

Bullets and Boar

Julian Langer

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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

2

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 ethnic cleansing and other such po-
litical practices
I find myself feeling desire, fondness, love and affection 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 culture
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 apocalypse
Irrational and absurd desiring presence
Not the denial of life-potential of conserving and conservatism
I exhale this primal scream

3

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

4

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

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