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May 21, 2012



Ricardo Flores Magón

Onwards!

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1911

Translated from Spanish by Mitchell Cowen Verter.
From "Regeneration" number 65. November 25, 1911.
Retrieved on April 8th, 2009 from www.waste.org

“Onwards!” says a mysterious voice that appears, uprooting the innermost core our being. It spurs on all those who are weary, spiritually burdened; whose swollen feet have been bled dry by the long, hard road; we who intend to rest for a while . . . “Onwards, onwards!” the voice orders us.

And so we go, without taking a breath, our view fixed towards what lies beyond, where our eyes seem to discover the first brightness of a dawn unknown by the flock. Onwards!

But why do we go forwards by ourselves? Turning our heads, we feel our hearts breaking, to see that we can barely divine the flock behind us, far away, very far away, by the small clouds of dust their hooves raise. The flocks need shepherds, leaders; but the leaders they have now do not rush towards the Promised Land. They have full bellies, already forming part of the class of parasites.

Onwards! We are condemned to continue onwards because our temperament demands it. Is a bird singing? It does not matter: Onwards! We must not lose time. Does the velvet of a flower at the side of the road entice us? Onwards! We can not even admire its beauty . . . time is running out.

Our march is not really a march, but rather a breakneck race towards the Ideal. We do not have the time either to refresh our lips in the pure waters of science, or to expel the bitterness from our souls with the luscious honey of art.

Onwards! Onwards!

Our Authority is our own conscience. She is the one that pushes us, she is our spur. We are slaves, but to our duty.

Onwards!