Can’t fight fascists

I feel confused, I feel scared, I feel like lighting myself on fire to keep from drowning.

I don’t have a choice

if it’s bravery or death

then I choose to fight --

not necessarily because I want to live,

but because how I go is my right.

Right?

Let me elaborate: when you’re suicidal, it’s tricky to not want to die at the hands of Fascism.

When I say tricky, I mean it’s almost funny.

When I say funny, I mean it’s a coping mechanism.

They say that thing about “laughing so you don’t cry”

but lately it’s more along the lines of “laughing so you don’t die”

It’s funny how nothing is funny.

but I’d rather laugh than get left behind.

I have this fantasy.

If I did cry ...

If I did cry, the river of my tears would be straight out of a creation myth.

It would be like me, or how I wish I could be:

Powerful. Painful.

(... and salty.)

I open my arms wide and let the tears spill onto the ground, which parts like the ocean it

isn’t. A river can’t be stopped, it curves and carves through mountains, determined to keep

going simply that’s because it is what the river does: keep going.

Which is what we have to do.