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Dear Society

Noam Audrid

Summer 2024.

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Dear Society,
Telling me the way to go - never fit myself into your gender
Confines and even in my disruption their compulsion to fit
Me into a box flickers behind... shadows. The flames
Burning my mind, or am I burning. Fuck. Their stereotypes.
You cannot speak up about anything. Be passionate.
Rant about ableism and transphobia and they give strange
looks
And yeah girls can do that, but I'm not one of them...
And my identity of being loud... is this just internalized
misogyny...?
Head and a broken body, too wrong, but I feel no connection
to the physical
Right...?
I guess that's a lie. Cannot be stoic. Only a fragment.
If only they Could realize they shattered me and stabbed
me those very shards
Every time. Gaping hole in identity within the shifting...
Runs the river of my identity denser than salt water tears
Comatose emotion just drifts through the world with the
amnesia

Characterizing half a dozen mental illnesses.
Maybe society would be better if you'd stop fitting us into boxes.
Boxes that I tried to crumple but only buckled under my weight but
Never gave way to hell... I'm past caring... we're long gone...
Cover up the wrong body. Call it the wrong thing. Cover up my wrong mind.
Call it something else.
Lights and pleasantness. The last of the alphabet and calming herbs
Burning it all down... Voices and breakdowns. Remember not to be too
Opinionated. You cannot be opinionated. That's just being annoying
I hate your ideals... it runs beyond politics. Beyond values beyond all
Trickling through bloodlines, gurgling brookes and estuaries whatever
Body of water you learned in your standard fourth grade science textbook...
Glacial stoic. Eternal pain and maybe one day we can erode it slick or maybe
That erosion won't be good with too much snowmelt. Burning the past just
To have a burning future. Burning. It down. Maybe we can talk about some
Other utopia but we both know not in our life
Time is running out can we really out
Live them?
Eyes. Stare back through antiquity. Forgo the jaded and glib rhetoric for us.
For us. Because maybe we'll reach there. Eventually.

But we'll be standing on the heaps of corpses. Is that what we really want?
Another institution built on the corpses. Queer rebel anarchists could be our future but
Somehow the pessimist in me tells me we will fail.
Alienor for a couple generations...
Is it just fear or logic speaking? Rants and poetry.
Borderline breaking down in a wobbly grey trail.
Forget it. I'll take a disorganized utopia over *this* .