

Everyone is Remembered

JUNE 19, 2021

STRUGGLESSESSIONS



Note from the poet: *In commemoration of the Day of Heroism, June 19, 1986. Dedicated to the heroic prisoners of war of the three Shining Trenches of Combat of El Frontón, Lurigancho and Callao prisons. We honor the fallen heroes by upholding, defending, and applying Marxism–Leninism–Maoism, principally Maoism, and the contributions of universal validity of Chairman Gonzalo. It was the fire of the ideology guiding the heroic prisoners of war that kept the trenches shining brilliantly, in this case Marxism–Leninism–Maoism, Guiding Thought which would be developed and soon after formally adopted as Marxism–Leninism–Maoism, Gonzalo Thought.*

Everyone is Remembered

By frh

In Blue Block resistance,
reddening concrete and shrapnel,
the comrades fall heavy
like Andean mountains,
crushing and embarrassing
death to resignation,
not wanting anything to do
with the souls of fire and glory,
leaving them to be absorbed
by comrades climbing out
from concrete crypts turned
shining trenches.

‘Who is Gonzalo?’

they ask to mock.

They're naked except for robes
of blood and debris.

They have been forged in fire,
iron legions with shared purpose
like a sword of bright steel.

'Where is Gonzalo!'
they ask to provoke.

Everything is remembered,
everyone knows, everyone
is remembered, the guilty
and the heroes: Alejandro wounded,
his blood streaming, his head,
his waist, his last command:
Sing the Internationale, comrades!
and he picks up the flag, red
and heavy with 115 years
of blood.

'Where is Gonzalo!'

Victor, José, Teófilo, Julio, Félix,
Osvaldo, Armando, Daniel, Wille,
Amílcar, Felipe, Ignacio, Lucho:
More than 250 culminations of
15 billion years of matter in motion.
Our heroic and unstoppable children
sent to history in two directions:
to take up new posts
with our ancestors
and to the future

to be born again.

'Who is Gonzalo!'

They still ask, they still want
to insult but they really want
to know because they are
dumb roaming beasts sniffing
out blood. They want to know
what force keeps these bodies
up and going and fighting.

'Is it Gonzalo? Who is he?
Where is he!'

The state's soldiers are scared.
They shoot scared, they shoot
not to be killed, they've been trained
to kill with bravery but die like
cowards, and these children
our children, shoot to kill too
but are free from fear of being killed.
These children of Gonzalo they seek,
they are hurricanes and earthquakes
unstoppable like the People's War.

The beasts hear them:
they're not crying, they're singing.

The wide eyes of the soldiers
turn black and windowless.
They've carried out the orders
of their old masters. The beasts turn
back quickly like cowards

from their fate, but no one escapes,
least of all the unpunished guilty

because
everything is remembered,
everyone knows, everyone
is remembered, the guilty
and the heroes: our children.

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