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## Sirventès of the Beast

Anne Archet

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I am no citizen  
I am no consumer  
I am no tax-payer  
I am no employee  
I am no convict  
I am no beneficiary  
I am no person of color  
I am no lesbian  
I am no mother  
I am no wife  
I am no erotic writer  
I am no poetess  
I am no anarchist  
I am no woman  
I am surely no Human

That vile and ethereal being  
Which has never been spotted elsewhere  
But in universal declarations  
I don't want to stay seated and raise my hand  
I don't want to wait for the teacher to tell me to speak  
I don't want to wait for a break to take a piss  
I don't want to press 0 to speak to one of your repre-  
sentatives  
I don't want to open a box or tear away plastic wrap-  
ping to feed myself  
I don't want to drink from a bottle or tap  
I don't want to go to the second counter to collect my  
order  
I don't want to smile because the customer is always  
right  
I don't want to sign my performance review  
I don't want to sell my time my limbs my voice my  
orifices  
I don't want to lose five kilos and find love  
I don't want to prevent the signs of ageing  
I don't want to smell like spring  
I don't want to fill in the right form  
I don't want to use the reserved lane at 5pm  
I don't want to be the guardian of household and de-  
cency  
I don't want to be a factor of production  
I don't want to be an extension of a tool

I don't want to be a target audience  
I don't want to act in my own interests as defined by  
the relevant authorities  
I don't want to wipe my arse with the three-layer ver-  
sion of boreal forest  
I don't want to produce and consume  
I don't want to be produced and consumed  
I don't want my survival to be a pretext for destroying  
everything around me  
I want to hold you in my arms  
I want to be able to love you without fear, without re-  
serve, without pretensions  
I want to draw my nourishment directly from the earth  
I want my actions to be without bounds  
I want to live and laugh and cry and love  
I want to enjoy to the point of losing my mind to the  
point of losing track of myself  
I want to do it the way we've been able to do it for  
millions of years  
I want to do it with you  
I want you to be with me  
I want us to stop our race to devastation  
I love you  
I desire you  
I want your skin against mine  
We don't need all this shit  
This filth that we produce in tears

That we consume without pleasure  
That we throw away with a guilty conscience  
We don't need this cardboard life  
Of these stuporous vigils  
Of these dreamless slumbers  
Of these indistinguishable days and nights  
Smothered in concrete, street lighting and plastic  
Muzzled by alcohol, stimulants, sedatives, antidepressants  
Distracted by screens, fashion, social networks, glamour  
Restrained by sexual roles, politeness and conformist originality  
Double-locked in this universal jail called Civilisation  
Beneath this thin armoured varnish  
lies a wild beast  
Despite thousands of years of domestication  
I remain a savage  
Full of passion and fury  
So are you  
And it's this beast that I love  
I'm flesh, bone and blood  
I am a body, an animal  
I am a wave of intense desire  
I am desire incarnate, uncontrollable, and thunderous  
I am your mad lover

I am sphincters, fluids, tendons  
I am a goddess  
I am your partner in crime  
If you want to stop surviving  
If you want to live  
If you want to unite with me  
If you don't, I'll be, happily and without regrets,  
the enemy to be put down

[ed. – Sirventès were a genre of Old Occitan lyric poetry (usually parodies, borrowing the melody, metrical structure and often even the rhymes of a well-known piece to address a controversial subject, often a current event.)]