

Shaming Messages

You are too much.
Calm down.
Go to your room.

What's with
your attitude?
Why are you
so angry?

I should record you,
so you can see
how you look
when you scream.

What would
they think?
After all I've
done for you.

Don't be
so sensitive.
I was only
kidding.

Be a lady.
Watch your
tone.

Don't cause
a scene.
What will the
neighbors think?

Why do you always
make it about ____?
No need to play
the ____ card.

You are difficult,
manipulative,
unforgiving, sinful,

unreasonable, faithless,
problematic,
crazy, divisive,
out of your
fucking mind,
and I want
nothing to do
with you.

You should be
ashamed
of yourself.

Gender

Be a lady.
Be nice.
It's hormones.
You are so
irrational.
Don't raise
your voice.
Such a
fucking
BITCH!
Bossy, bitter,
crazy,
hysterical.
Slut!
Dramatic,
acting out.
He didn't
mean it.
Defer to
men always.
Obey
with a smile.

Man up.
Get over it.
Control yourself.
Take charge.
Never ever
show weakness.
Don't be
such a pussy.
Suck it up.
Only bitches
act like that.
Don't be a baby.
Never ever
let them get to you.
Don't let them

see you sweat.
Don't make
a big deal.
Be a Transformer,
GI Joe, show them
what you've got.
Macho robot.

Stop fussing.
You just want
to be weird.
So confused.
Be normal,
pick a gender,
and stop whining.
Don't be
difficult.
Stop centering
your identity.
This is why
people hate
trans people.
You are hurting
the movement,
so tone it down,
let it go,
not so sensitive.
Stop bringing
it up, you fuck-up.
Disappear.

Body Scan

Quietly,
I shut the door,
curiosity rising
tenderly,
gently.

Head:
heat,
tingling,
pressure
or tension?
A storm
behind my eyes?
Clenching
my jaw?

Neck and shoulders:
tightness,
tingling,
armored
and holding?
What didn't I
get to say
or do?

Arms and hands:
heat,
pressure,
hollow
or pounding?
Burning
to get out,
or shrinking
further in?

Belly and gut:
churning,
knots,
nausea

or weight?
What am I
swallowing,
or holding down?

Hips, legs, feet:
grounding,
tension,
urges
to flee
or stomp?
Am I trying
to run,
freeze,
please,
stand tall?

Pause.
Breathe.
Name
sensations.
No need
to fix.
Let's simply
be.

Let's wonder:
What is this
about?

Is it rage
or frustration?
What boundary
was crossed?

What truth
lies beneath
this tension
and heat?

May our hands
rest wherever
care is needed,

settle gently,
listening,
simply choosing
to be there.

Breathe again.
Be here.

Mutual Aid

When life feels
impossible,
injustice squashes hope,
but anger creates—

emergency housing,
community bail funds,
medical supply closets,
childcare co-ops,
nonprofit therapy,
survival funds grown with care,
free dinner programs,
ACAB neighborhood watch,
protest first-aid,
barter networks,
mobile resource vans,
seed exchanges,
community gardens,
ride shares,
home repair crews,
skill-swap collectives,
specialty workshops,
food pantries,
free stores,
neighborhood fridges,
moving crews,
free clinics,
debt relief,
memorial support,
closets for workwear.

Anger becomes beauty,
connection rooted in love.

Reflective Pause: Mutual Aid

When systems fail us, mutual aid grows from the soil of anger, love, and the refusal to leave each other behind. Mutual aid says, “We keep us safe.” It takes the rage of injustice and transforms it into connection, care, and survival.

These networks exist because people got angry enough to create what the system refused to provide. We see mutual aid at work through the free fridge on the corner, a neighborhood watch that does not call the cops, or a community medical fund. Childcare, meals, housing, transportation, community gardens, and tool libraries are also rooted in the belief that we are not disposable and that another way is possible.

Reflective Writing

What forms of mutual aid have you received, witnessed, or participated in? How did it feel? Where do you see anger turning into care in your community? When you think about what you or your people have lacked, what do you long to create?

Write about a moment when collective care made you feel seen, held, or valued. Let your anger shape your vision for what we might build together.

Boundaried Resting

Fuck off.

Sometimes enough
is enough.

Turn off
the fucking news,
just for today.
Refuse unpaid
emotional labor
every fucking day.

Rotate caregiving
to ensure space
for everyone to rest.

Do not fucking disturb.
See this candle,
hear that music,
observe this affirmation?
My rest is ceremonial
and protected.

Block.
Breathe.
Rejoice.
No more shit,
no more exploitation,
no more intrusive
communications
without my consent.

Rest spaces.
Nap spaces.
Pleasure is necessary.
Bubble baths,
dance breaks,
orgasms,
random serenades,
and direct contradictions
to everything

wishing me miserable
or gone.
Fuck that.

Out of the office
for my fucking
mental health day.

These hours are mine.
Do not—
I repeat—
DO NOT
ask a damn thing
of me today.

Pause.
Breathe.
Delight and enjoy
to spite them,
but also to love me.

Thou shalt
honor my boundaries.
I shall also honor yours.

Fuck urgency culture.
I don't remember agreeing
to exhaust myself
with rushing.
My slowness
is resistance.

Celebrate my rest.
I want to celebrate your nap,
the video game savored
on an extra-long lunch,
and the candlelight dinners
we both enjoyed last night.

From here on out...

I am only saying yes
to what lights me up.
I refuse to center

oppressor comfort
in systems designed
for their benefit.

I do not exist
for your comfort.

I exist for me.
I shall live my life
and rest.

Watch.

Learn.

Repeat.

(Really. Go rest.)

Reflective Pause: Boundaried Resting

Boundaries carve out space to breathe, recover, and exist on your own terms. In a capitalist and white supremacist society that glorifies overextension and urgency, they are essential for survival. Anger helps us recognize when something has crossed the line and gives us the fire we need to protect our space, softness, and right to rest.

When we log off, silence our phones, or close our doors, we're reclaiming our right to choose how we engage with the world and when we pause. Staying informed matters, especially as fascism rises, but constant exposure without rest is unsustainable. Setting limits is one way we refuse to be constantly available for exploitation. It is a declaration that we deserve pleasure, stillness, and softness, simply because we are human.

Rest can take many forms. Sometimes it looks like a bath, a nap, or a dance break. Other times it's a walk in the park, a favorite game, or a long, quiet moment with someone who expects nothing from you. Rest might be solitude, or it might be community. However it shows up, let your body, your heart, and your needs guide how you use that space. It belongs to you.

Reflective Writing

What stops you from resting when you need it? Where in your life could anger help you set a boundary around your time, energy, or presence? What would it look like to protect your rest as something sacred and non-negotiable?

Write a permission slip for yourself to rest. Let your anger clear space for joy, for quiet, and for being.

Anger Says...

I matter.

You matter.

We matter.

Anger names harms,
resists erasure,
and interrupts
cycles of abuse,
even when everything
gets shaken up.

Anger prompts truth
to leak everywhere,
exploding into
the atmosphere,
walking out of rooms
gaslighting you.

Anger holds grief
tenderly, openly,
refusing to
accommodate
even an ounce
of oppression.

Anger demands repair,
changed behavior,
new systems and ways
of being together in
mutuality.

Anger says *hell no!*
I think the fuck not!
Fuck off!

Anger reveals aliveness,
keeping memory alive,

while forming alliances,
and confronting justice
daily.

Anger disrupts gaslighting,
bypassing, and suppression,
reclaiming narratives,
birthing boundaries,
and becoming sacred fire,
illuminating paths forward
when every fucking thing
tries to dim our light
into nothingness.

Anger stays alive!