The Anarchist Library
Anti-Copyright



Flower Bomb
On Self-Love and Gun Powder
8/8/2021

theanarchistlibrary.org

On Self-Love and Gun Powder

Flower Bomb

8/8/2021

My love for chaos is a fiery passion — a shotgun blast of liberated tension ripping through the levies of emotional suppression. Life and death interchange and overlap, dance and sing, giving birth to spontaneous tragedies that destroy the terminal boredom of immortality. With every death I am submerged in a flash flood of grieving emotion from which I re-emerge celebrating life, liberated from the bankrupt promise of futurist perpetuity, and fluid with the wrath of a riot exploding in every direction. I relinquish the tranquilizing lullaby of totalitarian peace and safety – a normalized artificiality created in response to the non-conforming variations within society. I reject order – like the one enforced by the commune of Western civilization — where sentient life is treated like mechanical units of production, and where those who do not conform to the civilized standards of mental and physical ability are marginalized for social ridicule and disposal.

And for this I praise chaos and all its confrontational hostility toward every god and government — from the institutions of morality to the tallest churches of technological advancement. If nihilism is the rejection of all that which is positioned above the individual, then I joyfully embrace it as my own. And in doing so I realize it

would behoove me to regard myself *as* chaos. Because if I am to emerge from the flash flood of grieving emotions to celebrate life, what life is there of mine to claim without hostility toward all those who attempt to deprive me of it? I want to push on the edges. I want to see beyond the curtains of the communes, the communities, and all other ideologies that offer medicated peace in exchange for dangerous adventure.

If nihilism means life beyond the ideological workerism that builds walls and compounds of safety then I dance and sing as a nihilist to the rhythm of every tsunami that creates art with wreckage. My only tragedy is the moments of life I surrendered to the belief that I was broken, disordered, and disabled. But the death of those moments now resting in pieces gives life to a new discovery of myself, to feral expressions that overwhelm every levy of emotional control, like clandestine flora breaking through asphalt. With gun powder affection and the courage that initiates a first kiss, I find self-love in collapsing those ivory towers of decorum; my melancholy and rage might be profitable targets for control and regulation by the dealers of chemical dependencies and escapes, but they are me! They are elements integral to my existence — informed responses to my surroundings. And even if I find them difficult at times, I embrace their existence as much as I embrace myself. And while I find even myself difficult at times, I am not a fucking science project for chemical escapism; I remain an embodiment of insubordination, the fluidity of unbridled emotions, the nihilist poetry of a tsunami in flux. I do not sympathize with conforming to behavorial servitude in order to preserve the general peace of subordinating civility! Rather than pacify my outrage or silence my despair, I have put all of society's shame-on-mes and peer pressures to rest in coffins lined up for a bonfire in my head. And during their incineration, I will look up to the stars with a smile of admiration, for they are a dazzling beauty beyond the reach of civilized governance.

For better or worse I am me, the complete I, a storm living and breathing until I become one with the dirt and the infinite sky.