

Revolution in Progress by Stavroula Harissis

Hot winds
of an Arab Spring
blow westward
toward a summer of
boiling bank accounts
across the Mediterranean.
By Autumn,
the heat has traversed the Atlantic
and set fire
to the ↗of empire.

Ten years since FDNY
put out the smoldering ashes
of a false flag terror attack
on home soil.
And they have only *now*
begun to rebuild.

Fresh steel beams
emerge from the rubble,
while tortured spirits of truth
rise from the forgotten
and mingle with the wayward wind.
They conspire
to turn the masses into matadors
and launch an attack
on the financial district's
petrified golden idol.

But bankers and their henchmen
erect barriers around
the imposing symbol of superiority
and herd the people
into a private public park
formerly known as
Liberty Plaza.

Here, dissenters
set up tents of determination
amongst the austere landscaping
and cold corporate marble
of a hellish urban refuge
sandwiched between skyscrapers.

Oh, *The Audacity of Hope!*

But, oh, the disillusionment of the hopeful.

Leaderless.
Perhaps cynical,
mistrusting of leadership.
Or, some may say,
leaderfull,
for we all have our own weight to pull.
Each pair of feet
marching in protest,
disobeying in collective non-violence,
is responsible for breaking the silence.

At night,
tired soles take cover
from the city's whipping, chilling rain
under tarps or tents or awnings
or inside sleepless subway trains.
Minds seek rest and refuge
but this city knows no slumber.

Still, each day,
creativity awakens and blooms
in every corner of the encampment.

Drum Circles.
The heartbeat of resistance going strong.
In celebration.
In meditation.
In pulsing pursuit of liberation.

The People's Library.
Where intuition becomes fortified by knowledge
within the well-worn pages
of humanity's collective inquiries.

The Kitchen.
Daily donations prepared
into fresh plates of nourishment
for all.
No questions asked.
No coins required.
No guilt.
No shame.

Stairs become a stage
for the 7pm GA
where hundreds flock each night
in a mob of direct democracy.
A buffet of announcements,
proposals,
clarifying questions,
concerns,
temperature checks,
blocks,
disruptions,
spontaneous births
of conflict resolution specialists.
Consensus!
At times, frustratingly inefficient.
But beautiful.

So painfully beautiful
to witness something still nascent and pure
emerging from such chaos
in awkward elegance,
in fragile fortitude,
like a rose growing from the concrete
of a most cruel society.

So beautiful
to feel the power of
The People's Mic,
to add a voice to the echo
of a demand for justice,
a demand for freedom,
a demand for equality.
A declaration of
WE WILL NO LONGER TOLERATE
YOUR TYRANNY.

Even with police surrounding us,
their riot gear aimed at our defiance,
we are here for a cause that transcends our fear.
And we shall not be moved.