

Soumaila Sacko

Agricultural labourer

June

An ordinary day

A cool night

Almost sweet

What words for your mother?

Bama, Mopti, Tombouctou

Jumping on a truck

Grabbing a dying day

Hiding the night

Under a miserable rag

Oranges

Tomatoes

Kiwi

Grapes

A push to the crate

Lift

Bring

Condemned to go to a
crossroads for one euro an
hour

A metal sheet for a house

A scream for a bottle of water

An insult for a shower

And then silence

A shot without a voice

A mute rifle

Coward

One more shot

And again, and again

A declared war

A condemnation without even
the pity of a last thought

Of a memory

Of a smile of a love

The embrace of a distant
greeting

Death is pain

Always

But nothing is more painful

Than this death

Than this life

Metal sheets

Ghetto

Fatigue

Earth

Dust

Fatigue again

The boss



Not men or women
Only labourers
So, some men, sons of nothing,
have taken the decision
In charge of a country
Transparent
Useless
That tramples on its only
pride:
The solidarity
The law
The rights
The anti-fascist revolt
The dignity of work
The hope

Sacko has been killed
By this country
By those chosen to lead
And by those who only obey

Who will tell his mother to
believe in justice?
"Mother, believe only in the
solidarity of my comrades."
"Mère, crois seulement à la
solidarité de mes camarades"

