

## A Spontaneous Revolution, by Andrew Kuharevicz

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### Intro

As I write these words I must wet a toothbrush, in order to trigger the decade old ink that lays dormant inside of my typewriter. Thoughts are taken and transferred to the off-colored and dirty paper, and from the machine the hammers spring letters that form like magic my nightmares, and I'm done, NOW, now this is where it stops.

I lost my nerve and lost my logic, and after the night that I had I place all words in the English language within the abstract prison of nothingness. And from this point on, from what I will write, everything that will form this book is inspired by all that I see before I leave the state of Michigan and Journey to Saint Petersburg Florida.

Across the Universe, side step and blink and please don't think anymore. Nothing will ever change. Spend and return and spend and think about the time and the internal courage that you have saved up. You are no boy. They call you man. Be more. Be human. Now grow. Now walk. This is your time to burn, to fight and to love, and now go, GO and run towards them and breathe as you walk like an idiot into the darkness. You must. You are the only one strong enough, foolish enough, free enough; you are the jester boy of the new era.

Frequency and exchange and tremble and pause, the voices are silent. Merely pausing and still waiting, and NOW, now and for so long I've only been contemplating, and Why, WHY do I do these things that I do? There is no answer. I'm only talking to myself. The pursuit will be constructed on a sheet of paper.

I'm no longer waiting. Something is about to occur, and it's no longer about death, and yes, everything is repressive, we all know this. Even the forms of the words that I type on this page yell at me, and like a tyranny they inform my mind what I can or cannot say. Don't tell me not to use a period, it's all that I've been taught and trained to use. I can

hear my voice inside of my head and I'm not even talking. I can hear everything that has ever happened as I type on the keys, and it's confused and thoughtless. What I'm really trying to do is simple. I am trying to meditate, trying to go into the flow of the written transcendental meditation.

There is a problem here and it's with me, and still I'm just like those bastards. I'm just a lazy poet who yearns for love. But I've had love. Now I must run from love. And for some reason I can't break free from the madness and the anarchy that is filling up within my mind and spilling out into my day-to-day intermingling. And these people, they treat me like the word hate. These people, they hate me. I don't know why. I don't hate them.

I'm a suicidal maniac, and yeah, so this is why I'm trying a new style of writing. I'm going back to nothing, removing everything but my data collecting skills. I no longer have any ideologies. I believe in everything and nothing and am a complete contradiction that hides within the event horizon of consciousness, and I'm just a shadow of what used to be that which was ME. NOW, now, and NOW I'm just a ghost of the moon and a bird flying under the sun.

I'm starting from scratch. I have nothing. I want nothing, and I have no structure and no truth and still the Michigan winter is about to arrive.

These are the tools and claws which those that are now dead didn't create, but they merely used. This style of writing is what Jack Kerouac defined as life as art, and it's a Pandora's Box in where you are a genius all of the time. But to me, and even though I bleed from the one slice that as my power got shut off I slashed out of depression, even as the snow falls and passes through my broken windows, even though I'm sad and alone, even then oh how this is all a game to me, for I never get tired, I never age, and why oh yes, YES and YES oh how I'm just warming up.

I place down the knife. I open the drawer. I laugh. I type my story.

My lungs are running, while my face is shrinking, and I hear these voices. They say in the dark and come from shadows. They never whisper and come through the floors.

"Please stop typing, I'm watching television" I hear them say.

Most likely it's annoying listening to me pound the sequence of letters that result in the words that only your dreams can inspire you to believe in. Maybe they're right. Maybe I should cave with shadows of you and just die. Many have done less with more than I was born with, and perhaps none of this will make any sense once I break with a pause in my personal entanglement with insanity. I have to run. I have to type my story. I have to lose myself.

The Sears Typewriter, that I pound and squash with all of my strength hollers and moans and even in the rain it can be heard down the ghetto streets. It delivers vibrations that resemble the echoes of lovers whom have just recently met and have for the first time fucked one another, and yes, there is more than instinct in why they have indulged in each other's animal bodies, and why yes-yes, they do this for a reason, of course they do; they do this to forget about the overwhelming outer world. They do this for the drug. They do this for peace. They do this to forget about you.

The coffee shop was loud. It was like a cat scratching their paws against the smooth surface of a blackboard, and in what you call clichés I will find the truth.

Sipping on coffee that gets cold as soon as it's poured I decided that I wanted to be a writer, a great writer, and more so, I wanted to become more human than I possibly thought I could ever become.

I was reading and writing and nothing worked, and as I started to just listen and think that I couldn't live anymore I stopped breathing and everything was dead, I couldn't think. I was dead and dry and feeling my anxiety that for some reason nobody has ever tried to understand.

People have always told me to get over it. What? Everything. I will and therefore I will write it all down. I will get over everything.

I started shaking, so I started laughing, and then I looked around at THEY THE PEOPLE.

And as I looked at these gross humans who sat all around me I laughed, and all THEY did was moan and rant and stare toward my direction, and just like me they were looking everywhere but at what was in front of them. Everyone noticed each other but everyone acted like they were alone.

The noise was the word panic, and I was trying so hard, I was trying to just be human. I was working and pondering the thoughts from a book that a friend had lent to me. The word nigger was within the title of the manifesto that I was academically admiring. I'm profoundly affected by that word because of society. I will destroy how I feel about society. I will indulge into the words that scare me. I will merely watch and I will try my best to always remember my teachings. I will destroy the emotion behind the words. I will negate the mindless hate that they contain. I will eat the stars and I will with rage that becomes peace oh how I will spiral from the black-hole out who I want to become. I only need my born with LOVE that translates into word PEACE to move me forward and away from that word which is PANIC.

And yes, oh how I used to be a shy philosopher, but from here on out I no longer stand in place, for now and until the sun eats my flesh I will walk as I move towards the negation of those hate filled words.

The supernova has sparked, planets one by one are being destroyed and then reborn and reflected towards my eyes. And now, now, YES NOW I'm a faggot, a coward, and yes, I'm a cunt dripping extremity that bleeds the life from the body, a body that for some reason I came to behold. I am everything they say you are. I am covered in their hate. You are once again born anew. Run. RUN. Run while they can't see you. You are now free. You are now unshackled from the children's nightmares. This is my journey alone to take, this is my fate. You have suffered long enough.

Now it's my turn.

"Please quiet down up there", I can hear them once again say.

They, these people, they are really only the other renters who live in my apartment complex. And they work and open doors all day, and as the night and snow falls you can hear them arriving home from their consumer warehouses, and yes, they sound sad.

While they kick the boots and yell at the dog, as they get their bills and pop the pills well the very first thing they hear are the nauseating sounds of a terrible artist trying to create. This angers them. I understand. They don't.

I lock my door and hide within my music. I freeze without heat. I slumber without money. The city took my lights away. Now I run to feel my sanity.

This is not a manifesto. This is an exercise in everything I could possibly hope to obtain in my short and pointless life. I am fighting the fucking machine, a machine that is I.

And I have nowhere left to go, therefore and now, NOW, now I will run towards everywhere.

And I do have some books. I could just sit in the dark and read. This silent act could thereby allow me to stir the slop of this undisciplined art within my own isolated head.

"Why don't you just stop already?" I can hear them say.

They don't understand that their pills don't work, that their televisions don't work; They don't understand that I have hated everything that I have ever written, but at the same time I understand that I must carry on.

I thought this was the goal of my education but I'm told it wasn't, and as the sun blurs with pink water it drips off of the table and mixes with my dry blood.

And I really tried. I desperately tried to learn new ideas and new ways of thinking. Have I anything left to give? Have I really changed at all for what the word BETTER is said to be about? Should I bag your

groceries and die in America? Should my passion take me elsewhere? What is this? What is anything?

NOW I wait. I wait while I run. Take notice. Cover your eyes. KEEP READING. Get out of the way. Please take cover.

The typewriter can't keep up with the speed that all of this comes out. I'm in my apartment and it's a dark place in where I live and think and where I screw and twitch within the days of my life that no longer have hours or minutes.

And everyone I know lives these normal and continuous fates, and I only see the color of this blood red and pink wine that drips down from the table, a gallon of wine that came from a cardboard box that drips and I laugh as it drips while crumbs from the noodles that are so cheaply priced are eaten in rage when I sleep on my kitchen floor.

Going out, and this is something I hardly do anymore, and when I sit on the same porch I agree and nod my head to everything that everyone, either child or monkey or relic of the past says to me. I say,

"Yes I think you're right" and "hello, how are you, sure is a nice night"; the same thing over and over, and every time I say these words, well the only thing I feel is the word panic.

I say the same words as I pass by someone on these lazy and cold streets that lay within a city in which I've been trapped and chained to ever since I arrived here over seven years ago.

Truth is a blister and yes the truth is the following: I have been institutionalized since my birth, and yes, why yes, YES how it's always been such a strange hero worship for me. Maybe this panic is because I never knew my father. But I did know many fathers. I just never was the son that they wanted.

Since I have been a child disruption has abused my heart. NO. NO. Just Wait...wait...is the page almost filled? NO. There is more...

Wait...and type so smooth...and I dance to the keys that hum across the typewriter. But wait...yes...wait...and I'm mistaken.

This type of written madness is not just art. It's fucking revolutionary. It's a goddamn drug that carries and pushes me forward in time.

This particular vice is a maddening hallucination of a non-traditional syntax that is tucked away firmly within the chords of life-filled particles that sparked the first words.

Questions, yes now ask away...

Will this art bring me closer to anything at all? Will writing down these thoughts ignite a new trend? Will this new idea gush with blood? Will it feed the starving? Will it stop the bombs from being dropped? Will it recall the pain that people feel as men and women sleep on top of one another after they dream to create more and more offspring to become the panic of all these soldiers and monsters and gods?

Children are neither saints nor sinners, they're pawns and jesters, and much like nuclear bombs they are the arsenals that will be used and cursed by the other saints who protest the very same system that they cherish or revolt against. But even then, when the snow falls all over the Midwest, oh how they will go to the market to trade their fears and needs for pieces of gold. The future is a false ideal that further strains the bodies of the cold and hungry.

Looking to sell some books for some food never once has somebody came up to me and said "Are you ok, can I help you?"

And I don't blame them. We live in a world where you are a COWARD and ANTI AMERICAN if you help someone. We in this country are born to judge.

I have drifted through this Art and through this life, and there are days now when I can't help myself any longer, I feel utterly defeated. I just want to sleep on the cold floor of my apartment until the sun explodes.

NOW tears flow from my face, a face that is now not a boy but a bearded man, and I cry for what is at stake. I bleed for the cause that has been defined by the choices that I have made. I run in the dark, and now, I am completely sober.

Three weeks without booze. They said that would clear my head. NOW that I am CLEAN this is what my head is full of: WORDS.

The night carries on and I use a comma by mistake, but still the anarchy must break free from this struggle with addiction and power.

Even the great writers of the past, they are all dead. They accomplished little but now it is only nothing. They did not change the world that I live in, and although some have consumed their ideas and hang their posters up within their federally purchased walls, although they have created me, well even then my heroes have been negated into nothingness, and NOW, my heroes are dead.

And they have passed on aspects of inspiration, but in the end they can no longer do anything to save our world. Even though I type the keys and they reflect within my eyes, they are dead, they are forever gone.

Within the heat of the summer nothing but the elitists remains. Humming the song of the corporate cubicle local writers and poets tear down the hope and the smiles within each other's dreams, and nothing was accomplished and so the good times are over. I'm here. My past, well of it meant not one damn thing.

Still and NOW I will pursue this page and I will try and meditate within my writing. Perhaps this too, this writing will in the end mean nothing.

NOW, I sit in my room and this night is all but over. My hair is sticking up, and it used to grow all the same length, NOW it has started to reseed.

I stare at the wall and think. I thought and thought and think oh no, but yeah man, nothing came to mind. Maybe it's the day, but no, cause it's still dark outside. There's still snow on the ground. NOW, I'm still alone. I'm still Typing. I won't stop. I can't.



There are so many demons in my head that pollute a future that was most likely going to be spent alone, and this terrified me. Terror was a reality though, because the dreams of youth were all but dried up. I was an insomniac back in college. That was three years ago. I thought about all of those sleepless nights and poor circulation was a buried past that would never repeat. I was wrong. I am an insomniac once again.

Should coffee be made? That will take so much effort.

Should teeth be brushed? Maybe, for yuck, there's a layered taste inside of the mouth.

Should a book be read? Everything seems to lack the type of inspiration I need right now.

Should blankets be pulled over the face? Somehow the light will still break in. Somehow the madness and frigid introspection will pierce the confused mind.

I'm lost in the shuffle and the eyes droop, they still don't close, and all of these mechanisms and distinct humming sounds cause blood vessels to explode. NOW, where is everyone? Maybe they're dead. Maybe they never existed. Maybe I am dead.

He is speaking to himself, and softly I say all of this inside of his own mind. Decisions and memories interact with each other, he never has trusted himself. The sound that the wood floor makes as it squeaks when he walks into the kitchen reminds him how lazy he is. How tired he is. How old he is. How unfortunate he is. How dried up he feels.

Coffee will be made, the morning is now here, and the slumber of the winter has been refused.

And sure, some may say that all of this is uneventful and boring. And what is the point to all of this gibberish? Maybe there's none. But right now, at five in the morning, a week before Christmas Eve; RIGHT NOW, well this is the purest reality you will ever inhale. LIVE IN THE DARKNESS BUT STILL YOU LIVE TO SEE THE SUN.

What a life. There's nothing to do. There's nothing to say. There's nothing new to read. I'm screwed. I used to laugh. Didn't I? Maybe not.

Someone one day will tell everyone how it actually is and the clambering humanoids will stop in their tracks, they will set down their computer chips, and they will actually listen. He hopes he is that someone. He holds the pen. He found the keys in the trash. He now types the keys and lives within a dream.

Coffee will be made. It will percolate and steam. Beans will be crushed. Black Liquid will be thrown back. Coffee will be made. I will make it right now.