

A Normal Life?

Today, I was met with a suspicious question: "Don't you want a normal life?"

What is this normal life they speak of? Do I not eat? Do I not sleep? Do I not fuck? I live and survive like every other being on this planet. I feel joy, love, pleasure. "What ever is this normal life you speak of?" I asked.

"Don't you want to grow old, have a career, go to school?"

"Of course not!" I replied.

"Why?" They asked.

"Because I cannot, for there is no time!"

There is not enough time to subjugate myself to a normal life. I cannot sacrifice my infantile individuality, my iconoclastic rage, to some spectacle of stockholm normality. I can not make myself yet another victim of this twisted and soul crushing social order. I despise order. Why fall into a pattern of tedium and dullness when I can live an exciting life and enjoy the spoils of my youth.

"You aren't going to ever be a productive member of society though, you could die!"

Is this what my personal value is as a living being? Am I suppose to be productive? What does it mean to be productive and actualize a tedious? It means the death of my self. When I measure my worth on the scale of a social I lose my sense of self. I let the dominant order control and dictate what I wish to see, hear, and feel. I lose my uniqueness and my nihilistic joy and philoclastic nature. Without me, I am nothing.

This very productivity not only kills my self, but my world, my lived reality. This advancement of species is un-apologetically killing nature and all other beings it encompasses. It is isolating humanity from that which it was birthed and nurtured from. Our social existence is at odds with everything. We are no longer in a symbiosis with the earth, but rather a parasite. We feed and feed, while killing, with no stop in sight.

Because of this, we could die at any moment. Civilization can collapse and the things we love, the people we love, can vanish at any moment. We could die stuck within these shackles, with nothing but a last transmission, as we bask in the glow of terminal sight.

Death is but a part of life. You unknowingly accept it, why am I not allowed to embrace it? This life is an adventure, to experience and ingest. We live, love, and learn, then we die. So simple yet so oddly complicated. What is death? Death is the truest form of freedom. Freer than anarchy. Nothing but a memory of yourself. Your memories may be shackled to ideological notions of against or for, but yourself no longer exist within the realm of the living, or any realm at all. It exist as nothing, a creative nothing.

“How can you believe all that?”

“How can you not?”

And with that, they left. A bittersweet ending to a romance that felt too short. A lack of passion and urge. We took from each other, stole from each other, and someday we will kill each other. She is my lover and my enemy, language bound us to an eternal affair.

As they walked away I called their name.

“I’m not sorry!” I said.

The explosion went off. Whether it was a material explosion, or one in my soul, I felt it. It shook my bones, my nerves, and my humanity. A realization, a sense of clarity. I have realized I am free! I am the unique embodiment of freedom. Let the hills shake as I explode like a volcano. Let the disillusioned slaves, who suck at their teet feel the tremble of my love. Let those who seek to destroy myself feel this explosion of clarity, for I am a philoclastic vagabond!

Now I seldom I wait, with a gun pointed at my face. Do I regret not every having a wife, or a child? Do I regret not having a career or something to brag about to my “friends?” I do not, for I do not regret. I lived my life how I wanted to live it, as an anti-social enemy. I lived my life as the destroyer of images, an iconoclast. I lived my life as someone who has a creative affinity with destruction, a philoclast. I lived my life as an intellectual reject, a vagabond. I lived my life, as my self. I experienced love, rage, and laughter. I learned, I played. I LIVED, and I enjoyed every moment of it!

I needed not a purpose, but petty adventurism to fulfill my aching and bored heart. Now I march boldly and proudly with my fellow philoclast and vagabonds, insurrectionist if you will. The rhythmic beating of hearts fills the air. We are ready, our time is now! It is dawn and our daggers are drawn, our bombs are lit, and our guns loaded. We take aim at our enemies and breathe in slowly, flashing back to times of joy and play, of sadness and heartbreak. We see it all, then a flash!

We declare anarchy! Anarchy now! Anarchy Forever!

“I’m not sorry” They said, over the dead.

Words burned into the hearts and minds of passerbys and curious faces. Shocked at such a brutal massacre. These were our sons, our daughters, our children. They were our lovers and ex-lovers. They were common folk like you! They were you!

There was nothing special about them, but everything they did was special. Everything they felt was special.

Now we lay dead, so what do you do? Continue slaving away of course! You may share their story and struggle on your favorite social media site, or you may even right a memior for them, distancing yourself from them as humans, treating them as a subject of discourse and theories. What a shame!

So I digress, you boring slave. I will lay here dead with a smile on my face, staring my lover down coldly with a bittersweet smile on my face. They give me a cold hard stare back. I'm but a small memory in their long and bitter existence.

At least I didn't live a normal life. At least I lived a life worth living.

A wise man once said "Dead men don't sing." Oh how wrong he was!

The dead sing a song of silence, of anger and happiness. A bittersweet melody of vitriolic grief. It shakes the cemetery like the loudest concert. The living can't hear this song, but they can feel it. Throughout their memories the dead live on amongst the living. In their actions and words. In their thoughts and dispositions.

An ironic spin on order eh? They tell the rebels and theives nobody will remember them, but alas that isn't true. They never really died, their selves live on with every murmur of their name. Every time you whisper their name and gasp about their glorious and dangerous attack you continue their legacy.

We can only be forgotten when you finally decide to pull the trigger on our lover. Yes, our lover. They are not just mine, for property is theft is it not?

They hold you as tenderly they held me. They cradle your dreams and urge you to go on before they cut you down! They pretend to enjoy hedonistic experiences with you when in reality it is just to keep you around, to drain you of your individuality and kill you before you can kill them.

They are the puppet master, the sandman, the illuminati. They are the supreme ruler of us all.

Their name is society.

