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Rebellion is Futile

by Victoria Cooper

Rebellion meant a look in the eyes, an inflection of the voice, at most an occasional whisper. Well that is what I thought but when I lost I remember so much shouting. My blood lay mingling with theirs silhouetting my dying body; but the noise was deafening.

I want you to know I stood up to them, I really did.

It's important to me that you know. It's no egregious lie. I fought with all of me I just lost everything as a consequence. Now it's over I try really hard to re-live those moments. Strange expression right? I mean for a dead person, a cadaver, a corpse.

I thought, no I felt in every part of me that what we were fighting for was clear and right. Looking back, which is all I can do now, it was just words. My death, that blood everywhere, it does nothing. It stops nothing. The man in charge still gets to decide.

Now it really has no significance whether you all destroy things or not. Now I should just be busy scaring children and raising hairs on arms but the sad fact is I do care. I watch you reading newspapers, scrolling stories on phones and my lifeless heart sinks a little deeper in my rotting corpse (apologies for the description but I trust you understand) that you turn the page or look away. I'm dead right? Not human any more. So why should I care?

But somehow I do.

Somehow your complacency depresses me.

I fought the law and the law won. The rich man in charge won. One man won. Extinction seems nothing to you, just a book about Alice and a flightless bird. Those kids know the truth though, and the truth will set you free. I might not be around any more, powerless for eternity, just capable of watching the living hell that you have brought upon yourselves. I just wish I could have done more. I wish I had not died in vain.

I wish they had listened.

Anyway God speed to humanity and all of that.