

Revel in The Dawn

Pieces of Novatorean Ataraxia

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But one should not be lowered into the grave with a heart swollen with sadness and weeping. It is necessary first to have lived in intensely as Artists, as Rebels, as Heroes, without ever having bathed in the bitter waters of repentance that flow in christian rivers. The true original and spirited sinner should not die drowning in the slimy whirlpools of a slimier remorse, but rather enveloped in the rosy blaze of the greatest sin. Before dying, we must be consumed to the last quivering spark of our luxuriant thought, having made a feast of the world and an infinite pleasure of action. Before dying, it is necessary—as Emerson said—to feel everything become familiar to us, every event useful, every day holy, every person divine. Then? “Then comes the nausea, the repugnance, the loathing,” says Bruno Filippi, and then one “dares” and daring one goes with a calm and bright spirit toward the silent realm of Death where the mind is dispersed in the vast stillness of the Void and matter decomposes in order to live another type of unknown life in the atoms. But for us even Death should be a vigorous manifestation of Life, Art, and Beauty!

— Renzo Novatore, *In The Circle of Life* (In Memory of Bruno Filippi)

1

I hear today the cattle moaning their despair from within their pens.

“WOOOOOKE!!! WOOOOOKE!!!”

Their numb, hollowed-out spirits hunger for the familiar, safe-feeling slop. No vibrant substance will be digested. Any dosage of real, considerate life will be regurgitated, stomped into gore and cursed.

A docile matter of living reality is carried on the wind; a gentle brush of the nose or ear by the simple substance sometimes hazily referred to as “Truth,” but most aptly termed *Nuance*.

“WOKE WOKE WOKE WOKE ...”

an allergic reaction to anything truly enlightening.

Such are those unworthy to breathe my fragrant air, to suck up my bright, beautiful, magical “*Woke*” life for their vulgar comfort.

Such is the herd of slaughter not for food or hide, but for peace and **sense**. Such are those who condemn those awake and mature for disturbing their malicious sleep of blissful, childlike complacency.

2

All is well that’s in me. Even the ugly, the weeping, the screaming, the wretched. All that’s in me is an outpouring — which can be sweet and beautiful, or sharp and snarling. All this is well to me. And what’s well and good to me is everything.

3

The raging spirit’s eclipse of the warped sunlight that invades out from christian stained glass is the catalyst of all the women like me who gather nude in the grove to give our offerings to our

First Mother. Our thanks are to life herself: her workings, her mysterious expanse; their thanks are to a bygone rebuker nailed to wood. Their thanks are to a convict — all of whom today, interestingly, they rebuke and deny.

Jesus, if living today, would be transgender and poor — crucified again by supposed “true followers.”

“You are proof that Jesus Christ died in vain!”

No. Each and every “white” western “christian” is the proof: Jesus shat himself on the cross.

4

I frame my triumphant sin inside purple vervain wreaths to celebrate with my closest loved ones.

I will that no fall will greet my everlasting pride. I will that nothing that a shit stain of Jesus says will ever come to pass. I will it so, and so it is.

Now every secret pervert pastor, every plastic bimbo pastor’s ugly excuse for a wife, every unintelligent pastor’s child, every proud bimbo-hag mother of a pastor is only a fleck of shit beside the brutal, apocalyptic cosmic crescendo of war between the willful and clear iconoclast versus the fervent, clouded and duped spiritual pauper.

I have sinned unpunished *as a way of life* before the very face of the decrepit “god” of Abraham, who could only groan, drool and faintly widen his fading eyes to threaten with worthless, disproved commandments. This stirs laughter in me.

I laugh because I had successfully undone my coercive baptism by rites and ceremonies of thorny roses, fragrant liquors, sour herbs and choice pharmaceuticals. I had rebirthed myself — **for myself** — in bright, blossoming negations of every last sorry *belief* in any unshakable “Natural Order.”

This defiant sprouting, growing and becoming disperses every thinkable “Order,” encompasses every material body, every inner working, realizing The Reality of Active Chaos! This is not the artificial “chaos” of the capitalist or the politician pitting oppressed people against each other; it is the *Living, Breathing Chaos* that comes with the existence of any self-determining will. It is one chaos to another, it is an infinity of possibility — thriving in a world dominated by one malignant strain of conservative “chaos.”

Me and my loved ones watch eagerly at “god’s” deathbed while his prosperity gospel pastors writhe and wail in the distance for more donations. His life support is failing, failing ...

... more daring, intelligent children seeing to it that their parents suffer ... more wild breaks from the “Family,” the “Gospel,” the general horseshit of so-called “life” ... more voluntary sterilizations ... more beautiful, *superior* women like **Me** ... more casual dejections of “salvation ...” more blazing torches of critical intellect and loaded chambers of defiance marching toward the total annihilation of constraint ...

— *Flat Line!* At last! Death gasp so sweet! The death gasp of “god” is the eternal respiration of the spirit!

I carve off his eyelids so his dead gaze may never turn from witnessing my delicious, unrepentant sodomy. I coat my sterile girl cum on his dried, broken lips.

Such is the orgasm of the solidly real and lived reality.

5

Poet-martyrs of the high exalted spirit,

I lay my bundle of fruits before your resting places, inviting the animals to carry them to you.

I see to it that these are carried to your respective realms of self-determined divinity over the roaring universes of your individual lives, having once been mortal, and having since come to that exuberant crest where you each took your leaps through dark passageways entering The Eternity of Your Own.

Filippi, oh Brother Against "God!" Novatore, oh Unknowable Sibling! I pour a drink for both of you. I thank you.

You and others are eternal in me, because I too have not stopped at gracing my fingertips across the texture of perfect eternity, but have brazenly stole it before everyone to witness.

And I did not feel the least bit repentant. I know you send out your love to me and all those adjacent to me. I know we will meet at the distant eternal noon.

6

Our deeds are only "Dark Arts" when they are not practiced by christians or their "god." Any lashing out at the source of lashings is only valid when a christian is receiving them, rare and overdue in all forms.

The iconoclast commits the once invalid to the new valid: the persecution of all who began persecution! The clear and evident **end of stupidity** by every means at hand!

To every intentional idiot: do not cry or beg for your wasted life when the flog is coming down on you, when the consequence of your words and deeds comes down on your head. You have always asked for this.

7

I do not concern myself with tyrant-elects or mandates of shame and third-class citizenship. The iconoclast communes with possibility, with fruitful pathways, with potent satanic intellect, with secret knowledge that strikes cosmic blows to the most undeserving of life and power. There is nothing above, within or below the sun that escapes her. Nothing she grasps is ever taken.

8

In moments of decompression, when tides are surging their undertow, flowing clear and crystalline at a distance, know that within you is the same thing surging your life force through the tools of your mind and body. You are the only one in charge of it for yourself. Know that life as a whole is not the life that prevails in your body. But the life that prevails in your body is capable of shaping and channeling life as a whole.

The mind and body know restriction, know also the *lack of restriction* in some crevices of life. But the spirit knows only its own momentum. And it is by this exact momentum that laws are negated, empires are forgotten, disgusting old bastards are denied martyrdom — when the mind, body and spirit are united in the unwavering reality of the living, angry individual.

It is in dancing life's dance that life becomes whole and beautiful. It is in going with this surge, channeling it at will, that ever-evolving perfection is seized.

9

Whatever anyone is to do shall be judged on how much joyful potential it brings to those seeking it.

Whatever anyone is to do shall be remembered for what unfathomable bases of dominant power they have leveled in one intelligent swipe.

Whatever you shall do can only be known and appreciated if it brings you and your actions to the front of what is plaguing us each uniquely.

Whatever is to be shall be, and all who are to become shall become.

The persistence of the spirit is eternal.

10

Every single worthwhile uprising has its dancers, its musicians, its providers. Its cheerful moments wherein all who live revel in the dawn.

Each joyful secession from the thoughtless herd sends up its own potent sunbeam; every willful intermingling or isolation propounds something truly indescribable.

"Balance" is not a program, and no program is valid in the infinite possible considerations of the raging spirit. There can only be *lives living freely*. And no life can possess the body that is the vehicle for any other life, steering it according to the duped mockery of "will" and justified by wanton thirst for christian patterns of doing things.

The age-old paradigm of morally reaching into a living body and commanding it has died by my sinful hand on this day as of publishing.

Today is the day for every spirit, alive and awake.

Today belongs to the free!

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