



## Fire

I was a quiet snail  
Living in a garden in Normandy.  
Poisoned, poisoned are the ground  
And the leaves I have eaten.

I was a merry bird  
Singing in the Amazonian forest.  
Black, black is the sky  
Poisoned is the air where I flew.

I was an innocent lamb  
Grazing in a meadow in Normandy.  
Poisoned, poisoned is the water  
That I drank.

All the beautiful world where we all lived,  
Our world collapsed.  
Men have built factories  
Close to the gardens and meadows in Normandy.  
Men have burnt parts of the forest  
To change it into empty lands  
Vomiting their money.

The factory burnt and changed the sky  
Into hell.  
The Amazonian forest burnt and changed life  
Into hell.  
I am a Brazilian Indian child living in the forest.  
I am a French child living in Normandy.  
We just ate and drank and breathed  
And our bodies hurt.

I was a quiet snail  
I was a merry bird  
I was an innocent lamb.  
We just ate and drank and breathed  
And it killed us.

In a garden of Normandy,  
In the Amazonian forest,  
In a meadow of Normandy,  
On the Earth we lived in,  
On our Earth,  
Burning, burning

*Françoise Besson, from La rivière qui éteindra le monde en feu. Ecopoèmes. Toulouse, 2020, p. 50.*