

Manifesto of the Night Forest Cell of Radical Poets

The Night Forest Cell of Radical Poets

2018

We are the Night Forest Cell of Radical Poets!

We are stood in the dead of twilight, amidst the last of the FOREST. We are caught between the EXTANT WILD and the devouring artificial, the HARMONIOUS KOMOREBI and the monstrous machine. Ocean acidification, acid rain, clear-cuts, mass genocide of LIFE (both WILD and domesticated), and the spectre of global warming appear as machine-truth, lying inevitably behind even those insidiously innocent, “ordinary” manifestations of this

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– obsessive consumerism, alienation, depression, anxiety, stress, sickness. The normality of this everyday existence has become chillingly numb; as societal collapse escalates, the zek withdraws into an internal search for MEANING, for TRUTH, for WARMTH. They will find no such peace, for the great Devourer, the Hungry, the

L e v i a t h a n,

has hollowed them out with teeth like gears, only to replace flesh with its own impermanent machinations. These are the machinations of UN-Life.

We are the NIGHT FOREST and Our determination leads Us to bring whatever end may be brought upon such

A b o m i n a t i o n.

We see this from the FOREST, as all is seen from the FOREST; and We Stand. We Stand between the WILD and the artificial, INTENSE TRUTH and plagued terror. We reject the ideologies that, like pillars of malignancy, support this society and We seek to FORGE KINSHIP with all that is WILD, for We are all and all is WILD CHAOS. For that reason, the NIGHT FOREST is open to radicals of anarchist, post-anarchist and non-anarchist aesthetics.

What We desire is the articulation of raw-poetry. We desire poetry that is of the FLESH, and GUTS, EMBODIED, full of BLOOD, SPIT, SHIT and SOIL. Unlike the zek, the pitiable slave, Our raw-poetry – that great WEAPON – sweeps away

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cobwebs from Our Hollowed Insides and refills Us with that which is Our BIRTHRIGHT – UTTER WILDNESS. We desire poetry that is NAKEDLY AUTHENTIC and HONEST, filled with the SPIRITS of WILDNESS and KIN and the GODS of PLACE, and POSSESSED by that which

We LOVE most, for Our LOVE is what drives us, and Our UTTER RAGE is born from that LOVE. Our poetry is of LIFE and PAIN and SEX and JOY and DEATH. It disregards the Civilised conceptions of form, metre, and rhythm, and is filled with utter contempt for the twisting lie that is called “Perfection”! We embrace Our own variances with great satisfaction. We desire poetry that PULSES like ARTERIAL BLOOD from a wound, poetry of SENSUALITY and FILTH and bright VIOLENCE, UNedited, UNrefined, CRUDE and NATURAL, DESTROYING all that it confronts; poetry of destruction!

Poetry of destruction is a terroristic space, a FEROCIOUS space. We state that terrorism, as a practice, is the only thing really challenging this culture’s socio-ontological day-to-day normality, so We must become such with Our words, to likewise, challenge normality. Our poetry and the poetry We desire is SAVAGE. Poetic terrorism is an activity of SAVAGERY and DESTRUCTION, one that We must engage in because of Our EMPATHY to the WILD.

Likewise, though, this project is one that EMBRACES an HONEST pessimism. The global socio-political-digital situation is what it is. Thus, this project is entirely limited in its scope and impact; and We acknowledge that We are all domesticated individuals – though reWILDed and FERAL to some degree – with Our own individual personal biases and aesthetics. Furthermore, while We are, for the most part, only writing for Ourselves and each-other, socio-cosmic indifference is something to account for, but not to stop Us! NOTHING WILL STOP US!

In-spite of this pessimism though, We will NEVER renounce raw-poetry and poetry of destruction as a means of ATTACK. Our WILL-TO-LIFE, WILL-TO-POWER, is drawn towards REBELLION and REVOLT. Ontological-cosmic rebellion is far more interesting and enjoyable for Us than the monotonous comatose world of politics. We are interested in FIGHTS and ATTACKS from the anti-political space, that RESISTS the

Leviathan

in its entirety. And this, Our HATRED for the artificial, stems from Our LOVE for all that is WILD.

This NIGHT FOREST cell of radical poetry desires UNTamed, UNCivilised WILD poetry. We desire poetry from the PRIMITIVE PRIMORDIAL ENERGIES of the UNdomesticated. Our poetry is a terrifying SAVAGE BARBARIC space to the domesticated-tame... And that is Our point entirely. There is only the NIGHT FOREST. There is only the NATURAL AND FERAL. It may be a SAVAGE and INARTICULATE howl to the shadows of the night – heard only by the trees – but this is the poetry We desire and that IS most BEAUTIFUL to Us.

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