

Snapshots of a Movement

(Snapshot: a break and an explosion, history making and history vanishing)

I do not consent to state violence perpetrated upon emissaries of peace.

I do not consent to brutalized bodies.

I won't "occupy" because it's too hard to hear today's protest chants of "we are the 99" over the screaming of history's tanks and artillery.

I won't "occupy" because occupation is how I locate my body in hostile American terrain as having known hunger, poverty and alienation.

[... hundreds in riot gear, lined up. I watched a few in the back of the line literally dance with excitement over the anticipation of going in. A big fire was lit, the pigs went in and shot off so many rounds, explosions went off, it was so heavy I left soon after. It reinforced everything I thought about police brutality, we'll talk more today.]

Tonight,
This may be something like,
Inhaling teargas,
But exhaling songs.
Transforming fear and oppression
Into LOVE.

Yes,
This is a story
Of revolutionary love.

For I am no longer afraid to admit,
That what I want is to love.

And what I see and feel,
In the reckless, swinging batons,
And thick chemical clouds of toxic, sour smoke,
Is only fear.
That is,
The unfulfilled desire to love.

The sound of sirens and crunch of army and police boots strike a similar note.

The sensation of hunger and joblessness are all too familiar. The violence against bodies and livelihoods causes us to bleed the same.

So I will stand with you--use my body as a barricade in allegiance with yours.

Against the violence of militarism, capitalism, white supremacy, patriarchy and homophobia.

Against the violence of war, the destruction of land, and the rape of bodies.

No, **I will not occupy**, but I will stand with you. I will chant slogans and hold signs because together, if you listen and I speak, we can end occupation.

[i stop and climb on top of a stopped maintenance truck, look back, and the mass of marchers are still coming from around the corner, hundreds, maybe even thousands.. and they dont stop... i start to see the diversity of people, the wide range of folks, reppin all kinds of communities, it doesn't feel like what i felt in downtown... this felt different... drummers and singers, protest chants and freedom calls, babies on shoulders, union workers, teachers, youth, elders... I mean, they were all at downtown too, but here they were all moving in one direction, focused on one task - to get there...]

and soon my feelings of uneasiness and skepticism were replaced with a deep sense of satisfaction that something incredible happened today, and we made a noise that will be heard around the world...]

Ours is a revolution cradled by love and carried by hope. We're adjusting the sails so that when the earth shakes and the seas howl, we move. We rise not with, but against, the wind, the gasping earth, commoditized congresspeople, and the pagantry of punditry. We're beginning to remember what we've known all along, that revolution is little more than the intentional removal of tacit consent to power. Withdraw consent, redraw intent.

Let us hold the space.

Let us hold our selves

And each other

Together.

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*Puar, Jasbir. Queer Assemblages: Homonationalism in Queer Times. Durham: Duke University Press, 2007. Print.