

I have looked at civilization from the mountains, preferring to go deeper into them rather than step once again on the concrete. I have felt relief from having finished building a shelter, and resting my tired feet in the evening calm. I have been surrounded by fireflies without doubting for a second that I too am an animal on this Earth. I have walked on the paths where my Teochichimeca ancestors trod. There I have found obsidian arrowheads, one that perhaps entered the body of an invader, wounding or possibly killing him. But without a doubt, it was shot by my ancestors, and by mere coincidence it has come down to me. This made me feel 'chosen' to honor their memory and continue that warrior instinct. This is what I have done.

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Readings
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Eco-extremism

