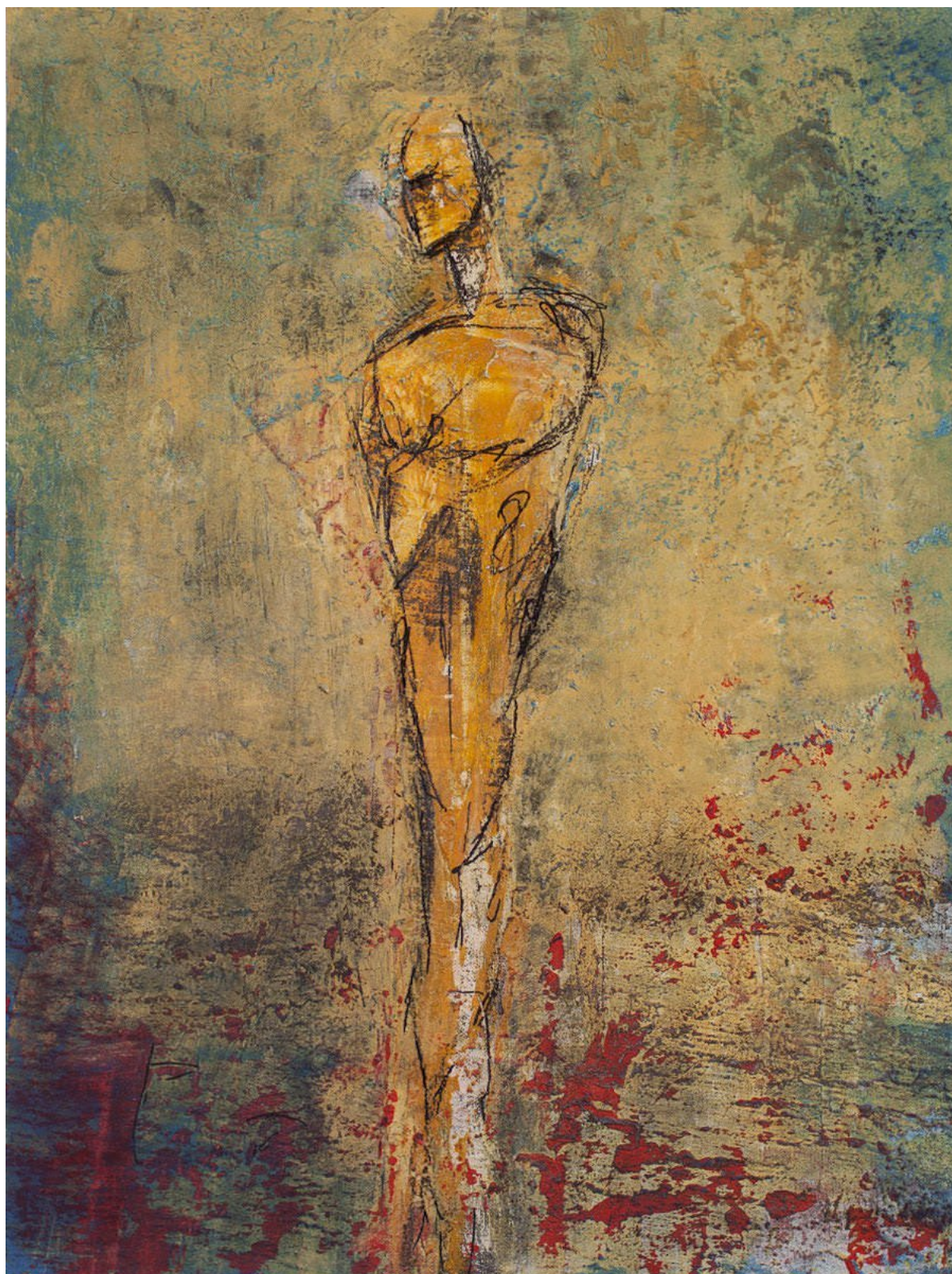


# Confessions of a Recovering Social Justice Warrior

by [Brandon Marlon](#) (September 2018)



My awakening, belated and rude, arrived abruptly  
like a sucker-bitchslap to the face; the pot I was puff-  
puffing  
was especially potent, I figure, since out of left-wing field  
it dawned on me (Derrida-style) that there are no people  
of no color (wait, what?), that all cultures appropriate  
and always have (it's what we do), that viewpoint diversity  
is more crucial than any other kind, that all life matters  
and suggestions to the contrary are reprehensible  
and thoughtless, that surely the only race that matters  
is the human one (all the others being made up), that everyone  
has been victimized by something or someone at some point  
but only those who wallow and dwell remain mired in  
victimhood,  
that resistance to everything under the sun but my  
indoctrination  
is half-baked and hypocritical, and that when everyone high  
beams  
their virtue signals 24/7 it tends to attenuate the attendant  
glory thereof.  
Suddenly my snowflake had thawed, rendering me a puddle  
of childishness with no janitor around to mop me up.  
I felt especially betrayed that none had informed me

that Marxism had not so quietly slain a hundred million or so  
—how else was I supposed to know? *Damn, Karl. WTF???*

I just got so tired of policing people's thoughts and words;  
I gave it the ol' college try, but fascism fatigue has set in,  
friend.

I was suffocating in the befogging bubble, an echo chamber  
that excludes outsiders and self-satisfies insiders.

Don't get me wrong: of course I miss "calling out" whatever  
and labelling people racist! in knee-jerk fashion, per the  
daily quota;

it gave me a power hard-on and made me feel righteous  
and superior by comparison and I gets my kicks where I can.

And I still love my self-image as a radical, which is gnarly,  
dude.

But whereas once I speed-guzzled the Kool-Aid, now  
I've smoked magic dope and seen the light, halleluiaah.

I know a grain of good sense may be all I have left,  
but I'm determined to use it right.

p.s. This was written on paper made from the wood pulp  
of a tree that grew on the unceded territory of who cares  
they fought and lost and that's how it goes so get over it  
already because progressive means looking and moving forwards,  
not backwards, you're not going that way,

and if the truth hurts, say ouch.

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Brandon Marlon is a writer from Ottawa, Canada. He received his B.A. in Drama & English from the University of Toronto and his M.A. in English from the University of Victoria. His poetry was awarded the Harry Hoyt Lacey Prize in Poetry (Fall 2015), and his writing has been published in 300+ publications in 32 countries.

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