

## When Bees Cry, What Do They Say

Words can be so deceptive  
Take the word "bee," for instance.  
When you hear it, you visualize  
a species: the honeybee  
The one that hurts you with its stinger  
The one that works for a queen  
The one that we exploit to have  
a little honey in our teas  
You do not see all the thousands  
of other so-called wild species  
which do not sting, ignore the dishes  
of your summer picnics  
Those who get cracking from birth  
to secure their offspring  
and make it possible for pollen  
to travel in the neighborhood  
Those who rejoice the ecosystem  
and sweeten the fruits of the orchards  
Those whose habitats are destroyed  
Those that we spray without blinking  
with poisons destined to kill them

Words can be so deceptive  
Take the word "*humain*" [transl.: humane, human], for instance  
When you hear it, you visualize  
big hearts engorged with love  
hands spontaneously extended  
to anyone with a bent knee  
doors open to the stranger  
who chatters their teeth on your doorstep  
You see the only species in the world that invented symphonies  
You see the sense of beauty, of good cuisine,  
science and philosophy  
You see the smile of a passerby  
who has just read your sweater

You see the improvised dance  
of youngsters from the neighborhood  
who hurl "Long live the brides!"  
to decorated convoys  
You see solidarity  
in the rhythmic honking of horns  
in the choice to stop killing  
to eat or to keep oneself warm  
And in the smile of a baby  
who did not decide to exist  
you see the hope of making  
harmony and peace rule on Earth

You don't see that this baby  
who acquires a mother tongue  
will make room in their thoughts  
to antipathy and hatred  
That they will assiduously learn  
the 26 letters of the alphabet  
to puke, when they grow up,  
all that they have in their abdomen  
serenely on a keyboard  
with the same fingers that sponge  
the corner of their grandpa's lips  
who hardly touches his supper  
since old age eats away at him

You don't see the cruelty  
Even less its impunity  
The balance in the iniquity  
The unspeakable wickedness  
of verbalized invective  
with such ease  
that we feel very quickly in danger  
if we don't lock ourselves in  
or disappear altogether  
in a great frightened silence

You don't see that this baby  
will grow up in a society  
of dehumanized women  
of persecuted racialized people,  
of fat, LBGT,  
precarious, disabled people,  
yarmulke- or veil-wearing, bearded,  
excluded and disenfranchised,  
who raise their fists to resist  
to claim the humanity  
which is denied to them on all sides

You don't see that the baby  
witnessing these cries of distress  
will choose to get angry  
against these same people who are oppressed  
That baby will want to see them swallow  
the mud where their knees are already drowning  
They will want to see them give up  
on life, to arouse their disgust  
To make it as visceral  
As the one who inhabits their jousts

Words can be so destructive

Words can be so deceptive  
Take the word "écran" [transl. "screen"], for instance  
a masculine noun of Dutch origin  
"that which protects from any external aggression"  
Larousse.fr  
This same screen which transmits to us  
harassment, the affronts  
from strangers who are as virulent as ever  
that a platform protects in the name  
of freedom of expression  
This same screen that we fear  
and which censors our slightest struggles

gives a very faithful image  
of the powers from which we rebel

Words can be so deceptive  
Well, take the word "*cran*" [transl.: "guts", "notch"), for instance  
A masculine noun  
taken from the Gallic *crinare* [pronounced as "narrated cry"?]  
The "*cran*" is a "notch made in a hard body  
to hook another one  
or to serve as a stop".

Larousse.fr

You imagine us scarred  
slashed by the poisonous  
and penetrating hostility  
You think we've assimilated it  
You think they could have left  
the slightest reciprocity  
hung the spirit of revenge  
in our heavy hearts, our clenched fists  
that are determined to continue  
to fight for equality  
Retaliation? We don't have the time.  
What we do have is the guts.  
Every time we get up,  
ignoring their comments  
trembling and bloodless, perhaps,  
it's the humanity that we elevate

We can continue to spray with poison  
these wild bees which, by the simple fact of existing  
serve biodiversity and benefit humanity  
We can continue to annihilate them  
silence their buzzing  
deny them access to flowered terraces  
We can continue to oppress them and yet  
Not a wild bee will come to sting us  
Not a wild bee will want to stop

living, working, benefiting the world  
creating a buzz or not, when the violence rumbles

The life of a bee is very short

So is the life of a human being

We will enjoy the road  
of the pretty flowers that bloom  
after the passage of a bee  
Our pollen is equity  
It will fall on our way  
on the brains of the neighborhood

Our joy is due to the refusal  
to ever lose sight of  
the big hearts engorged with love  
the hands spontaneously extended  
to anyone with a bent knee  
the doors open to the stranger  
who chatters their teeth on our doorstep  
the fact that we are the only species that invented symphonies  
with a sense of beauty, good cuisine full of garlic,  
science and philosophy  
and the smile of the passerby  
who has just read our sweater.

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