

MALIK

ALL I fear is NOT fighting



*“Remember this, resistance is
essence, always resist, always try.
Love & solidarity.”*

malikspeaks.noblogs.org

poems from prison
SPEAKS!

Write to Malik:

**Malik Muhammad
#400523
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Center A1-50
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Columbia, SC 2910**

malikspeaks.noblogs.org

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with whatever weapons at hand



Keep the pace, keep the faith
In time they'll see how truly spectacular you can be

"I love you Malik. Stay strong, stay free, stay with me, stay here, please, for you, for me, for your son, for your family, go ahead and eat. In time, you'll find you'll see winning."

"My name is Malik Farrad Muhammad. I'm a 26-year-old black/Palestinian pansexual Muslim (yes, hella confusing). I'm an anarchist antifascist, anti-racist abolitionist (yes, both cops and prisons) for my love of freedom! My first protest was in high school: a walkout staged after Treyvon Martin's murder. From there, I never really got active again until "Bernie or Bust" and then, of course, the George Floyd uprising. I traveled the country and organized and fought and was ultimately kidnapped ransomed and now held prisoner here at OSP. I have a beautiful son and a loving family back home in the Midwest. I'm also a veteran, I was a tanker in the army — and no, I'm not proud that I was part of the murder machine, so don't thank me for my service. I love music more than anything almost, am a guitarist and aspiring pianist, all genres.

Not much else to say except that I'm a lover of freedom, equity and equality, and will fight to my last breath for it. Unlike those who may regret a thing they did to get convicted or those who tempered their actions for fear of the consequences, I regret nothing, if only not doing more before I was caught. I will live for the people and I'll die for the people because I love the people, we who want freedom cannot rest till it comes."

"Let everything happen to you: beauty and terror. Just keep going. No feeling is final." — Rainer Maria Rilke

Poems for Gaza

May 14, 2025

Genocide is no accident
International aid shouldn't be this hazardous
Medics, doctors, ambulance crews, firemen, hospitals, even bombing schools
Disastrous
Your excuse
"A professional misstep"
Not even an apology that's long overdue
Nothing much a sorry could do
But the gall to wave it off with an excuse
Madness
Know this, we'll not pity you
When your day comes
To you who plot terror and destruction
Evil men orchestrating deaths
Construction, carving the world based on
Your presumption of authority
You're morally BANKRUPT
As devoid of substance as your currency

Choosing to Eat

December 9, 2024

Malik shares a poem he wrote shortly after ending his 9-day hunger strike.

Think tactfully, impactfully, only one path I see
It's bittering, though, 'cause I hate to show any signs I slow,
Or relent, repent or give in, 'cause I do not quit, I can't ever not resist
I stand 'til the last man falls, risk it all or nothing
What's the point in givin' if you ain't givin' your all?
Thinking of quitting now? I'm appalled!
My struggle, my strength, resolve – where was it all, so easy to fall?

But "defeat is a mindset", to admit that is, in fact, not true
Staying true to you doesn't come on others' work terms, doesn't hang on
others' words
You're not losing strength, resolve
Rest assured: resolve still in your mind, body and will.

I propose a metaphor at best: life is a game of chess
Don't back your king in a corner as a threat
Be tactful, and sometimes be crow
Let 'em take a rook or two knights in a row
Make them grin, think they've won and got you on the ropes, don't let
them relent
Then surprise! Architect their demise

Like a fight, right?
You can't always just rush your opponent – find his patterns, wait for the
moment
When the timing 's right, slip jab hook right
Cross him out, lights out
Hope they go down and hit the ground, won't make a sound
You stand there tall and proud, when everyone counted you out
Title bout, you take a bow, you wow the crowd, tall and proud
Resolved as ever, still how powerful you feel, your power still
They can't take that, you'll never lose – that's a fact
It's a war we wage; Rome wasn't built in a day

For Amir

June 16, 2025

I dreamt of you again
no longer a boy
a MAN
tall and strong as I am
I hold that imagine in heart to have
at hand
I'm getting older
you too
I love you though
just like new
when I first saw you
held you
precious
fragile and pure

A vacancy of truth

The only truth is you're exterminating a people

Killing a planet

YOU

Evil men

Who gun down innocence

Rendering aid

I wept that day
I heard the news
Seas that run red
With you
The oppressed
Innocent
Euphrates to Mediterranean
Sea to sea
The promise of “freedom”
Looks bleak
The days are long
Nights rough
Tortured starved abhorred abandoned
By the whole world
I know how you feel
So I weep for you
As I have since a child
I wait for you
As I have since a child
To be free
Live life with autonomy

from tyranny
oppression
fascist unnatural selection
“I”
Palestinian
Black
queer
woman
trans
Native
HUMAN
deserve to “BE”
deserve humanity BECAUSE “I AM”
I don’t need your “innocence” train to “fit” neatly for you
I am not “innocent”
I am human

Innocence

June 16, 2025

Hop off the innocence train

no one is

“innocent”

today victims of violence

genocide

need not identify their infant-cide to avoid “justifiable homicide” (death by fascist)

set aside that “peaceful” cry

show some teeth

stiffen that spine

head held high

“I”

am NOT

perfect

innocent nor clean

“I”

am deserving and worthy to “BE”

free

Dignity and as I weep

To growing tragedy

The carnage and depravity

Knows no bounds

Trapped in this concrete grave

As more of you are buried under concrete

Rubble

Mass graves

Ten thousand come to see the pope

Millions dismayed

But eyes remain dry for Gazan lives

You matter

You more than exist

It's tough

The road is dark and rough

But resist you must

NEVER quit

Trust not in nations

Don't hope for them to be your savior and bring peace

Place your faith not with institutions of oppression

Untitled #2

June 16, 2025

Trust the people

Find your hope

In relationships you make and hold

Derive your faith from the hand you hold

Those who know

Trust hope and faith and love

Future is unknown

What we know is the love we hold

Doin' hole time

2024-25

world weighs heavy on my mind

doin' time with revolutionary love in mind

stuck away where the sun don't shine

except when you come to mind

I cheese wide

knowing our hearts entwined

never mind the time

your hand in mind

I know I'm fine

I Hate It Here

June 16, 2025

Where do we go? Shall we just dedicate another memorial? More bulletins and t-shirts printed while bullets rip through t-shirts and hoodies pointed blood red — aloud the names — it's still the same. How many since that day? How many still got away? How many locked away? Buried alive in a concrete grave. How many more names?

IMU

June 16, 2025

IMU just another side of the SHU as far as the dark side of the moon

silent too

segregation —

torture abuse

mental degradation

hatred infused

it's what they do resistance seems moot

what's the use?

— RESISTANCE

see

it's ESSENCE

it's core to our belief in the struggle to be free

no matter what you see cages gates indiscriminate bombing

RESISTANCE is key fundamental to me

what I see brings me grief

what I hear brings me tears

what I speak is truth

ALL I fear is NOT fighting

Untitled #1

June 16, 2025

I write what I see
most sights are so bleak
screams
silence
both deafening
genocide, hunger
atrocities
carceral state has captured me
revolutionary being ain't easy
but it's beautiful too
what struggle can produce
relationships forged that refuse to yield
break in the face of repression
it's painful
the loss... the cost
what you gain
though
what we all may

in spite of streaks
stains
rubble graves
against the backdrop of
charcoal smoke
black holed sons
kites still fly
One day
I will streak the sky with kites up high
one for all who died
all who gave their lives
to shed some light
or
to save some
all who were
stolen
robbed, taken by their fascist regime
a kite for every human being, 55k and counting

Kites in Gaza's Skies

June 16, 2025

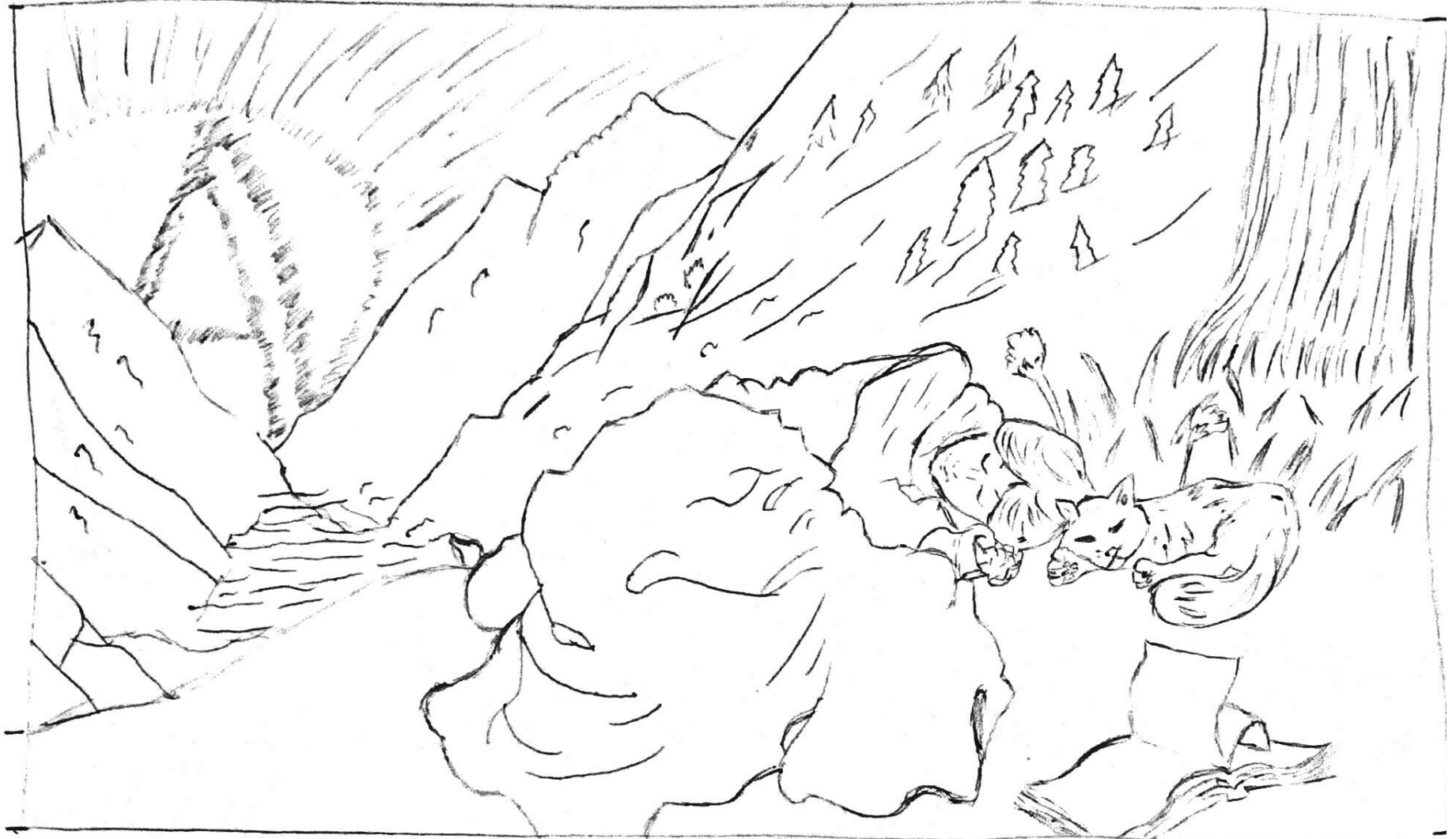
High time for kite flyin'
hypersonic missiles streak the sky
above
kites fly high
life; finds a way
defies
your very aim
resilient aren't they?
Shopping bags and tattered rags
hoisted high
not in surrender
to let you know
Gazans still stand
Hypersonic missiles streak the sky
as
tears stain a Gazan's face
rubble tattered land
as children's kites glide

helps keep the faith
today I'm loved
well met and received
comfort and understanding
warms me like the sun I cannot see
my people care for me
like a freshly planted tree
love still grows
even in the darkest holes
that's all we have
all we are
love and trust
relationships are a must
to persevere and resist
to rise and persist
all we've got is us; to my loves, those who know, who won't let me get lost
in the hole

Freedom

Law Roge - Solidarity - Malik

Autonomy



Marches

Liberation

Revolution

Equality