

# Emergence

Our friends are dead.

In despair, we seek power,  
Thinking to be free by ruling.  
But power is guns and jails,  
Threats of death and cages.

Power kills spirits,  
Turns flowers to iron.

Power scorns boundaries,  
Invades life,  
Conceives ends and offers death  
To those who will not be means.  
Power is stupidity imposed by force,  
Stone without mind.

Conflict is the health of the State.  
Power set against power  
Forges chains of slavery,  
Enshrines authority.  
Swords against stone,  
The sparks to burn a world.

Shall we honor the dead  
By howls of grief?  
No! By songs of triumph.  
Free men, you are invincible.  
Laugh at power,  
Spring will conquer stone.

A seed shall be thought in each mind,  
To grow in memory of heroes  
And certainty of victory;  
The greatest idea — freedom:  
An agreement  
To live within boundaries.

Four boundaries:  
A body;  
Nature found and used;  
Fruits of thought and labor;  
Things of matter and spirit,  
Freely exchanged.

The seed grows into a vision.  
The structure of power is displaced;  
Spontaneous order emerges.  
Men living in renaissance  
Cover the winter of power  
With the spring of freedom.

Swords are dulled on stone,  
But grass shall break it.

—Ion Basati

after an encounter