



ride till the *end*
a movement for peace

the
awareness
m a n i f e s t o

Do you support war?

Do you have a job?

Do you pay taxes?

Then yes, you support war.

You're supporting two wars, actually.

We are here today, to ask every single one of you to **STOP SUPPORTING WAR**. But how, how do we stop supporting war? How do we stop a war? Since our elected government has decided to continue funding this war with money coming from your pay checks, the first thing you can do is **QUIT YOUR JOB**. If you feel strongly enough about not supporting war to do that, you might be interested in taking the next step. Get a bicycle and join us for a ride. We are going town to town, spreading this message face to face and we are not stopping until

BOTH WARS END!

We will travel in groups no larger than 50 persons. This will be done for a handful of reasons:

First, it will be a logistical nightmare trying to manage the well-being of hundreds of people i.e. feeding them, housing them, organizing them, well you get the picture.

Second, these groups or bands are to mimic the Native North American simple society constructs; because the sizes are very effective for small group tactics. Groups will use a system of reciprocal exchange for trade and egalitarian processes for decision making – or government.

Third, it is to honor a great culture that we the people, helped and are still helping erase today.

Bands will choose a name relative to a North American tribe and operate independently. The guide lines are simple – as is the idea – so there is no reason for hierarchal structure. Everything will belong to everyone in the band – when I say mimic simple society constructs, I mean it. Periodically, bands will converge; this is not to be done in civilization i.e. within city limits. This will give all of us the opportunity to trade stories, ideas, goods, and most importantly, make art!

Through art, I have gained a comprehensive understanding of life, though still rudimentary. Art's ability to teach empathetic understanding – one of the many pieces of intelligence – far surpasses our linear training regime we as a society currently use to train, not teach. Art is not only a superior teaching tool – it is the only teaching tool. Art comes in many forms, giving the person many opportunities to learn the same thing, instead of one way to learn everything. Art doesn't require one to take a pill or go through therapy to understand. Art is interpretive, not absolute. Art raises awareness, instead of isolating it, as we currently do.

For most of my life, I have been plagued with what our society calls 'Learning disabilities'. I was diagnosed with ADHD and Dyslexia around the second grade. To this day I still struggle with trying to learn everything ONE WAY. I find ways around this one pattern by using others' patterns to solve the problems I'm presented with in the academic community. As we all know – consciously or unconsciously – intelligence is a social idea that is measured and controlled as such. It is NOT A SCIENTIFIC MEASUREMENT of your mental capabilities. Intelligence – in its current state – is basically how well you can be trained to do something productive for the failing system that we, as a people, are still trying to prop up.

I have many more things to say – and instructions to give – and I know the rest of you do as well. I was a sergeant in the U.S Army, paratrooper, and 3 tour veteran of the Afghanistan War or The War on Terror or Operation Enduring Freedom. Around 10%-20% of the military is trained for Combat Operations and the rest is for support. This operation will work the same way. If you have anything to give, it would mean the world to everyone involved; even if it's a morale boosting hug.

So join us on this ride if you can, if not, show support and we will carry you in spirit. I – and when I say I, I mean us all – want to hear your ideas, want to share your visions, and want to interpret your dreams. I want to understand the person standing next to me just as I understand myself. I'm tired of being taught to do everything one way and I know some of you are too. It's time to change that.

Check out what we are doing at
www.operationawareness.org

Send your contact info to
a.ride.till.the.end@gmail.com
if you're interested.

Also, feel free to share any feedback you might have, positive or negative.

War in me
 The chances we've had
 if you only knew
 mea culpa to the Earth Mother
 Pause for this
 what is terror?
 Never
 if you can't see it
 I know you don't mean it
 To my brother's mother
 War In us
 knowledge
 we lost the race
 the American dream
 oneself
 world view
 city life
 HUGE
 selfish patriot
 Unlearning how
 Bonus Poem!

War in me

Can you imagine?
 if on that day
 when the two giants fell

 we reached out our hands
 instead
 of bracing to yell

 if we opened our arms
 instead
 of pointing our fingers
 we could've saved
 thousands more

 now Death
 still lingers

 we could've changed
 how the world
 reacts to such acts

 instead, we pulled the trigger
 manipulated the facts

 if we just asked why
 instead of how

 we could've changed the world

 no turning back now

A decade of War
 for reasons
 we still
 do not
 understand

 The killing of Man
 The training of Hands
 to execute the plans
 supported by the people

 of this land

 we make these choices
 about something
 we know nothing about

 no civilian of this land
 Born and Bred of the privilege
 of an American
 can comprehend
 the devastation of War

 The madness of sending
 the poor
 to mop the floors
 of foreign countries
 with

 When will the American citizen
 see what America has become

 When will the American voter
 see what America has done

Brother, train with me
 Mother, forgive me
 for the wishes
 of our countries
 we chose to serve

 by bullet: by blade
 we learn the trade
 of trading a hate
 none of us
 have ever known

 it's all the same mud
 it's all the same blood
 these are the creatures
 that define love?

 Brother, forgive me
 Mother, I'm sorry
 true Victim
 of the times

I can feel peace
 leaving my bones

 as a warrior, this delighted me
 as a civilian, this frightens me

 not feeling fear often
 I pause for this.

 fear used to be abundant
 and so did love

 both beat out of me
 with the great whip of time
 the isolation of my mind
 with a cage
 that rattles
 to the beat
 of explosions
 from the front-lines

 the songs
 may sound random
 with their pops
 and their means
 and booms
 and screams

 this chord's been strummed
 for thousands of years

 harmony we've perfected
 even though it's defective

 once we all
 can hear
 this song

 it will be too late
 to stop listening

Terror:

an instance or cause
of intense fear or anxiety

Terrorism:

violence or threats of violence
used for intimidation or coercion

what is terror?

to us

an abstract concept
a heavily armed man
or harmless
insect

buzzing here and there
each time the wind blows

the more terror we make
the more terror we create

how to stop it?
know body knows

I ran off a helicopter
looked in a man's eyes

the face
looking back
said Terror

to my surprise

how am I different?

I'd feel the same
playin banjo
on my porch
watchin troops
jump outta planes

how long will those people suffer?

as long as we
can tell ourselves
their life is not
the same

no lifetime
can heal
the wounds
of war

no lifetime at all
war isn't something
one goes
and does

it's an activity
we
participate in

we can choose
to stop
to end it all

but

we go on
like properly trained-
properly positioned
action figures

seemingly unable
to control our own movements
limbs adjusted
by nationalist mania

million dollar toys
stuck in a sand box
shuffled around
by men

who on their best day
can't comprehend

the warriors code

time goes on
and these bones
grow old

and war ends
so I'm told

Don't hide
from these wars

from the citizen
to the soldier
we all carry this
on Our shoulders

can a turtle
remove its shell?

can a tower
ring its bell?

focused on myself
blinded from the hell

I know you want my labor

I can't ignore these wars

my dignity
is not
for sale

If you saw the smiles
could you say
the things you do?

Quote, "Nuke the country
make it a parking lot
we can show them
Democracy
by building
wal-marts!"

Well, I love to break it to ya

they have
their own
stores too

sometimes it rains
sometimes it snows
sometimes the skies
are blue

They even have farmers
working their fields
I've been there
I know it's true

One time,
I approached
the mountains
to wash off
in a snowy spring

it reminded me
of Arkansas:

mountains – without the green

I know you speak
from ignorance
your words
you can't understand

The beauty of life is everywhere

even in
Afghanistan

It's been a while
since I've seen such pain
in a man's eyes

to have your own mother
send her son
to the slaughter
would make any man cry

we begged you
to fix it
undo the curse
I'm tellin ya
I've been there
no place
is worse

even the
Smartest
Poorest
fall for the trap

everyone knows recruiters lie

but you stand staunch
with your decisions
protecting your image

how is your love so benign?

I feel sorry
for you mother
you never knew
how to teach

love is love: there's only one kind

now, I'm holding
my brother
knowing my mother
sent him

off
to
die

War in us

eat what they eat

you want to know

eat what they eat

want to grow?

eat what they eat

how can we

understand

if we do not eat the food of our fellow man?

war:
to make or carry on war; fight

We won!

We won!

We won the race!

now we can take

our rightful place

on the throne

of the saving grace

no need to compete

we have all we need

Now we own it all

Now we control it all

but if we lived now

how we lived then

there wouldn't be

a rat race to win

Generosity

the small tribes bank

you never took

more than you gave

it wasn't about

how much you make

when we made this life

our past was erased

if we knew now

what we lost then

there wouldn't be

a rat race to win

I do not understand

the American dream

I do not want

the American dream

What is the American dream?

Who gets it?

the ones with

American green

the ones who are a part of

the American Machine

plenty of humans have dreams

plenty of humans have died

plenty of politicians have lied

plenty of ideas have escaped

plenty of cultures have been erased

How can everyone have the same dream?

What does the American Dream even mean?

we're losing something very precious

not quickly though

this loss takes work

takes time

takes reforming

of our minds

much like the arch in the human foot

going flat

with time

misused

our thought has become linear too

stripped of creativity

with training schedules

called education

teaching us everything

we need to know

so we no longer

need to create

let's focus on

Love and Hate

Comfort and Mates

forget about everything else

to be fulfilled

is to fulfill

oneself

we cover ourselves

everyday

donning armor

without effort

layer upon layer

protecting our realities

the great American fallacy

swinging swords

of soft tissue

and taste buds

hoping to strike anything

that challenges everything

our armor is made of

fearfully

protecting

old ideas

from new ones

because we know

each and every

one of you knows

with an open heart

and an open mind

this cumbersome beast

will fall by the wayside

it is hard to expose yourself

it's not natural – so we're taught

to give in or rationalize

is not a fight well fought

if we try hard enough

this armor will crack in two

then you'll understand me

and I'll understand you

the apes are on the hunt
 screaming through the streets
 bags in hand
 searching for the next kill-
 er deal

nothing can stand
 in the way
 of them
 and their prize



Quick, to the cage!

consciously living in cages
 to celebrate the collection
 of cultures
 of achievements
 of humanity

consuming the soup
 of nothing
 made from combing everything

never full

still consuming

always empty

things are way too big

houses are enormous
 with wallets to match
 movies with budgets
 that could feed billions

arms and penises
 boobs and asses
 must be HUGE
 says the masses

cars the size of dinosaurs
 fueled by their time

obese humans eating food
 standing in line

countries so colossal
 they've taken it upon themselves
 to suck the life out of others
 to generate more wealth

< couple of more stanzas >

Finish
 it
 yourself

He gave us hope
spoke about change
not long ago
his people were in chains

now

bindings have taken
a different form

from the house of representatives
to the senate floor

the screaming patriot
can't truly stand
where he stands

why not want
health care
for all Americans?

patriotism
only applies
when it applies to you?
If so, your identity is mistaken
you're a selfish fool

if your country
is so important
why can't you comprehend

if you don't

educate the poor
and heal the sick

your country
will end

Learning how to leave my class:
some call this college

so I can shed my past
like a snake

do I really need a piece of paper
to legitimize my words

so my art doesn't matter
unless I take a step up the ladder
blending in with the herd

here's my education
now I can help civilization
trained with its own
failing systems of thought

How about-

Let's set it on fire
draw our weapons from the ashes
and make some real fucking art!

How can ___ trust
a system
full of contradiction

How can ___ trust
a post racist society
built to hide
its racist anxiety

How can ___ trust
a government
that can't
trust itself

How can ___ trust
an economy
when it's got
the government
on the shelf

How can ___ trust
education
that lies about
the history
of its own nation

How can ___ trust
a religion
using ignorance as a shield

How can ___ trust
medicine
when its
pumping us full
of mind altering pills

How can ___ trust
a police force
that pulls its gun
and kills

How can ___ trust
humanity
when it's a fucking calamity

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designs



Please recycle.

