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Bullets and Boar

Julian Langer

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Not waiting for the historical conditions for revolution or the coming insurrection
 Nor pacifistic pleading to the state or government for disarmament
 Life as revolt
 Without Cause or collective
 Living as rebellion
 Feral pigs and wild boars
 Alive upon this archipelago today
 An anarchy of uncivilised disobedience
 Refusing to conform to extinctionist necropolitics
 Dissolute living
 Riotous flesh
 Unrest as living
 Activism as refusing rest
 This is not a rallying cry
 Call to arms
 Or declaration of a glorious future tomorrow for these creatures cull culture is seeking to annihilate
 This is an affirmation of those living today
 Their presence here and now
 Defying the necro-industrial-complex

Boar blood bleeds
 Red into forests
 Upon this archipelago
 As bullets bury beneath the skin
 Cull cull cull
 The policing of what can live
 And what must be annihilated
 Shooters firing guns
 Bang bang
 Bleed boar
 Bleed red until you're dead
 Soldiers in the war on boars
 Killing with a gun is an unintimate act
 Cull culture criminalises creatures
 Who do not conform to the systems and narratives
 Of totalitarian agriculture
 Bang bang bang
 Cull cull cull
 The boar war continues
 The systematic slaughter
 Of these enemies of the state
 Primal anarchists are not allowed to exist
 Genocide
 Onticide
 Specicide
 Ecocide
 Bang bang bang
 The bullets fly
 Another boar dies
 Through necro-technologies
 Designed to keep the killer
 Away from the death

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A primal scream arises
From inside my being
Of untamed fury
For the necrophilic
Practices of abuse
And annihilation
Boar rebel
Therefore we exist
I rebel
Therefore they exist
And I do not live close to boar
I live amidst other culls
The Forest of Dean is far away
And I am here
My ontological anarchy is inclined towards the
perspective that there is no authority on who
shouldn't exist
And I'm revolted by the policing of living beings
Through culls and weeding and pesticides and eth-
nic cleansing and other such political practices
I find myself feeling desire, fondness, love and af-
fection for the boar
Being culled upon this archipelago
As well as those labelled as threats to the state
That occupies turtle island
I want their existence
As I desire rebellion against this necropolis
Revolt in the face of this industrial death camp cul-
ture
Blessed is the flame of will to life and power
That burns in the beastly bellies of boars
For all its beauty
Is welcome to my heart

Wildness as the preservation of the world
Wild boar lives as preserving life amidst apoca-
lypse
Irrational and absurd desiring presence
Not the denial of life-potential of conserving and
conservatism
I exhale this primal scream

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Bang bang bang
Bullets fly
Boar blood bleeds red
Another boar dies
Another boar dead
Bullets bullets bullets
What a rank and revolting technology a gun is
Bang bang bang
I remember the bullet that passed me
And the badger who died in our arms
A small piece of metal
Ripped from the body of earth
Moulded according to design specifications
Placed into a gun
The trigger pulled
The mechanism works
The bullet is flung through the air
It flies as aimed
Burying into bodies
Brought down by the touch of bullets
Bang bang bang
Death to boars