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A Tale of Nihilist Lovers

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They couldn't catch us. Madison, Wisconsin. Do you remember the feeling of being consumed by maniacal laughter after our first intercourse with illegality? Nah, it won't change the world and most wouldn't think much of it. And it certainly has nothing to do with revolution, The Movement, or Marxism. But it...felt incredible! It all started out as just an idea formulated in one of our post-sex "What if" conversations. There wasn't a whole lot of planning. More of a "fuck it – let's do this!" Never knew that one night would lead to a lifelong crime spree of bigger and more exciting things. We learned so much about each other that night. More than we could have ever imagined. Our hearts raced together as we moved our loaded cart carefully past the cash registers, and then through the automated doors. That night was our very first food heist! We ate the fanciest vegan food that we would have never been able to afford. We discovered a courage within ourselves that we never thought we had. What does it mean to push, bend, and eventually break the security apparatus designed to subdue us with fear? What does it mean to ride adrenaline like a wave into a sea of unknown possibilities?

Fast forward: I remember the reflection of the moonlight in your eyes, our whispers trembling with excitement. Like a nervous first date under the blanket of a starry night, our hearts had an appetite for destruction. Why walk in circles holding signs when sabotage is so much more fun? We completed our mission and scurried away into the dark, haunted by the apparition of uncertainty; did anybody hear us? Were the cops already called? How long till they catch us? They have certainly come close... We wondered. Guns drawn? A shoot out? We are too feral for the iron bars of a cage; we can't even stand living in a house too long! How will it all end? Who cares... The present is ours!

Fast forward a little more: do you remember this one, my love? Vandalism, fire, sirens in the distance. I'm momentarily paralyzed by those beautiful green eyes, shining from behind your balaclava. Minneapolis 2020: Rioting won't bring about the collapse of society. At least not before another cop's bullet takes another life. But while revolutionaries are busy writing up another analysis, desperate to control the narrative, you and I are gonna have some fun! We shed our civilized skin and become unhinged within the frenzy of social unrest. We each have our own complex histories and traumas. We pass each other fist-sized pieces of concrete to hurl at anything that can break. So much rage, sadness, and frustration. So much around us to release it upon. We smash everything in sight, our knives drawn toward anyone who tries to stop us. It's not about winning or losing, victories or defeats. We don't give a fuck about how the media portrays us.

We have no masses to organize or lead. Destruction for the sake of destruction produces a high more addictive than anything Philip Morris, Anheuser-Busch, or a drug lab could ever produce. Hopelessness and despair doom too many into endless cycles of culturally encouraged chemical self-destruction. The only inorganic chemicals you and I have ever needed are kerosene, tar, and potassium chlorate. Anarchy is our path, driven by an instinct for free-

dom as primal as our desire to fuck. Like Santino "Sonny" LoSpecchio once said: "The working man is a sucker".

Even though we knew it would happen, it's still a shame that after all those fires and broken windows that everything was rebuilt. What's worse? The fact that a new Target and Wendy's exist on top of the ashes of the old, or that it was the working class that's responsible for rebuilding them?

There's something about the way you move, my love. Were you ever truly domesticated? The rulers of civilization once convinced you that something within your brain was broken. The applied disease model as an explanation for your behavioral insubordination exposed their own denial; they each saw, within themselves, an image of you. But they have roles to perform and social credibility to lose in shedding their humanism. You've shed everything. Bravely you've escaped into the black night of amorality. I can hear your mischief in my dreams. I've finally found a face to every vine that breaks apart the asphalt. Our love language expands outward like the debris field from a fallen airliner.

Our enemies say we deserve each other. They couldn't be more correct. We hop trains to riots so we can contribute our efforts toward the destruction of their cities. We chase them down residential streets with daggers drawn. They were fast that day, but maybe next time we see them we will be faster...

America is more ripe now than ever for tearing apart. One big safe space for MAGA worshipers and armed bootlickers. Maybe with enough matches we can make this the year without a winter. Exposed to the heat of this country set on fire, our kisses explode like ammunition. Maybe others will join us in an orgy of chaos where romance burns through the fear of prison, intermingling with a love for our bodies, a love for our very lives – queers, trans, faggots, and other beautiful deviants dancing and fucking like a thousand machetes hacking away at the white house.

The galaxy is in your eyes, my love. Like the flash from a pipe bomb, your smile brightens up my day. Remember our very first

conversation? I could feel the depth of your gaze in my spine. Consumed by an inexorable pull toward your honesty, compassion, and your gentle smile, I became paralyzed as my heart conducted chemistry with something more than love. Two cats perched on a tombstone in Shupea Cemetery, reflecting on our lives. I can feel all these memories compress the universe around us like a blanket, as we cuddle to the cacophony of thunderstorms on a mattress of anesthesia.

My love, these experiences together are as seamless as every wave in an ocean. To others this is just a tale of two mercury switch hearts ignited by the spark of a first kiss. I look forward to whatever we may encounter under this black rainbow called life. We'll ride the waves of every hurricane that makes landfall. Until their bullets turn our blood into confetti during a shoot-out, or we simply grow old and sing each other to sleep with a shared death rattle... More riots! Vandalism! Anarchy!

Shall we hold hands?

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