



A Love Letter To A Lost Comrade



My dear comrade,

We fought in the streets together, we laughed together, we partied together and now you're gone. I'm filled with mixed feelings of sorrow because I will never see you again. I'm filled with rage because the world has taken you away from me. Lastly, I'm filled with regret because we will not be able to set fire to the barricades and fight disgusting colonizers together.

I can remember your laugh and I can see your smile. I'm scared these memories will one day fade but I hope they stay with me until I fall. I struggle to process these feelings with urges to drown myself with anything I can get my hands on. However, I somehow doubt that is something you would want. So instead I will sit here, light up a cigarette and try to hold back my tears.

With you gone it feels like there's one less spark in this shit world. Why did the world take you and not a fascist? Why take you and not a cop? Why you and not some asshole colonizer? In a way I can't blame you for leaving. This world is disgusting and painful. Although you always seemed to find some beauty in it. This world is filled with such shitty people but not you. You were always so loving and caring.

There was still so much more for us to do. We could have traveled to more places together for either comfort or struggle. I still remember those days packed in a van together spending hours on the road. There were more

fight in the streets to be had. I still remember you punching those fascists in the face. There were still more laughs and hugs for us to share. I still remember those nights where I would seek comfort in your arms.

Maybe we will see each other in the afterlife. I hope you're watching over us and protecting us while we continue to battle against cops and fascists. You're with the ancestors now. I loved you so much. I'll miss you so much.

Goodbye to my friend, my family, my comrade.

I love you Rocco.

