

On the Pandemic, To the Rising



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Dedicated to all those who are shamelessly and needlessly dying in this country of death and disease. You, your families and friends will be avenged

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1. Your New Eyes

Dandelions, you can eat them. All of them. Make wine from them. ... Eels, bees, mushrooms, worms, coral and menhaden. You must know them

Front-line, essential workers, all workers—they are the People. They are the real

Like any crisis, pandemic exposes root we must not un-expose or cover up. In fact, a true red unrooting and healing is required

White supremacy, cop lynching, dangling immigrants over a precipice, owning bodies and labor. This is america

The root of racism must be dug up, chopped up, boiled, mixed with poison and served to you know who

Millions of people in cages 'cause they are Black, Brown or poor or don't have papers—they get nothing but death coronas from a republic of masked white men who operate out of the secret top floors in massive glass buildings in DC

Come on. Matter is material. Dynamo wound up like the coil around the magnet in our engine

(Repeat this notion [or potion] to me as many times as necessary until you have been charged in clarity)

The Eedanbeeshrooworcorrhaden will emerge. It will

So. Here are your new eyes. Take them. Thumb them firmly into place and just look at the Thing. Really look at this Shit that will be the new Tree of Humanity

Look and hook. Act. Be together. Really BE together at long last

For, we will cross the muddy river with titanium snorkels

We will smash the walls, break the bars, dismantle mansions and build a new world out of—among many other things—smelted cop badges and blue bones