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## Rage

by Mari Syrad Grieves

You filed gold coins from your gluttonous coffers into sharp points and embedded them in your selfish gums so that your wealth and your cruelty were visible with every callous grin.

You paraded your gleaming diamond encrusted skin in front of us, those whose skin is made from paper bags held together with packing tape. We're desperate for the softened creases not to tear as we blink back tears, dazzled by the refracting light.

You wore an antique stole around your elevated shoulders, but instead of a fox or mink, it is the carcass of a former employee whose chronic illness offended your 'profit over people' approach to business.

You lined your shallow pockets with shrill assaults ready and waiting to beat us down from the bottom rung of the escape ladder high above the ground, stamping on our panicked fingers until we can't hold on; we fall from the tower of your supremacy.

It is our inadequacy, you say, that's led to this. We all have the same chances in life, you say, you just need to try harder.

You've taken my hourglass, my strength, and my soul, and said you thought I'd be fine with it.

Well use that serrated tongue to cut deep into my belly and rip the wound open wide so you can see the depths of hell that reside within me. Fire and bile seeping out, ready to coat your ego, your disregard for human life, your unashamed disdain for those beneath you.

I will take and take and take like you have done until your bones are a fine powder that I will mix into your fine wines, your Botox and sell it back to your friends, so greedy that they would never stop to notice me feeding them your prime grade capitalist cunt. And if you think that's all, hold on because I'm just getting started: welcome to the year without a summer.