

REGIONALLY SKEWED RECOVERY

Driftwood over Easton

The herons are taking over
Herod continues his slaughter in Gaza
So the ICJ ,ICC, IPCC
No way out of these multiple crises
Don't want to state the obvious
but these States and Capital are
Metabolic in their rift
Making us oblivious
Immersed in our 16th Century
Virtual light, virtual
Death to this world of no virtue

We messed up, we let them
Unjust transition to counter attack
1977 Storming Heaven
He was Wright, no turning back
The intensity troubled us, unnerved us
Communia come here
For the coming fires will burn fiercer and hotter
Than the ones that battered the miners
That took down the builders doing Green Bans

The Operaismo, Porto Marghera
Disinfecting Capital from our workplaces
And from our lives
In this moment reflected in the jewelled net
We see what might be, our imitation
Of the bourgeois petit,
Currents clouding our vision
But Down Slow and mutual aid accompli
From the ruins
Scattered between the stones
Blinking slowly
The mobile phones

Nests of herons Colonise colony
Renew lifecycle
Eat the rich, Boil the sea
Take revenge on the States
Who tortured Palestine,Ukraine
Sudan Coltan Colbalt mines
Stink of Musk
Futuristic Malthus ground into dust
Scattered into a vacuum
Never again to turn Our possibilities
Against us

They say "Too many people?"
We say "Start with yourself"

Utopia Now! Dystopia Banal

Bring it down
Utopia Now
Socialing vision
Limits Hit

Dull and Duller
Dystopia Banal
Who says Mad Max is our final (final, final)

Dopamine Hit
Tiny Dose
Zoom back out
Under Bridge Flow

La Slums City of quartz

WHIPLASH
Respite
WILDFIRE
Frostbite

City of Quartz
Metabolic Rift
California Dreaming
Capital Shift

OFFSHORE
Razorwire
LONG FRAME
Flood desire

Great Replacement
Climate Brink
Rhino Musk
Shop extinct

The Housing Monster

Imagine if the blocks were contracted not expanded?
The impact on the foreigners consequently branded
The fear and trepidation of where you and yours are landed
Would resonate outwards like a ripple of shit

Fortunately for us they were expanded not contracted
The housing monster ran out of town
The struggle not protracted
With a roof not axe over you
The fear dissipated

The false scarcity of Farage and Co
Strangely syncopated
With a rhythm of solidarity
Not solace in identity
Just imagine what might happen
If housing was not this easy?

Rhino Spotted in Hay on Why?

Rural idyllic, situation phyrrie
Circle time but Extinction Rebellion
Simon says “How do we persuade the people?”

Jen spotted it first, plot details
Rudely interrupted by a sky rhino
(A techno speculation)
Sullyng the public realm

Up we look – close encounters mysticism we felt
Before social media demons unleashed
We didn’t realise we were witnessing
The birth of the monster that consumed
Both our bandwidth and our brain depth

Then our reverence of potential contact with another
Species being from space time
Turned into disgust and hate towards
What turned out to be Rhino Musk
Adding another node to Capital’s circuit (s)

“Get fucked Elon!” we said
Then Sam fell over and crushed a tent

Value Chains

Waves of extreme weather
Or not “we” hit 4°C or less
Weather from nature or
Is that Capital? It’s made
Hard to guess

The nature of value mean
The process is hidden
It appears the products
Themselves are independently riven
But imagine if labour
Instead of for value
was directed for “use” needs
Not “milieu”?

Then the waves of
Extreme weather and
The people who flee
Might be met with a
Less anxious sense of solidarity
As fellow working class humans
Also fleeing from Capital

Rather than vampires and parasites
Coming to take over our pack animal
Flats screen TVs and Houses that hutch
It will be difficult, listen
All our lives we’ve been lied
But better than convert
For climate /migrant Genocide

Working Class Lottery

Close your eyes
Imagine you are there
Sitting next to smouldering twigs
Your mother tending where
We all eat
Small portion if that
Aid deliveries (life support machines really)
Turned back

Again, close your eyes as though
Where you are here, is actually there
In Gaza , Darfur or even
Just outside that coast by Libya
Or maybe in the forest by Calais
One place we are familiar with

Going on family holidays
Passports at the ready!
Piled high luggage in the backseat
Faces squashed , giggling hysterically
We are there – and they are here
Or is it we are still here, and they are still there?

It's all a lottery
The chances for the working class across this globe
Vary drastically
But one thing we have noticed
At the borders in particularly
Is it resembles more and more a
Place of brutality

Behind the shiny lights and tranquil musak
There's a zone of duplicity
What promised freedom and cheap booze runs
Is now a site military

Where were we?
Close your eyes
Where you are now is actually there

You are still you
But you have a different history
You are aware of the occupation's legacy
You remember the foundation
Of the settler colony
You are told it will set them free

You remember the land grabs and killing sprees
You are told it was fair and necessary
You remember, you remember, you remember

And then..
..and then back here

What do you see?
Can you see past the bullshit now?
Or are the small boats
The Palestinian flags still the enemy?

I doubt it – because you know you would do the same
To help your family
Solidarity not cathartic brutality
Will set us free, together
Private jets not invited!
Utopia Now!
Not Banal Dystopia!

Break the Divide and Rule - Hotel Epping Swirling Current

It's no shock, some migrants commit assault
They're not all perfect
But now they're a lightening rod
For all the anger, rage and discontent over
The resources people feel they've not been sent

If a protester and a migrant could meet one to one
They could discuss protecting everything for everyone
Against sexual violence no matter where you're from
Then move on
To discuss whence the rage emanates

Cos if the migrants were vapourised mate
Who would you proselytize against?
What other things harm women and kids?
What other forces are bigger than this
Bogeyman on a dingy
Or a hotel room?

It's beyond them the lack of housing
It's beyond them the rent is too high
It's beyond them wages are shit
It's beyond them the rivers are full of it
It's beyond them student debt is a top hat

On an economy flat lining
Eating itself
And not just here – it's everywhere
it's the Endgame

So the reason people come here
Is cos it's not bliss
To be on the end of bombs or climate remiss
Economic zombie gets lame!

It will be better when we run the show
Protect men, women, kids from
Capital's flow, climate change grows
People move faster, everyone knows
Nationalism is a dead end
Realistically so
The only solution is to politically grow

And at the next protest say
"Migrants aren't perfect – don't pretend so
But to think they're the source of all problems?
No, No, No
The "Great replacement" is not of them to you
It's replacing the engine for the many
Not the few.

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