

A letter of InsUrgency

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Some of you are carving out freedom from the oppressive walls and cinder blocks of society. Some of you are confined in cages for the social safety of enemies everywhere. With these words, you are the ones I speak to, first and foremost.

Whenever a storm is coming, I feel that you are preparing yourselves. Perhaps you get together in groups and plan; perhaps you are a part of an explosive mass, with fuses sticking out and igniting everywhere; perhaps you are on your very own. Regardless, you are at the frontier, and you are confrontational, when the acid rain of rebellion is about to come down on a society of thirst. When social peace reveals its cracks, you bring forth the maul and wedge and operate justifiably.

I hear you proposing rebellion behind your masks. Expecting and craving it just like me. At demonstrations and manifestations, there are always a number of us. Who knows how many we actually are? I certainly do not know, but my optimism remains indestructible. Who is going to act first? Every one before no one, that is who. I try never to forget the following, and let us never forget this together: The only person we will ever truly wait for is ourself. Without our own struggle for freedom, you and I can never be free. Without the struggle of others, neither can they.

So, to all of you who act extensively against bowing your heads confronting those individuals and entities that actively seek to squash us; to all of you who defy fear and conformist sensibility; to you who do what you can in order to live the rebellious life and love yourselves because of that: a warm hearted greeting from here with strength and comradeship.

Long live the storm of rebellion. Let it never rest in peace, and let that never be forever.

Kind regards,

A fellow burner of worlds