

The Anarchist Library (Mirror)

Anti-Copyright



Anonymous

5 Years of Travelling with You

Summer 2021

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My dears,

Feel warmly embraced by my every written word! It took a while since I last whispered to you from a path nowhere. But as the saying goes; good things take a while.

In my thoughts I cheerfully fire a volley of questions at you – how are you doing, what goes on inside your head, what happens at home, and and and... I would ruthlessly put you against the wall with my questions and everyone of your answers would give rise to ten more questions from me, in the naive hope of somewhere reaching the bottom. And again and again would this mistaken hope be replaced by the most beautiful of realizations; there's no bottom that limits our relations and bonds. It's endlessly deep.

Daily life with its challenges – it doesn't matter how mundane or complex they are – attempts to make us forget this endlessness. It demonstrates that I'm away. Always and again and again. And we all have to learn to name these circumstances; living clandestine, going underground, being on the run... It's good and important to put these words on our physical separation caused by repression, only in this way can you imagine your own picture of it. Nevertheless, this naming, this mental labelling – in whatever area

of life – also brings dangers. It limits the possibilities and potential of everything that surrounds us. The anarchist Luigi Lucheni recognized it at the time; a file is nothing more than an object labelled by social norms. Innumerable possibilities will open up if we free it from the socially conditioned associations.

Let us leave aside these labels and their connotations for a while and let us look into our hearts. We aren't physically together anymore, and still it's there; our endless bonds that are based in friendship, in complicity, in affinity and in the liberating urge to subvert – no matter how many time-zones separate us, no matter how different our living conditions might look. We haven't lost anything as long as we carry this feeling in us.

Let us look up to the sky and remind ourselves that we're marvelling at the same moon, that we fight for the freedom of all on the same soil. With everything that thus falls in our hands...

It feels good to know that you have been mentally next to me from the beginning of my five-year-long journey. Thank you for being there. So am I.

With love and 'til we meet again,
your friend and comrade from nowhere