

*Satisfaction*

by Otto Rene Castillo

The most beautiful thing  
for those who have fought a whole life  
is to come to the end and say;  
we believed in people and life,  
and life and the people  
never let us down.

Only in this way do men become men,  
women become women,  
fighting day and night  
for people and for life.

And when these lives come to an end  
the people open their deepest rivers  
and they enter those waters forever.  
And so they become, distant fires, living,  
creating the heart of example

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*on communism  
and radical care*

*2026 edition*

# *foreword*

*summer 2025*

I have been thinking a lot about memory. Specifically, I have been reflecting on how the state wages a war on our collective memory in order to keep us trapped in never ending cycles of opportunistic error. When we aren't able to remember or form close bonds with veterans of revolutionary struggles, we are left to stagnate and flounder aimlessly. The lessons that could be learned from previous generations of revolutionary leaders, many of whom have been killed, kidnapped or disappeared into dungeons or otherwise driven into obscurity, remain fringe or niche even within so-called revolutionary spaces. Black Liberation Army(BLA) and Black Panther Party(BPP) veterans have been held for decades, often released only if they have a terminal illness that kills them within weeks or months of their freedom. Many of their families, who often are also the leaders of the all-too-small defense committees for these veteran POW's, have to resort to crowdfunding to afford basic necessities. All the while, our movements become weaker and our vision more clouded by endless circular debates about questions that these revolutionaries attempted to answer 50+ years ago. These are the consequences of neglecting our collective memory; to do so is to sentence our hope of a victorious revolution, as well as our comrades, elders and contemporaries, to a premature death.

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COVID-19 is a viral condition that has affected an entire generation's memory. Not only does the disease have the capacity to cause debilitating, long term brain fog, neurological deterioration, and multi-organ-system damage, but the response to the virus itself has been an example of the Left's refusal to take seriously the importance of memory. In the beginning of the pandemic, we witnessed nurses forced to work in trash bags as bodies piled higher and higher into makeshift mass graves dug by enslaved prisoners. We saw the most horrific contradictions of amerikan empire laid bare before us and we felt what it was like to push back and to resist in a way that most of us had never done before during the Floyd/Taylor uprisings. 5 years later, much of those lessons and much of the collective trauma of mass death and uprising have been buried beneath denial of the ongoing nature of this pandemic and the amerikan regimes genocidal response to it. Once again, we find ourselves losing connections, not only to elders, but to recent generations of veteran organizers who've been burnt out and pushed out of radical spaces due to the mass disabling nature of COVID, austerity polices that tear our communities apart, and the utter inability of the majority of revolutionaries to take seriously the struggle against organized/extractive abandonment.

This zine, originally written in 2021 and now republished [5] years later, is an attempt to engage in an act of memory. It is the author's archive of their own personal journey as a communist and a nurse as much as it is an archive of the last 5 years of organizing that they have lived and struggled through. It is a love letter to the masses, a diary, dream journal, and political manifesto about what it means to struggle towards genuine, radical care in a careless world. Care is more than a four letter word. It is an obligation we have to one another. It means abundant, deep love for our communities and violent, venomous, just hatred for our enemies. It means warmth and love and good meals and access to everything we need for our survival and well being. Above all else, as the author makes sure to lay out as clear as day, care means the willingness to fight for all these things, even, to quote George Jackson, "at the cost of total war."

“COVID-19 has provided a terrible lens through which we can understand the consequences of capitalism on public welfare. The 'failure' of the healthcare system to effectively fight the pandemic is actually a logical result of the penetration of capital into every corner of society—itsself a function of imperialist expansion. What is happening now—healthcare workers without protective gear who succumb to the coronavirus while trying desperately to save lives, farmers who destroy crops while people go hungry—is not a mistake or malfunction of the system; it is the consequence of the steady march of imperialism, largely impervious to the public good (unless it intersects with its expansion), in search of new investments and markets to solve its own contradictions. There is nothing to “fix” here from the perspective of the people, because it is not broken from the perspective of the bourgeoisie; what is there to repair in a system that is working as it should?”

- redspark collective, may 2020, intro to a new outlook on health

## *scattered thoughts*

i am now 5 years into my career as a nurse, and each day, i am reminded why i am a communist. working in healthcare for over 12 years (first as an office clerk, then a medical scribe, medical assistant, and now registered nurse) has radicalized me, and continues to radicalize me the more deeply entrenched i am in it.

*i am a communist because i am a nurse* (and also a chronically ill, immunocompromised, disabled trans patient) *and i am a nurse because i am a communist* (among many other reasons).

i was a communist before i had the language for it. watching people die needlessly of cold exposure, simply because access to housing is controlled by a ruling class that values maximizing profits over the preservation of life, radicalized me and sparked a revolutionary fire in me that burns bigger and brighter with each day. watching a Black, Disabled woman be denied a life saving surgery, simply because she was houseless and "psychotic," and therefore deemed by the surgeon as too “unreliable” to seek the necessary follow up care, angered me deeply and made me realize that these systems that we hate aren’t broken — they are working as intended. the cruelty and neglect inherent to them is purposeful and calculated. capitalism works to serve the white supremacist, rich, able bodied, cisheterosexual man at the expense of everybody else. even privileged white women face obstacles when receiving healthcare in amerika.

the medical industrial complex was designed to be racist, sexist, ableist, classist, transphobic, homophobic, etc. it is a machine designed to grind our bodies down in order to extract as much profit as it can from us at any and all costs. the absolute shit show that we are now witnessing — mass death due to colonial genocide and disease; mass disablement as a result of unmitigated pandemics and poor access to healthcare/basic resources such as food, housing, recreation, etc; climate crisis; and fascist eugenicist logic dictating health policy — is the result of systems in place and people in power who do not give a shit about our collective public health. the seemingly unending suffering we are witnessing is what happens when you commodify human health and put profits over human fucking beings. this is what ruth wilson gilmore (RWG) calls “organized abandonment.” [1] it is what beatrice adler-bolton and artie vierkant further specify as “extractive abandonment.” [2] it is the capitalist ruling class purposefully destroying the earth, polluting our air, water, and soil, in return slowly destroying our health. it is intentionally rendering us all sick, so that it can profit off the bodies that they've disabled, and keep us too sick to fight for a better world.

i am a communist because i believe the only way to save ourselves from all this is to unite the masses, help each other realize our collective power, and overthrow the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie “by any means necessary,” [3] as malcolm x tells us. the only way to survive this is through a communist revolution, and it will necessarily be a violent one. as frantz fanon tells us, "colonialism is not a thinking machine, nor a body endowed with reasoning faculties. it is violence in its natural state, and it will only yield when confronted with greater violence." it is our duty to usurp the capitalist imperialist ruling class, and replace it with a socialist society in which life in all forms is treated as sacred. this is our collective inheritance. the world we build must be a truly life affirming society, one in which "the spiritual and intellectual development of no person suffers due to economic want or deprivation of human rights." [4]

although i am a nurse for reasons that are reflective of the material conditions i was born into, [5] i ultimately am a nurse because of my deep love for life and all that it has to offer. i am a nurse because of my fierce drive to protect life at all costs.

all i want to do in this lifetime is to celebrate, affirm, and protect life through my art, my community organizing, and my work as a nurse. all i want is to build life affirming institutions and empower the people with all the resources and knowledge they need to not just survive, but thrive, so that they can experience all the beauty that life has to offer.

when i started my nursing career, i worked as an abortion nurse. i never thought i would start my career in this way, but it felt very fitting at the time. since i decided to go to nursing school, i always thought i'd be working in a hospital, either in the ER or ICU because the very thought of being a med/surg [6] nurse makes me queasy. since the start of the pandemic, i had to rethink what i wanted to do as a nurse because i am immunosuppressed and do not want to risk my life working in a hospital. it took me a minute to finally find my first real nursing job but it felt very timely to have started that job in that moment, as we were witnessing fascists further restricting our bodily autonomy. depending on where i was assigned for the day, i cared for people either during or after their in-clinic procedural abortion. [7]

i sometimes gave minimal sedation to patients during their abortion procedure. i saw firsthand the consequences of the abortion bans across the country. i saw people who were later in their pregnancy coming from states like texas and missouri, and were at higher risk for complications due to their later gestational age. i saw all my patients' trauma — from the shitty and abusive partners to the unsupportive families to the guilt of ending a pregnancy simply because they did not have access to the resources they needed to give a child all that they deserve. i also saw the joy and relief of ending an unwanted pregnancy. i saw people at a particularly vulnerable and deeply personal moment of their lives. to be able to care for them during such a life changing, emotionally charged moment and to hold that heaviness with them was and will always be truly humbling. it was wholeheartedly an honor, privilege, & pleasure to serve the people in this way.

when i was an abortion nurse, i often would find myself crying with patients. i felt the tears coming each time i softly and gently told them that they're allowed to feel, to cry, to not know what the fuck is happening or even why they're crying.

crying is a cathartic release. it's our bodies' way of telling us to let go. each time i heard my own words, i nearly broke down in tears, because it was often also exactly what i needed to hear. the gentleness and grace that i gave to my patients is something that i know i must also give to myself. this is a lesson i am still learning, but i am optimistic that with time i will learn. i hope everyone learns this lesson too — that we deserve all the softness, gentleness, tenderness, kindness the world has to offer and more.

after 2 years doing abortion care, i switched gears and worked in the ER at a busy public hospital in a major city. it was a level 1 trauma center that saw hundreds of patients in a day, including patients from the infamous hell hole that is riker's island. the work was so physically demanding that my disabled body simply couldn't do it long term. we were chronically understaffed and overworked. my rheumatoid arthritis was constantly flaring because i would be on my feet moving at what felt like 100 mph. there was no mask mandate in place and so many of my unmasked coworkers would get sick, especially during covid/flu/rsv/norovirus surges.

the ER would be so packed at times with patients that if one coded (i.e. died), it would be a huge spatial challenge to get the crash cart (everything you need to bring a person back to life) to that patient. we were playing tetris except with stretchers carrying real human beings, many of whom were very sick. on most days, each nurse would be medically/legally responsible for at least 10 patients at a time, despite the union's nurse to patient ratio of one to 5 (if they were really sick and needed a lot) or one to 8 (if they weren't super sick and didn't need as much). on the worst day i could recall (and i don't remember much because brain erased all that trauma from my memories), there were 46 patients for 2 nurses, plus 2 orientees, who were unable to fully care for their own case load as they were still in training. 1 nurse to 23 patients. unsafe is an understatement. there was only so much you could do in a given 12 hour shift. there was only so much trauma you could bear to witness in a given 12 hour shift. i always left my shift feeling like i couldn't do all that i would have wanted to do with each patient, simply because there wasn't the time or energy or resources to do all that a patient deserves. i always left my shift feeling like i had been sprinting marathons (physically and emotionally) for 12 straight hours.

i found i couldn't cry alongside my patients in the 13 months i spent in the ER. there was no time or energy left to expend on emotions. i did cry in the aftermath of a particularly hellish shift, during which i witnessed 7 pigs holding down a Black child who was kicking and screaming. the pigs brought her in as a "behavioral," which was code for restrain and sedate a patient who was having a "behavioral crisis." this was a child, a 15 year old girl, who just wanted help because she had knee pain and somehow ended up with 7 pigs treating her violently and aggressively. i was the nurse assigned to respond to this "psychiatric emergency" that was happening in the resuscitation room, and so i was instructed by the attending physician to de-escalate via sedation. i was the one tasked with sedating this child, and in that moment i felt deeply how nurses are complicit in carceral violence. i hated my complicity in this violence. it pained me to do it, but at that point, they would continue to violently hold her down as long as she resisted. cruelty is their intention. after she got the first dose of sedatives, a pig had his knee to her face and she was yelling that she couldn't breathe. i yelled at the pig to take his knee off her face, to which one of the ER staff (a "behavioral care technician" aka the people whose main task is mostly restraining patients) said to me, "no, because she's spitting." in that moment, i wanted to cry for her. it was so egregious to have had to participate in restraining and sedating a child, who from the beginning was treated as if she were an adult. this was the moment i saw once again, how rotten health capitalism is to the core.

after 13 months in the ER, i left for a job at an outpatient clinic in sexual and reproductive health. i was caring for patients with UTIs, STIs, and patients who were seeking medication abortions. i was fired 3 months into this contract because i was calling out a lot due to chronic illnesses flaring, and spent 6 months unemployed, job searching.

in spring 2025, i finally landed in hospice, where initially, i felt i could set roots. it was heavy work but i loved it and felt honored to do it nonetheless. i felt i've done my job well when my patient transitions peacefully and with dignity. they often want to be comfortable, with pain well controlled, surrounded by loved ones, sometimes with candles and soft music playing in the background. i saw how it's a luxury to die a dignified death, and that for some people, they're alone and severely neglected in a nursing home, itself another form of carceral violence. my hardest cases to bear witness to were the ones who suffered deeply in the last few years of their life, and came onto hospice just as they were actively transitioning. my hardest cases are the ones that transition shortly after admission, meaning only in the final stages were they able to receive any sort of comfort measures, if any at all.

on good days, i'll end my day feeling like i really made a difference in a person's last few moments. i recall during this one shift, i had a very tender interaction with an actively dying patient. i told her we're gonna get her as comfortable as she can be. she rested her hand on my face and told me "i'm glad it's you as my nurse." when i saw her again later that week, she was no longer able to speak, but i read to her (and her family) a poem. i read them satisfaction by otto rene castillo. it made the daughter cry. i held the daughter and cried with her. the daughter told me her mother passed the day after my last visit with her. may she rest peacefully in the next realm.

on a bad day, i will be so dissociated because bodymind has unprocessed grief weighing heavily in my heart. i lost my favorite patient very suddenly while i was on vacation. i didn't see it coming. i thought we had more time. i found out that she died in the hospital during surgery. one of the last words she said to me in person, shortly before she was hospitalized, she said, "if something happened to me, you'd be there, right?" and i promised her i would be there. i regret to say that i couldn't be there to comfort her during her last moments. i am deeply saddened by the fact that i couldn't say goodbye. i only knew her for a grand total of 3 months, but each memory is such a blessing.

each person is a whole universe, and i felt so deeply the loss of that one singular universe. yet the corporation i worked for gave its workers no grace or time to really grieve each loss. for the corporation, it's all about profiting off patients who are at end of life, at the expense of the well-being of its workers. despite wanting to set roots, i was hesitant to do so, but then again, it's like this everywhere you go in healthcare under capitalism. i left hospice anyway, too tired to be sprinting marathons emotionally.

## *more scattered thoughts*

i often dream of what a healthcare system in a liberated society would look like. i dream of one whose sole purpose is to actually care for the people, truly serve the people, give the people all the resources and knowledge they need to thrive and live full, rich lives. housing is healthcare. free, good quality education is healthcare. food sovereignty is healthcare. clean water is healthcare. land back is healthcare. decarceration is healthcare. healthcare is holistic. healthcare is more than just an interaction between a patient and their doctor/nurse/healthcare team. it is more than just what happens in a hospital or other medical setting.

it is what you do in your day to day, how you care for yourself and for the people in your life and in your community. it's systems in place that invest in the people. i imagine that in a liberated society — a classless, stateless society, free from the shackles of capitalist imperialism, racism, sexism, ableism, transphobia, homophobia, etc., etc. — all of our material needs are met and we are given all that we need so that we can do more than just survive. we can bloom into the people we are meant to be. every person would have the knowledge and resources they need to take good care of themselves and those around them. medical knowledge would no longer be monopolized and sold to you. it would be free and accessible to all. we would not have to always resort to drugs to cure symptoms. instead we'd be caring for the person as a whole, and we'd maintain good health through rest, nutritious foods, exercise, time in nature, time with each other, time with ourselves.

i imagine that working in healthcare in a liberated society would mean that my own needs as a caregiver are also met — that i would feel emotionally sound, physically well, and spiritually fulfilled enough so that i could fulfill my role as a caregiver while also pursuing the full, rich life that i deserve; that i would be gifted with all the time i need to rest, recover, heal, grow; that i would not need to be paid in money, because everything that i want and need would be gifted to me, and in return i gift people my time, energy, and care (though we must all gift each other with care); that i would have the ability, capacity, and resources to give my patients all the care and support they need to rest, recover, heal, grow.

i think a lot about the moments in which i am not too overworked and can give a patient all the care that they need. i think a lot about ruth wilson gilmore's quote, “where life is precious, life is precious,” and how that is the key to our collective liberation. the revolution will never come if we don't radically love [8] ourselves and each other enough to imagine and fight for our collective liberation, for true freedom. we must celebrate life, affirm it, cherish it, uphold it, and fight for it fiercely, wholeheartedly, and with no fear. we must fight for our own and each others' right to live full, rich lives, in which we have the freedom, capacity, and ability to experience all the beauty that life has to offer.

perhaps i am but an old romantic and optimist at heart (though i am still a dialectical materialist) — all i want is simply for everyone to be as healthy and happy as they can be. but how will we see material change without revolutionary optimism? how will we navigate a new society born out of the ashes of this one if we do not dare to dream about what that would look like? how will we get there if we do not imagine what that journey would look like?

“dreams and reality are opposites.  
action synthesizes them.”

—assata shakur

*dare to dream*  
*dare to struggle*  
*dare to win*

## *more scattered thoughts, pt 2*

to the attendees of pro life protests vs pro choice counter protests that happen literally right in front of planned parenthood or any other abortion clinic — have you considered the material consequences of protesting right in front of the clinic? how it might impact the people who are there to receive medical care and are often going through an emotionally charged time? counter protesting a pro life protest right in front of an abortion clinic can make accessing care more distressing than it needs to be. it's hard to witness patients experience such a vulnerable moment in the context of the current sociopolitical landscape, with the fascist “pro-life” right / ruling class violently denying people with uteruses their right to bodily autonomy in the name of capitalist expansion. they'll harass patients and protest outside of abortion clinics. in response people will counter protest in the name of reproductive justice. but what good will come out of this confrontation and escalation in front of the clinic? there is a time and place for militancy (if one would even call this true “militancy”), and the abortion clinic on a day that it's open is not it. seeing my patients cry because of a protest outside was hard, and telling them that there's a heavy pig presence because of the counter protesters was even harder.

it confirmed what i had already believed about the nj/nyc protest spaces — that the people organizing these actions have yet to build a deep relationship with the very people they claim to be advocating for. they are not yet in unity with the masses. this is a major contradiction that i had first noticed when i was more active in the nj/nyc organizing/protest spaces throughout 2020 to mid 2021. we would walk on the streets, claim that the streets are ours (they're not, we are on stolen land), and people would gawk at us, yell with us, yell at us, cheer us on, curse us out, or watch us passively as we parade around the city with our bike marshals, medics, security teams and sometimes shields. we'd have spectators. and we'd put on a spectacle. we put so much time / effort / energy / money(!!!) / resources into street actions but it would drain us and burn us out. are we really connecting with the very people we claim to be fighting for? are we truly fighting alongside the masses for our collective liberation? are we meeting them where they are, empowering them with the resources and knowledge they need, helping them realize their potential and our overall collective potential? and are we moving with intention and care? this isn't to say that we throw away clinical defense and direct actions altogether. this is just to say that we need to imagine and implement smarter, more efficient tactics grounded in reality and rooted in care. this is to say that we must actually pose as a threat to the establishment — we need to take malcolm x's phrase “by any means necessary” seriously and literally. we need to dare to dream, dare to struggle, dare to win.

we cannot keep resorting to the same tactics that have proven to be fruitless, especially if such tactics only further traumatize us and the people we are trying to care for. constant confrontation with the state/fascists/white supremacists/pigs has been traumatizing for myself and so many of my comrades, but we keep doing it, and we keep telling ourselves that this is for the people and for our collective liberation. isn't it time to start thinking about how can we do this with the people, in a way that can result in material benefits?

we need to build people power, and that starts with actually getting to know the people. talking to them. listening to them. learning from them and with them. serving them. moving in unity with them. recognizing their humanity, struggling alongside them.

the time to do so is now — because we deserve so much better than this. organize, but do so strategically, and with intention and care. nothing is insurmountable when we move together as one.

“the people, and the people alone, are the motive force in the making of world history”  
—chairman mao

### *a note on 'more scattered thoughts, pt 2'*

i had a conversation with the organization that did the clinic defenses that i've witnessed, and after bringing up my criticisms, they have since changed their ways for the better.

## *final thoughts*

“settle your quarrels, come together, understand the reality of our situation, understand that fascism is already here, that people are already dying who could be saved, that generations more will die or live poor butchered half-lives if you fail to act. do what must be done, discover your humanity and your love in revolution.”

—george jackson

we are currently living in a mass disabling event, precipitated by capitalist imperialist expansion, disproportionately affecting the most vulnerable and hyperexploited people, in the heart of a decaying empire that systemically does not care about the people who provide reproductive labor. as things currently stand, the general population is blissfully unaware of what it means to be living in a mass disabling event.

it means that the consequences of covid, the intergenerational trauma, will persist long after the pandemic ends. we are already seeing an increased need for outpatient care to help the influx of newly disabled people living with long covid. unless the medical industrial complex is abolished altogether and replaced with something entirely new, something rooted in love and care, we will not have the infrastructure to meet this need. we already do not have enough primary care providers, outpatient specialists, mental healthcare workers, physical therapists, occupational therapists, etc., to handle the current crisis.

things will only get worse from here, unless we act quickly and build towards a total revolution that overthrows capitalist imperialist forces and establishes a society “in which the means of production are owned by the whole people; where there is equitable distribution of wealth; and the spiritual and intellectual development of no person suffers because of economic want or deprivation of human rights.” [9]

unless we act, many more people will suffer in the long term without any of the resources or support they need. because we live in an ableist society, this is not necessarily a new phenomenon — it will just affect millions all at once, and many of those people will be children.

we are facing a rising need for care during a crisis of care. we are seeing a decreasing supply of care providers because of systemic neglect and organized abandonment, leading to burn out and compassion fatigue. as of november 2021, nearly half a million healthcare workers in the so called u.s. have quit since february 2020. [10] between 35 and 54% of amerikan healthcare workers report feeling already burnt out before the pandemic. [11] people who provide reproductive labor (nurses, nursing aids, medical assistants, teachers, childcare workers, domestic workers, etc.) are already underpaid, under appreciated, and overworked even without a global pandemic, and now are either dying by the thousands or developing long covid. they themselves will need the very care they give to others. but who will care for the caregivers when everyone has quit from burnout, gotten long covid, or died from covid?

when i think of the dwindling amount of healthcare workers, i think of the filipino healthcare workers who are the backbone of the healthcare industry globally, and therefore bear the brunt of the pandemic. filipino nurses make up only 4% of the total nursing population in the u.s., yet 32% of nurses who died from covid were filipino. [12] they are just one example of the countless migrants from the global south whose lives were sacrificed by the ruling class to keep the economy running.

this is the product of capitalist imperialist expansion — this is border imperialism working as intended, siphoning labor, land, and resources from communities of the world, creating an exploitable labor pool, leaving behind the most vulnerable to die.

it is assumed that care, like nature, is an infinite resource that does not need to be replenished, but this is a false assumption. care, like any resource, is finite, and caregivers, like any other living being, have material and social needs that are simply not being met by the state or society.

what does it mean for caregivers to be depleted of all their energy, to be so drained that many resort to numbness as a survival mechanism? what does it mean for them to be forced to work without any of the resources they need to do their jobs, let alone survive? how will this affect their home lives, their personal lives, our collective lives?

i think a lot about the children of nurses, domestic workers, teachers, caregivers, and what their lives must be like now. i think about what it must be like to be a child growing up in this day and age, what it must be like to be exposed to constant death, illness, disability, destruction of all forms of life on earth. I think about my 11 year old cousin, and the kid i babysit, who's the same age, and how the two of them are both children of healthcare workers. I worry that they'll get covid, or worse, get long covid, and live a life of disability, a life like mine. and i worry not just about them but about every single kid out there.

what would it mean for them to get long covid? how will this affect them emotionally, socially, physically, cognitively, mentally, spiritually? what would it mean for them to get covid, give it to their parents, and witness their parents die? what kind of guilt will they have to carry for the rest of their lives? what future are we offering to them when we put them back in schools during a wave of high cases and deaths? or rather, what future are we denying them when we risk their lives and health for the sake of profit?

i don't even want to imagine the kind of future that we are currently offering them. i don't want to imagine the long term pain and suffering of growing up with long covid, or growing up without a parent because they died of covid. i want to instead take this as an opportunity to cherish the young ones in my life, and remind myself that they are precious beings who will bring to life so many new wonders. i want to also remind myself and others that children have no say in how they get any of their basic provisions, and therefore must be protected, cherished, cared for, nurtured, radically loved.

we must center our politics on the youth, not only because are their lives precious, not only because they are our future, but because when we center, cherish, care for, and nurture them, that means we are also centering, caring for, and nurturing ourselves, the very people who provide care for them.

the revolution starts at home. [13] it starts locally — with ourselves, the people in our lives, our larger community. we must start with showing revolutionary love and care for the masses through programs that aim to do more than just meet survival needs. we must work with the people to help them better understand the root cause of their struggles, work with them to find solutions, and empower them with the tools to implement said solutions. we struggle alongside them. to serve the people does not just mean to feed the people, to clothe them, house them, educate them, defend and arm them. it means empowering ourselves and each other with the knowledge and resources we all need to not only survive, but ultimately fight to overthrow the capitalist ruling class, who will continue to destroy life in all forms unless we, the people, stop them. it means uniting the people of the world to “seize the means of production and distribute the wealth and the technology in an egalitarian way to the many communities of the world.”[14] to serve the people means helping them realize their power, our collective power.

i truly believe in our collective power. i believe we can move mountains when we move as one. a better world is only possible if we recognize our humanity and our power. now more than ever we must do what must be done.

"people of the world, unite and defeat the u.s. aggressors and all their running dogs! people of the world, be courageous, and dare to fight, defy difficulties and advance wave upon wave. then the whole world will belong to the people. monsters of all kinds shall be destroyed."

—chairman mao

**dare to struggle! dare to win!**

**all power to the people!!!!**

## notes

[1] organized abandonment: [bit.ly/RWGintercept](https://bit.ly/RWGintercept)

[2] extractive abandonment:

<https://stimpunks.org/glossary/extractive-abandonment/>; also read Health Communism by Beatrice Adler Bolton and Artie Vierkant

[3] read malcolm x's speech at the founding rally of the organization of afro-american unity

(1964): <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WBS416EZsKM>

[4] from collected works of the black liberation army:

<https://ia600701.us.archive.org/8/items/collected-works-of-the-black-liberation-army-volume-1-distribution/Collected%20Works%20of%20the%20Black%20Liberation%20Army%20Volume%201%20%28Distribution%29.pdf>

[5] i'm a filipino nurse, perceived & treated by society as a woman (i am not a woman), with filipino nurse parents, cousins, aunts, family friends, colleagues, etc. amerikan imperialism is the reason why there are so many filipino nurses

[6] the medical surgical unit of a hospital is where most patients generally go once they are admitted to a hospital. they are no longer in the ER, not actively in surgery, or sick enough to warrant admission to the ICU. a definition from the academy of medical-surgical nurses: "Medical-surgical nurses provide care to adults with a variety of medical issues or who are preparing for/recovering from surgery."

[7] procedural abortions are otherwise commonly referred to as "surgical abortions" but these abortions are not technically surgeries, as there is no incision, cutting, or scraping.

[8] in all about love, bell hooks borrows the words of erich fromm in defining love as "the will to extend one's self for the purpose of nurturing one's own or another's spiritual growth." this is the only definition of love so far that holds real meaning to me.

[9] from collected works of the black liberation army:

<https://ia600701.us.archive.org/8/items/collected-works-of-the-black-liberation-army-volume-1-distribution/Collected%20Works%20of%20the%20Black%20Liberation%20Army%20Volume%201%20%28Distribution%29.pdf>

[10] <https://www.theatlantic.com/health/archive/2021/11/the-mass-exodus-of-americas-health-care-workers/620713/>

[11] <https://www.theatlantic.com/health/archive/2021/11/the-mass-exodus-of-americas-health-care-workers/620713/>

[12] <https://www.businessinsider.com/filipinos-make-up-disproportionate-covid-19-nurse-deaths-2020-9>

[13] a reference to the book "the revolution starts at home: confronting partner abuse in activist communities" — highly recommend

[14] <https://libcom.org/article/huey-newton-introduces-revolutionary-intercommunalism-boston-college-november-18-1970>