

THE ROTTED MIRROR/WAKING UP IS EASY

Tongo Eisen-Martin



U.S. bombs kill all ages of the innocent everywhere and I cannot describe a day at work as much more than inner-cult entertainment. People are disappeared off of the street while the mask and assault rifle become casual ornamentation of your civic experience. Claymation neo-confederate representatives chant lynching hymns in bourgeois halls. They have come white-home to roost. Tiki torch aptitudes tour the well-photographed death camps and promise some of the best necrophilia this so-called country has ever circled up for.

This performance of no return, of course, is what you let them practice on me. I can feel the rehearsals on my wrists. I can smell the funeral homes. Having holding cell small talk in hospital rooms. Arguing about value systems with gunfire. Finding fans for our hunger.

There must be some kind of imperialist light show bending over the rest of the masses. Compounded opiates in all phases

of matter, all modes of communication, all disciplines of art, all calibers of munitions, all brands of appliance, all publishers of text books, all wings of the hospitals, all projections of self-interest; for to be a citizen of the united states is to not spend one second of your life sober. Peculiar therapies for empire maintenance to supplement mass murder. Mass murder and mass murder rituals. Is our addiction to bourgeois pathways and mythologies singularly peak right now or a constant trance of a colonial project run its violent course? How are these oppressors so gleefully defiant to humanism so unopposed?

I have no idea how to write a shared spine. How to wish for you all a rebellion of murderous intensity. How to invite you to murder. To crawl back from the grave. To raise our children without the cop in your head. To settle your quarrels. To organize millions of people. To touch your prison and know my blood. I don't know how to hunt through your consciousness for indomitable spirits. I don't know how to give speeches at

the crossroads only. To kneel among the rats in the four directions. To whisper retrospectives of flight. To give my every feeling to a totality of liberation; to the rainbow of marrows that make up internationalism.

Police have beaten my elders. Have beaten up book bindings. Beaten up the boy cuffed to me. Made empire a personhood. Broke the will of the masses everyday over their leg. And now they want to lose their mother. They want to destroy motherhood. They want slave codes in the pledges. They want slave masters only on the sidewalks. They want to give butterfly kisses to whips at night. Give crash-courses to their kids on the best way to clean blood off chain linked fences the morning after examples have been made.

I don't know who you all are as an audience. I don't know what your secret language is. How you all experience the chores of time.

I can't pretend that I haven't seen grotesque manacles in the windows to friendly souls. Or people wander through daylight in search of rotted gourds. As I moved among them palming prize possessions in the slaughterhouse. I can't pretend that we are not playing it a little too close with the powder keg.

I have sat in houses of rage-filled weeping. I have grown vegetables in my dreams and woken up detained. I have cradled my daughter in my arms while watching a father hold the corpse of his. If I could name childhoods. I would name them all after George Stinney Jr. or Troy Davis. I would put electric chairs on birthday cakes and we would all only be photographed by blood thirsty strangers. Dip a death row in honey. Until freedom.

We must dedicate ourselves to the total liberation of all peoples everywhere. We must embody a revolutionary optimism; our every word, every action reflecting our belief in struggle as culture, path, oxygen and deliverance.

Revolutionary consciousness is simply the understanding that the world is not an external thing to you beyond your determinations. You are not an object, animal, phantom, nor prisoner. You are not just in their world. You are with the world. Co-creating the world. And while husks of marching orders socialize us into conformity within a genocidal capitalism, the lifeblood and vitality of the universe is dialogue. And all we need to do as revolutionaries is find a departure point for that dialogue.

I am terrified and at a loss of a personality to send you. In the death rattle of this empire, have we entered a rock bottom of persona; of narrator; of lens? So many obsolescing voices to choose from like layers of cake in an event hall Saturday; rituals of community not relevant to an epoch on Black and Brown fire. How much is your personal autonomy actually an extension of a quest for bourgeois supremacy? Ideologies of structural concealment. The cost of living: having to stand before the cosmic mirror; praxis in hand, losing the warmth of past adventures and poems while satan sits across from you complimenting the weather.

MAIL CAN BE SENT TO:
1080PRESS: 199 O'NEIL STREET KINGSTON, NY 12401

Everyday my life starts guardedly there. Surrounded by the well-funded crystals of white bourgeois authority and proletariat atrophy.

I want to tell my friends that we have already won.

We do not need the perfect revolutionary organization. All we need is a solidarity of human beings perpetually humanizing each other. We do not need perfect revolutionary plans, we just need their authors to create them from an embrace of total reality. To make world event the personal view. To deconstruct the weaknesses of subjectivities (created by monopolies of violence) and create from the concrete conditions of the world's people. To not confuse a reimagined status quo with freedom.

Until there is liberation: the gods, golden rules, membranes, and molecules of our thematic universe is oppression. There is no voyage outside of that fact. If you slow down the walls of a room. If you de-costume your adventure. If you disembowel today's predictions, you can hear the dominant voice that the ruling class deposited into your head, beat into your psyche, drilled into your consciousness with every reward and punishment. There is a voice in your head that tells you that you are not a revolutionary and never could be one.

To intervene in that conversation, to declare every second that I am a revolutionary is our primary and perpetual task. Whether cultural, political, organizational, medical, educational, even martial; the to do list always begins with the understanding that this world is in a never-ending theater of transformation and that we are not the objects and ghosts of a static universe serving a white ruling class, but rather the flesh and bone of transformation and humankind's right to journey unoppressed.

Born in the belly and vanity of the beast, but do not despair. That is not a wakeful oligarchy. That is a paper tiger. This is not the fascist force to end all resistance. This is a cornered mist. A collapse of bourgeois creativity. And you are already standing relaxed over a slain imperialism. Already walking through streets and forests of free people. And freedom fighters travel through the clairvoyant to beg you to forget their fierceness and recall only the tilted grin, the melodic patience, the covenants of love. Until and after the victory always.

TONGO EISEN-MARTIN'S curriculum on extrajudicial killing of Black people, *We Charge Genocide Again*, has been used as an educational and organizing tool throughout the country. He is the author of "Someone's Dead Already", "Heaven Is All Goodbyes", "Waiting Behind Tornados for Food", and "Blood on the Fog". In 2020, he co-founded *Black Freighter Press* to publish revolutionary works. The 1080PRESS Newsletter is a free service offered to whoever would like to sign up to receive it; the newsletter is mailed out and delivered each month to hundreds of subscribers doors.

While financial contributions are important in keeping the lights on and the presses running, what's more important in this moment is the dialogue these monthly missives incite. Send us your thoughts, books, and zines you are publishing, talk to each other, and keep the conversation alive!

yrs,
The Editor