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For Reigners Everywhere

When the fall began you said take care of yourself take care of only yourself everything will be ok
if you take care of…
When the fall began you said we are family born behind chain-linked fences with passports handed
down as a license to love
When the fall began the cracks in the walls you built appeared splintered beams into rocket shells you
said scroll on this to numb or buy your way into freedom with a bank balance made of bottomless holes
When the fall began you said survival was for the fittest forgetting that even the trees hold hands
underneath the soil humans were never versus nature when we all become dirt
When the fall began fearful and exhausted bombs fell in the estuaries and the streets filled with protesters in
cities that never sleep
When the fall began we told bedtime stories about night raids that silenced voices placed on a plane
to prison pipeline sirens became a battle cry for a state to say you don't belong
Here when the fall began we found a hymn mad in the streets grief falling like curtains where
the emperor hid with no clothes

Here we remember of a time long ago of knowledge that you tried to bury like seeds seeking roots
in stars used to raid the world
Of a time where what grew between your legs did not determine your path in life or who bore children as fruit
Of a time where grandmothers told stories about the coming of the crops and of when
water was owned by no one
Of a time where shores shouldered fish swimming upstream and this was called
a season a sentiment a celebration for sex
Of a time when purpose did not come from a paycheck but from a soul unfolding onto the world
asking to be loved

So in the now we are learning with those who came before us
Etching mistakes in our bones cave drawings for a future yet to come
In the now competition is met with confluence an offering to say your joy is my joy too
In the now we say let your feelings flow underneath all you bury is a becoming
In the now we dig not in mines but in minds cool tan connections of outstretched hands offering redemption
In the now we walk through the rubble of the hierarchy of gods bathe in the communal knowing care is mycelial
In the now every offering is enough and no body no body no body is seen without beauty
In the now we barter poetry and in kind words handed to the collective fear of the unknown
In the now the uncertain is a question alive in the wind leaving only the words boldly spoken "*We do not know*"

So we trust in the refusal of certainty as the abolition of everything
We trust the risks we take in each other will be the bonds that hold a brighter future
We trust love is there, abundant and multiple and found in you
We trust in you to know your heart is deserving

And when the fall began
We held you too

Jelly

***** ***** ***** ***** ***** *****Usare il QR code per mettersi in contatto*****

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