman is woman's
worst enemy.

IX. Whore

Yours is the oldest profession
in the world.
You bear the oldest shame
of mankind.

The causes don't matter
the reasons don't matter
what matters is
that you're there.

You drag every danger in your wake
but you confront them
you draw strength from your adversity.

People despise and
keep away from you,
and you, aware of your tragedy
do not escape your destiny.

You may end up ill
perhaps lonely in old age
you'll have no home
your end cannot be pleasant!

X. Rape

If we're all animal species
it figures
that the male will take the female

If we're human animals
it also figures
that the man will take the woman

If we humans are not animals
it doesn't explain
how man can rape her!

Does our very animal nature
incite us to react
like real animals?

Is Master Freud right
when man's libido
pushes him towards his animal side?

Can it be that Creation (if it existed)
determined that woman
would be for the use and abuse of man?

How can it be explained that woman
with her mere presence can attract,
provoke and mortify man?

Woman doesn't know what she provokes
and it may be she doesn't realize
but she torments man's passion.

In this way the human animal
loses his reason and his sense
and his instinct, a becomes a beast.

If there was Creation
he created us badly
he who created us.

Fables

I. The drop and the ocean

When softly sliding
from a rock
a crystal clear droplet
fell into the sea
it was greeted thus:

–You come to me small and ridiculous.
I despise your insignificance!

THE DROPLET: “Don’t sneer at me,
presumptuous sea,
you are nothing.
You forget or you ignore
that millions of my fellow drops
make up your beauty...
and your arrogance too”.

*Such is the pride of the mighty:
they forget they’re the work of the weak.*

II. The two paths

Two different paths led to the same goal:
one long, but good;
the other, a short cut, rugged,
plagued with poisonous thorns.

In a hurry, a wild beast
chose the second.
Infected with death,
in his lair he lamented:

*I went astray in my life
and so strayed in the forest.*

III. The shepherd and the ears of corn

The fields
were yellow with corn,
a vegetable gold they seemed.

A shepherd, eyeing them,
ecstatically,
delighted in their purity, color and luster.

But when he returned
for the harvest
his subtle intimation turned to dust:

(For hidden
he found
a mass of darnel).

*Such is the world of mankind,
behind bounty evil lurks.*

IV. The beavers and the flood

The river broke its banks!
Petrified in the forest
the animals fled
before such desolation.

The beavers stayed behind,
who armed with courage
and their razor teeth
cut through trunks.

They built a dyke,
saved lives,
homes
and lands!

It is not always good to flee from danger.

V. The thirsty camel

Lost in the desert
a fiery camel
parched with thirst
was searching for water.

As luck would have it
he finds a fountain
with a warning sign:
"Danger: poisoned water!"

The poor beast
exhausted,
announces his final decision:
-I shall die of thirst!

*Excellent example
of the moral torture
of he who does not succumb
to the poison
of temptation.*

VI. The woodcutter and the tools

Getting down to work
a woodcutter
had the brainwave
to invert
the order of things:
the grass he cut with the axe
and the tree with the sickle.

The grass was
easily cut.

The tree was strong
and ruined the sickle.

*A figure of fun is he
who alters
the natural order.*

VII. The wood and the sandpaper

Said the wood to the sandpaper
–Ow! you hurt me so
why are you so cruel?

The sand paper:
–You’ll never be smooth or beautiful
if you can’t stand pain.

*To reach perfection
requires sacrifice and pain.*

VIII. The ingenious sheep

In wolves' clothing, a sheep
frightened off its companions
so as to eat their grass.

Curiously
that cunning devil
soon after
spies some lions
and in despair takes flight.

In fact
his companions
had so disguised themselves
to scare away the would-be wolf.

*Ingenuity is precarious:
it favors
good and evil alike.*

IX. The kid goat and the bear

Unable to get down from a rock
a kid goat
scared of being dashed to pieces
asks a passing bear
for help.

THE BEAR: –Jump down on me!
With my body I will cushion
your fall.

The gullible goat jumped...
his tasty morsel to be.

*In trying to avoid danger
we sometimes fall into one greater.*

X. The cow and the master

Cursing her luck, a cow
protested
that her master took milk from her
without paying the price.

A young lad passing by
replied with an angry voice:
_the pasture, your daily bread,
who provides it for you?

Who cures your ills?
Who shelters and cleans you?
Who gives you clean water?
Isn't it none other than your good master?

XI. Mars and the moon

Mars asked the Moon,
Poor wretch, why do you hide
behind the brilliance Apollo gives you?
Were he to go out and no longer shine
you'd never be able to reflect him.

They lived through eclipses
the conceited one ceased to shine
and Mars angrily said:
-Your horrible ugliness can now be seen.

The same is true
of those who plaster
their face with paint:
wrinkles and blemishes...stand out.

XII. The Jasmine and the Rose

The jasmine asked
the beautiful rose:
Why do you stick your thorns
into the hands
of human beings?

THE ROSE: –Mother nature
gave me protection
to prolong my life.

*It would seem
that as a precaution
against human malice,
nature has bestowed defenses
on its wonders.*

XIII. The choir of animals

In the forest they formed
an animal choir
to the glory of the kingdom.

Birds with delicate trills:
nightingales, cardinals and doves,
cranes with soft caws
made up the first voice,
to the glory of the kingdom.

Svelte beasts:
tigers, leopards and panthers,
mountain cats and cunning foxes
made up the second voice,
to the glory of the kingdom.

The remaining voices:
consisted of
elephants, hippopotami,
elks, giraffes and gruff bears
to the glory of the kingdom.

Everything was a success
to the glory of the kingdom.

I failed to mention:
the Choirmaster was a donkey.

Who would believe:
in nature
to the glory of the kingdom
there are no stupid donkeys
as mankind would have us believe.

XIV. The owl and the fox

An owl, writer of thrillers,
boasted
that all his readers
felt their hairs stand on end, reading him.

A cunning fox
made a bet with the novelist
that there was an animal some way off
whose hairs never stood on end.

Before impartial judges
the fox introduced the animal
and won the bet:
in fact it was a snake.

*Cunning occasionally
will outwit wisdom.*

XV. The two houses

Two small builder birds
made their houses.

One made it small and strong
The other a mansion, but fragile.

A few days later a storm blew up
which shook the tree of both houses.

The small house held firm,
the mansion fell to the ground.

*Better modest essentials
than mere grandiose appearance.*

XVI. The proud lion

The proud king of the forest
was traveling in a boat
a storm blew up at sea
which cast him on a desert island.

There was nothing to eat
though there was straw
in great supply.

The carnivorous lion considered
it unworthy of his status
to devour what was so far removed
from his normal fare.

As the days went by...and hunger
bore through his gut,
he gave in and ate hay.

*Pride succumbs
to time and circumstance.*

XVII. Salt and sugar

The salt envied the sugar
on tasting it in elegant casings
of sweets, chocolates
and decorated fudges.

–Don't be down-hearted, Salt (he replied)
better your modesty
than the evil I do
with diabetes.

The world always praises and delights in
pleasures, though they may be harmful.

Pride succumbs
to time and circumstance.