

What's communication got to do with it?

You. You who consider yourself a sensible and sensitive being. You who claim to be free from normativity, patriarchy, idiocy. You who criticize the state of affairs. You, the one who reads the newspapers. And cries internal little tears for the news in the news papers. You claim to be aware. To care about social justice, change, a better world, another world, bla bla bla. You and your daddy issues, or your issues with whoever you have witnessed being rude and crude and a power abusing control freak.

You think you are different. But you. You are an asshole.

The same asshole. When you do not question, do not look inside, do not see yourself nor others for who they are (whatever that may be). You suffer in your depressions and your worries and your sensibility and your existential crap but you do not communicate, do not bridge, do not believe that anyone (and especially not any loving friends or partners) can understand, help, take your hand, share the ride.

Because from your ivory tower you see others just as your colonizing ancestors did: different, weak, dumb.

Because it takes a whole lotta hard work to be humble enough to realize that your issues and your problems are just like anyone else's. That you are not special. And that communicating, talking, looking inside and out, that that is care. That that is love. And that love and care entail a responsibility, a commitment, a decision to work and labour into them.

You criticize the so-called system the USA the bombs the violence etc etc yet you generate silent wars and leave others crying at your doorstep. or even worse: you take them as hostages in your own bedroom: making them wait to be seen, to be spoken to, addressed, acknowledged, considered, given agency.

You disdain capitalism yet when you have access to part of the means of production of the happiness of those who love you what do you do? You exploit them, you do not inform these others of their rights nor of their situation in the businesses and matters of a relationship, you miss manage the economics of attention and do not redistribute your earnings.

The opposite of love is not hate. It is indifference and a lack of compassion and desire to dive deep [together] when the shit hits the fan.

You do not question enough therefore you mimic, re-enact. Violence. Pain. Arrogance. Of your father or mother or whoever you've been yourself emotionally abused by, because this is not (just) about gender nor family. It is about ignorance and the lack of a desire to fight ignorance, the lack of a desire to put effort into finding words, actions, means of reaching out to others in their difference and not running away from conflict nor dialogue. Or at least giving it a try.

You can eat up all the queer, feminist and critical theory you want. No philosophy, psychology nor new age liberal self-help-transformation prescriptions will do. You can shove all those books and practices up your ass because if you do not have the guts to challenge your assumptions and reach out from underneath your stupidity cloak... You will burn hope and possibly a couple of other people down with your ignorant loneliness.

So who the fuck are you? You are me, I, you, we, us, them, mother, father, ex-lover, sister, brother [and so on]. You are the system the atomic bomb the bow and the arrow. The rage the shame the guilt the anxiety. You are the earthquake the storm the volcano the rainbow without a golden pot nor the funny leprechaun at the end. You are a black hole. And you will not stop consuming us if we do not talk about you.