

# The International Journal of Ecopsychology (IJE)

---

Volume 2  
Issue 1 *Vol 2 (1)*

Article 9

---

4-30-2021

## Poem

Editorial Board

intljournal.ecopsychology@gmail.com

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/ije>



Part of the [Alternative and Complementary Medicine Commons](#), [Cognitive Psychology Commons](#), [Community Psychology Commons](#), [Counseling Psychology Commons](#), [Environmental Public Health Commons](#), [Environmental Studies Commons](#), [Health Psychology Commons](#), [Human Ecology Commons](#), [Medical Humanities Commons](#), [Other Philosophy Commons](#), [Outdoor Education Commons](#), and the [Place and Environment Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Board, Editorial (2021) "Poem," *The International Journal of Ecopsychology (IJE)*: Vol. 2 : Iss. 1 , Article 9.  
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/ije/vol2/iss1/9>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at Digital Commons @ Humboldt State University. It has been accepted for inclusion in The International Journal of Ecopsychology (IJE) by an authorized editor of Digital Commons @ Humboldt State University. For more information, please contact [kyle.morgan@humboldt.edu](mailto:kyle.morgan@humboldt.edu).

**~Napë~ (By Ernesto Casiquiare; a So'to man)**

Los consideramos  
demonios  
a los blancos  
no como insulto o pretexto  
para odiarlos  
pero por hechos.

¿Que si no un demonio extraño  
devora oro  
y amamanta a su cría  
con ron  
para estupefacernos?

¿Que si no un *Napë*  
dinamita ríos y *tepuis*  
hace sangre del azúcar  
para luego declarar  
'esto es progreso'?

Nuestras propias creencias  
sirven de cadenas  
para colonizarnos;  
como niños nos engañan:  
El barbudo sangrando  
en la cruz  
la metáfora imposible  
de nuestro sufrimiento. ☀

We consider them demons  
white folks  
not as an insult or pretext  
to hate them  
but because  
of facts.

What if not a strange demon  
devours gold  
and breastfeeds his children  
with rum  
to keep them tame  
and dumbfounded?

Who if not a foreigner  
dynamites rivers and tepuis  
makes sugar after blood  
and declares  
'this is progress'?

Our own stories  
are twisted into shackles  
to colonize us;  
like children we are conned:  
the bleeding bearded man  
hung from a cross  
an impossible metaphor  
of our own suffering. ☀