

THE BRIGHT DAY

IS DONE /

AND WE ARE

FOR THE DARK



LET'S FACE IT. WE'RE UNDONE BY  
EACH OTHER. AND IF WE'RE  
NOT, WE'RE MISSING SOMETHING.

In 2011, we lost a political battle against  
the marketisation of education. I was  
deeply involved, in my own small way,  
as part of a wide struggle that I hope  
isn't over. I don't believe we resist  
politically without developing deep  
emotional involvement. There's no word  
for the bonds that form between those  
who organise together. They are not  
friends or lovers (primarily) but  
something more like sisters, brothers,  
Comrades. In 2011, we also lost a  
Comrade, Patrick Rolfe, who died  
of cancer aged 24. These pieces are  
a way of memorialising these losses -  
not to morbidly rehash grief but to  
carry as ammunition, an acceptance  
that we can mourn and organise,  
lose & continue to fight.

SO THE FUTURE HAUNTS THE PRESENT

so the future haunts the present  
in moments where the bliss breaks through

I've seen it felt it known it can be true  
in moments of complete abandon  
facing off against police horses we  
joined elbow in elbow share words  
in many mouths I promise you  
I'm not saying we are it is has been  
perfect but there was a new way of being  
there held brief like an endless moment

patrick I carry you everywhere like a  
charm vision good luck bad omen  
I carry you with me in broken heart  
true belief that you would never have given  
up or in like so often tempts me this  
struggle is too hard brother I never had  
a brother until I met the likes of you

down in wetherspoons on a thursday night  
I've heard it said that we've already lost  
yet to begin give me a sign give me your  
word that this road is the right one the  
only way forward back around towards  
those endless moments lost too quickly  
where we felt beyond this place this time  
into something more than all of us

let me into your secret patrick when I  
remember you it's always laughing like  
you've seen the end and you know  
who wins

WITNESS THIS DAY MY HAND

and I remember  
ice between my teeth  
ice under our feet

we were strung out  
over street corners  
padded sleeves with  
abandoned cardboard  
bicycle helmet bandana  
and yes after a while  
it did feel like  
going into battle

sleeping on rough carpet floor  
of occupied classroom  
long meetings in a drafty  
hallway raised hands soy milk  
dream lightly under watch of  
security guards and neon bars

secret caucus in a travelodge  
hotel in central london  
take out your sim card and  
leave it in the bathroom sink  
how many people can you bring  
to the brink to the edge of the  
march and push beyond?

its hard to beat that feeling beating  
back the cops and breaking kettle  
walls with nothing but our hands  
its hard to beat the black bloc  
but I've seen them beaten down  
huddled in foetal knees drawn up  
on grey cracked pavement stone  
cops raining down blows

banners draped down multi story  
arts school build costumes book blocs  
face off with theatre of the oppressed  
against pepper spray mad plainclothes  
charging wild horses in uniform into  
crowds of students with essay deadlines  
that's what they call priorities

spent five hours hemmed in on westminster  
bridge burnt placards and a level homework  
kids get wild eyes looking down into thames  
flow far from soft into these restless hearts  
hard to find a song we all know  
goddamn those words are illusive

downtime in squatted social centres  
collecting witness statement marks  
of trained dog teeth on loose elbow  
first aid kit hopeless for what could

bleed internally what could follow us  
through rooms for our whole lives

some battles you don't win or lose  
they just fight you



I KNOW WHY POSITIONS GET HARDENED

I know why positions get hardened  
I've seen kids' eyes turn animal  
when they're treated like animals

I've seen animals broken down trained  
to injure but not to kill on the end  
of police leashes police bridles

they lived their lives in captivity yeah  
they didn't get turned can't turn  
something that never knew better

handwritten letters from behind bars  
I wrote to kid prisoners who took  
the rap for all of us got one note back

sometimes we've got to hold each other  
when there's nothing left of each other  
when there's nothing left but each other

## HARD TO IMAGINE BLUE PLAQUES FOR US

hard to imagine blue plaques for us -  
troublemakers and shit-starters  
commemorated in elegant white letters,  
anarchists and atheists, who dreamed  
of dismantling those grand houses  
brick by brick.

hard to imagine how we will be remembered  
if we are remembered.

it won't be for a few lines of poetry,  
or our acts of crazy altruism,

or long conversations in pubs and bedrooms,  
or our frozen fingers that clutched  
leaflets no one would take.  
not even the suit you wore to our comrade's funeral or the songs  
we sang with arms locked together eye to eye with police horses or

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she said it must be tribal  
your desire to protect  
those young bodies from police batons  
it must be close to instinct  
scrapping with the cops for territory

but they come with their armour and their tasers dogs helmets shields even guns  
kids on our side wearing castoff army boots and masked up  
lining our sleeves with cardboard in occupied lecture theatres in London,  
that split second decision to run across hyde park away from the march  
the cops following us through back streets and sixth-form kids with  
grime blazing out of phones  
I see parliament square from the top deck of a bus looking calm business as usual  
men waking with newspapers under their arms  
and remember fires burning, smashed treasury windows, thick lines of riot police kettle  
a friend pulled over a police line three cops smashing batons down on her  
cowering, foetal position on the ground before we pulled her back

no

we won't be remembered for those moments that made us

WORDS by  
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