

Alas, my friends from the prison, they ask unto me
"How good, how good does it feel to be free?"
And I answer them most mysteriously
"Are birds free from the chains of the skyway?"
-Bob Dylan, *Ballad In Plain D*

As I go into her, she pierces my heart. As I penetrate further,
she unveils me. When I have reached her center, I am weeping
openly. I have known her all my life, yet she reveals stories to
me, and these stories are revelations and I am transformed.
Each time I go to her I am born like this. Her renewal washes
over me endlessly, her wounds caress me; I become aware of
all that has come between us. Now my body reaches out to her.
They speak effortlessly, and I learn at no instant does she fail
me in her presence.
-Susan Griffin, *Woman and Nature*

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GREEN ANARCHY

ISSUE #20

SUMMER 2005

\$4 USA, \$5 CANADA,
\$6 EUROPE, \$7 WORLD
FREE TO PRISONERS



An Anti-Civilization Journal of
Theory and Action

WHAT DOES IT MATTER, A DREAM OF LOVE
 OR A DREAM OF LIES
 WE'RE ALL GONNA BE IN THE SAME PLACE
 WHEN WE DIE
 YOUR SPIRIT DON'T LEAVE KNOWING
 YOUR FACE OR YOUR NAME
 AND THE WIND THROUGH YOUR BONES
 IS ALL THAT REMAINS
 AND WE'RE ALL GONNA BE
 WE'RE ALL GONNA BE
 ...JUST DIRT IN THE GROUND
 THE QUILL FROM A BUZZARD
 THE BLOOD WRITES THE WORD
 I WANT TO KNOW AM I THE SKY
 OR A BIRD
 'CAUSE HELL IS BOILING OVER
 AND HEAVEN IS FULL
 WE'RE CHAINED TO THE WORLD
 AND WE ALL GOTTA PULL
 AND WE'RE ALL GONNA BE
 WE'RE ALL GONNA BE
 ...JUST DIRT IN THE GROUND

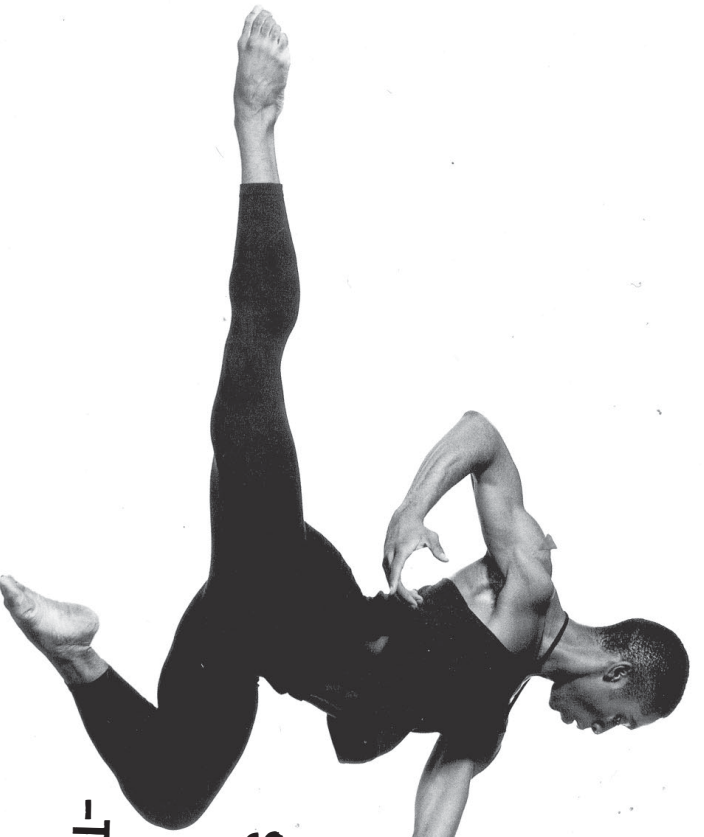
-TOM WAITS,
 DIRT IN THE GROUND

Living's mostly wasting time
 And I'll waste my share of mine
 But it never feels too good,
 So let's don't take too long . . .

Days, up and down they come
 Like rain on a congadrum
 Forget most, remember some
 But don't turn none away.
 Everything is not enough
 And nothin' is too much to bear.
 Where you been is good and gone
 All you keep is the getting there.
 To live is to fly
 Low and high,
 So shake the dust off of your wings
 And the sleep out of your eyes.



We all got holes to fill
 Them holes are all that's real.
 Some fall on you like a storm,
 Sometimes you dig your own.
 The choice is yours to make,
 Time is yours to take;
 Some sail upon/dive into the sea,
 Some toil upon the stone.
 To live is to fly
 Low and high,
 So shake the dust off of your wings
 And the sleep out of your eyes.



-Townes Van Zandt, *To Live Is To Fly*
 (country-folk singer and street philosopher)