

A powerful reflection on the first hundred days under the renewed Trump administration in 2025, highlighting rapid political repression and the erosion of civil liberties masked by propaganda and executive orders. Within our grim political climate, let us emphasize the resilience and defiance of the American people through grassroots protests, acts of resistance, and the enduring spirit of hope symbolized by "daffodils." Let's unite to remember this period not only for its challenges but for the persistent courage and quiet resistance that continue to sustain democracy.

***Let it be recorded for whatever species finds this scorched, slab of earth, the million years from now and learns to read through radioactive glaze. That in the year of our Lord 2025 the United States of America that how might it experiment liberty and lunacy. Enter the second reign of Donald J Trump. The crown was not returned by boat alone, but by fear fatigue fraudulence and the magnificent machinery of misinformation.

And in the first hundred days of the Survival tour, executive buffoonery the nation, which reminded that a history does not repeat itself and then well runs and minor key. The first order of business naturally was vengeance, brought against foreign powers or looming threats to the Republic. But against dignity, decency, the ghost of democracy itself.

Executive orders were signed and a blur swollen fingers and synthetic jubilation immigration was once again, used as a wedge cutting clean through the sinews and the statue of Liberty's old promise environmental protections regarded with the ferocity of a mobster clearing ledgers. And in a cruel twist were well, in comedy, The Department of Education, began distributing pamphlets. Referring slavery is involuntary, relocation While arising mention of LGBTQ+ history, and civil rights leaders, not named Reagan or Thatcher.

All of it happened. Fast fascism doesn't march anymore. Scrolls, a tweets science, things and gold age with televised applause. It means like a knock on notification, an American God bless we want. some more or something glee and most with numb caffeine, staying super, as the Constitution, became a suggestion and the Bill of Rights just in nostalgic page for high schoolers But still, there were daffodils. That's the damn thing. We're still that the bills and Washington, Connecticut, Law Arkansas, they know. Ohio, those little things, push that the crust like stubborn laughing rebels, they bloomed under the same skies that bolstered lies and drones, and that's what we had 400 days. Beauty and bullshit in equal measure.

Hope and horror holding hands like nervous lovers before war. But protests began on day one, not with torches or fists but was signed Psalms soup kitchens. Women men children old veterans in one coats teenagers, skateboards and poetry in their pockets all

took to the streets because while the President declared himself Emperor by executive, be it, and tried to criminalize the scent under the guise of order. America's better, angel to remember. That disobedience is not only a right, it's a right.

They marched in the rain, they danced in the snow. They organize potlucks. And that old towns are factories once free because even in hell, flowers grow and the people wept and they laughed and they sang and they stood their ground. The founding fathers would have lost their minds. Jefferson would run to Paris. Franklin would have started printing anti-trump pamphlets called Poor Donny's Almanac Hamilton were challenged, the bastard to a duel on the steps of monologue and Washington would burn the whole damn thing down. It started over These men were many things Hypocrites, slaveholders radicals, but they new tyranny when they saw it, and they didn't build a republic to see an auction ball like a foreclosed casino in Atlantic City. So, here we are.

Watching the same old tricks dressed and newer shiny or rapping watching the working class. Praise billionaires, who sold their jobs overseas, watching, families, ripped himself. A part of a propaganda that turns neighbors into enemies watching. Politicians talk about liberty, while building bigger fences, better guns and longer prison sentences for protesters, pregnant women, but we are not gone, not by a long shot. The joy still angers in the corners of this crumbling house.

You can find it in church, basements. We're organized our pass around flyers and bowls of chili. You can fill it on the floor of punk, rock shows and rural gymnasiums all across the Midwest. You can see it the smarts of teachers who still sneak Howard Zinn into the curriculum. It is the joy of resistance, not the loud. Defiance of martyrs, the quiet daily decision to do. What's right? Even when it's no longer legal, and that matters. Because the thing about America is, it's always been to countries. one of our privilege and violent control and whatever billion poetry freedom songs. The second one never really ruled but God damn it didn't start the salt.

So, let the first hundred days, be remembered, not just the shameful executive orders or the cultish pageantry of both patriotism. But for the stubborn, hope that wouldn't die. Let them write about the daffodils and the child who held a cardboard sign that said "Be kind or be quiet." The old women who smuggled contraceptives into red states and taught it reversal evangelism. We are still here. The public might be a hospice hooked to a ventilator, corporate interests, an bleeding civil liberties, out of every orifice. But the spirit that birth is still kicks like hell under the sheets. Even if these tyrants want to kill that spirit, they'll have to chase it through every cracked sidewalk every school library, every dive bar. Every protest song sang at midnight because the thing they keep forgetting is this People don't need permission only a reason. And the first hundred

days of this jackboot parade have given us more reasons than we ever asked for And still the daffodils floating.

Definitely death.

part of a propaganda that turns neighbors in the enemies. Watching politicians, talk about liberty law, building bigger, fences, better guns and longer, prison sentences for protesters, pregnant women, but we are not gone, not by a long shot. The joy still angers in the corners of this crumbling house.

You can find it in church, basements. We're organized pass, ground, flyers and bowls of chili. You can fill it on the floor of punk, rock shows and rules gymnasiums all across the Midwest. You can see it as marks of teachers, who still sneak Howard's in into the curriculum. It is the joy of resistance not allowed defiance of martyrs, but the quiet daily decision to do what's right? Even when it's no longer legal, and that matters. Because the thing about America is it's always been two countries, one of power privilege and violent control and whatever billion poetry freedom songs. The second one never really ruled but God damn it didn't start the salt.

So, let the first hundred days, be remembered, not just the shameful executive orders or the cultish pageantry of both patriotism. But for the stubborn, hope that wouldn't die. Let them write about the daffodils and the child who held a cardboard sign that said Be kind or be quiet. The old women who smuggled contraceptives into red states and taught it reversal evangelism. We are still here. The Republic may be in hospice hooked to ventilator corporate interest in bleeding civil liberties, out of every order of this but the spirit that birth is still kicks like hell under the sheets. Even if these tyrants want to kill that spirit, will have to chase it through every crack side wall. Every school library, every dive bar, every protest song saying good night because the thing they keep forgetting is this People don't need permission only a reason. And the first hundred days of this jackboot parade have given us more reasons than we ever asked for And still the daffodils plugin defined Sylvia.