

Epilogue

*There are many ways to be free.
One of them is to transcend reality by imagination, as I try to do.*

-- Anais Nin

But I want to talk briefly about the atmosphere that surrounds me, about the earth's pyrexia and the psycho-dynamics of its inhabitants. My society is fraught with the ache of misplaced authenticity. These matters are central now to our material and metaphoric impermanence.

But Oh! You eco-aerialists, suspended in space just underneath Portland's St. John's Bridge, blocking that mammoth icebreaker on its crossing towards that drilling site in the great wilderness of the Chuckchi Sea, knowing as you do that this ongoing exploitation causes irreparable harm to all the wide-world's vital organisms.

And Oh! You warrior women of the *Gulabi Gang*, who give weight to the silk of your saris, exposing the systemic violence against women ingrained into the traditions of your native lands, who wield the big sticks while you glare with audacity into the faces of unwarranted male privilege.



Greenpeace Activists
Photo: Courtesy of Greenpeace



Photo: Courtesy of the Gulabi Gang

And you! most glorious Bree Newsome, who climbed that thirty-foot flagpole then unhitched and got rid of that commemorative banner, that persistent symbol of slavery. Your singular response to the killings at Emanuel African Methodist Episcopal Church in South Carolina illuminates the insensibility of bigotry and hate.

That there are those among us who, despite threats to their safety and scoffs at their triumphs, remain whole in their bones. I am stirred by their clarity, and even as I suppose to perform such tasks as arise throughout my everyday, my imagination remains as fiercely awake and alert as all those alike, present and past.