

A Love Note to My Comrades.

There is poetry when we are in the streets,
Underneath when the glass crunches on our heels,
On the concrete, with swirls of color & paint,
In the hand on your shoulder, the same one that helps you up,
In your eyes, luminous against the black cloth.



@alborotada_chingapatás

There's a lot that can be written about the Summer of 2020

- it seems to be

(as it has been for many people) the

catalyst to this whole adventure we set

off on together.

All of us had been active in one way or another before,

working towards a common goal which is what led

to our formation. I can write about the days you

spent downtown, the meetups we had afterwards, staying

up late nights hearing the sirens from caravans & the

frustrations felt after the fires died out.

But I'd like to write about what happened off the streets

in the months afterwards.

There may never be another summer like the one last year,

but if that day does come, I will be

there to burn it all down with you.

For Des - Love & Relentless Affection

For Red - Tenderness & Desire

You are both-half of my Heart

Always Yours in Love & Solidarity - Tal

We called out toxic behaviors, we learned to challenge & better ourselves.

We learned each other's body language & could read a story in our expressions.

We learned to forgive & to grow.

We navigated uncertain waters together.

We learned to let our guard down & let ourselves feel something.

Even if it was brief.

Your sorrows became my pain, your joy was my happiness.

If given the choice to go through everything again, even with the losses & frustrations, I would do it because I know I will be with you both.

You do not like pedestals, but I have you on the highest one - down in my heart is where I hide it.

There's a lot to learn when you spend most nights in a van reading about gender abolition & queer insurrection.

But the best lessons we learned weren't found in the pages of theory, but on mountain tops with starry nights, in

new cities we explored in spontaneity, early morning hours or cemetery roads, in parks after sunset when the summer heat would let up.

Through five states, many heartbreaks & wild late nights, the constant presence of each other gave more meaning to this point in life than any motivational rhetoric from the past.

The existential dread that crippled me with anxiety for almost a decade was suddenly quiet.

We were praxis in motion, facing obstacles shoulder to shoulder, resolving conflicts that we didn't ask for as a unit loving self destructively, pouring out our frustration

in parking lots or - our hearts in silence on hotel beds where we felt helpless but comforted in each other's embraces.

I found a word that describes the feeling of scheming on dark trails with you, in the crimes we dreamt up - jouissance - not in the boring as fuck cliché politics of echo chambers, but in the tasks we did accomplish together. The joy we found brawling in the streets side by side. We didn't just fantasize a better world, we started building it right in our own communities.

Then there were nights where we had brief moments of sweet nothing - quiet windows of time where no drama was looming - we could lay in a van half asleep watching a movie on a rainy night, wheat paste a building with adrenaline running through us, make impulsive decisions over food that we would laugh about the morning after or just sit drunkenly on a bench, content with each other, in who the fuck can remember what state we were in but who fuckin cares because we're together.

I learned to ask for love & reassurance, (because in a society that has an excess of meaningless bullshit it was the one thing I truly desired) & it was there for me when I needed it most.