

# We'll go where flowers grow

Their attempts to silence and separate us—  
to make us vulnerable to repression and attack, to  
hold us back and keep us down—will never be  
more powerful than our love and joyous anarchy.

When they isolated us in our homes and towns, we found and built communities online. When they kicked us out of class and put us in detention, we carved love letters and memoirs into the wooden desktops. When they cut the power to our basement punk shows, we screamed without electric amplification: "Rather be alive!" When they shut down the abandoned warehouses that we had brought back to life, we partied in the desert and in underground storm tunnels using generators. When they evicted and abandoned us, we built networks of mutual aid and community self-defense. When they dismantled our pirate radio station, we installed a bigger antenna and sailed farther out to sea. When they banned us from social media sites, we reconvened on decentralized and encrypted platforms.

**If ever you think you've lost me,  
just go where flowers grow.  
I will too. We'll find each other again.**



Love and joy  
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