

RETURN TO THE  
COMMONS —  
TO BE READ OUT  
AT 5:30 BY  
Alison Ballance

## **'Return to the Commons'**

We start here at the End.  
This is the End!

We come here, we time travel  
Circumventing through on in round over by words and acts that we have with one another.  
Past present future.

We meet here to gather skills and understandings.  
The acquisition and the enactment of knowledge as confrontation and attack,  
not survival, or defiance.  
To heal to feed. To refuse to be oppressed.

The resources are communal. This is a return to the commons,  
a reclamation of the commons.  
We are the commons, we are wild and we burn and we grow.  
We will share and be full of respect and no one shall take more than they need.

Together we must be willing,  
All us maroon communities, us unintentional communities, us non-compliants, us freaks, us  
others; against the hedges we shall push. We will resist, we will believe in ourselves and  
what we believe to be good and there will be no "other" only an extension to ourselves; we  
shall move in a fluid swelling motion of struggling love.

We trust each other as strangers - and only when our sense of injustice is offended do we act  
with rage: for rage is earnest, rage hates cynicism as it is filled with hope and that's why it is  
also beautiful, rage is urgent, rage is absurd, it can look ridiculous, rage needs articulation, to  
protest, rage is immediate, rage is silenced so rage needs a place to be voiced, rage will  
defend the right to be heard, rage is no longer frustrated, rage isn't sad, rage is a riot, rage has  
nothing to lose, the rage will continue.

We don't belong to ourselves; we belong to no one and maybe we are only ever a spirit, an  
energy, a movement.

But if so then let us carry on.  
To go forward and to learn and to work and to join.  
This is not survival, this is living and deciding.  
Decisions being made within the mess.

We are under ground. We hide and we fuck.  
We crawl out of bodies, crawl out of minds out of the earth.  
*"Spread the contagious attitude of those who have nothing to gain or lose".*

Start with what is left.

Use the invisibility which is ours to perform  
- It is not theirs to force us into.  
Have safe space and defend it  
- It is not theirs to define.

We refuse to lock the doors at night  
We like to not lock the doors at night  
We insist on not locking the door at night

Enough:  
A moment of finality, an announcement of action,  
a prelude to interruption, a stop and a start.  
To stop and start at the same time.  
A saturation and a description of a quantity.  
"We have enough"  
and "We have had enough".

We are hidden here.

We should burrow deeper into the soil, sleep in caves and trees. We choose no houses. We form holes and we sleep inside. It is the shelter, the den, the incubation.  
In doing so we get closer to the centre; doing things that are right gets us closer to the centre.

Taking care

What an odd strength we create.  
A look that shoots straight in the eye, meeting a stare.

To catch and keep the acts which stop a slip into barbarianism. To watch out and continue the story telling.

It's exhausting, not exhausted.

We whisper through the texts and acts and time.  
We whisper in the text and acts and time.  
Hold close the mud of the anarchist garden for this is the beginning.