

[sans titre]

PAR **Koby Rogers Hall**

I am tired of all this sick shit
Playing out on so-called brothers' walls
Whose rhetoric so empty says nothing at all
But how fucking ignorant they are
As to the cost of the privilege they are counting on.
How much blood their words are drenched in.
How many mass graves they are standing on,
As they shut another sister up
Calling on 'liberation' and 'fists up'
While in the same 60 seconds
That it took you to write that sick. Shit. Sentence.
Another woman reports being raped
The prison industrial complex rages on
With sisters in struggle incarcerated
And the good folks of Unist'ot'en Camp prepare for war.
And they may say that statistics lie
But 500 years of anti-colonial resistance do not
And 2000 years of femicide rage on
And the very words you are using
Ring like shackles and chains
Used for centuries,
Now holding yourself back
From our collective. Radical. Liberation.
And I got news for you
In the same amount of time
That it took you to spew
That sick shit on your wall
Facebook shareholders made money off our asses
And the NSA ain't the only ones cataloging
The sick shit
That your twisted minds
Think can pass for radical politics these days.
In the same breath
That you call for rising up against the state,

And then turn around
And fuck another sister up,
That sick shit
Is how you fuck your mother and her mother too.
And in doing so you
Fuck you.
I get it.
We both breathe the same toxic air,
Corporations have their fingers up your ass
And you can't think for yourself these days.
Except for the sick shit
You are posting up on this wall
Tells me that you are so privileged as to BE ABLE TO READ
And so don't tell me
About another woman in a hijab's liberation
Or that one colonial language is better than another
Because however you put it
That's some fucked up racist misogynistic shit
You are propping yourself up on.
And need I remind you that
There is A WAR GOING ON
And women, communities of colour, queer and trans, disabled and more
Indigenous folks are on the front lines of this war.
And I have been fighting
Alongside my ancestors
For THOUSANDS of years
So I don't have time for
This sick shit of yours.
And we say that silence is complicity
But I take it as contempt.
I fight these battles on the ground daily,
And there is A WAR GOING ON
So if you're going to call for revolution,
You better figure out what side of it you're on.

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[Quelques extraits du poème, en français]

(...) J'te comprends.

Nous respirons tous deux le même air empoisonné,

Les multinationales t'enfoncent leurs doigts dans l'cul,

Et tu ne peux donc te permettre de penser pour toi-même.

Sauf que la merde

Que t'affiches sur ton mur

Me montre que tu es si privilégié de SAVOIR LIRE

Alors ne me parle pas

De libérer une autre femme portant le hijab

Ou d'une langue colonialiste valant mieux qu'une autre,

Parce que peu importe comment tu le dis,

C'est d'la merde fuckée misogyne raciste

Sur laquelle tu t'appuies.

Et faut-il te rappeler

Qu'UNE GUERRE EST EN COURS

Et les femmes, les peuples de couleur, queer et trans, les personnes en situation d'handicap (et d'autres encore)

Les autochtones sont tous sur la ligne de front.

(...)