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www.fte-energia.org | prensa@fte-energia.org | <http://twitter.com/ftenergia>
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Report of the FTE of MEXICO

37. Poem to the WFTU

ABSTRACT: According to the respective call of the contest summoned by the WFTU, in its 65 anniversary, a poem is submitted to the 16^o World Trade Union Congress, written by Barbara Oaxaca, electrician worker and soprano, of the FTE Mexico

Bárbara Oaxaca

Bárbara Oaxaca is Mexican (1972). She is a electrician worker and soprano. She is also affiliated with the Energy Workers' Front (FTE) and with the Mexican Union of Electricians (SME).

She studied singing in the National School of Music (ENM) at the National Autonomous University of Mexico (UNAM).

She has been part of diverse musical groups, addressing different genres as choral song, blues, Mexican folk music, and the new song, and sharing the scene with artists of the social song in Mexico.

Over 18 years she has participated in innumerable recitals and concerts, always compromising her artistic task with most sensible causes of the Mexican society. At the moment she performs as soloist voice and she perfects her voice in the National School of Music.

In the literary scope, she has taken courses from creation and poetic appreciation. She has been included in diverse anthologies, among which it emphasizes "*The best Mexican poems 2006*". Her poems have appeared in independent literary magazines and diverse journalistic newspapers.

She has participated in diverse poetry encounters, among others, *The XIII International Encounter of Poets*. Her poetry book *Rough edge song* it will appear next.

At the moment, she participates actively with Mexican electrician's resistance in defense of nationalized power industry.

"Canticle to the WFTU"

This poem is a tribute to work as fundamental motor that impels the great changes in the history of humanity, since humanization of the stage pre-hominid, to sprouting of proletariat one and its great socialist fights,

Today, its higher expression of solidarity of class at international level is the World Federation of Trade Unions, in which the conscious working-class of our days has deposited the hope to obtain a world without misery and exploitation of the man by the man.

Data

oaxacalaca@hotmail.com
energia@fte-energia.org
www.fte-energia.org

Energy Workers' Front (FTE), of Mexico
energia@fte-energia.org

Canticle to the WFTU

by Bárbara Oaxaca, MEXICO

*This is the tree, the people's
tree
... dip your hand in the factories
where its pulsing fruit
spread its light each day.
Pablo Neruda*

At the beginning it was said:
let the song of the class be heard
written with operator gloves
the long witness of history
sift the sands
for millennial blood
refine the trumpets:
Rage Breastfeed you!

On the first day
hand and tool were:
flint flakes,
only predictions.
Stone in hand
predicts the early craftsmen,
the pact is sealed:
You are present.

Yours is the planetary epidermis
its oceans and rivers of bloody language
the hair's forest
the skin of the prairies
and drinking from the fresh vase of soil:
in the granite's stratum
carbon's or basalt's
and iron's
and copper's
and from both your poem merges:
the bronze.

In the oldest memory
-slow procession of centuries-
you name the sky.
Time and signs precipitate the age,
in stellar moments all has happen:
hammer and hand,
arm and plow
or chisel
or pitchfork
or cast net
abundance of grains in clay tablets
granary
crops
fine linen for the master!

But for you, chains.
Glory to the feudal lord!
In the village, hunger and misery.

As a pregnant women,
fat villages of poor artisans.
A sordid fetus incubates in the brotherhood and the guild:
The village has given birth to the bastard child of history:
¡The factory!
¡The sad uterus of the working class!
Born harnessed to the yoke of your machine
subject to the foreman's law
to the market's whim.

But the word is the divinity of humanity,
then you name yourself:

What name is yours, worker!
Is the name of names
what a metaphor round of anger
what a song of birds of fire
what morcel of wrath names you:
the worker is the work's poet
bard of metals
dynasty of rod and concrete
the new man germinates in the word PROLETARIAT!
Telluric gestation
cotton workers scorching sweat
from Paris to Chicago
a seminal cry is born and rumbles:
Strike!
Raising to the sound of drums: sickles and hammers
and the tyrant answers:
Dungeon and death to boldness!
Banishment to rebel!
War!
Son and grandson of the aggrieved:
In a lustrum's pyre, offenses are being accumulated.

Then the gears spoke:

 Their tired song.

The galleys spoke:

 Their vocation of darkness.

The accumulated century spoke in the memory of hands,
old pains:
Anger.

And behold, hope is reborn
in the darkness corner of the workshops
a beam of light touches the machine and winch
cool breeze blows in the cesspit.
Hand in hand you are spinning your song, Class,
from voice to voice your edict.
From Africa to Oceania, your inflammatory score
from Europe to the *abundant America*
songs are heard full of future:

*Awaken, boy
from the sweet lethargy,
that your worker's lineage
not laid in the mud
see that history
has already demonstrated
dignified life
is been build by hands
painter's hands, worker's hands
hands of textiles workers, hands of agriculture workers
dark hands,
the proletarian's color,
that with other hands
are encountering
and break the yoke
of the underground.
Young laborer,
simple boy,
awaken from the dream,
from the sweet lethargy!*

There is an iterate psalm
containing an explosive uttering.
The rumor of trade unions is heard in Yalta
face to face common rabies
all of the work's wrath
all hands together in consensus:
raised the hammer and tongs
the carpenter's brush
chisels
torches
blades and dies
sledgehammers and mallets
office worker's soft hands
lather gloved hands
skilled textile's hands
or bold fishers man's hands
all in one voice joint
antiphony of peace and victory.

In the record to be established:

Nineteen forty-five:

October third!

Universal flower!

Plural throat!

This is the command:

Lifting all left fists

raised the red flag

all square to be crowded

Each auditorium assemblies packed.

To each mate of Class,

your solidary hand

to the hideous yoke, battle and strike

¡High the supreme poetry of work

towards the worthy conquest of life!

To the struggle, proletarian,

To the final battle!