

Confessions from an Ultra-leftist

By Luis Rivas

i admit:

i might not have all the answers
and to the questions i do have answers for,
they might be wrong.

but at least i'm doing something,
which is not enough to base an ideology on
let alone an argument.

i admit that;

but just don't call me an ultra-leftist
if after thousands of deportations under a
democratic president, i wish to burn ICE
vehicles and those that operate them; or
at the very least i am weary of his reelection,
cautious and questioning his intentions
and the administration.

but just don't call me an adventurist
if after billions of dollars are given to
financial institutions, in the face of home
foreclosures and rising unemployment rates,
i argue for immediate seizure and control
of banks, coupled with riots in the streets—

someone once said that during the great
depression protestors held signs that read

**“YOU BRING THE FORCLOSURES
WE BRING THE RIOTS”**

—that in the face of injustice
i do not find comfort in simply squirming
with indignation, however righteous, but
would rather act with fiery determination,
with incendiary passion, with hyperbolic
phrases supplemented with clenched teeth,
fists, left arms straight up toward a cold sky,
surrounded by tall, uncaring buildings and
small hate-filled eyes that hide behind plastic
face shields, armed with beanbag rifles.

see, i agree with you—that i act, and at times
simply only react, out of the rush of urgency,
hate, anger, rage—

but, truthfully, it is only one thing:
compassion

—but they are based and boiled under
social conditions.

i may not have the answers but i have picked
a side, albeit far to the left, but it's at a
noticeable distance from the owning culprits
of capital that grow fat in worry of numbered
days and historically sealed fates.

and i have picked my enemies; and they have
picked me; friends are not friends if they are
not comrades or allies.

yes, i would return to jail for a noble cause,
so i am at some strange, slow-breathing peace.

in the end, it's simple; i have picked a side:

what's your excuse?