

To My Unborn Child

JULY 21, 2018

STRUGGLESSESSIONS

Poem written in jail by comrade Dallas and read aloud at an International Working Women's Day event in Austin, Texas. The reactionary state arrested the partner of comrade Dallas before March 8th and she was unable to attend the event. We post it here to rally support for their fight. #freedallas, freedallas@protonmail.com



i don't know your name yet
on this i have a few ideas
but i don't know your face yet
in spite of this i trace
all your features
in my mind

to my unborn child,
your father is in stripes
but your father is no ordinary inmate
i want you to know this
and one day come to grasp
all the reasons i came
to be here

to my unborn child,
your father is a revolutionary
revolutionaries in this country
are quickly stamped out
if not, and far more often,
bought up

bought and paid for
given book deals
academic teaching jobs
the rest face prison
death.

for those who
are not bought up
and will not be

to my unborn child,
they were unable to kill me
by breaking my neck in two places
so now in their frustration
they attempt to kill my heart
by locking me away before i get to hear yours beat
for the first time

but it beats in my mind
it beats
and beats
like a fucking war drum

to my unborn child,
your father is a Communist

we Communists have no fear
armed with the truth
that we may well be struck down by the enemy
which already gorges itself
on our class, yet
wherever we fall
others may rise
our cause carried on to its conclusion
servants of the final class

it is my dream, my unborn child
that you will come to know
yourself as a Communist
that you will raise our red flag
to never let it drop
and you will remember your fathers words
come what may, and our martyrs many
and on the road still very long and tortuous
our hearts will be linked in time

the only pains we feel
are birthing pains of
a better world to come
ones where fathers to be
are not separated from
their unborn children
one where the red flag flies victorious
and our enemies are
but a bad memory having converted to dust

it must be this way my unborn child
and you must help to make it so
and i want you to take note
of the absolute, desperate disdain
in the chorus of enemy voices
the first time they call you a Communist—
hold it
relish it

we are a rejection
of their backward “values”
their whole damn world
because we have seen freedom rise
once in the Soviet Union

and never higher than in China
before freedom fell again
lower than ever
in that low
millions of revolutionaries wore these stripes
“criminals” all
just like your father

but my unborn child do not fret
we are in the good company of history
the history of class struggle
of standing and falling for something better
may you never fear the inside of enemy cages
they cannot win

you and millions like you,
the children of the last class are promised so little
deserving of so much
you become the children of the revolution
when robbed of your fathers

so my unborn child,
please study the works of Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, Mao
and Gonzalo
and know the truth when you hear it
your ears, at the time i write this
are just now developing

and i know, just as class struggle develops fighters like me,
your mother, and our comrades
you will develop ears, ears that hear the truth
and eyes too, ones that can see reality
and a mind that can comprehend philosophy

but most importantly you will develop hands
hands for grasping, working and for fighting

to my unborn child,
your mother will hear your heart beating
for the first time on March 8th, 2018
international working women's day!
she is my hero
a genuine fighter for our class
and while i may be robbed of this moment
by the state which demands my blood,
blood already consigned to the revolution
which like yourself is just a promise of life
like you it is still a small thing in this wretched country
and like you we love it so very much

like you, my unborn child
our revolution will grow
through leaps
let you both grow into a maelstrom
which makes the enemy scurry and cower
but more importantly
raises the spirits of the indomitable masses

my dear unborn child,
it is my dream that you become
the type of person
who's heart sores with the joy of the people
who is sensitive to their pain
the type of person who never yields or retreats
in your own fight for our class
and for our people

my unborn child it is my hope
that you come to understand the meaning of my words
and forgive my absence now
and in time to come
dare to think and dare to act
for this better world
it is Communism which brings life to our dying world

to my unborn child,
i already love you with the intensity and passion
which I reserve only for revolution
and our bravest comrades and martyrs
with my words i wish to give you the world
just be the type of person willing to fight for it!

Poem by Comrade Dallas

PREVIOUS POST

On the Maoist Principle of Great Leadership

NEXT POST

The Abolition Myth: Prisons and Peoples War

Leave a Reply

Enter your comment here...

Search ...

ARCHIVES

December 2021

November 2021

October 2021

September 2021

August 2021

July 2021

June 2021

May 2021

April 2021

March 2021

February 2021

January 2021

November 2020

October 2020

July 2020

June 2020

May 2020

April 2020

March 2020

February 2020

January 2020

December 2019

November 2019

October 2019

August 2019

July 2019

June 2019

May 2019

April 2019

February 2019

January 2019

December 2018

November 2018

October 2018

September 2018

August 2018

July 2018

June 2018

BLOG AT WORDPRESS.COM.