

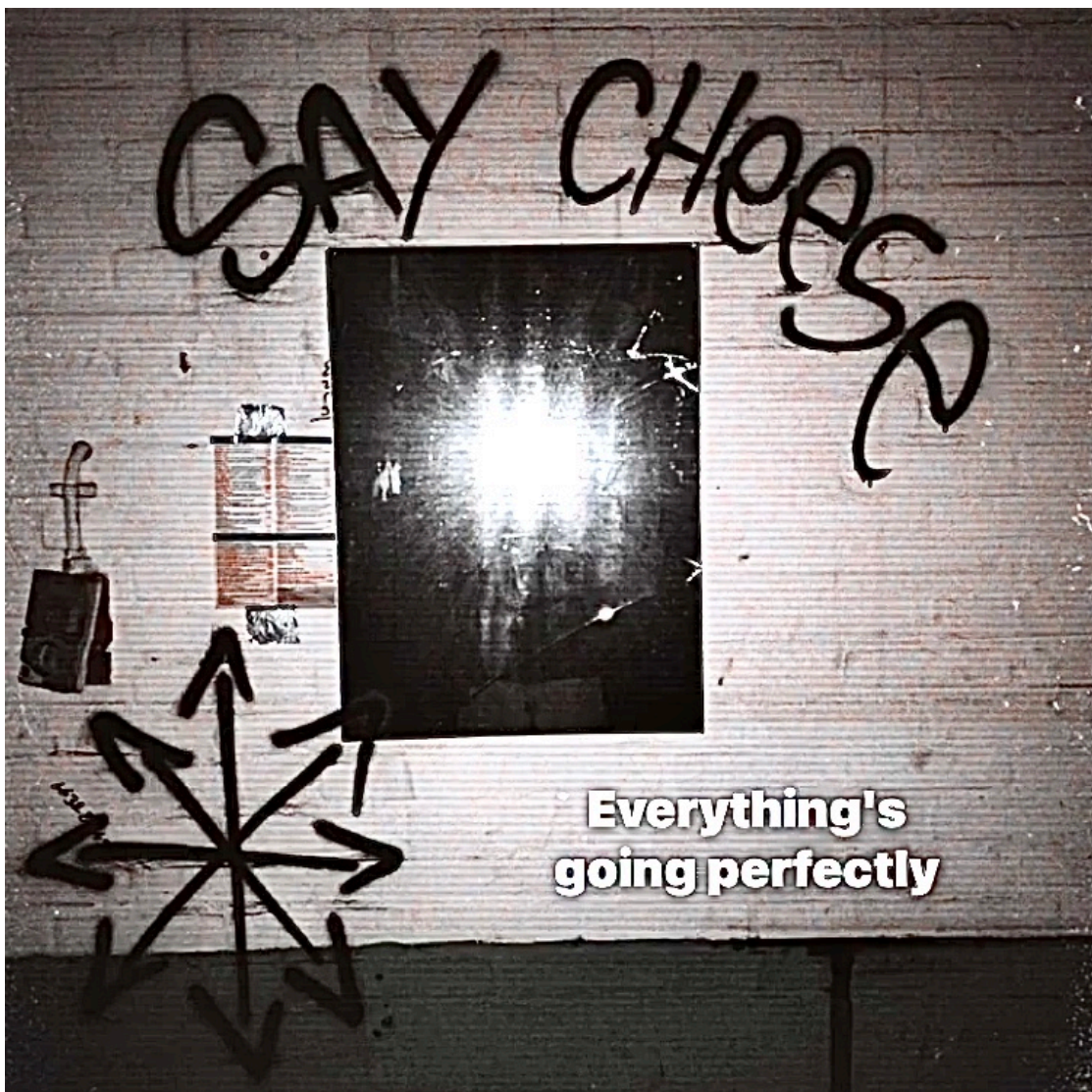
AN OPEN LETTER TO ALL THE ABUSERS IN MY LIFE

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WRITTEN BY: [SELF-CENSOR]



Hi Mom, Hi Dad, Hi Friends, Hi Partner, Hi Boss, Hi Officer, Hi Me.
We are all connected because we all have something in common.

Dear Mom,

The mastermind that started it all.
Your need for control, privilege, luxury and conformity shapes your life.
I've never met you. You've never met me.
Yet, you have lived my youth more than me. You were in the driver's seat.
You love to show me photo albums from back then and expect me to laugh.
How can I laugh when you never took my feelings into account?
Every time you took a picture and forced me to laugh, we just had a fight or I was crying inside.
To this day, I hate cameras. I hate photo moments. I hate faking smiles and 'saying cheese'.

'The happy youth', 'The great Mom' and 'The perfect son' were all one big lie.
It is like you always said: "Never mind how small the lie, the truth will catch up with it".
I didn't want to live your life, your lie.
But as a true politician you sent in the cops when I didn't behave.

Dear Dad,

I started to love you when you stopped hitting me.
I know you only did that because I started hitting back.
I started to trust you once I figured out Mom was your commander.
Our mini-society, our nuclear family was a small-scale matriarchy.
You made the money, but the tax rate to the supreme leader was a 100%.

When I told the principal that you hit me you got mad for putting you in a bad light.
You hit me again when I got home, proving my point.
I guess you were right.
I shouldn't have said "My Dad hits me".
I should have said "My Mom makes my dad hit me".
You had the cop in your head nurtured and fed.
It became an inescapable prison of mind games.

After that heart-attack you seemed to have changed.
You said you wanted different priorities.
You said you wanted to love and care more.
I believed you.
I was willing to give you your 1312th chance.
Yet the comfort of letting Mom run your 'perfect' life was inescapable.
You should have divorced her.
You should have taken off your uniform.

Never a friend, always a bastard.

Dear Friends,

You were and are my refuge from home.
I felt like I was free from abuse when I was with you, out on the streets.
The streets, my real home.
We were inseparable partners in crime.

However, I was not the only one that suffered abuse.
I was not the only one perpetuating the abuse inflicted upon me.
It wasn't long before you started hitting me too.
For some it was drug-induced, for others their way to show affection.
Nevertheless, it felt like my last refuge was taken from me. Alone.

I still remember it so clearly.
I invited you to the shed.
You started calling me "Giraffe", hitting me with sticks, laughing while ignoring my calls to stop.
We all wanted to be 'okay' so badly that we started punching down.

Looking back at how racist, sexist, ableist and homophobic we all were, I feel deeply ashamed.
The only reason we weren't transphobic was because we didn't know trans people existed.
We weren't even the worst ones.
It was normalized in our community.

Now I feel disgusted by some of you.
The things you say, the things you do.
Of others, I feel proud.
Some of us were capable of introspection.
Some of us were able to free ourselves from the mental shackles of cultural indoctrination.
A few are just starting out.

Our little group is ancient history now.
But those years shaped us, influence how we are today.
We still talk every now and then.
With some of you I would like to speak more often, even though you hit me too.
I can forgive you when I see the person you have become, but we don't and I understand.
You are ingrained there and I cannot go back.
I cannot go there without feeling depressed.
I know some of you feel like I abandoned you.
I promise you I didn't.
In order to abandon my parents, I had to leave you too.

Now I have made new friends, here.
One of these new abusers I cannot end it with.

You gave me a false sense of security.
Now I'm haunted by your abuse.
The stealing, the stalking, the verbal abuse, the death threats, the transphobia, the homophobia.
I have asked you to leave me alone.
Why won't you?
Why must I leave the ones I love?
Why won't the ones that hate me go?

I do have real friends, real family.
We abuse each other too.
It is just impossible to kill the cop in our heads in this oppressive society.
The difference is we are open to critique and dialogue, take responsibility and change our behavior.
This family exists almost exclusively of women and non-binary people.
I wonder why...

However, some women carry the patriarchy with them.

I will purposefully be abusive when you, as a white autistic woman, are a racist piece of shit.
You want to punch down. I won't let you.
I am always anti-fascist first, your friend second.
I will not allow safe spaces for racists, especially not in my home.
You use your autism as an excuse, not as a source of empowerment.
Your neurodivergence does not excuse your racism.
Me being anti-racist in not ableist. Cry all you want.

Me being abusive to racists is not 'masculine energy'.
The fact that you think being an outspoken, big-mouthed aggressive radical anti-fascist that voices her opinion is 'masculine energy' says more about your own gender-stereotypes and internalized patriarchy than it says anything about my gender.
You shouldn't memorize pronouns.
You should deconstruct gender.

My activist friends are not cleared from this behavior.
Watch out for your own assumptions before you call out problematic behavior.

Your skin color does not excuse your transphobia and sexism.
Being trans does not excuse your classism or sexism.
Being a woman does not excuse your transphobia and sexism.

I will always be a strong, voiced, empowered woman.

Dear 'Partner',

You seem to like your title in this 'monogamous' relationship.
I shall call you what you prefer until we have reached a consensus.

You own me. You trapped me.
You decide my social life.
You decide who I speak to.
You decide who is welcome in 'your' home.
You decide what I do with my body. My brain. My heart. My dick. My tits. My ass.

Sometimes you say you feel more like my Mom than my lover.
You are both my Mom and my Dad.
Not only are you the controlling, conformist mastermind but also the brute force that empowers it.
I didn't want to return to old habits but I couldn't let you hit me anymore.
The amount of times you punched me, kicked me, choked me, bashed my head against the wall.
I couldn't let you continue.
I started flinching when you moved your hand just a little too close or too fast.
I needed to act in self-defense.

Now I have found a new tactic.
You want to hurt me but you don't want to kill me.
Every time I beg you to kill me, the violence stops.

Why can't I leave you?
We are well past the point of no return.
I want to live authentically. You want to conform.
You force me to be 'normal'.
Me announcing my boundaries you view as abuse because it's outside the cultural norm.
You are narrow-minded. She warned me of this and I didn't listen. I should've listened.

You don't want a relationship with me. What you want is a relationship.
A relationship as prescribed by popular culture. The heterosexual type, with the cis-man.
That I am also part of this relationship is secondary to you.
What I want is to build our own. What I want is to be with the people I spiritually connect with, in whatever way and for how long that may be is up to us. Not society. Not the media. Us. We. You. I. Them.
You have robbed me of this. You have robbed me of happiness. You have robbed me of love.
You have robbed me of me.
And I let you.

You hurt me, oppress me, even after I nurtured and cared for you when you traumatically escaped the oppressive cultural norms at home. You are repeating the cycle.
I feel like I need to escape.
I didn't escape my parents, but just moved to a different prison.

We talked and the consensus was that you are oppressing yourself. Or that at least your past is.
You seem to have forgotten that. Put it away somewhere.
You are a slave of your parents. You are no one. You exist physically. You are a zombie. You have no free will. You are a plastic bag in the wind.
At least we have that in common.

I want to help you. I want you to be free. I know who you are, somewhere deep inside.
I can see it in your eyes.
I can see who you are, not who you pretend to be.
I can see the person you were before this world ruined you.
That's why I fall in love so easily. So many beautiful souls. Corrupted.

I want to help you. You won't let me. I won't let you corrupt me. A standstill. Yin and Yang.
Endlessly helping you will kill me. Endlessly corrupting me will kill you. Either we are both free, or both slaves. Forever connected. For better or for worse.

As an officer once told me:
"Prison is the safest place you can be; much safer than at home."
I have never felt safer falling asleep on my cellmate's chest.
I have never felt safer kissing, hugging and fucking my cellmate.
I have never felt safer stimming and making silly noises in our ableism-free cell.
Then I discovered my cellmate had the key to freedom.
You told me transphobic, sexist, ableist lies about why I couldn't have the key.
When I wanted to take the key anyway, you beat the shit out of me.
I am safest in your mental prison.

Dear Boss,

I hate that so many of my abusers are women, matriarchs.
These so-called 'feminists' that think it means to make everyone suffer equally. Anti-politics.
All these women punching down, corrupting their souls.

We are both cops. My job is to be ableist. My job is to spread state-propaganda. My job is to oppress. My job is to enforce conformity, uniformity. My job is to create slaves.
'Educated slaves', but slaves nonetheless.

My practical option was liberal reformism. I wanted to be 'pink in blue'. Even that was not allowed.
It would have given me and the students too much self-determination.
Your job is to make sure I do my job.
Your job is to prevent 'corruption'.
Your job is enforcing uniformity in other people enforcing rules.

You lied to me. The rules you are so proud of say you have to forbid all forms of discrimination.
But what if you are the one doing the discriminating?
You have decided my pronouns. You decide what I say. You control me. I am your slave.

Now I am scared to correct 12-yearolds when they misgender me.
I am scared to correct transphobic students when they bully or misgender queer students.
I have become nothing more than an obedient tool in a fascist indoctrination center.

Queer students feel unsafer than ever.
The grand illusion of 'The tolerant school' and the rhetoric of "We're doing the best we can" have
been broken and shattered. Transphobia has been approved and normalized.
I am back in the closet but the revolution has begun.
The resistance is forming.
Solidarity has been created.

I know you are "just doing your job" and that you would have liked to have seen it differently.
But, people will hold you accountable.
Please make the right choice before the students will de-throne you.
And if the students can't, I will.
Slow and steady wins the race.

I will keep resisting until my job is dead.
I will keep resisting until I am no longer a cop.
I will keep resisting until I am no longer a slave.
I will keep resisting until I am no longer a slave-master.

ALL TEACHERS ARE BASTARDS!

Dear Officer,

When I think of trauma, I think of you.
I am used to being beaten. It doesn't scare me anymore.
The actions of lovers, friends and family can be forgiven.
They acted alone, out of a conditioning by the system.
The same system you enforce.

Your obedience to corrupt masters is the cause of all of our pain.

You imprisoned me, just like the rest.
The difference is the scale.
Others beat me like proles, with their own bare hands.
You beat me with the iron fist of the state.
Others imprisoned me subconsciously, without ill intent.
You imprisoned me knowing full well what you're doing, similar to what teachers do.
You put me in that concrete fortress, paid for by my taxes.
You stole from me, but I cannot steal back. I cannot imprison you too. I cannot beat you too.
Your abuse is the worst because I am completely powerless against your systemic gang violence.

I don't have nightmares about my parents or my partner.
I wake up sweating at 4 in the morning because I dreamt about meeting the blue.
It escalated again, of course.
Broken bones, bullets and mental torture poison my subconscious.
I panic when I hear sirens. I am always aware of my surroundings.
When I see you, my eyes are on your gun.
I'm training myself to snatch pistols out of holsters.
If I'm going, you're coming with me.

Some of you are so frustratingly oblivious about this.
You come to my house saying you're 'worried' and ask if you can come in.
Does showing up to someone's house with a gun sound normal to you?
Acting all surprised when I tell you to stay outside. Fuck you.

After the collapse, my abusive partner will be my accomplice and you'll get a bullet from us both.
We'll hang you from the highest tree, for all to see.
Sometimes it's nice to dream. I discovered I can sweat from happiness.
I don't cry when cops die.

Dear me,

I am not a saint.

I might be the worst abuser of them all.

At the least I am part of the reason this world is fucked beyond repair.

The only way to fix a problem, is to admit you have one.

I am a rapist. I have been raped.

What now? Shall I whine about how the patriarchy taught me to rape? Shall I find a scapegoat?

No.

I know what it's like now. There is no excuse.

I have to take responsibility.

I have to ask for forgiveness.

I have to deal with the consequences.

An eye for an eye broadens your perspective.

Sometimes violence and abuse is the answer.

Thank you for raping me, I learned a lot.

I deserved it.

The perfect irony for a rapist rape-victim.

All I can do is learn.

Learn from others' abuse.

Learn from my own.

I need to learn.

I have misgendered others.

I have misgendered myself.

Sometimes I am ableist and sexist towards myself.

Sometimes I am ableist and sexist towards others.

Why do I do it?

Why do I somehow feel ashamed to apologize or correct myself?

Is it really so hard to hold myself accountable?

Learn on the spot next time instead of heading home to whine inside your head.

The pain makes me feel alive. Too long have I felt nothing.

Unconditional love is long gone. Pain and anger are all I have left.

Conflict, stress, pain and abuse are the fastest ways to learn.

Comfort is overrated. As long as I make others suffer, I shall suffer too.

Being free from abuse is a pipedream.

Being free from systemic oppression is not.

Holding abusers accountable is not.

You can hold abusers accountable using an oppressive system, thereby creating new ones,
or you can do it yourself.

Punch back. Speak up. Eye for an eye.
Make self-defense violent again.
It is your own responsibility. It is your life. No sheep, no shepherd.
Abuse accountability shouldn't be voted on every 4 years but practiced in the here and now.
Words don't write themselves. Conversations don't speak themselves. Violence is not passive.

It will be hard. Mistakes will be made. I am sorry for not teaching you in school.
I hope you'll spare me the bullet.

That's the funny thing about justice.
It always comes too late.
If only we could invent 'preventive justice'.

Too late for George Floyd.
Too late for Sammy Baker.
Too late for Ivar Vičs.

I wish to die like Ivar.
Living fast, learning fast, dying young.
Crashing and burning instead of rotting.
All of us will always be too late.

There is no future.
There is no hope.
There is no fun.

All I wish is for, is that it ends.

One cigarette at a time.

Violent regards,
A sheep in shepherd's clothing

