



The Spider

written by Judith Beyer

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The thought crept into my mind today and refused to let go of my brain. It said 'What if we have no f*ing clue?' Going to bed with images of crying fathers holding their children - 'Are they dead? Oh thank God, only sleeping!' - , waking up with stories of rotten bodies, locked into a van used for transporting poultry. Heaps of rotten meat. This is not happening in Syria. This is Syria happening in Europe. Those who survived are here. But what if the war that was carried out on their backs will follow them?

Did it ever occur to you that Europe is not facing a 'refugee crisis' but is already part and parcel of several wars that have forced hundreds of thousands of human beings - like you, like me - to leave everything behind to save bare life?

Their crisis is our crisis, but we don't pay the price yet that they have already paid. But we might, if we don't act.

I feel I am responsible at least in part for their desperation. Because as a German citizen I have voted for a certain party, have legitimized a certain type of government, because my taxes are used in ways I cannot control any more. Because I live in an area of Germany, which is profiting from the military industry that is located all around me; that exports weapons, drones and military equipment to I don't know where. The thing is, there are people who do know, who are responsible, who profit, who might even believe that this is needed for 'security', 'stability' or - probably the most honest reason - because a lot of German citizens earn their money with these kinds of endeavours.



Recent demonstration in Constance, Germany against the



military industry located on the shores of Lake Constance in Germany, Switzerland, and Austria. Photo credit: Felix Girke

This morning at a local farmer's market in my small picturesque town in Germany an elderly woman approached the mostly well-off clientele with a request to donate whatever they could afford for "refugees from Syria". She offered small bouquets of rosemary in return which she had collected from her garden, I overheard. I felt anger. In fact, I became so angry, I had to turn away. What made me angry was not her compassion and her initiative of wanting to 'do something'. Where would we be without people like her? Or so many others in Greece, Italy, Jordan, Serbia - all devoting their lives to ease the suffering of thousands. My current anger is directed towards the nebulous 'system', towards 'those in power' whom I consider responsible ... but how do you hold 'them' accountable? There is no way to trace the origin of a 'crisis', which has reached the scale of what we are witnessing right now, everyday. How can you prevent our grandchildren from accusing us that 'they knew, but they did not do anything' - Germany has been there before.

So what to do? Donate money, children's clothes and food products? Check. Write letters to politicians? Check. Be thankful for every calm and sunny summer day and hug your own child a little longer? Check. But still. The thought won't go away: We have no f*ing clue how to make this stop.

Looking outside my window, I see a large spider spinning its web, waiting patiently for prey. I still want to believe we are not trapped. We are the net.