

BLOOD AT THE BORDER: a clash between civilization and utter barbarism



apologies... for this is a frantically written poem—struggling to come to grips with a cataclysmic situation...eager to fuel the white

nationalist vitriol of his base, our would-be-dictator is deploying the national guard to persecute migrants fleeing poverty and desperation and seeking some faint hope of a better life...the stakes in this battle are high—it is a clash between diametrically opposed world views...one that elevates the human rights of all with an intersectional praxis that is internationalist—transcending borders, artificial racial categorization, and the anachronistic privatization of the social wealth our society has produced...on the other side is a cult of death—desperately scrambling to profiteer as the massive titanic that is hyper-modern capitalism sinks ever deeper into an apocalyptic abyss....what is to be done? what can we imagine? what can we create from the wreckage of this social catastrophe? on april 4th, the anniversary of dr. king's assassination, it seems fitting to dream of a new round of freedom rides emerging from every corner of our polity moving towards the border...could we speak directly to these servicewomen and men—convincing them that there are many higher powers that trump the authority of the blithering idiot rabidly tweeting

from the oval office...we have a gangster regime of shock doctrine profiteers deploying the might of the state against migrant workers, families, and children...the vietnam war ended in large part because soldiers refused to fight—fragging officers who insisted on sending them into combat...our armed forces today are not a monolithic horde—many must fear for their lives with a regime playing so casually with live warfare on a global scale...there will be blood at the border—there will be human casualties...but what will emerge—i pray for our world, for our people, and for our aspirations...migration is a basic human right—we must reject the racist logic that brands some humans as disposable while entitling the defenders of white power to unearned wealth, power, and privilege...another world is possible and is being born in the midst of this maelstrom...mass strikes by teachers in multiple states—a brave occupation by insightful student radicals at howard university...all the pieces matter—all of our latent genius is waiting to emerge...it is hard to find hope amidst so much horror—but i can pray that this round of blood at the border will give birth to massive rejection of

the criminalization of migration and to hope for revolution, for solidarity, and for transcendent love



-BYPO PHOENIX c)2018

>> lead image is the brilliant and courageous work of Cesar Maxit>>the second artist is unknown