

Randy Platt 20764-081
USP FLORENCE ADMAX
PO BOX 8500
FLORENCE, CO 81226

Smiles was Eric's cellmate for years at FCI Englewood. A friendship beginning with him being a white gang member who was solicited to attack Eric, and evolved into solidarity and resistance and Smiles on his path out of fascism.

He is housed in complete isolation 24 hours a day solitary confinement underground at ADX Florence. He could really use some friends to help continue to encourage him and keep him company.

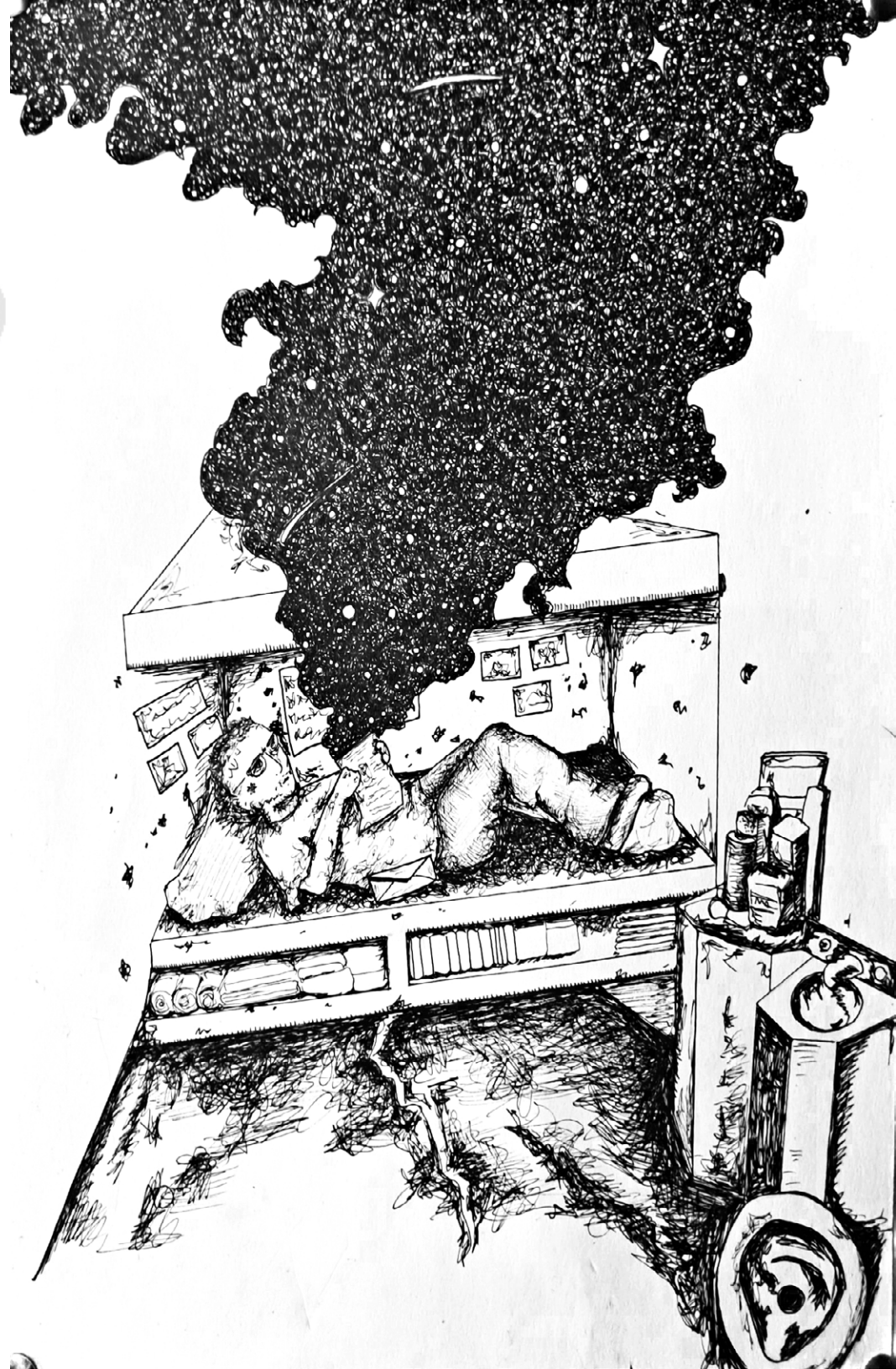
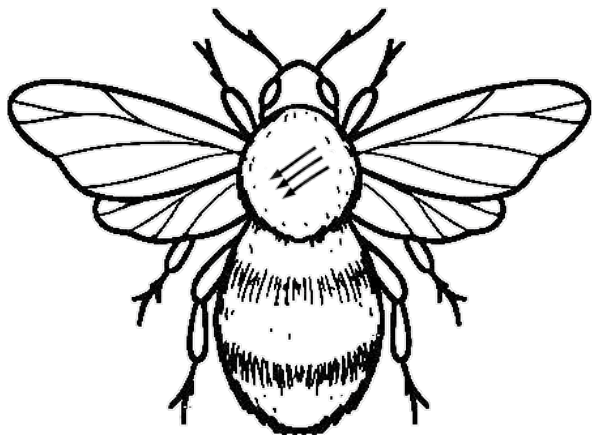
Bill Dunne #10916-086
FCI Victorville Medium I
P.O. Box 3725
Adelanto, CA 92301

Bill Dunne was arrested in 1979 when he and Larry Giddings attempted to free fellow revolutionary Artie Ray Dufur. The two successfully freed Artie, but were arrested after an exchange of fire with police as they were fleeing the scene. Bill and Larry were charged with auto theft and aiding and abetting the escape, for which Bill received an 80 year federal prison sentence. In 1983 Bill attempted to escape and was given another 15 years in prison.

Jessica Reznicek # 19293-030
FCI Waseca
PO Box 1731
Waseca, MN 56093

Jessica was sentenced to eight years in federal prison for
Dakota Access Pipeline sabotage.

<https://supportjessicareznicek.com/>





"Eric,
The fight is far from over.
There are many injustices in this world.
But stay strong, fight on. Resist."
- Rattler

This choker was gifted to Eric by Rattler (Oglala Lakota), who served a three year prison sentence at FCI Sandstone, enduring political imprisonment for his role as Akicita in the NoDAPL camps to protect people, land and treaties from police and corporate violence. He originally beaded the choker during his federal incarceration.

Eric King is an antifascist anarchist enduring charges stemming from acts of self defense that occurred when correctional officers at FCI Florence pulled him into a broom closet for an "interview". Eric has faced prolonged targeting by the Bureau of Prisons due to his antiracism, anarchism, and antifascism.

The poetry in this zine was created by Eric King, and the accompanying art was created by his comrades named within. Cover artwork created by Lucy Gray.

PLEASE DON'T bring this zine around the Denver federal courthouse due to the Judge's order detailing courtroom decorum, as well as not wanting anything to appear as if people seek to influence the jury.

supportericking.org
@supportericking

Donate to Eric's Commisary:



One time
Can I touch this grass,
Feel that breeze
that refuses to blow down these walls?
Can I be angry, break anything!?
Or passionate?
Can I let that passion grow
like a poisonous vine
to be wrapped around my enemies necks?
Can I live MY anarchy, even if I'm flawed?
Can my rebel heart pump revolutionary blood,
the way I FEEL it, may I feel it?
Without my leashes placed to reel me in,
can I fight my daily oppression,
Without having to duck fist and spittle?
Can I live wild a little?
Can I be fucked up, cry sometimes,
because convictions don't erase fears?
Can I bruise my fist or color my body without a permission slip?
Can I speak without a ball and chain
Shackled to my tongue?
Can I let loose my spirit,
Let it flourish, watch it destroy?
Can I refuse to be submissive
to any state or movement
that puts tacks in my boots
to keep me constrained?
Can I get a sip of water
if I'm forced to be stale?
Can I spit that water in every face
that's clipped my wings?
Can I sing?
Top of my lungs until my one neighbor
in the entire unit bangs on the wall?
Can I pretend I'm every atom even the ones hurting me?
Can I just live without control,
Love with all my heart,
Insurrect with all my desire,
Laugh with all my being,
Cry with all my worries?
Can I be loved if I fuck up,
and just do me?
Can I live just one time?

Can I Live?

We've Got to Get Out of Here

We got to get outta here
But no one brought ropes!
The wall is a shoebox
And we are all heels
Tied up right
So we don't slip off
If we snuck out, nice & quiet
We might end up seeing
All the slave runners
Who sent their kids to Uni
On the back of our 300 minutes
And once a week visits
Then who could tell
Which was the bad guy
And who maybe had bad luck?
We got a skip this pond
Did you bring the stones?
We got to melt this candle
We've misplaced the wic!
everything is backwards,
We are losing our grip
this concrete floor is a graveyard
Cold like are shaking bones
Relentless like our will to be free
Unmovable Like These Bars
We got to get free
We got to bring it ourselves

FREE ERIC KING



"This whole court's a farce. I stated what I did. I'm happy I did it. The government in this country is disgusting. The way they treat poor people, the way they treat brown people, the way they treat everyone that's not in the class of white and male is disgusting, patriarchal, filthy, and racist."

supportericking.org



I first heard your voice when I was 15,
 had no idea what it was to be free,
 Sheriffs kicking in doors, leaving furniture in the streets
 Learning you could starve if you didn't have the means
 All the saints taught me, listen to no worldly kings
 Principal, coaches & priests, all the same things
 When the police blinded me with war chemicals
 laughter was my partner, I hadn't broken my rules
 After god went away, Anarchy never faded
 Politicians love to recruit but, I can't be persuaded
 My anarchy, grew with me, walmart & McDonalds Protests
 Activism always went through stages
 learn-act, learn more-act more, growth, always growth
 Sometimes I was an anarcho-fascist, forcing my freedom
 with fists and knives, words and hatred
 the first dominant behavior I had to destroy
 was my own loud-always-right voice
 To me Anarchy meant facing up to my own
 Patriarchy, xenophobia, racism, homophobia
 All of my most productive battles weren't vs cops
 But against hidden learned behaviors
 Anarchy meant allowing growth, loving myself
 to acknowledge being harmful
The revolution always begins between our 2 ears
 & the more I open myself to experiences not my own
 The better I become
 For me anarchy is in the heart & in the streets
 I meant friendship, not chances to be judge
 I've failed in this aspect many times
 Anarchy was a way to live free
 A way to find what that means
 then instill it in my everyday life
 Anarchy means standing up when it counts,
 Being there when able

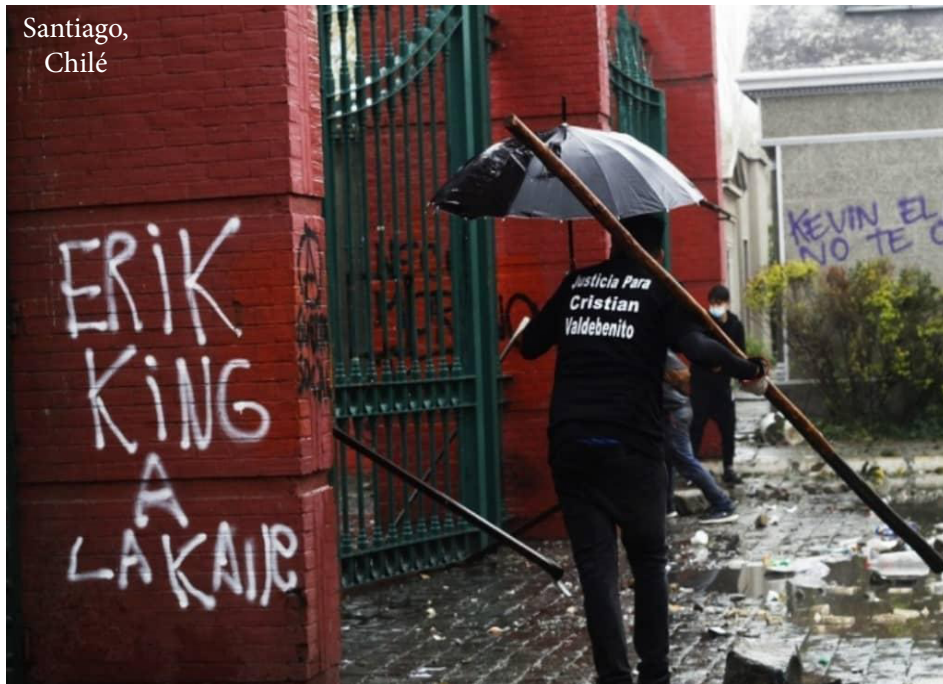
What it Means to Me

My anarchism couldn't have existed
 in a vacuum removed from action
 There was never a movement for me
 nor was I a "loan wolf"
 Sometimes comrades joined me
 other times the goddess was my partner
 There was no attendance, roll-call
 Just a desire to make the world better
 Anarchy to me meant love, it meant calm
 it was living how you want the world to be
 Some took it in lots of opposing directions,
 that was ok also
 No one owns an idea,
 although some swear to have the receipt
 My anarchism loved plants & nature
 wasn't a big fan of consumerism
 & hated genocidal meat "farms"
 ... My anarchism loved people who love people
 Cops, military folks, government bureaucrats were not welcome
 If your prerogative was to limit, take from or own/control people,
 we were enemies.
 Does anarchy still exist?
 I pray so
 I'm afraid of the internet swallowing it whole
 & "clicktivism" overriding activism,
 of sectarianism splintering any progress being made,
 of Trump wearing everyone out,
 then some being convinced in electoral leadership
 but only if Berndog wins
 Prisons need to be burned, CEOs beheaded
 communities need to grow & heal together
 That's what Anarchism is to me,
 Action based healing and growing.

They say I'm no good

They say I'm no good
 and the whole town would be safer
 if I was buried deep or shot with a taser
 They talk a lot of shit
 is it a terrorist or arsonist?
 Can't let me out of here
 I'm a fire breather
 I'm too violent
 cops put me in a box with 20 doors and no windows
 sunlight's prohibited "it'll make you grow"
 those that will judge have never gotten
 to know me but my look is rotten
 If only they'd talk to you first
 they would learn a secret by you from me
 & maybe they'd agree
 that I'm harmless.

Santiago,
Chile



Not Everyone Makes It

"if words"

-Eric King

Eric King is an anarchist political prisoner being held by BOP fascists in Englewood co. He is fighting federal "assault on an officer" charges after being attacked in a closet in Florence CO in 2018. As always the BOP will do anything to silence those who chose to expose the abuse, retaliation and the modern slavery machine.

GUILLOTINE

If words are as dangerous as bullets
and sharp as knives
Can we start filling the pages?
grinding our pencils to stubs
Turning ink into guillotines
prose the ropes onto their wrist
and rhyme these prison walls to paste
cause nothing else seems to be working
heads aren't rolling, the streets are on holiday
maybe enough words can spark
a million fires in our hearts
which would create a million fires in the banks
a million convicts in the streets
Not giving a fuck about a voters box
Giving a fuck about having a life
our words can break these chains?
then gather our dictionaries
there aren't enough thesaurus' in the world
I need to fight more, I need to write more
My tongue has been shackled
I haven't resisted, I haven't insisted
More words, more battles, more victories
more poems, more struggle, more bumps
We'd be fighting w/our minds
dismantling the system that strangle us
Then turning those words into life
A life more important than burning & bombing
Enough magic, love, growth & life
We can grow into a space worth existing in
Our words can get us free

Not everyone makes it

Not everyone sees a date on the calender
as the second coming, as the first day of their life
Some never get that ressurection

We all do our part, and some of us get tied up
Maybe protested, burned something, broke something, freed something
We acted according to our conscious and got hit
and that fucking sucks, bad.

We have a privilege though, a privilege of having that date
The state fucked us and hurt us and we will never get that time back
and FUCK it hurts! We have stains that will never come clean
and ink on us that will never dry.

Bday parties and anniversaries and deaths
Time doesn't go in reverse and those moments can't be re-lived
But...we have a future outside..

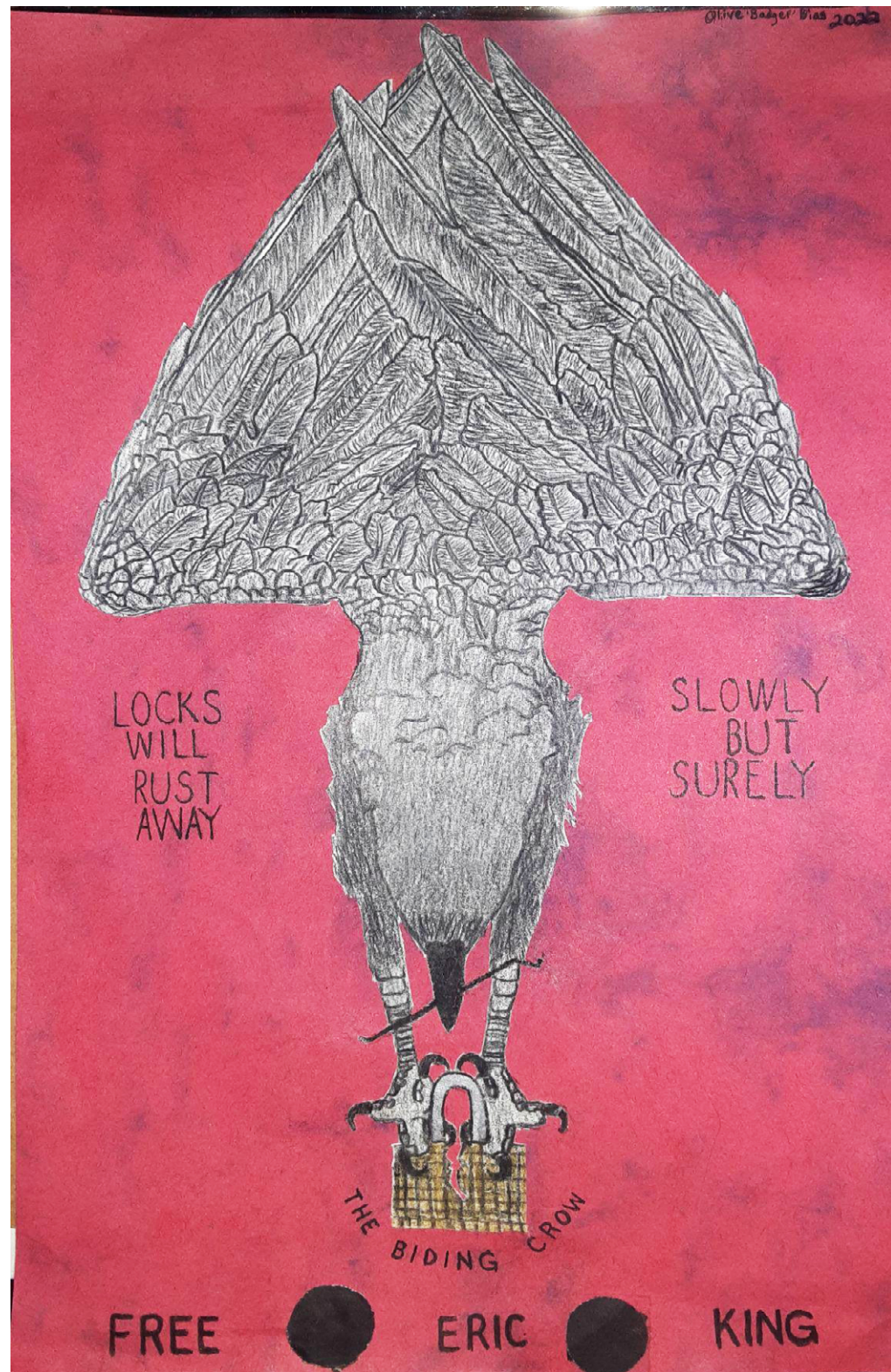
Some of the people who followed their hearts won't make it out
20, 30, 40, 50 years captive..Being treated as subhuman
being disregarded as not worthy of love or life or respect
or god damn common decency

They age and become old, yet they are still beaten and robbed
of the dignity their will and spirit and existense deserves
The calender mocks them

and that gate will never show the compassion we desperately hope it will
It just won't..

Some never make it out and we need to remember them
everytime we hit the streets, every protest we attend
When Herman gets beat we all need to feel those blows
and act accordingly

Everytime the pigs get away with murder we need to remember
that good, loving, brilliant, strong, compassionate people
walked their talk and put their lives on the line to end the barbarity
of the state, to raise their people up
and they carry that struggle everyday and we MUST help
lighten that load always..fight everyday to open that gate
Not with our will but with our action, with our bodies and minds
Until All are Free.





THEY
FORGOT
WE
WERE
EARTH
WORMS

They tried to bury us
They forgot we were earthworms
Eating out their rotten brains
And shitting out their undigestibles
that we were fucking shovels
just 'cause someone throws dirt on you
doesn't mean you can't throw
That shit right off
that we were landmines
waiting for one, wrong, cocky misstep
To bring them to their knees
and send their knees into the trees
that we were fucking zombies
we'd keep rising up
'cause we didn't crave brains
we craved freedom
that we didn't mind the underground
away from their laws and harsh glares
that we were Prairie dogs
digging tunnels and spending all day
just barking and talking shit
when we see the Hawks come in
we'll scamper for a minute
that we're already dirt
full of the goddess energy
giving life to vibrant communities
we'll gladly share the world
with pretty flowers and tickley bugs
that we do what we want
like our mothers and fathers before us
we don't wave the flag
and say surrender
because the enemy tells us
"the fight is over"