



our parents because we know we should be a community and social organism and have kinship; the casual declarations of “f**k the police” on a daily and in every song because we deep down recognize that them and 911 alike are a joke and aint here for us; the “save this” reminders from our parents when it comes to plastic bags and plastic containers and cooking oil because even if we aint on some green politic we know that wastefulness is not okay and we should use every part of what we got instead of throwing it away; the spirit and power of Marsha P Johnson and Assata Shakur and Sojourner Truth and Harriet Tubman and Kimpa Vita and Malcolm X and Martin and Frances Beal and Frantz Fanon and Amilcar Cabral and Queen Nanny and other maroons and palenques and quilombos and each of the various units that took on the name Combahee and many others; the words and work of Moya Bailey and Kimberlé Crenshaw and Miss Major and Angela Davis and Cece McDonald and Sylvia Wynter and Mariame Kaba and Ruth Wilson Gilmore and countless other even unnamed or not-well-known Black sheroes, theyroes, and heroes, whether ancestors or the everyday this-world niggas who got us hip to all this with just a look, a touch, or their care; and its the plants we grow and tend to and it’s the creatures we pet and feed and take care of and its the waters we commune with that hold our dead and its the mountains where our ghosts and guerrillas are hiding in and carrying out struggle from and its the skies our folklorists used to say we could fly upon like angels on Jacob’s Ladder and the stars above that guided niggas off the plantation over a century ago; and it’s the Divinity we call upon, and the inSpirited religious experiences that free us up from rigid colonial and gendered limitations on how we inhabit our bodies and express our emotions; and it’s also the very expanding and black-colored universe itself. It’s all these wild and wayward Things and more that inspire us before it’s ever Kropotkin, or Malatesta, or Bookchin or Marx or Mao (if they ever even come into the picture). Not discounting the left’s insights, because some of it is useful, but we just saying that first and foremost we are BLACK before we are anarchic, not the other way around, the latter proceeding from and never taking us out of the former. Revolution for us is a consolidation, not a conversion.

As such, it will come as we studiously and reverently integrate a range of Black radical contributions and praxis with our cultures of resistance and rebellion. It will come as we wholeheartedly operate under guidance of Black revolutionary (trans)feminist principles and true intersectional analytics that provide a “roadmap to areas of need” and center the most marginal. It will come as we tirelessly build via principled and even ecumenical dedication to radical community organizing. It will come as we ground ourselves in establishing and defending and being accountable to viable and comprehensive networks of autonomous community support + mutual aid. And it will come because our people are daily struggling to make Black liberation more possible by their own means. It will come because

