

*Resolve and the self-organization of struggles are born within the backdrop of prison as the primary setting of capitalist civilization in the social reality of our times. Here, in the most fertile ground for revolt, where capital makes its subjects experience the misery of a fascist regime...*

*The following pages analyze everything from life under a suffocating police state, to the power of rebellion, and the resistance of the human spirit to oppression and totalitarianism...*

*In a certain way, this material is the result of constant efforts at the individual and collective reclamation of life, lived and shared in its own way so as to make resistance inside these walls possible. We primarily dedicate these words to those true and dependable compañerxs, who don't know how to get to a new world but who have opted for self-organization without mediators or representatives.*

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# ANTHOLOGY OF PRISON CHRONICLES



**Cimarrón Collective**




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## Forward

"In a world where everything that is not prohibited is obligatory, one man can make a difference."

With the backdrop of jail as the main stage of capitalist civilization in today's social reality, determination and the autonomous organization of struggles are born in the most fertile ground for revolt, where capital makes the subjugated feel the misery of a fascist regime...

The following pages analyze both life under a suffocating police state as well as the power of rebellion and the resistance of the human spirit to oppression and totalitarianism...

In a sense, this material is the result of constant efforts at individual and collective reappropriations of life, lived and passed on in their own ways to make resistance possible within these walls. These words are first and foremost dedicated to these comrades, both current and future, who don't know the path to a new world, but opt for self-organization without mediators or representatives.

These attempts and social experiments give us much to reflect on in order to continue learning from the struggles of the people; of those anonymous "masses" that are always despised by revolutionary discourses except when they are used as a means to strengthen their democratic dictatorships...

On the contrary, however, from an anarchist point of view, I believe that the people as a whole are the true actors and protagonists of history; not as extras that provide the dead and the blood in the fight to place a man or a group in power, not like docile lambs that follow citizenist, workerist, student, welfarist ideas, etc. I am referring to those marginal and rebellious individuals, to those displaced by war, and especially to the brave warriors who are the children of hunger and misery who, in the bosom of the beast, go to war to guarantee the well-being and survival of their own kind.

Thus, trying to make anarchism a dogma of the salon, led by a minority, with the intention of perpetuating itself and prevailing in its time would mean to stay like the ostrich, hiding its head in the sand..

Translated by E. Rose



Hard. April 21st, 2016.

Within the context of happiness, which happiness comes into debate. What really makes us happy? Who tells us what or for what happiness is? It is important to emphasize that happiness is not healthy, for example: One person leaves another and carries on, his intention is to be happy, for others it is a misfortune. Why follow that happiness if it makes others, those close to us, unhappy?

If we allow something until it causes us harm, security is in the silence of meditation. I do not doubt the happiness of others; I do not know their secret pains. I do not judge, I involve myself in unity. It is true that mistakes make us more human, perfection belongs to nature, not to us.

I will never hope to carry out an empty struggle; our happiness is to combat inequality, poverty and the absurd discrimination that produces human profit, that happiness of fighting will not make many unhappy, on the contrary, however, many will be liberated. Happiness would be fighting for the common good, access to new technologies structured to take advantage of nature and sustain it, also for the species. To fight in favor of the new generations, in favor of mothers, of comrades, of men, of learning to strengthen our unity. I hope you understand me: to conquer conquering ourselves, the true rebellion at the end of the day will transcend us.

We transcend in our dawns, in our looks, in that of those sad ones to blame for the education of attachment.

We defeat the ego, the false autonomy: you are strong, we are strong.

We are not all here, the prisoners are missing.

From the place of forgetfulness, I thank in advance Sofi and Luna for teaching us how to write what we really feel. Happiness exists, but we do not all know how to create it and not all of us can preserve it.

Thank you for making me happy with your comments; I will put all my desire into writing and being aware and courageous.

Thank you Lunita.  
Thanks to everyone.



On the contrary, I believe that the most favorable place to extend anarchy as a social reality and community project and not as a mummified stereotype is undoubtedly on the battlefield. With that I do not mean the isolated actions of commandos with Leninist ideas, influenced by the bourgeois ideal of revolution, but rather in the places of exploitation specifically, where individuals, having been stripped of their identity, move as a mass and present themselves as they really are, where the politics of extermination is sensed in the environment and there is no other way to survive...

We must, therefore, take an active part in the war that has strengthened and intensified against the marginalized people of the world, against other species and the planet we live on...

The most wild human animals that resist the domestication of life are undoubtedly closer to the feeling of insubordination, of not accepting the established norm; they express their claims in confusion and in changes of opinion, in mistakes and in hesitations, but always with a noble effort at self-organizing the struggle to permit the development of strategies drawing close to social revolution...

Those same concepts of the revolution should not be confused with the simple search for fictitious well-being; we cannot continue to think that the revolution is a future event. We must begin to look at the daily reality that intensifies and expands with various interventions of everyday social actors, i.e. the attitudes of rupture and rejection of the people towards the fictitious institutions of the state, thus breaking with its paralyzing mirages that pushes individuals to inactivity and to delegating responsibility...

This type of anarchist intervention in the social realm cannot come from outside the exploited mass, but from itself, from its capacity for self-organization within its settings of exploitation, from its determination to educate itself in order not to remain manipulated. Daily emancipation is built in that way, transforming the mass into a growing number of anarchist individualities who, having regained their unique and free existence become the owners of themselves, forever refusing to play their role as the "exploited mass" assigned by the commercial system...

Anarchism should only, through daily practice, guarantee the libertarian essence that emerges from the foundation, and that essence is the



struggle against all kinds of power...

However, this anarchist intervention must not take on a representative role, nor can it be managed by enlightened specialists who keep the organization "alive" in times of fatigue, because as we have said, it is not about the organization itself, but the specific activities giving form to the revolt, that are always rising and expanding under the relentless pressure of exploitation and genocide.

The revolutionary anarchist project must start from the specific context and reality of the struggles, because it is not a product of minorities that is developed in barracks or churches and then implanted in the mass. That is a colonial way of seeing life and therefore a denial of individual freedom and its extension as a social reality...

Freedom begins with the destruction of the civilized world and the destruction of the civilized world begins with the negation of all institutionalized authority.

At war until all of us are free!

Fernando Bárcenas



But that singular person was not aware of his vital strength, which made him an opportune victim to receive the scorn and ridicule of a system exalted by the usurpation of the right to punish.



**Hard. March 24th, 2016.**  
**Prison Poem**

The walled city is in chaos  
masterpieces of a sinister tyranny  
lost beings of a sinister symphony  
reality disguised as criminal justice  
chains themselves will liberate the universe from weariness  
although not in prose and verse.

May these words not separate the prisoners  
the mothers and the children cry their return  
day after day, the seconds and years count  
year after year, the melodies do harm.  
But there will be no sadness, rather a return to the past.

Do not tell me that you did not intuit it  
Do not deny that you did not do it  
the fault redeems us, represses us  
freedom, wings gave to our species...  
at the end of the road, destiny the jails  
my destiny is with them, the beige ones on the path...

Thanks to everyone.  
For the irreverent  
For the marginalized  
For the brainless  
For my anarchists comrades, brothers  
and revolutionaries.

We will continue always  
standing, thanks  
for your time and your friendship  
we do not move away from reality  
this reality  
could be different, at least without prison (A)



Fercho. March 24th, 2016.

I cannot find myself in the incessant routine of calm days; I am not satisfied at all with the task of the roll call, of wearing a uniform, but I understand that it is the only way to make contact and to sow a seed, although it may never germinate, although perhaps I will never have the opportunity to taste the fruit of its leaves.

On the other hand, lying is alienating, we live halfway and although some comrades claim to know the origin of the lie they do not really convince me when I hear their rumors, their reptiles blooming at the sight of cash, of hypocrisy; I myself am surprised to have obsessive behaviors and I justify myself in order to use them...

There is an enemy inside my body with whom I daily fight a battle; it tries to annihilate me, to bury my freedom, it is a begotten fascist, incubated like a snake egg...in the dim light of the mind, sometimes it whispers to me while I sleep because it knows that, like everyone, I am susceptible of falling for its lies, for its mirages.

Writing from prison is the only window of communication.

Throughout the time during which I have found myself a prisoner of the social war, I have found myself with very rough and diverse experiences of struggle and resistance that, up until to this moment, I ignored and even had the nerve to despise and to undermine by my arrogance and vanity, that without realizing, during the course of the academic and theoretical study, I had acquired questions that completely vanished when confronted with reality...

My sensitivity to my oppressed siblings was never so strong as the moment I realized that the beast was clinging to the darkest corner of mercantile and capitalist individualism; in simple illusion and in the denial of the collectivity, at the hands of the tyranny of each of the trapped, amorphous beings, in the bondage of dependencies and attachments....

I never looked with more hate at the jailer than when I observed and did not suffer in my own flesh the heartless beating of a poor and defenseless man, because at least, if that beating had been perpetrated against me, I was fully aware that I would defend myself; I have no moral impediment that prevents me from striking too.



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We are grateful to all the libertarian accomplices that made this publication possible, especially to the Anarchist Black Cross of Mexico, to comrade Jorge Belarmino Fernández, to comrade Selene Chávez-Luna, to the comrades of H.I.J.O.S. Mexico, to Itzel, and to Sofi.

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Editorial Note:

The texts in this anthology are the result of several informal sessions held inside Reclusorio Norte (North Prison in Mexico City) during which elements of story writing were shared. In the process of selecting, revising, editing and printing, several anonymous hands have intervened who have become accomplices in this effort.

There is no order or specific theme in the texts; the majority even lack a title; only the date on which the piece was written and the author is indicated. They are simply the direct words/sensations of authors trying to escape from behind the walls of those who try to keep them captive so they may fly free.

We hope this publication makes that possible for an instant.

Some people in solidarity



Hans. February 11th, 2016.

Due to my addiction to cocaine, I disappointed my ideals, my friends and mainly my children. The most regrettable was when my relatives opted to send me to centers like Alcoholics Anonymous, where they didn't think of anything but seeing me recover. Music and drugs were my life, however at the age of nineteen I was brutally beaten by skinheads at a punk show. The pain of being deprived of my freedom and the physical damage took over my life; depression invaded me and acts of suicide were inevitable, even though the messages of my punk group were anti-drug, anti-war, anti-everything.

Every suicide attempt was unsuccessful due to medical rescue. Along the way I was in twenty-two rehabs, where I learned something that until this day I still remember: avoid prison, the hospital and the grave.

Because of drug abuse, I began to steal and didn't take long in arriving in prison, to the unknown or the big house, as everyone says.

The fact of being humiliated by the authorities, the rejection of my relatives, the anguish of putting up with so many prisoners, was inexplicable. The fights between inmates were to the death. I could not sleep peacefully. I lived through hell during a process of trying to get acquitted, with the illusion of continuing to play in a punk band supporting the strike at the National Autonomous University of Mexico and to achieve a radical change, as we thought in punk collectives, which were my occupation.

Today I am confined in Reclusorio Norte by addictions. I have been humiliated, mistreated and trampled, but I am still alive and kicking.

Anarchy punk. Long life.

How awesome it is that George is free; someday that will be us.

I thank and mention in these lines, written with my incendiary heart, all those who are against this regime and continue fighting today, to all them...

Here in prison, the sound is silent, except for some "godfathers" who are fashionable. Therefore, long live the anarchy that enables different blocks or people and humans to develop without attachment to power. I celebrate the struggle that comes from my heart; I am not a hypocrite, I demonstrate libertarian progress by being in solidarity with those who ask it of me. Mentoring free of charge, playing liberating music with the Commando Cimarrón, studying French with the teacher Rafull, painting with the Cabezas, practicing yoga, exercising, the jail wheel to work the abdomen, being sympathetic to my comrades and tolerant; I do not judge, nor do I mock anyone (only the system). These are small but substantial actions, these are anarchist actions, because we decided so, no one imposes them upon on us...

These are actions that are forgotten, even by yourselves by going on to the next thing and to others; I respect them and love them. We respect each other for always existing without judging. I will support the libertarian and emancipatory cause of this nation.

Thank you all for being in unity with us. If they create global politics, we will create a global struggle. Thank you for your liberating support. Thanks to you, our Sofi, thanks to the anarchy that frees us every moment...

All eyes are on you.

I believe we need to organize our ideas, like everything...

We all belong. Ciao





Hard L.L.U. March 10th, 2016.

Suffice it to say, criminal death is a secret between justice and the sentenced, says Foucault ...

Criminal death arises from this injustice, or rather, this unjust and criminalized poverty reflected in prison as the last link of the system, daughter of the governmental abuse of the current political party, which disguises as assistance to the people that which should be the right of a population in extreme poverty. From this population they are the ones who obtain the benefits, monetary benefits that we debate together with the use of the technology of the oppressive system, since they are trying to return "some" of what they have pocketed and that they guarantee as our right to social services.

In a context like this, people generate repudiation because they work and work, but there is also apathy towards, for example, to keep an eye on our contributions, emphasizing how they direct resources; herein lies the problem: nobody cares about others, well not everyone of course, it's those "few" who make the difference, that's what really matters.

State institutions constantly make budget cuts to culture, art, music, the development of new educational horizons for our children and young people, which can cause them to go to the streets because of a lack of motivation and opportunities in society.

There are people in more unfavorable conditions who keep moving forward and make the best out of adverse situations, and that is what we propose. We are moving forward and we demonstrate again and again that the laborer, the student, the worker, the mothers, the children, the father, society in general deserves to be autonomous, liberators of consciousness, deserves to think about what has happened throughout our history and to abolish repression: it was born with us, forgetting will come no more, because every chord, every brushstroke, every new understanding, class, book, every day, it is my family and it is you all, it is you, "Sofi." Every day is soaked with rebellion, blessed by the bonfire of the revolution.

As we inherit our culture (our ancestors), we also inherit mistreatment, the prisons and dungeons, now more than ever we must fight and demonstrate autonomy...that libertarian autonomy. We write, they fade.



Hard. February 25th, 2016

I committed the crime of allowing too much pleasure into my mind and fell for grand theft. My name is Luis Lazar Urgell.

The sounds of the prison echo in my being. I abhor the laughter of those who seem to be indifferent to so much bullshit and injustice on the part of the authority, in the face of so much misery, betrayal, betrayal and misery... There is a corridor known as *el km* [the kilometer]. I walk there early in the morning. I try to make a melody with the many sounds or screams that I hear; the cries of the prison pass dizzily through *el km*, in addition to navigating handcarts packed with merch to be brought down. All types of goods pass by. It is tumultuous, the sound that exists in *el km*.

It's funny with so many foolish men, with their egos, with my demons, with theirs - that's the place of true tolerance... (but with a "you do it or we stick it to you, bitch"), you see how they rob other inmates, even in front of authority. Part of this story is difficult to believe. This is the trench of corruption where we live. Our new reality: the fight is survival, the fight is the days of fasting, the fight is to allow other comrades to read this line, the fight is second to second. Your consciousness must develop in a favorable environment. I continue walking in the hallway or *km*. I cross quickly, almost running, until arriving at the dormitory to develop and create part of our imagination with music in a workshop where we involve our desire to be voices of libertarian consciousness. We invoke a rebellious awakening with each chord.

The prison, it's like an ointment that proliferates the most vile parts of ourselves, true geniuses in all disciplines. One of the truths of prison is that the majority of the group has to work on something in order to survive, to resist. I admire the one who, like me, stays dignified in prison, without having to continually play the system's game and without accepting that this is a prison or avoiding feeling like we are prisoners. It is a challenge, a new reality that can be lived by any person or citizen, of that I am sure, even if you behave.

I miss what's mine, my tears tremble around my eyes. Why does punishment exist with forgetfulness? I even miss my dog Yeti, the sound of cars. I miss the look of the ones I love, I miss their smile, how they spoke to me. I miss.



I will be strange when I'm out someday, a stranger in my own home, the one who lost all that he longed for, the one who has to endure humiliation for so little. We are many, and also we are everyone. The drive to be respected, that will not go away. Even if prison is a shit hole, we will not stop being ourselves; despite the struggle that exists between us and our own thoughts, we will continue advancing... forward, always advancing, as they tell us jokingly, overcoming attachments, overcoming the "sovereign" tyrannical system, as they themselves say, and strengthening solid understanding between prisoner comrades. Everything will continue for me, to do better than this so-called uncertainty, not letting events repeat themselves and not rushing them, being flexible in the face of time; time does not exist when you are not with those you love.

May whatever has to happen happens and may it be seen as an opportunity or as a lesson. Prison is the lair of utopia, of tolerance disguised as help. From here I recommend we let go of our judgments and allow us to be while we are united in the resistance of hope (without being populist). Thanks for sharing this.

This story simplifies what I experienced the day I arrived in prison: I was filled with fear in the customs office. He invited me in: "strip, you son of a bitch, and do not fart, punk, because I'll kick your ass" said the guard. I reached the entrance of hell, a strict lesson. What was said or experienced about it was nothing compared to reality. The first night was the worst, aside from the overcrowded quarters they kept us in, hanging from the bars, tied up so as not to fall and sleep on the floor, five guys in the bathroom, three on top of the toilet, was horrible... After that day, everything was worse!!!

A day in jail, oh a great experience! I don't wish for anyone to have to live in prison, I truly do not wish it.

I dedicate this story to and I thank all those who dedicate time and energy to prisoners. Do not forget that we are human beings and that humans make mistakes. I also dedicate this to Sofi and to all those who, like me, are giving time to the state, prisoners accused and tried, in all the prisons the world over, to all those who fight against the tyranny of the state (which is now also global). We are and will be, united we will win, UNITED!

Fer.  
February 25th, 2016.

The news circulates quickly through the jail and it's natural, because in a small town, everything is known, either by the alienation of the penitentiary colonies, by emulating the living conditions of life in the streets at all times, for which, here in prison every "canton" or cell, however marginal it may be, has television or screen or because the crew simply sings it by word of mouth.

So, the spoken "boasting" comes to me about recent events in the "Topo Chico" prison in Monterrey, and I cannot help but feel repulsed by all those henchmen who kill life minute by minute, all those sellers of human flesh that pass next to us, of beige, but less worthy of remaining in this place where free men remain with honor.

No illegals are left, no one remembers the legends of evasions, of escapes, of riots in search of freedom...

Today they have been transformed into methods of cooptation and alienation, and for that, I respect and greet those who are still smiling and who, today, like us, practice solidarity and support for oppressed brothers and sisters.



being our presence before you all, for returning us to the street or part of it, for that freedom they have robbed us of; for Flores Magón, who left important foundational texts so as not to leave us in the hands of the tyrants.

May the people, the workers, the students, the anarchists and everyone receive a cordial embrace from here and from there, from there and everywhere; We no longer belong to ourselves, now we belong to you, to all of you comrades, sons, brothers, mothers, daughters, the real freedom never left us: the Commando Cimarrón and I will continue fighting.

Poem

Beams of light drip  
splinter the bars of the long night  
and cowardice is eclipsed

On the walls the plow of prisoners  
will traverse with depth  
the chimera of freedom

Our bare feet full of mud  
will trample the time of oppression  
and the cages of human misery  
will collapse

The little black star shines life  
and shelters our hearts with the shawl of its shadow  
the spring of sadness and injustice  
that we drink day after day  
will explode  
with the flood of rebellion  
we will sigh and shout  
before the oasis of joy  
and the streets will smell of a perfume  
light and mysterious  
as that of the orchids.

Miguel

Josh. February 11th, 2016.

6:30 a.m., noises can be heard in the courtyard, voices murmur "It's fucking cold, bring the brooms." It's the new inmates of dorm 3 in Reclu Norte that arrived in the shipment at dawn. "That's your spot, bitches, move your ass, you're here to stay" since dorm 3 is for rapists, kidnappers, homicides, sleeping inside the sarcophagus. I remember when I got to the dorm.

The minutes go by and in the distance you hear "the call": cell after cell says the name of each one (listing zone 1, from A to Z). I answer my name, the comrade above gets up and begins waking up the others; with singular swiftness all the blankets are placed on a container. The bathroom is occupied. They ask, "Are you going to take long? Hurry up." I am almost awoken by force. They turn on the television to channel 13 news. Riot in Monterrey prison. There are 50 dead, that's what the news says. We hear the lock. The gate is opened and comrades hurriedly leave, only those who have bunk beds remain. While others clean the cell I go to the cafeteria, because it's so fucking cold. I buy bread and have breakfast. I return to the cell. They still have not finished cleaning and everyone is outside waiting to be able to enter to get shelter from the cold.

Ballot Josh, education center, sign the exam, I'll go in a minute, finally it's tomorrow. I have been here since March 2013, almost three years. I am 31. My crime is "attempted murder." I come from a middle-class family. I'm one of three brothers. My dad comes every 15 days to see me. My mother died 18 years ago.

**Gato Punk. February 25th, 2016.**

Reporting here, inside the prison: physical prisoners, but not of spirit or thought.

The prison system itself tries to envelop you; they are mafias that manipulate inmates or masses of people, overexploiting and denigrating the human being. We try to always be firm with our ideals and our beliefs which, through the experiences in prison, make life a little harder for lack of food, bleeding for all the monkeys for a coin that's "the key," pure bullshit. Only corruption. We have strength and integrity to fight it, to support our comrades in beige with our ideologies and our anarchist warriors, following in the footsteps of struggle, occupying this means to express and share our causes, the FREEDOM of all our political prisoners, anarchist comrades, with the truth in hand: truth that we will share with you to discuss proposing our LIBERTARIAN AUTONOMY, fighting against the networks of the system.

United we will win! United we will win!



**Hard. April 7th, 2016.**

**Unity.**

The stuff is in connection, in the possible path where solidarity makes its appearance, where we are all ocean, the inert solitude, the days of uncertainty, that inert need not to be alone. We will love ideals. I exorcize the limelight; I curse the foolish annihilator of life for considering it an error. Only reconciliation will save the world. Imagination will save us from the extinction that produces hatred, justice that is usually a form of revenge. We almost never see reality; what we see is a reflection of authoritarianism. Where there is disorder there is love. Perfect order would make the world a great cemetery. Wherever my heart may go, let it go before me. Love bears the burden, the struggle. Stress will not end with me. Many can act lovingly, but the person who thinks lovingly is rare.

The dignified struggle is also to think lovingly in order to liberate those



**Hard. March 3rd, 2016.**

Time passes without shadows, irreverence makes me float. To be irreverent, those acts by themselves without the foresight of a regime that tears and opens the follicles of my skin every second.

We cannot remain indifferent to the provocations of the state, of the "same ones" as "us" that react to the slightest offense or to simply interpret and communicate some idea about the oneness that should prevail just between "us"; they do not share the feeling of awakening from the dream, realizing that reality is this place, a reality to which we as citizens are exposed. Life goes on without any notion of "we will see", it seems like a past that has engulfed us and buried us all alive.

This reality that embraces us, the poverty that reaches us, the repression the community enforces, the sadness that overwhelms us, here there is an awesome saying that goes "sad, but not crying,"...this hypocritical community that delegates its duties because it does not have the capacity to face the last link of society, to not interpret the intentions of solidarity.

Thanks to the conditions and groups that enrich our hearts, the Commando Cimarrón greets you from the trench of this reality: the monstrous face of power. We will not celebrate their lies, we will not let our rights be forged with blood, with tears of those mothers who mourn their killed or imprisoned children...

My daily life in the "clink" will not be a waste of time that we have been robbed of or squandered, far from our loved ones, that from the reconstruction of our autonomy, from the reconstruction of our projects... We will not stop fighting, writing, believing, creating, adjusting not being defeated, encouraging those who do not understand why they are alone, alone in the face of so much company.

I will not lose or let us lose our humanity.

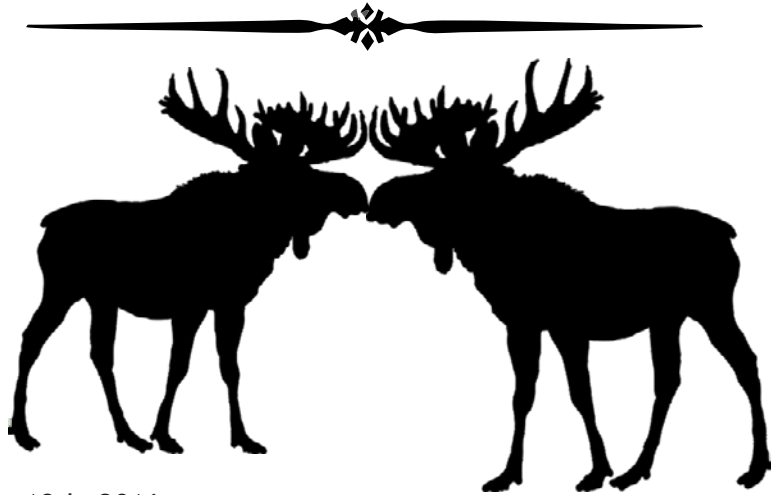
Please do not lose your compassion, do not lose your smiles; do not lose your heart, in the end, it will be what your being is... Push yourself. We as the Commando Cimarrón are striving to defend what few defend, people like Tarrío, Pombo Da Silva, Lucio Cabañas, Genaro Vázquez; this dialogue is to unite all the groups that are present even today; to Sofi, for



Hard. June 16th, 2016.

Violence.

Violence generates violence, but I will not use my impulses of violence against a whole community; there are "brothers" who do not know that violence is a chain and should not be used against the weak or the oppressed and neither against the "crooked", but against the state or institutions that reduce and criminalize life, and that they are the real culprits of the generalized violence, not the people; it is not their fault but that of the poverty that originated with violence of the state, that in the end it will come back as a boomerang to themselves.



Sinué  
February 18th, 2016

Cascades of emotions, ideas; frustrations, dreams, repressed ideals; heavy, arduous, slow convalescence, detoxification of the street (jail). Again skies and horizons framed by concrete giants, crowned by thorny spirals, sad gray. Faces shiny from poor nutrition, deprivation and constant tension, famine... calming sun enhanced by this monster of concrete, disjointed looks, indigence in captivity; strange, concentrated, penetrating stench, an atmosphere of monochrome, of clay, of murmurs, of shouts, deafening sounds from crash of iron. Withdrawal from survival, unprecedented resistance, lives marginal, marginal lives.



loving people, of course, if they exist. Example: the one who strikes and the one who is struck are the same actors in something as fleeting as a dream. Because the two who know do not speak, those who speak do not know, the wise one stays silent. The intelligent speak, the stupid argue, the truth is best expressed in silence. The truth that frees us is almost always the truth we do not want to hear.

Try to prove what the absence of knowing knows; what good is it to have eyes if the heart is blind.

The true religious difference is not between those who worship and those who do not, but between those who love and those who do not love.

Life is a test.  
There we give meaning to life.

Toward an ideal.

THANK YOU HARD.



Hard. March 24th, 2016.

### Red Peace

We do not give in to this way of conditioning affection, love, that love that gives us strength so as not to be defeated, love that does not become finicky. That love which simply is and will continue to be; love must be unconditional in order for it to create or show the best of ourselves.

They've imposed on us the idea that love is to suffer, to cry, to endure, to be melancholy, but that's false; love burns. Love for all forms of life, with respect and autonomy for all living beings in the universe.

This place is a miserable cave, a structure with comfort where the hungry human is capable of many things against himself and against others. I write from here, where that love has lost the battle. Here the hidden despicableness blooms.

Uniqueness is in the affinity of beings, though perhaps it doesn't exist? Let us teach each other to fight for a world without hypocrisy, to not fear the revolutions nor to trust in that red peace. Peace disguised in blood. Blood of all who perished at the hands of tyranny. Let's teach not to trust those manipulative "reds", disguised as good "extremely capitalist" people, usurpers of peace, those who smile when they speak out in the media with cynicism on their backs. We will not even trust our own reptilian or mammalian mind or neocortex.

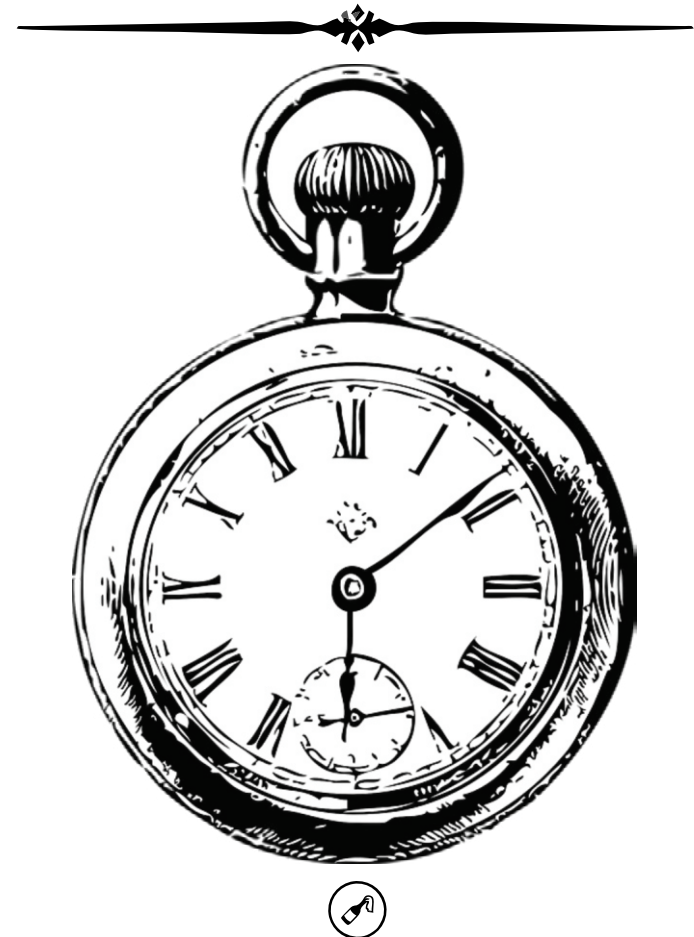
We trust in the heart that knows how to be loving. In the moment of truth, we will trust and not fear, we will leave behind that red peace that has stolen our bloodlines, proud of our entire race, of all the peoples of the earth, for their fight for freedom. We will abolish our own attachments; those are the real causes of separation, to ease existence. We will never again be guilty for the origin of our actions because, as I accept and forgive, I do not judge; Let the truth emerge.

My fate is tied to that of the prisoners. We are not everyone, the prisoners are missing, my blessed prisoners in resistance, all our comrades in resistance, here and afar. Freedom of choice, autonomy and struggle.

Thank you all for being with us. Thank you Sofi, thank you always.

That is now, but years before my life in prison it was different, time was tortuous every moment, it beat me, I felt the gravestone of a 19 year sentence on my shoulders, coupled with experiencing beating, humiliation, insults, injustices; I felt that the days never ended, the suicidal thoughts were constant, I wondered, how am I going to "get out"? That's a fuck ton of years, I prefer to die, they were misleading thoughts of immediate departure.

I have never been able to decipher time, the passage of time, but what I can see is the brief flash that we are on this planet, in this life; we are so insignificant that we do not understand the wonder of the universe and its mysteries, and I prefer to just enjoy this life of mine where it is, "here and now," because "here and now," time does not exist.



Gerardo Ramírez Valenzuela. July 14th, 2016.

I live in a constant surge of circumstances which often do not allow me to see time. I look back and the journey has continued. It is a journey without return, because time will not return me to where I started.

Time has only given me experiences, memories, hardships, sorrows, rage. Time is lethal; it kills every moment, has a capacity to dissolve so fast that you can never stop it. It slips through your hands, escapes from you when you want to capture it, fades into the world of temporality. What is time? What is time if not movement, although I can also cheat it, and it is in those moments where the imagination plays and we enjoy timelessness; I am sure that in those moments my entire body and my being are suspended by time, flying through unknown worlds, they are like flying poems that travel on untraveled roads illuminating the difficult task of not aging. We are young in this mere sigh of time.

Our ancestor brothers have bequeathed us an uncertain, mysterious knowledge of time and only in that mystery can we rejoice, by breaking with the traditional paradigm of order, of time, freeing our being.

I remember an experience that I had where I could break with that traditional order and it was in a meditation. I saw some spots on a board that took me to another facet of this reality and I could submerge to the unconscious, of course without a moral dimension. And only in that way can one interpret a character that I was able to paint and I titled it "the puppet." It is an expression so mysterious that when I saw it, it looked as though it was alive and watching me when I looked at it. I felt a paralyzing chill because it made some movements with its fingers, but I never managed to see it move, but I was able to see that I was controlling something.

To describe time is a difficult task for me, because I find myself locked up in this "fortress," in this prison institution and because of this my days are like little lives every day that I experience; dawn, I wake fresh, clear, with the spirit of a child and I enjoy the events that happen in my environment, to be fully present where I am, and so the afternoon feels so pleasant that I cannot afford to drown in my memories; the night is the end of my life, it's a little death.



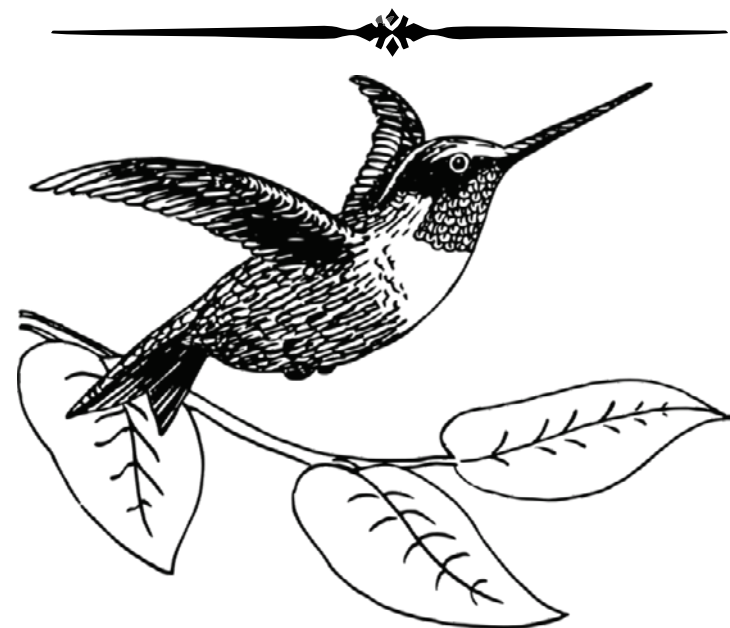
Hard. February 25th, 2016.

### Hummingbird.

In the Cimarrón project, we are everything, painting, music, death, our imagination is our greatest quality. In the Commando [their band], the Cimarrón project, I am a hummingbird that flutters so, so much, with its heart on fire, as my heart burns. Flight is my quality. Frida Kahlo said why would I want feet if I have wings to fly. That hummingbird that flutters in your heart shows you the smile of the fire, so that your heart burns, burns much like the fluttering of the incredible hummingbird. I am the hummingbird that greets you with an incendiary heart.

For every day, for every flutter, for left and right, for cold, for summer, for the moon and for the sun, for all our stars: I am the hummingbird.

The hummingbird that flutters colors in its wings, the hummingbird to the left side of consciousness.



**Fercho. 11:35 pm. February 11th, 2016.**

It's nightttime and the cold, in spite of everything, reminds me that I am still alive, hidden perhaps, as a clandestine identity, between the walls of skin and flesh...

I numb my body with a couple grams of cannabinoids and then I perceive absurdity becoming a mirage of beauty, of hidden misery, of bruises turned into the clear assertion of power and violence...

The lights play as if in an attempt to remind us of the gates and bars that annihilate the staging that divide free beings from those who simply pretend to be among their chic symbols of exteriority and luxury...

Doubt hits me over the head and now I only begin to imagine how this world would be, of crazy, revolutionary, delinquent, illegal comrades that remedy my sadness both in the bloodiest battles and in the adored moments that I breathe freedom.

So I have nothing left to say...

Nothing more but to express, shout, speak criminally that in your years of journeying through the school of life, the answers have gathered that will exterminate the society that oppresses us.

---

**Luis Lázaro Urgell RPVN. February 11th, 2016.**

The sun rises inside this concrete cemetery. Inside this latest phase that the devastating authority has brought us to, it is not the acts, it is not the way in which our lives tend to be punished for our mistakes, although their mistakes do not compare to our own.

I walk among these corridors that hold thousands of years of sentences: the forgetfulness, the downfall, the sadness, the prostitution of being.



**Hard. April 14th, 2016.**  
Cimarrón Consciousness.

The domestication to which we have been exposed since childhood is based on how we are influenced by all doctrines. These anti-unifying, imperative, and judgmental doctrines that are only nurtured amid the lack in autonomy and faith, "that along with justice they seek to indoctrinate that justice of peace."

How many losses will those who long for success experience; what success will those people have, who by the name of doctor, architect, or lawyer, are more functional to the state than to the people, since they were subjected to long periods of indoctrination since youth. This is the true risk: to not become an idiot of the state.

Of course we can always re-educate ourselves. A professional is not one who obtains a title but who knows how to value others, that is a true professional.

In these lines we will speak of those who, by obtaining a title, are capable of dehumanizing themselves, of forgetting themselves and others in their ambition for power: the true demon of the race. It is troubling that ordinary people transform to serve the tyrannical government and defeat the people, taking from them their true warriors, their real liberators, those who will truly be liberators, emancipators of ideas. My true admiration for those professionals who give time and show respect. "There is no point in receiving an education that is going to be our undoing tomorrow," and we can no longer reverse the process.

The leaders, or rather the rulers, are the same people: the professionals of the town. Let us not forget our children and our youth, workers, students, and liberators of the people.

We will open the breach, already exposed by the revolution, of new ideas and thoughts. All united, children, youth, women, men, we are all the authentic promise of humanity.

Long live anarchy, long live the struggle, long live freedom, from here, from the trench of loneliness: the prison of the north. Thanks to Sofi who is a great professional.





## Wolves

Fernando Bárcenas

Sometimes I want to fly; detach myself from the material world and return to earth when I have died, when my individual existence has ended, and thus become a reflection of collective life.

To feel that my existence is useful to preserve life in all its senses, to emancipate myself from the yoke that steadies my senses, to rise up in the company of our own people...

However, in this prison decay, I've found myself wandering in a no-man's land, like the steppe wolf learning what it is to "walk alone."

A solitary wolf separated from its pack and kidnapped by legions of monkeys and snakes, treacherous snakes who talk to you, who whisper in the darkness of the fetid corridors of misery and decay.

Tamed monkeys, domesticated, more like the reptile than the mammals, innovated within them the egg of a snake that latches on to dominate us

In this farm, there are also other animals, some of them sheep and goats, animals also tamed by monkeys and snakes who disguise themselves as wolves to betray our own...

Wolves are the last feral animals that walk through the grasslands, in the hidden boundaries of the farm.....



The warning lock, the door has been opened, a new day begins at the prison, my humanity walks among these places, where one day I said: I will never be in prison. On the way, I watch the other comrades drag their existence like a heavy burden that overwhelms their steps. I walk the kilometer, I look up, my perspective has changed, I see chaos and hope in every step. Nostalgia catches me and humanity has turned its back on us, but it does not matter; our true reality, day by day, is unity.

I simply continue, I share a smile with someone. "Good morning," they say, "Cheers," I reply. This is the way the prison uplifts us. The stress of prison life is very strong. The sounds come to harass our ears, sometimes I get tired, the food is not enough, the water is scarce, but it's there. The comrades are indifferent to the pain, the exploitation, the humiliation, the extortion of the prison. I use the best of myself for others, there are no barriers between this fight and that of others, who feel, suffer, become sick within this sad reality. I feel solidarity with everyone, with all the prisons in the world. My gift is to dedicate my heart to you.

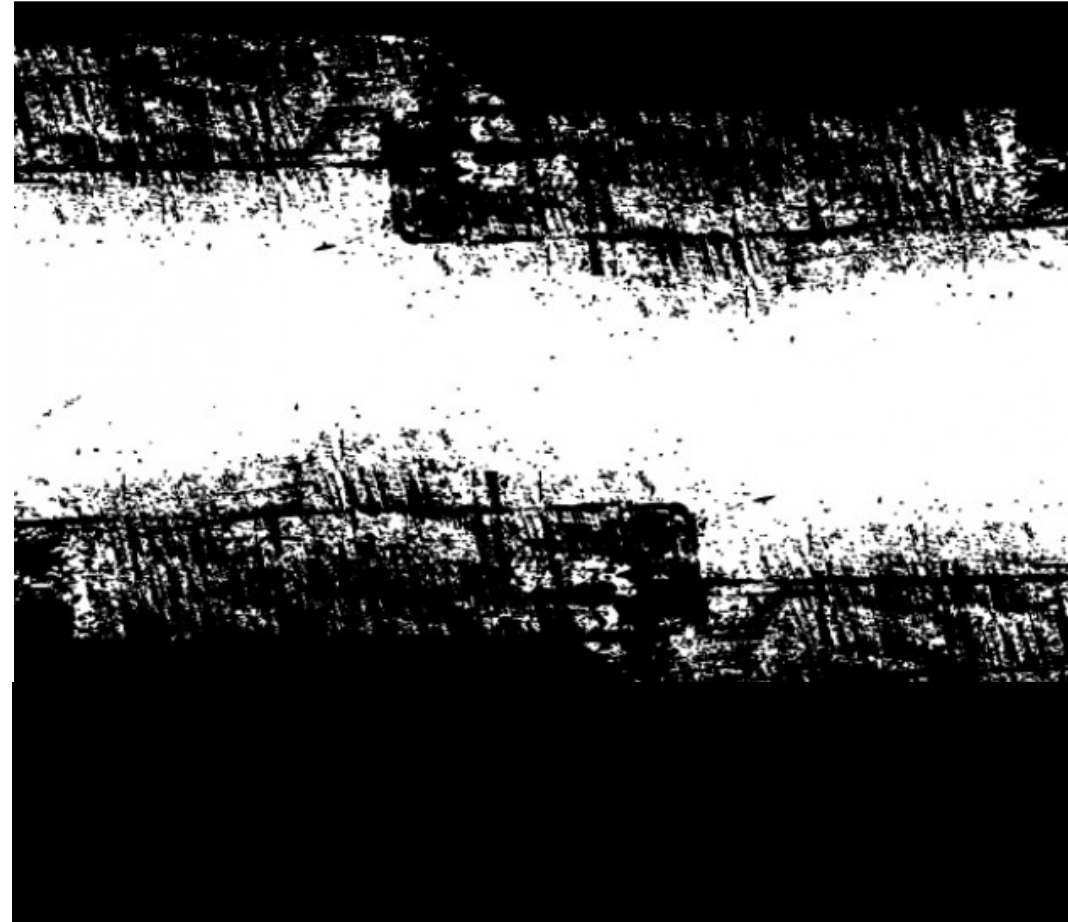
We will honor the struggle, the dignity, the hope among these lines that give a breath of encouragement to all those who struggle from their trenches to see a united nation, fighting together in mutual hells. We will fly free like the albatross, but in spite of all the springtimes I have experienced in prison, they have struck my spirit. To those who are weak despite being strong, those who advance and fight, to them I dedicate my words. To them, to the people who help without getting something in return. I thank these people with my words; we are prisoners, but ultimately free, liberating consciences, lovingly building our lives and never ceasing to be "the cimarrón," that human and non-human animal who escaped from its masters.



But in reality there were so many memories from the resistor because I was not entirely asleep and not quite awake, indulging in laziness since it was too late to go to the workshop.

Sinué. February 11th, 2016.

Gloomy, strange and introverted characters. Changing, atypical climates, nothing seems like before. Everything tastes different. Introverted characters move about, somber, muted, in uniforms without life or color, called beige, sandblasted, that mimics us with emptiness. Disconnection, dissociation, relegation, are adjectives that flow from my pen without prior reflection. Stairways of filth and misery, smoke clouds that spread a curtain of fog which furthers grinds the dense atmosphere of these entrails of iron and concrete.



Gerardo Ramírez Valenzuela. 3:03 p.m.  
February 11th, 2016.

Sofía, I would like to talk with you about something that I live through here, mainly the daily uncertainty regarding my safety, my health, but primarily the feeling of helplessness. These days I've discovered I'm annoyed with myself for not carrying out this approach, this discipline of seeking to develop tools that a friend who was imprisoned with me gave me, these tools are my legal rights. And I think this helplessness I feel is due to mental distraction, so difficult to change.

Everyday at night before bedtime have a chance to think about my family, my mother, my nieces and nephews that I love so much, but it makes me sick to think of all the things that they are suffering through. I remember my mother told me that Sara, my niece, rebelled against her mother (my sister Gris) because Gris wants Sara stop dance, and well what I see, being in prison and perceiving all the opportunities that people - or at least my family - have, it's a privilege. Like Sara, for who dance is an outlet, because that is where she doesn't feel repressed, where she is free, even if it's just those two hours of class. And then when they told me that Sara replied to Gris, "Leave me alone, you want me to be what you could not be," I felt pleased-surprised-worried about what might happen to Sara, but I cannot let that thought disturb me, because one of the things I discovered in prison is to not live in the past or in the future, because only the "here and now" exists, and that keeps me a little stable.

I want many people to visualize this simple principle, but for example, I came to my cell and the buddies are talking about the power they had, the trucks that they stole, the women they had, and that is frustrating to me.

Today upon waking I smelled burnt cable because they were heating a twenty liter container of water under my bunk and, as the resistor has very thin cables, the energy heats them up a lot and burns them; so, since I was barely awake, the smell brought me back to memories of when I was young and in the street going to graffiti at National Railways. That place is immensely large, full of trains, machines, and I lived there much of my teenage years, with smells of diesel, of grease, of rust, of burning, and I remember firecrackers and sparklers some buddies and I stole and playing around and setting them off and taking out the gunpowder and then lighting it on fire.



Fercho. April 7th, 2016.

**Child, grandfather and cimarrón.**

Without trying anything at all, I was immersed between the walls and the asphalt, from neighborhood to neighborhood, from house to house, from place to place, such was my surprise when I stumbled upon the prison fortress and discovered that I had never gone anywhere, that I had uselessly traveled the cities seeking refuge between loneliness and the darkness of the streets...

When I was only a child, without knowing it, I was already fighting against the society that tried to humiliate me for not having a video game console, for not having a house like the wealthy kids who attended the private school where they were already taught to be leaders and to be able to oppress the other children in their neighborhood.

In technical school everything was different. Somehow our teachers knew that we were poor and many of them said that we had no other fate than to be criminals...

At that time I knew absolutely nothing about social politics, but one need not be a genius to perceive that the marginalization of our conditions did not allow us to get ahead...

The state, the teachers, the suits that speak to us from the television, they say that stealing is a bad thing, but in my neighborhood that logic cannot be applied because the children are hungry. They want to be happy and they do not know why only a few enormous houses stand out from the other side of the street, contrasting terribly with the panorama of little gray houses where we lived...

My grandmother used to tell me how things were in her land, which she had to abandon because of the dispossession and violence of the strongmen and landlords. Whenever I listened to her stories, she promised me that she would not allow me to go through the same circumstances. I hated the police because I watched as they massacred the children of my neighborhood who had no alternative but to take to the streets to recover what society and their slaves had denied them.

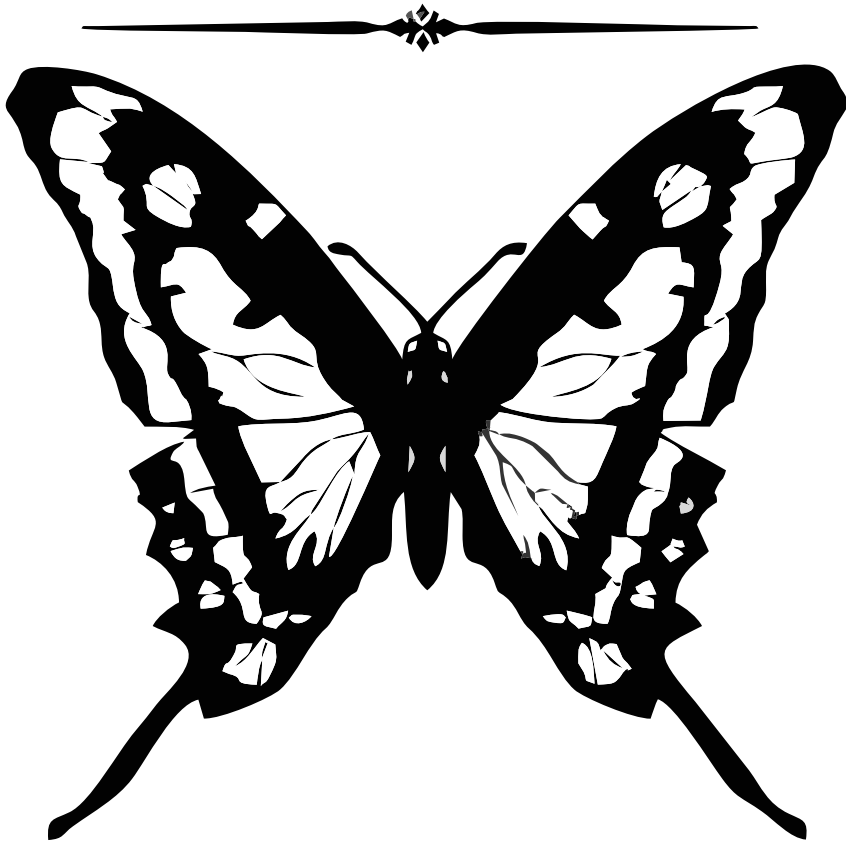
So without realizing it, I began to educate myself with the intention of no



not being manipulated by anyone. I put on street boots and decided to go out and face the music, promising myself that I would never forget my people, the people below, who continue to suffer extermination and the unbridled massacre of a criminal system...

To those who are and have become cimarrones upon recognizing that we have nothing to lose because where wealth prevails we will always be prepared to snatch it out of their hands.

For an always uncertain future, for the acceptance of chaos as a weapon that liberates the body and mind, because at the end of the day it makes us feel alive.



Hard. June 9th, 2016.

Sometimes I ask myself what love is? Why do humans confuse love with disguised attachment or the use of belonging? Why is it conditional and then we arrive at hate - perhaps we will become tired?

Of course not, because love is not sold or conditional; I have experienced that love is giving, love is to fight for an ideal, it is to fight, resist and transform this absurd reality.

Love is to belong to ourselves without knowing ourselves. Love is to surrender oneself to losing my or our importance; love is who, in resistance, gives time, life and smiles. Love is chaos and transmutation, love has no boundaries, nor does it judge; love is to remember all those who make it possible for this trip to be more pleasurable.

My revolutionary and incendiary love goes out to my son Rodrigo, Ceci, my father, my mother, my brothers, my Cimarrón commando, Sofi, Lunita, the Arrabal Suite, my love is to always have them in my heart.

Forever rebellious.

Abril 14th, 2016.

Sinué

Withered skin, parched, cracked, burned, opaque, mimics colorless sand of the prison, with cement and concrete; stoic expressions, cavities of absent or blank eyes, lack of teeth, expressionlessness, accumulated hatred in the individual and collective unconscious; constantly circulating in the aging prison, deteriorated setting, the sheen acquired with decades and decades of pain, suffering and deaths.

Broken couples and families, fractured, faded like the flag of Mexico that desperately writhes like rags and remains, attached to a flagpole that has witnessed countless tragedies; hopes full of anxiety, knife duels, frequent suicides, love and heartbreak...

Gerardo Ramírez Valenzuela. February 18th, 2016.

I observe the enthusiasm with which my comrades view the concept of Cimarrón, enthusiasm that permeates me... I feel so much anger towards my domestication that I now identify with that animal that decides to detach from the yoke, from comfort and supposed well-being: it's pure shit.

Prisoner in this human garbage dump, I am a man of thirty-five who seeks to emancipate this child who does not stop crying because hideous hordes of tyrants do not let him to be free.

I remember being nine years old when my parents told me that people are in prison because they behaved badly and deserve punishment. I remember that we looked differently at my neighbors who were getting out of prison, we stigmatized them with extreme cruelty and ignorance.

So many questions run through my mind: What is evil? What is good? For whom is evil? For whom is good?

The child's cry is the necessity of justice. The child tries to play with other children again, but the tyrants force us, on a daily basis, to put on these masks with theatrical attitudes of the violent man, the misogynist male. Unfortunately there are other children who have not realized that they are children and they seek that ego, imposing their concept of having (having knowledge, having physical strength, having power, faith...), accumulating in their sack of possessions a past that costs them a lot to carry, but they cling to it.

The concept of the child in relation to the Cimarrón collective is to return to the origins, those days when you were not yet tamed, domesticated. I see latent in this collective the need to be aware, the need to find myself, to discover myself, to learn about myself, is that which keeps me alive, otherwise I would have already committed suicide.

Hard. April 14th.

To which part of existence do we relegate those abuses that we were exposed to day after day? To the racism, to the judgment on the part of those who happen to hold a title or a government job and profit from populism (where they demand rights that were obtained long ago) already paid with the blood of many. The traitors have been many; those who have stained the pages of freedom.

But we think that the most important danger, and that which we must not let go of, are those perpetrators of so many murders and uprisings, the state and the oligarchy, the owners of the world, those capitalists who believe that they are immortal, they who destroy life as we know it. Who will deliver them from their own destruction!?

Death by blood and fire to the traitors and exploiters of the people and natural resources. How can it be that we have a country so vast and abundant. Almost all ecosystems are impacted by ecocide. They will be the intellectual authors of our extinction.

We must never forget those who gave their lives for the ideals of freedom, no, we must never forget their triumphant examples. To comrade Magón, to Tarrio, to Pombo Da Silva, to Sofi, to the profane, to the "Che Guevara," to those who send us that beautiful food, to Fercho, to Cabezas, to Gato, to Hans, to Raful, to the Cimarrón collective, to the infinite that gives us every sunrise.

Each breath will be a tribute with my being and my respect. You all are part of this struggle, a struggle that is won every day in resistance. From here, from the corner which forgetfulness send us to, from here, from the sad gaze without illusion, with emotions running high, from here where the food sometimes costs a few punches, from there where my heart overflows before you, all of you. Thank you so much for so much love and revolutionary awakening. Thanks to the beautiful, beloved person like Sofi, nothing but my respect and affection, to my son that I miss with all my being, to my "old man", to Ceci, to Lenin, to the infinite universe that is witness to this writing and this loving libertarian heart.

Thanks to Luna and Sofi for their support.



FFercho. April 14th, 2016.

As the heat lashes the room I disappear into my thoughts, the incessant routine gives me memories of when I was a regular slave...

Restless under the bunk in search of something more, without realizing it, I listen impatiently to evil words of slaves satisfied with their vain existence.

I wander through the corridors of the prison. I worry about being dissatisfied with my life, with existence at the expense of others, and yet it is pleasant to be a stranger, a stranger without a place, without a homeland, without prejudice, or moral complexes.

I have gained some enemies for being consistent in what I believe; nevertheless, regardless of the context, I spit in the faces of those who brag about the chains attached to their necks.

So let there be moral and social peace for devoted lovers of the capitalist system... for us there is only the way of war, insubordination and discontent, in each act of rebellion and rejection we recover some of our free existence: they are the experiences of life, sadness and defeat, that speak from the heart of a revolutionary and not the theoretical logic of any manifesto that emerges from the insides of power.

With the last defeat we learned to speak, to listen, to be sensitive to what is not yet rotten, to what the force of capitalism has not been able to dismember despite the human degradation that unsuccessfully persists in our memories.

Back in the bunk, the time machine where my days wear out and my thoughts gather, hoping that the insubordination will spread with every act of dignity and strength, not from the gods or from the systems, but from free men standing tall as masters of their life by recognizing that they are capable of removing or giving life to other beings who devastate their misery...

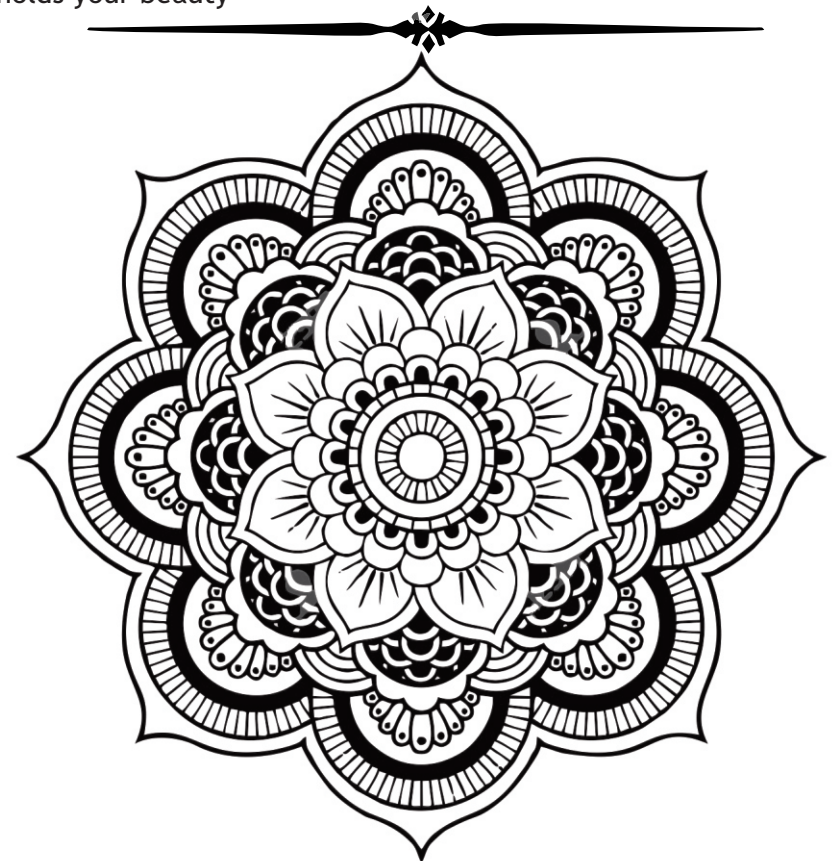
Now we are enemies of our existence...

Hard  
June 23rd, 2016.

Woman, revolutionary, homemaker, laborer, mother, single, etc.

Your immense brightness  
Sweetness dazzles  
Your harmony spreads  
Peace, tranquility,  
Confidence emanates from your eyes  
Your heart exudes love  
Love for the unknown  
Your body is a temple  
The awe of humankind  
Beholds your beauty

L



Gerardo Ramírez Valenzuela  
April 14th, 2016.

Inside prison we live in a state of complete defenselessness, that's how we perceive it. I am aware of how the state, with its monstrous system, tramples, forgets and degrades man; upon entering the jail it turns him into mere numbers. We are now part of the statistics, we become undesirable beings and, of course, to fight for your innocence is very difficult; the lawyers you get are servants to an individual who does not allow them to provide information outside their limits - that would become a contribution to the self-destruction of the state. They do not allow even a small grain of struggle. What purpose do they serve then, the lawyers?

The role of lawyers in this historic moment is to contribute in large quantities to the enrichment the state: it is well known that to have, keep, lock, degrade, squeeze, alienate, drug, lie to and repress people in prison is lucrative; the current outline of detention centers is profit based on the exploitation of prisoners.

I remember my talk with an assigned lawyer, he realized that the prisoner he had in front of him was waking from the lethargy that the state keeps us in for convenience: Me. Upon explaining everything we've filed, he realized that we already knew how to create some strong legal requests and he sincerely said to me, "all my colleagues and I are forbidden from giving you information that would allow you all to fight the monster (state)." At that time I was not surprised; though I had not heard it so directly, it did not impact me, rather I went into reflection. What good is a lawyer? Good for nothing more than to rob you, to confuse you, to persuade you to do the opposite of your interests.

I am currently pursuing my release without a public defender, I am not asking the state for a lawyer because the ones I asked for told me they cannot help me, that I better accept the crime I did not commit and hope for early release. For the moment that is not my option; I've got nine years and barely three fighting for my acquittal and because I didn't know like I do now. I'm not seeking their fucking early release or begging them to let me go for a crime that I did not commit.

Gerardo Ramírez Valenzuela. June 23rd, 2016.

Have you ever given thought to how human and non-human animals are locked up in prisons, how they are exploited, mistreated, tortured and murdered by their oppressors, subjecting them and forcing them into degrading behaviors, in an attempt to perpetuate domestication, including of the next generation, and in this way enrich themselves and consolidate the business of capital?

The places where prisoners are held are enormous territorial expanses well known as countries, cities, neighborhoods, prisons, institutions, schools, clinics, mental hospitals, farms, zoos, housing projects, in a system of neoliberal political and economic oppression, transforming and degrading all living beings to the point of converting them into disposable commodities.

Throughout the history of man, human and non-human animals have emerged, rebellious and antisocial, unwilling and free. Because even locked up they are not in agreement with the norms, with the laws, with the cultural or religious impositions; they are free beings even in captivity.

They are not in agreement with the life imposed upon them, and that is how I now see that in my own life I have been oppressed since I was born, the familial impositions such as the following: giving me a name that I did not request, implanting in me appropriate social behavior, programing me with idiotic morals. Subsequently in school I obligatorily learned a limited knowledge, an automated knowledge, that sought to mechanize the child that I was; I was a robot destined to serve the state. But in their own weakness, their incapacity to continue fighting against nature, the state realizes that it cannot continue domesticating and now the agreed upon method is to drug the individual, manipulate him with subliminal messages so that he will be docile. I now recognize these weapons that the state uses against me.

I remember Aesop and his fables and I identify with the parable of the dog and the wolf in which the wolf asks the dog, "Hey, what did you do for it to be this way, little fat one? It seems like you sleep well and have a very comfortable house. I would like to have what you have." And the dog responds, "Easy, you just have to protect the master's house from whatever robber that wants to steal things and that is all. At night you



make rounds around the house. It is important that you bark at strangers to scare them away." And the wolf asks him, "Hey, why is your neck bare?" "It's because they put a chain on me so I don't leave." The wolf asks again, "You aren't free?" The dog responds, "No, but I feel very good here, I have everything that I need. You should help me to scare away the robbers." And the wolf responds, "No, thank you. Yes, I am very hungry. I'm very skinny and I don't sleep well. I am always walking in search of shelter where I can sleep, and I do not always find it. But in reality, I am happy; I am free to do what I want. I live naturally. I prefer to be poor and free than to be an oppressed, domesticated animal and have food in abundance, and that freedom I can only obtain in my natural wildness, not in repressive domestication."

I reflect on this parable and I love it; the simple act of reading it makes me feel free. I know that it is my imagination that helps me in this way and helps me to identify with all human and non-human animals that have rebelled against their oppressors and their particular circumstances. There are elephants that have decided to break their chains and kill their trainers after so much mistreatment, humiliation, beatings, being fed trash, rampant exploitation, torture and constant stress. You hear about gorillas that rebelled against their domestication, revolting in the zoos and killing their jailers.

I find myself a prisoner, trapped in a jail for humans for a crime I did not commit, but I observe and analyze and I have always been imprisoned by this culture, by its moral values, by its borders, by its ideologies, by its concepts, by the ego, by myself within the same analogy of Aesop's dog and wolf. I identify a lot with the wolf for the freedom that many of us as the oppressed, marginalized, forgotten, exploited crave so much. Although I consider myself a rebel, I still see myself under this domestication, those reductionist cultural impositions, and I continue in search of liberation, and it is for this reason that I like the concept of "Cimarrón" because it is the animal that wants to re-wild, that decides to escape from its master, from its imposed beliefs, that looks to free itself from physical, psychological and emotional abuse, that looks to return to nature without moral parameters, without physical or psychological bars. Many could consider us savages because they still do not understand that the idea of evolution and progress is a complete lie.

I am a dog-wolf in constant metamorphosis. I may never achieve this transformation, but I will certainly never stop trying.



Sinhué Rafful.

### The Caged Monkey

A caged monkey, closed in, hand raised up to touch a cold cement plate, to the right more concrete and cast bars. They create a framework of thick slabs, a cage deeply embedded in the concrete of cement and gravel. Asphyxiated by a giant, punitive block. Depressed, frustrated, wounded, hurt monkeys, waiting for an opportunity to exploit our hatred, hatred also caged in our flesh and minds. Ideals and dreams broken, walled in. (Awesome here, the repetition of verb endings)

A horseshoe of trephination, lobotomy, mental castration.

Limited spaces, restricted access, cyclonic rhombuses, barbed spirals, toll booths. Monkeys, black apes and gorillas.

Disdain; inquisitive, punitive, humiliating, degrading, cheeky gestures. Monochrome of misery, hatred, famine, tuberculosis, meningitis and hepatitis.

Monkeys of rootlessness; cleared, damaged, dismembered, worn away, insane, deranged, disinherited, caged monkeys, monkeys caged.

