

It Is Here

Article Rating: NA

Submitted by: articlediner on 2006-10-30 and viewed 33 times.

Total Word Count: 1101

Author Rating:

Sample of Content:

Narrative describing the poetry of revolution and the prose of thoughtfulness in mind.

Content:

And what will they find when they excavate into our experiences, our memories, the result of our inspiration, manifesting itself in our art and literature, our culture and the tone in which we approach everything. Beneath the bedrock of our personalities, as anarchists and revolutionaries -- writers and painters -- creatures and beings -- when they dig beneath the philosophy imbedded in our books and published in our independent presses, and they want to know. When they do this, they will find every reason that we are who we are, that we oppose the things we do, that we stand in defense of those we do. Reason is a powerful thing, and every authority will oppose it -- they will offer as many

obstacles to it as much as they love their power. While their ability to imprison, torture, and kill is constantly used as a means to their end, they will forever be envious that the pen can incite a thousand swords, that humane philosophy can conquer the vicious beast of cruelty.

The reasons, as many as there, as simple as they foundation they are implanted upon, are there. For centuries they have struggled under the shadow of authority. Secretly, a few have found them, and desired to bring them to the light. Anarchy is a wheat-pasted poster on an abandoned building, calling to arms every worker with the slogan, "What time is it? Time to organize!" It's in the sweat of every protestor who suffered the malignities of police brutality it's in the blood of every worker who was dismissed from his job because of work with independent unions it's in the tears of every individual, feeling more and more helpless and this world seemingly grows more arrogant and more inhumane. Anarchy is in the dreams of those who have wished to escape the slavery of the clock. It is imbedded in every just cause, the sole principle of every liberation movement. It is the belief that those who live in a society ought to be the ones who guide it, that those who work in the factories ought to be the ones who own and run them.

What will they call it, when the seething emotions of despair and hopelessness rise to the top, and individuals start doing what they want, refusing and resisting at every cost? What will it be called, when workers start to share a fair share of income, when whatever laws that are passed are passed by the public? What will this be called? When every tyrant has been deprived of every resource, when the angel of mercy is left holding a broken chain, when the exploiters of society must move on because their ventures have become too troublesome, where no children must suffer from debilitating disease because they are afflicted with malnutrition... When community means something more than a shopping center, and education means something more than a high school, and government means something no more... When the star we have all wished upon finally flickers back, when the sighs whispering for a fair life finally go in unison, when we finally see something more than a reflection when looking into the pond of the future, when life is not just a travelling through the forest at night alone, when the oppressive regimes have been dismantled with the tool of the people... When true Democracy reigns, on principle and not on outcome, what will they call it? Anarchy.

I am an Anarchist, because I believe that no man has any intrinsic right over any other man. I am an Anarchist, because I believe that every man should be given the right to govern themselves, and that if a man is incapable of governing themselves, that they must be equally incapable of choosing another person to govern them, as they would be without ability to know what would be required or needed. I am an Anarchist, because giving authority to one person has always been at the sacrifice of everyone else. I am an Anarchist, and I can count as many reasons as I can count those who are capable of suffering. For every conscious being, there is another black mark against the regime of tyrants. For every individual struggling for air under the net of consumer society, there is another reason why my heart secretly cries -- another inspiration for every word I have given to literature on revolution. The reasons why I am an Anarchist are spread throughout the world, in every oppressed society, in every nation where authority lies within a small amount of people and not with all people.

One day, there will be more of us than them. One day, the workers who have been treated with less regard than the machinery they operate, will revolt. One day, the children of the children of the children of the children, who have been born to do the same as their ancestors: work in gruelling conditions under inhuman supervision and cruelty one day, these men will read the books leaders have burned, and their soul will drink from the spring of vitality. One day, we will all try to understand before we try to act. Marked on the calendar as today for every Anarchist, this day is a revolution, where the minds of men finally are consistent with their heart's yearnings -- when the lash and whip are no longer enough sustenance for the individual, when toil and monotony are no longer enough to keep the blood flowing, when obtaining material possessions can no longer deliver happiness...

This day is coming, and for some of us, it is already here. The historians of the bourgeoisie elite will struggle to understand why we do what we do. The reasons are purely human, purely mammalian, purely animal. Beliefs are the guiding cause behind every action. Liberty. Community. Peace. Justice. Love. These are the causes of why we do what we do. The sincerity of the revolution of our heart must be confirmed by our actions.

The pen that writes the history of our liberation shall be guided by our reasons. If your life in contemporary Capitalism doesn't satisfy you, then you already have a reason.

Express yourself.

Act. Organize. Protest. Shoplift. Unionize.

www.punkerslut.com

For Life,

Punkerslut (or Andy Carloff) has been writing essays and poetry on social issues which have caught his attention for several years. His website <http://www.punkerslut.com> provides a complete list of all of these writings. His life experience includes homelessness, squatting in New Orleans and LA, dropping out of high school, getting expelled from college for "subversive activities," and a myriad of other revolutionary actions.

Article Source: <http://www.ArticleDiner.com/>

About the Author:

Andy Carloff