

*(The point being) in the dream
last night, I dreamt the war
the war how it is lived
not the war that is shown*

*and I knew I had to tell
everyone, but then I knew also
I had to do it in a form so
clever and difficult to replicate*

*and novel and new that I'd
get that audience also, those
verse types, the liberals not like
the politicals, who'd be anywhere.*

*The dream was, I was on my way
somewhere, on the backroad,
when I passed the supremacists
gathering to disrupt the demo*

*and they'd built a tank, from
an old train car, with metal
in the window, and holes for
the shooting, and I knew*

*where they were going, on
the way to the demo so
I just cycled by but then
I went to action, we had*

*to block them. We had to
plan the blockade, and then
while I was running and dialing
this or that phone, this or that*

number, what is safe, nothing is safe. That's when I saw the war as it is, we need to block the road, we said obviously,

*we need to block the road
with something big, too big
to move, a truck, we have
to flip a truck and set it*

*burning but it has to burn a
long time. And then we ran
and we thought and we did
the war together and the*

*war starts and the war stops
but let's not forget what it
looks like because we've seen all the pictures.
So when the radio played*

*88 leute in Turkreich gestorbt
how do we turn off the sound
flashback to my high self
at the bar, with the Syrian*

*here and then back to Rojava
and on from there again
dead. I looked in his eyes.
They die in these numbers*

*each day and we just turn
the radio down.*