

Bundles of Grass

Born under the leaden sky of Berlin, he used to spend his holidays in a Mediterranean country, sunny, warm, bathed by the sea. With his bodily features, he stood out among the local inhabitants, whose language he had learned. and most of whom treated him with courtesy, sometimes with indifference. But not all. Among them there were those who glared at him with suspicion, with restrained rancor. One day he had the misfortune of running into one who replied to his greeting by shouting: “What do you want? Why are you greeting me? Are we perhaps friends?”

“Umm, no, excuse me, I didn’t know that ... I didn’t want ...”

“You didn’t know what? You didn’t want what? Didn’t you know you were a nazi? Didn’t you want to exterminate the Jews and my fellow countrymen?”

“How? What? But I have never exterminated anyone ...”

“And who cares what you did! Do you think that, for this reason, you are not responsible for what *people like you*

have done?”

“But people like me, who? I don’t ...”

“Damned Kraut, Nazi, you Germans are all Nazis! It’s no coincidence that Hitler was the leader of Germany!”

“But I wasn’t even born at that time. I am not responsible ...”

“Yeah, always this excuse! Aren’t you German? Shut up, it’s better, I can’t stand hearing that damned language, that SS inflection of yours!”

“But this is absurd! I say again, I am not a Nazi ...”

“But of course you are, I tell you: all Germans are Nazis! Even if they aren’t at the moment, they will become so tomorrow, as soon as they have the opportunity for it.”

“But what are you saying? It makes no sense ...”

“I tell you this, Nazi shit! You are part of the populace that exterminated millions of Jews, that triggered the Second World War, the invaded half of Europe, slaughtering innocent populations.”

“But that happened eighty years ago! It was horrible, certainly, but I wasn’t ...”

“Not you, eh? You have nothing to do with it? And why should I care about what you have or have not done? You have never burned, tortures, killed? But your ancestors, your fellow countrymen, those like you, yes! With all the pain and suffering that Krauts like you have caused, you still have the daring to come here? And even to greet me? Do you want me to shout *sieg heil*? You should grovel and apologize!”

Satisfied that he had said that to the shitty Nazi Kraut, the inhabitant of the village went on his way. As he neared home, he ran into a neighbor of his, with a reserved nature, and greeted her. She glared spitefully at

him and replied:

“What do you want? Why are you greeting me? Are we perhaps friends?”

“Umm, no, excuse me, I didn’t know that ... I didn’t want ...”

“You didn’t know what? You didn’t want what? Didn’t you know you were a male? Didn’t you want to rape me?”

“How? What? But I have never raped anyone ...”

“And who cares what you did! Do you think that, for this reason, you are not responsible for what *people like you* have done?”

“But people like me, who? I don’t ...”

“Damned pig, masculinist, you men are all rapists! It’s no coincidence that you always only think about raping us!”

“But I have never thought such a thing! I am not responsible ...” “Yeah, always with this excuse! Aren’t you a man? Turn away, that’s better, I can’t stand feeling those damned eyes, your rapist gaze, on me!”

“But that is absurd! I repeat, I’m not a rapist ...”

“But of course you are, I also repeat: all men are rapists! Even if they are not so now, they will become so tomorrow, as soon as they have the opportunity for it.”

“What are you saying? It makes no sense ...”

“I’m telling you this, shitty male! You are part of the gender that for centuries has oppressed, subjugated, discriminated against, and raped billions of women.”

“Indeed, it happened and unfortunately still happens. It is horrible, but I do not ...”

“Not you, eh? You have nothing to do with it? And why should I care about what you have or have not done? You have never followed us, groped us, raped us? But your friends, yes, your fellow countrymen, yes, perhaps even

your relatives, yes, those like you, yes! With all the pain and suffering that males like you have caused us women, you still have the audacity to look at me? And ever to greet me? Do you want me to give you some ass? You should grovel and apologize!”

Satisfied that she had said that to the shitty masculinist rapist, the woman went on her way. As she approached the parking lot, she ran into one of her countrywomen, an immigrant who had come from Africa some time ago, and greeted her with a smile. The woman stared at her and angrily replied:

“What do you want? Why are you greeting me? Are we perhaps friends?”

“Umm, no, excuse me, I didn’t know that ... I didn’t want ...”

“You didn’t know what? You didn’t want what? You didn’t know you were a privileged white woman? You didn’t want to colonize me?”

“How? What? But I have never colonized anyone ...”

“And who cares what you did! Do you think that, for this reason, you are not responsible for what *people like you* have done?”

“But people like me, who? I don’t ...”

“Damned bitch, woman of privilege, you whites are all colonialists! It’s no coincidence that you always only think of exploiting us.”

“But I have never thought of exploiting you! I am not responsible ...”

“Yeah, always with this excuse! Aren’t you a white woman? Get out of here, I can’t bear to see that damned skin, that washed-out colonialist color of yours!”

“But that’s absurd! I repeat it to you, I am not a colonial-

ist!”

“But of course you are, I also repeat to you: all whites are colonialists. Even if they aren’t so now, they will become so tomorrow, as soon as they have the opportunity for it.”

“But what are you saying? It makes no sense ...”

“I tell you this, shitty colonialist! You are part of the race that for centuries has oppressed, enslaved, exploited and robbed billions of black people of their identity.”

“Yes, it happened and unfortunately still happens. It is horrible, but I haven’t ...”

“Not you, eh? You have nothing to do with it? But why should I care about what you have or have not done? You have never insulted, exploited, or discriminated against us? But your fellow countrymen yes, your friends yes, your relatives yes, those like you yes! With all the pain and suffering that white people like you have caused, you even have the audacity to greet me? And even to smile at me? Do you want me to be your kitchen maid? You should grovel and apologized!”

Satisfied that she had said that to that shitty white colonialist, the immigrant went on her way. When she got home, she ran into a dog. Yes, a dog, the animal that has, for thousands of years, been chained up, mistreated, beaten, tortures and slaughtered by human beings of all races and genders, white and black, men and women. The dog looked at her and, seeing in this human being only a possible playmate, he approached her, happily wagging his tail.

How stupid animals are, aren’t they?

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