

Che Guevera – January 11th, 2012

He is very suspicious of me – not trusting to even approach from a distance. It is somewhat of a surprise for me as up till now, I was approached quickly.

This is a type of prison too, when there is no trust of other, no sense that others are on your path for your wellbeing.

Che has seen much treason and traitorship – he trusts few people and especially not me.

And here we go –

The wanting is the cause. The desire offers the passion. Now I know there is only the struggle. The doing of the struggle is the victory. The planning, the sacrifice, the mental training, the physical torture, that is where the victory lies.

Once the battle is over, so is the victory. We all go back to doing laundry, taking kids to school, paying bills.

I never say there was no victory. There was victory after victory, lived out during our daily struggles. The great irony is this pursuit of freedom. Now I know this is the happiness, not the end game as there is no such thing as freedom. We are all slaves to something – our wives, our bills, our families. It is impossible for man to be free so what are we fighting for? Nothing. It is the fight itself which is sacred. It is the fight itself which is honourable. In the end, no one is free.

I am a sad man. An icon of what? Of man's failed struggle to be free.

If I had truly understood what it is to be physical, I would have known that struggles, ideological battles just substitute one false God for another. I could have done more as a doctor, saving lives instead of taking them.

How do you still remember me? You, gypsy woman –
Thank you for the tea. That, at least, brings satisfaction.
Not much else does.

Women – fleeting

The Body – No

The Work – Unappreciated – no

The Family – Wrapped in their lives – no

The Struggle – We played at revolution. In the end, everyone goes home, turns on the tv and makes dinner.

It was a waste.

I was born enslave by a breath that would not flow. The simplest of all things, so taken for granted, so basic, so fundamental to life – breathing in, breathing out.

It put me in a cage marked 'Restricted'. This sickly child is limited, he must be kept from exerting himself – he is weakly, sickly. I hated those labels.

My foolish acts of daring were a way to break free of those limits.

I often wondered what it would be like to have no struggle with the breath. Now I know. This climate of struggle made me accustomed to struggle, accustomed to hardship and deprivation.

I was able to relate to those I met who struggled too through poverty, discrimination, lack of opportunity. Because of 'no money', they were 'not human'. Money became the evil. Then that developed into an awareness that money was the tool used to keep people in poverty.

People did not know how to read or write. They stayed illiterate and poor – the slaves of the educated wealthy.

My hand feels quite weak. I am not recovered although my soul has never shone stronger. We are collaborating, finally.

The power grid that seeks to control all resources keep(s) people poor and dependant, is going to crumble. It is a power based on unsound principles. It takes time because it has many layers, side doors, escape routes. It comes under many guises, has many names. It is not just white or brown skinned but is of all colors and races.

It belongs not just to the white man. Any man, of anywhere, given power, will feel the grip of his ego. He too is enslaved by the toxic nature of greed.

Just as the slave worker deserves freedom from hunger, the slave owner deserves freedom from the unlimited, unsatisfying, unattainable quest for power.

Imagine life differently.

Imagine other parameters of measurement. Money and power are but 2. Social good, wellbeing of the natural world, level of people's happiness – here are but 3.

As I write these words, I feel constricted, restrained, not free. How can I assist to resume free flow? The best way I know is the focus on the breath.

My work is unfinished so the restlessness prevails.

The rules of engagement have changed. I was hired to war but in truth I just wanted to love. To love the peasant, to love his sacrifice, to love his labour and of course, to love his wife (just kidding!).

Freedom really comes only in death. Every battle for the liberation of a piece of soil leaves you the next day with new chores and duties – to feed and be fed, to wash, to dress, to make camp, to unmake camp, to train, to drill, to discipline, to march, to crawl and to breathe.

For me, even breathing was a chore. (I am having trouble breathing as I transcribe these words. Terrible heaviness in my chest.) Only now, in death am I truly free.

So you fight to remove a tyrant just to find another tyrant around the next tree. Do I sound cynical? I see our struggles as irrelevant. First free yourself from the need to clothe yourself in finery, to drive a symbol of status not a car, to endorse obesity as a sign of abundance.

Then, once you're free of those bonds, we'll discuss freedom of enterprise, of property, of authority. Right now I am a man of little humor. After the tea, we'll see.

(I feel like Che wants me to leave him alone. There is a statement about freedom here as well. The freedom to say 'no'. no speech, no words, no opinions. The freedom to set his own course. He is not dazzled by the possibility of this conversation. He wants nothing to do with it. I respect his wish and move on.)