

Open Letter from imprisoned anarchist Komar

Komar

13 May 2026

*My friends and brothers and sisters,
inside and outside these walls,
Peace be upon you.*

I'm writing this letter to let you know that, God willing, I'm doing alright. A while ago I came down with a mild fever, but alhamdulillah, I'm still holding on, still under His grace and protection. I hope all of you are safe, healthy, and kept well. Aamiin.

My dear friends,

I've lost count of how many letters failed before this one finally made it out. There are barely any writing supplies in here, and when there are, they never last long. Even now, as I write this, I'm still being kept in quarantine. I don't know for how much longer. Though honestly, I don't expect anything from being moved to another block. To me, it's all the same. The only thing I truly want, the only thing I keep hoping for, is FREEDOM. I want to go home. I want to eat my mother's cooking again. I want to sit with my family.

I'm writing this in a hurry, with very little to work with, so forgive me if my words feel scattered. Prison really does cripple part of the mind.

Recently, I got to see the outside world again, if only for those weekly court hearings. I was unbelievably happy. Emotional, even. Hehe. I got to meet old friends and new ones too. Thank you for coming, for standing in solidarity with me. I love you all.

I also heard that my brother Albi, who was being detained in Bandung, has finally been released. Alhamdulillah. It made me incredibly happy. I pray the others still locked up will soon breathe fresh air again too.

UNTIL EVERYONE IS FREE. UNTIL EVERY PRISON IS FLATTENED TO THE GROUND.

I've been imprisoned over the same case again. The moment I got out, ACAB—or what I call a disease—came to pick me up immediately. They traveled all the way from Surabaya just to carry out another ridiculous assignment. I'm sure they got something in return for arresting me. Who knows what. Things like this only make me trust the state even less. The state was never worthy of trust to begin with. LIARS! They will never hesitate to hunt down people who dare to say “no” to them. And maybe, in the end, it only ends with death.

While being held in quarantine, I've been trying to survive as best as I can. Life in here is deeply miserable. And it makes me wonder: since when did saying "no" to the state become forbidden? Since when does refusing obedience turn someone into a terrorist, a communist, a traitor, or whatever label they use for people who step out of line? Now let me ask another question: how could dissent not exist, when people are still capable of seeing, hearing, and feeling for themselves?

Look back for a moment—the events in Pati, where people rose against corrupt leaders who challenged and oppressed their own communities. Then the uprisings in August, when masses of protesters were arrested indiscriminately, dragged away like animals. And so many other incidents after that. Wasn't all of this cultivated by the state itself?

In the middle of economic collapse, widespread poverty, and the looming threat of war, people eventually want only one simple thing: to eat, to survive, not to starve. And when desperation grows deep enough, people begin turning on one another. Killing one another. Consuming one another. Social war becomes inevitable.

The state is not separate from this. It is the hand directing the performance from behind the curtain.

Just think about it: people who take their anger to the streets are arrested and charged with destruction, vandalism, disorder, and whatever else they can invent. Then society is split apart into endless sides, pro and contra everywhere. Even those who merely express solidarity online are hunted down and arrested without hesitation. And somehow they are the ones accused of creating chaos and causing harm.

Alright then, let me ask again: who destroyed the forests of Kalimantan, Papua, and countless other islands to turn them into endless palm oil plantations? Who murdered the mountains by drilling into them and extracting their steam, poisoning the water and leaving behind salt, contamination, and ruin? Who built the nickel projects in Sulawesi and drove Indigenous communities off their own land? And Lapindo, the drilling disaster that drowned entire villages and buried lives that can never be recovered, who was responsible for that? Papuan mothers shot at for defending their autonomy. Honestly, there's so much destruction I couldn't possibly name it all.

And after all that devastation, what happens? Are the people responsible ever arrested? Ever punished in proportion to the damage they caused? Is there restoration? Can they ever return those places to what they once were? CAN THEY BRING ANY OF IT BACK? No! Because all of it was protected, funded, and planned by the state itself. The contradictions never end. I could go on forever talking about them. But the rest, I think, you can already see and understand for yourselves.

Lastly, I want to thank all of you—my family, my friends, my brothers and sisters. Forgive my terrible handwriting, and forgive me too if these words don't sound revolutionary enough. Hehe.

We're only separated for a little while. Hopefully one day we'll meet again under kinder circumstances, in a better time than this. Until then, take care of yourselves. Be more careful out there. I think the road ahead is still very long.

Peace be upon you.

Komar

Medaeng Prison, Surabaya

April 29, 2026

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Darknights (<https://darknights.noblogs.org/post/2026/05/13/open-letter-from-imprisoned-anarchist-komar-surabaya-indonesia/>)

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