

The Truth by Will (Year 10)

The great being above stares down on us, his almighty power striking through the clouds. No one resists anymore. We are forced to submit. Submit or be wiped of the face of this unholy place. He calls himself a god yet has no mythical powers. It is our insecurities that gives him his power. Yet we can't stop ourselves. Ever.

His rage and anger destroy our resolve. He attacks our livelihood, brings death to our conscience and brings so much inner conflict. His revenge and spite strike out from within us. Like lightning bolts exploding the air, tearing apart everything, his power is seen everywhere. It's the look in your neighbour's eye, the bark of a dog, the cry of an infant. Ever present, yet somehow normalised, embedded within us, going deeper than our morality, our ideals. Placed, like a brick placed upon another, within every human.

Then, a flicker of hope, a spat of resistance against the norm, staring down the barrel of the gun. But no, hypnotised by governments, corporations, we see resistance as evil, when the real evil is him, embedded in others, in ourselves, even those trying to resist. Some see it as suppression. I see it as oppression, yet we go on regardless, lies dominating every aspect of living. But the lie is one that has always been there, dormant, but awakening. Not accepted. Neglected.

The dance of a butterfly in the morning sun seems so sweet to us, yet a rodent scurrying across a street is seen as dirty. Who has placed this idea within? No god. No omnipotent being. The great lie creates itself. The lie of morality

Some days it seems so clear to us. To others, it is a thick fog obscuring our most primal instincts. Yet it keeps us secure, keeps us removed from the bleak, unimaginable existence that is reality.

Look at yourself in the mirror.

Are you happy?

Or are you just living. They are very different things, merged by our mind. We create our own demons, and apply them to our lives as if some reason for unhappiness. Yet we still run mindlessly into the fog, waiting for an angel. What if no-one is coming to save us? What if we run eternally, chasing our own tail?

Maybe we need to stop running.
Only a child would run from themselves.