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RNC/DNC 2009

Document One

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May 5, 2009

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Retrieved on 9th November 2020 from crimethinc.com

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This is what I always meant by “ambitious hedonism.”

I’ve been looking for any excuse to be with you. I am so glad to see you here in St. Paul. It’s been too long.

What started as **idle flirtation** has become **full blown lust**. To be honest, sometimes I can’t get you out of my head. Your energy and smile, **the way your body moves with mine**. I remember the first time we looked each other in the eyes. You had a **spark**. I was hooked.

Why else would I have shown up to all those **boring fucking meetings**? Why else would I sit around outside dumpsters late at night, hoping you’d appear? I used to see you everywhere—the potluck, the shows, the **street parties**. But once all those **fell apart** we completely lost touch...

I can’t remember the last time I’ve seen you like this, a bandana on your face and a scowl in your eyes. My old, familiar **instincts** return at the sight of you. I can tell you **exactly** how many times I’ve **dreamed** of this moment.

No, let's **forget the past**, now that we're both together...
My heart is beating through my chest. **I feel alive again.**
Something real is happening.

To be honest, I'm **terrified**, but I'm not afraid of arrest or pain.
What really scares me is the possibility of missing out on these
moments with you. Not taking **enough** chances. Not pushing our-
selves to take the risks **we know are within our abilities.**

What is it we are hoping for? Why **exactly** are we here?

If I can **shred all inhibitions** with your eyes on me,
can I do the same before the eyes of a thousand pigs and friends?

If we can **trust our desires** when you're in my arms,
will it help us to do the same when you're in the arms of the pigs?

Your grip on my wrists has always been strong, but you always
stop when I say to.

If we find ourselves in this compromising position this week,
please god don't let go.

I only enjoy handcuffs with you.

We know how to keep secrets. You've allowed me to be myself
like no one else has. I am excited by the chance to **share our bod-
ies** with all these people. I want to push myself beyond the brink,
beyond my own fears and hesitations. I want to **turn the world
upside down** and **show those motherfuckers** we've finally gone
past the point of no return
and we're taking their whole rotten system with us.

Before we go out this morning, **kiss me** like I'll never see you
again.

While we're **separated**... whenever I'm in **danger**... whenever
I'm in **ecstasy**...

I'll be thinking of you.

— *from a handbill distributed anonymously at the convergence cen-
ter in St. Paul in the days leading up to the RNC*