

10/20/10

~~Wanda Meyer~~

Writing Center - Day on Writing

I can't breathe. I'm suffocating, assailed on all sides by stifling ignorance. Petty prejudices and casual hatred color our daily lives; we're forced to abide with stinging barbs, minor projectiles that ~~would~~ ~~to~~ make tiny punctures, blooming and growing as flowers as they make their silent way ever deeper into our souls. We are silenced, gagging on the infinite discriminations shoved into our ~~own~~ unwilling throats. This ever-mounting opposition calls for war. An inevitability. Someday, some way, we must stand, rebel, resist, fight. Stand up and declare independence from the unthinking masses. Though their seemingly boundless waves of ~~fear~~ and loathing crash all around us, a cacophony of "fag" "bitch" "dyke" "whore" "nigger" "fataass" "chick" "tranny" "nigun", we stand ~~as~~ solid, as cliffs rising from the sea. There can be no middle ground between water and rock. You are for or against, and anything in the middle will be shattered by the irreconcilable oppositions. This is what happens when an unstoppable force meets an immovable object - except they will be stopped. Eons pass, oceans evaporate, leaving only the rock, transformed into endless desert. We will prevail, as the truth always must, though it takes an eternity of deceit and delusion. Resistance will fade, succumbing to the inescapable reality that we are here and we are valid. ☹

Or so we must hope. Because hope is the last bastion of the oppressed.

- You are my inside joke.
- I laugh silently at your pointless, self-made struggles.
- You hang on your cross, made of your own delusion.
- Bleeding for a cause that never existed.
- Demonstrating to all how persecuted you are.
- But you forgot the punchline.
- You forgot to mention the supreme arrogance of your humility.
- You forgot the Pyrrhic ~~defeat~~ ^{victory} of your own making.
- You forgot your ever-growing sense of entitlement.
- You forgot your own insignificance.
- You are not Christ, crucified by unbelievers as his followers watched in agony.
- You are Barrabas, the thief, the murderer, the criminal, let free by mere coincidence in favor of martyring a Savior.
- You wait for my epiphany, my inevitable realization of my mistake, my guilt and sorrow.
- Stop waiting. It will never come.
- I made my choices, and despite your beliefs you matter very little to me.
- You'll be a footnote in my personal history, a mere blip on the screen, while I remain Exhibit A in your museum of self-hatred.
- You see yourself as my great Redeemer, the salvation of my soul, my true lost passion.
- You are the cigarette butt ^{I shove}. Enjoyed briefly, and discarded quickly. One of a limitless succession.
- You are incomprehensibly tiny.