

An Ode to a Broken Vending Machine At the PSU Library Occupation



Oh, broken vending machine, please forgive us for smashing your glass doors. We were thirsty, and your cold beverages were so tempting.

We brushed the shards of glass from the lids of your cans and bottles so that we could safely drink your delightful refreshments, and before we left, we added new cans of our own so that others could forage from you as well.

All I can do now is keep living like every door is already opened, every cop shop already ashes, every prison already rubble, everything already everyone's.

With hammer in hand, we fight like we have nothing to lose, and live like we are already free.

We keep dreaming of a world that already exists, and maybe tomorrow we'll wake up together, back on the barricades.

You see, before all this, you were just a thing to me. You were a machine with simple rules; you give drinks to those who are willing to pay and keep out those who can't.

You let us look inside, to show us know that you have something that we do not, and you make sure to remind us that we are on one side, and you are on the other. We can look but we can't touch, not unless we follow your rules.

But this dream doesn't last forever. In time the barricades are broken, and the windows are replaced. A flower blooms, then withers, and you become just a memory. Am I waking up or am I only going back to sleep?

For a brief moment, you were something beautiful. A shared dream come to life. I miss you, but I'll always remember you, a bright spark now drifting in the cloudy waters of recollection.

You stood as divider and as a controller of boundaries. You showed us that we exist in a world of binaries; of those who have and those who have not, of those who pay and those who can't, those who are in and those who are out.

But you didn't stand alone, you were just one of many. All struggles are connected, and you were just one node in the network of domination and control we live under.

And look at you now! With a hammer you are transformed, you are resurrected. Instead of a machine you are parts, instead of a cog you are a disruption, instead of a keeper you are a giver Everything for everyone you say, open to all.

If this is just a dream, why do I only now feel so awake? This is what life must really be like, standing and fighting next to friends and strangers, We live free, and we live dangerous.

All struggles are connected, and you are just a node in the network of domination and control, a node that I can see and feel and touch and smash. In the dream—like delirium of action I can see reality more clearly now, I take what I want and share the rest.