

No One Is Coming to Save You, Comrade.

Dr. Bones

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No one is coming to save you, Comrade.

Nobody.

There is no revolution on the horizon, there is no party, there is no grand idea that will finally awaken humanity to its potential and free us from our chains.

There is no vanguard, no purpose, no secret method we can all use to magically make the powerful resign themselves to the fate of ordinary existence.

There have been pretenders. There are priests and pimps and false gods that call on you to worship them. They will give you immortal “sciences” and identities, they will assure you if just enough people donned the uniform or spoke the right words everything would be okay.

There are those of course who would deny you even that, who refuse any action without every detail planned out. Who will run the schools, who will build the roads, how will tire fires and blockades raise our carbon footprint?

They will call your plans starry-eyed, impractical, an Insurrecionista fantasy.

They say this half-asleep.

They, so wise, snore and say they will “wait for the people to rise.” The people have risen and been crushed. Occupy failed, Standing Rock failed. All that’s left is you and me.

They, so strong, snore and say they wait for their rights to be taken, the right to assembly or the right to vote an invisible line they shan’t abide. Where where they for the Patriot Act, the NDAA? They petitioned, they moaned, they lost.

They say they are waiting for some grand event in a universe with millions of them everyday. Each day the criteria changes, each day they grow more stagnant and old.

Everybody is waiting and nobody wants to start, everybody wants to join and nobody wants to build. Everybody is waiting for a grand and general revolt, yet steal an apple or burn a cop car and they’ll call you an “adventurist.”

Everybody is sure change is right around the corner, that divine powers will steer us the right way. Everybody is sure time is on our side, that the good gals will always win and that things can’t hold out much longer. Everybody says a revolution is very possible with no bloodshed and no heart feelings, that everyone will be heard and cared for.

Everybody is sure that the revolution will come like an amazon package: quick, clean, and ready to be enjoyed right at their doorstep. They have children you see, and must put them first, but will gladly step over your body after you’ve built the road for them to walk on.

Everybody is waiting. Waiting for something. Waiting for somebody, somebody to save them. They aren't coming to save you, Comrade. Nobody is.

Those people are going to die just as they lived. They are going to stay right where they are, on the couch, and play pretend online because it costs them **nothing**. Like a ball gag slipped on for "special nights," politics is the kink that makes them feel different.

They always talk a lot about feelings, how much "solidarity" they give and need. Every time a black child lies in a pool of his own blood they really feel bad. Truly. But they have jobs you see, and families, and shows to watch and cars to maintain.

They will hurt for you comrade when you lose your job. Why, they'll call for a General Strike and make posters, badges, and pins! Provided it's a weekend and not a holiday of course, and with enough advance notice to ask for it off.

They are growing to grow old, these people, happy with the knowledge that *if they had the chance* they would have done something spectacular. They will have fun little funerals, not sad ones, where mediocre lives will be celebrated by talking about how "brave" they were and how "hard" they fought for freedom.

Who's is never mentioned, how and where politely not discussed.

There are millions of them, Comrade. Always have been. Always will be. They are going to be born, squirm around for a bit, and go right back into the hole they crawled out of.

They look to be led, watch to see what they can join, and wait patiently for someone to shove food into their mouths and help them chew.

Will you wait for them, Comrade?

Will you wait for the same people who prefer for YOU to suffer and YOU to die so that they can play risk free?

Will you wait for the people who will not lift a finger to aid you until they can't get in trouble and all the hiccups have been worked out?

Will you wait and draw up plans to convince those who need convincing, who won't move an inch until we're sure how many trees will be planted at every school that is suddenly free for the deaf and the blind?

Will you wait for the people who call your actions a sin as they pray in front of police batons?

Will you wait for the entire planet to agree to an idea, a monumental event that would be the first in our history?

Are you prepared, dear comrade, to die just as they will, surrounded by cheap party favors and even cheaper music as your friends sing hymns to a banal existence?

Or will you act?

Don't mistake me for a fool comrade, I hope you aren't one either. I don't want to die and I don't want to go to jail. I have no use for being a martyr because I want to be free, just like you do.

But if you are prepared to act, to put aside the arguments and to truly build, then perhaps we have a chance. You and I. I'm done talking about *them*.

What if we focused on getting free? What if we built the structures we needed to do so? What if instead of arguing about hairstyles or flag colors we argued about crops to plant or stores to rob? What if we made a union, a gang, devoted to getting free? What if we stopped arguing online and set about becoming real comrades, the kind that can hide each other from the police and offer a safe place to stay?

What if we could rely on one another so well that I knew I was safe wherever I went because an injury to one really was an injury to all? What if we didn't wait for an apocalyptic war and instead waged OUR war everyday, a war against everything that enslaved us?

What if we did that? What if we put away the theories and focused on that? Why not? Why wait?

Nobody is coming to save us, Comrade.

Nobody.

So it's up to you and me.

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