

... of sons and daughters

Hasn't the time arrived of telling ourselves that more intimate politics, those vicissitudes of the body?

It's not a premonition, it's a feeling from deep inside.

A silent crying runs through me. It's not of sadness or pity, it's of love that I cry. It's a good cry.

... that pain of the flesh.

My son tells me that they took 15€ of his bank account, that he doesn't know why. I check in the internet, we have accounts on the same bank. They didn't take it from his mother or me. I call and ask, and why not to us? Because you earn a salary or pension. And why do they apply this new commission to him? Being poor is punished, its expensive for the bank. That's what I hear. Company policy, they answer me. Sons of bitches, I think, and I hang up.

... that love of the flesh.

I am Andalusian, nothing special, I was born there. My parents emigrated to Barcelona with four chairs and three small children, looking for a better life. My son is Catalan and joyfull and good and... what can I tell you! He's trying to make a living, like so many others. This autumn he went to the grape harvest in Roussillon, that place that is so Andalusian. Some days before departing he made us a visit, he told me, "Didn't you have a song that spoke about the grape harvest in France, or something like that? I put Carlos Cano's record *Viva la grasia* on for him, we heard it, a smile appears in his face, as for me... i felt a strange feeling in my gut.

... that joy of the flesh.

My son likes to whistle. I hear the whistle from the doorway when he comes to see us, and I assure you that my body gets filled by an undescribable joy, it's a small thing, I know, but don't similar things happen to you?

Already at home, we talk, we laugh, we say we must prepare (not if worst comes to worst, things are already pretty bad) body and mind, get strong, look for joy between so much crap, resist, not giving up. Them, all of the them, are armed and are coming for us, for all of us. Their faces, their eyes... get lost in an endless kaleidoscope, but their feet are made of glass, if we can find them.

Living must be our revenge.

An acid and greasy reflux blocks my throat. I also want to "spit the peeled shell of the assholes" (Papasseit), who want to put out the joyfull whistle of my son, of our children.

Dedicated to all of those who, like me, had sons and daughters, the transition brought to a close, in that papier mâché setting, of turquoise waters and white sand beaches. To those who we explained the end of history with a filled up fridge whilst we ran to buy them the most expensive ice cream. Now that we know that history hasn't ended, now that the beach has become a quicksand desert, now that we see that the world is sinking and the chance to build something better – or worse – opens up... maybe what's left for us is to decide on which side we stand this time.