

The Words of a Revolutionary

By Cecilia Copeland, based on the writings of Kaneko Fumiko

Cecilia Copeland
319.594.0232/845.901.4427
ceciliacopeland@gmail.com

Kaneko:

As I look back on my life I am left with questions. I don't think, looking back that I would've done anything differently. No, I did the best I could at the time, the best I knew how. But, as I look back at the people I've known some good, some bad... I have questions.

How is the world the way it is? How can people be surrounded by so much beauty and be so ugly? How can people be heartlessly cruel as if they had no emotions at all? How can people blindly believe in a fantasy of hierarchy when the truth, so blatantly obvious to me, is that each of us- all of us are the same. There is not one person who should have the right determine the fate of the rest. No-one should be able to send another to their death. No-one should be able to tell a person to kill in their name. No group should be able to declare war on another. What is war? It is a joke being played on people. A game, in which, so called underlings, are sacrificed for the sake of land or worse... the whim of a person who has the power to make it so.

We are capable of so much, desirous of greatness, but what stands in our way? We do. We, as people stand in our own way. We hurt each other, we control each other, punish each other for wrongs we imagine. We follow the word of our social betters or higher up's as if they were gospel. We pretend that they hold a more important place, and that to disobey them is to go against nature in some way. That is not so. It is nature to follow our own hearts. How are we to ever know what is in our own hearts if are never given the opportunity to find out? How are we to comprehend the possibilities of our future if all of our past was spent being indoctrinated into a mindset of subordination?

It is not death I fear. I fear compliance. I fear making myself small. I fear living a life accepting what is wrong with the world without protest. I fear looking the other way while I hear the screams of innocent people being tortured. Like so many people did as I cried out in pain. I fear turning my back on the truth. I fear many things, but not death. To die is natural. To live in fear is not. To die is part of life, but if one never truly lives what value is their life? I would rather live fully, and if by doing so means to die, than I will have lived. Truly lived, rather than taking up space in the world as an inanimate object that moves about and consumes and produces waste. To think, and love, and make changes in the world is what life is.

I am now facing a non-life. I look into my future and I see a life without choice. I see an existence of nothingness. All the pain and suffering I have known is worth it, if I can spend the night in the arms of my love. All is worth it, if I can reach out to touch a small blade of grass with my fingertip. I have known real freedom in my life. And now I will exercise it by doing the only thing I can to celebrate life. I will kill myself. Rash? No. Logical, peaceful, happy. Life should be lived to the fullest. Life should be about doing everything one believes in. Life should be about living in opposition of that which one does not agree with. My life has been taken away. My ability to make an impact on the world has been confined to a cell. I will not be confined! By taking my own life, I take it back!

Lights Down

End of Play