

Moments of Freedom

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As I sit here trapped within Leviathan I think of the moments of freedom I've experienced in my life. I imagine being in the wilderness surrounded by trees and birds. The connection I've felt with the wilderness and non-human animal friends who are also trapped within Leviathan but still experience moments of liberation.

I imagine the moments of insurrection, where capitalist time ceases to exist and every second feels like hundreds of years. I recall the sound of glass shattering and sirens going off in the distance as the cops are unable to tame a crowd which has become ungovernable. I can feel the hammer in my hand. As I retract my hammer from the now shattered glass, I realize all the uncivilized desires which run through me.

The desire to escape. The desire to be free. The desire to live as my ancestors once lived.

These moments of freedom and liberation are the ones I live for. Possibly one day we will become free. Maybe one day – though I highly doubt it – we will live in an anarchist utopia away from civilization and the domestication we all experience in our daily lives. That day however is not today. So for the time being I choose to live moments of freedom. Moments in the wilderness surrounded by trees and non-human animal friends. Moments with my comrades tearing up the streets with rage and solidarity in our hearts. Fire to civilization! Fire to the prisons!

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