

Poetry



LINES IN THE SAND

Writings on the Gaza Solidarity Encampment
& Campus Flood at U.C. Berkeley from
an Anarchist Prisoner of War

with whatever weapons at hand

Casey Goonan

*transcribed, formatted, & edited
with love & rage from
comrades to the end*

cover images:

شهادة الاطفال في زمن الحرب

In Time of War: Children Testify

(Drawings by Palestinian Children)

Beirut: Mawakif / PFLP, 1970

April 17, 2026

Palestinian Prisoners' Day

with whatever weapons at hand

withwhateverweapons.noblogs.org



Writing a letter to a political prisoner or prisoner of war is a concrete way to support those imprisoned for their political struggles. A letter is a simple way to brighten someone's day in prison by creating human interaction and communication—something prisons attempt to destroy. Beyond that, writing keeps prisoners connected to the communities and movements of which they are a part, allowing them to provide insights and stay up to date. Writing to prisoners is not charity, as we on the outside have as much to gain from these relationships as the prisoners. Knowing the importance of letter writing is crucial. Prisons are very lonely, isolating, and disconnected places. Any sort of bridge from the outside world is greatly appreciated. Find out more:

nycabc.wordpress.com

Casey Goonan is a dedicated community educator, writer, distroist, printer, and anarchist/anti-imperialist political prisoner who has committed their life to struggles for liberation. Casey is incarcerated for actions carried out in solidarity with Palestinians facing genocide in Gaza and in response to the repressive actions against the pro-Palestine student encampments in the United States. In January 2025, Casey pleaded guilty to one count of maliciously damaging or destroying property used in or affecting interstate commerce by means of fire or an explosive for the arson attack on a campus police car. As part of a plea agreement, Casey took responsibility for other attacks but pleaded not guilty to the additional charges and was sentenced to 235 months in federal prison. Just as Casey has persistently for years cared for, supported, and struggled alongside incarcerated comrades, we aim to replicate these actions in solidarity with Casey as they continue their struggle from the other side of the wall. A note from Casey in September 2025: *“Thanks to everybody out there who has shown me love and offered support through this time. I wish every prisoner could experience the level of support you all have shown to me. In here, I’ve done my best to show my love to all my fellow prisoners and I remain steadfast to the movement to Palestinian liberation and the movements for decolonization and abolition worldwide.”* More information:

freecaseynow.noblogs.org

Editor’s Note

The content of this book comprises writings and letters written by Casey during their time at Santa Rita Jail in the year before they were sentenced to federal prison. Some of the ideas and opinions expressed in this text are rooted in a particular moment in time and do not reflect Casey’s current views on strategy, approach, and political action. These are not definitive statements and must not be construed as such, especially given that Casey is imprisoned and certain ideas may create undesirable repercussions. The editors have aimed to be as faithful as possible to Casey’s original words in the transcription and editing process, with minor spelling and grammar changes for readability.

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february twenty nine

Writings on the Gaza Solidarity Encampment & Campus Flood at U.C. Berkeley from an Anarchist Prisoner of War

1. To Speak for Myself
2. Poetry
3. Academicism, within & without the Academy
4. Singular Apparatus, Differentiated Terrains
5. University of California as Infrastructure of Empire
6. Light the Way, Part I: The Gaza Solidarity
Encampment at U.C. Berkeley
7. Site & Scene of the University Campus
8. Forms of Struggle
9. Light the Way, Part II: The Campus Flood
10. Lines in the Sand
11. Federal Task-Force to Combat Anti-[Zionism]
12. A Message to a Prisoner Letter Writing Event
13. Timeline of the Gaza Solidarity Encampment Wave
& Campus Flood at U.C. Berkeley

flour bags stacked on blue truck bed for palestinian family starved under military orders as settler entitlement-bullets swallow body in desert grave not unlike southwest border-crossed generations displaced hunted by white citizen militias now multicultural found in sonora trench sweat dry bone drenched blood red stain on white flour bag image eaten by amerikan with takeout dinner delivered spectacle-pain status quo repetition sees tolerable tragedy feels compliantly melancholic not mad meanwhile guerrilla fighter of gaza wrapped in green-black self-determination under rubble-rock defies fifty-year eurodescended missile-shock desired by zionist family who is not starving is settler colony is “elimination of the native” embodied is white civilization morality tolerance begets red blood stained flour bags on blue truck bed stacked screams seared into nervous system is why tonight we are in street burning “israel” and “u.s.a.” flags and tomorrow teaches us to make improvised asymmetry-leveling combat within engine of genocide-warfare machine.

December 23, 2024

process

begin

rip away / barred participation

the tepid remains as chatter

unscathed white-speak

mirage memory only

suited for bureaucrats or

a c.v. line maybe

i can't tell you what you stand for by words alone

removed as i am from the same plane of existence

all i know is discourse

negotiation necessitated dialogue

dancing beyond demands

to reshape hopelessness into

a prompt for new perception

companion against the grain of

bubble-wrapped praxis

blood-soaked politics

false internationalism

in genocide-source locales

huffing optimism fumes to avoid

inevitable

negation

no certainty

to be found

here

we

begin again

December 24, 2024

Non-Cooperating Plea

on tuesday i will stand before judge

face to face with the united states

government will label me "terrorist"

defined by, forever in white-christian settler nation documents

as existential threat to its interests and security

better believe i carry a terrifying love

for all who suffer, stare down daily, face to

faced with genocide wars accelerated by

shattered colonizer arrogance

in retaliation i have set fires, as invitation

will you join? or will patience persist as

the unmerited virtue of today.

January 3, 2025

from his four consecutive days
in bed, silent waiting
unmoving
face unflinched with tearless eyes
i want to tell him
it's okay
you just need to make it through the night
to find a better morning

yet nothing of this sort can be promised
to these one hundred sleeping men waiting
this is jail and waiting
this is the united states of amerikkka

July 15, 2024

whirlwind days

whirlwind days pass in blurred transformation
practice outpacing thought, while imagination outpaces
a consideration for
timing was never my forte
dreamed it all she asks

“why did you take so long to arrive?

or to return,

smoke signal nearly a year late.”

unthought traces in wake

startled i reply

“how could i have known before it happens?”

all i had was

crossless rosary

accidental possession

whirlwind days past things

could have gone

much different

but they didn't

so now what

December 25, 2024

ash

told to define love
halfway out door
felt in flash flare
nothing the same

December 21, 2024

#UMF227

1 a.m. on a 3' x 6' steel sheet top bunk
stacked
snores amass
howls from one hundred
waiting sleeping men
reverberating throughout
this echo chamber pod
sorrow souls humming
chorus of one hundred caged waiting
voices, muted
resting from day's pent up stress/loathing/distractions
one hundred present-tenses arrested waiting
producing octaves that scale
another sleepless starless night
a reprieve from the hum humm hummm
silence broken by deputy boots
jail keys clinking like white devil tambourine
summoning a howling chorus
of snoring men waiting
now punctured by now
noxious bowel movements
distant toilets flushing loudly
smells of shit seeping into our
stacked cell sleeping waiting
while the boy in the bunk
below me
continues to reek of
rancid unwashed feet