

tip of the iceberg

Day 4
"System"

by
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A woman stands on a bare stage. She wears normal clothes, nothing fancy, something she'd wear just being comfortable at home.

WOMAN

It's under surveillance. We all are. All of us. After the incident. People die and we're all under surveillance. All of us. Maybe not you. But all of us. You might be. I know I am. They've been trying to find the right manner. The right system. Their system, evolving and changing. And me. I've been doing some evolving and changing of my own. Shedding a piece of myself here, a piece there. Gaining weight. Losing weight. I used to be large. Not that I'm small now. Or too small. I don't know how you'd judge my size. But they do. They classify me. Height. Width. My shape. Know all my measurements, judge the size of my peaks.

They're watching me. They've been watching. Watching from above. Watching from below. I know their eyes are down there. You see me. There's more though. What you see is just the tip of the iceberg, as they say.

Maybe they're right to watch me so closely. Maybe I have... I have blood on my hands. But it was a case of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Not me. They were. I was at home. That's not the wrong place. What do you expect from me? You come tearing into my home and you have the gall to blame *me*? I was at home! I swear it was an accident. Or what you say, what, "act of God?" Honestly, I was in the right place. My natural habitat. It's not my fault! It's not my fault they died! It's your fault! Your hubris! Humans trying to continually reach God. Your inflated egos and sense of entitlement! Bigger, better, bigger, bigger, bigger. You tried to outdo the mighty Titans! But the Titans fell! And your Titanic effort sank like a rock!

You'll continue to blame me. You hunt for me. For my kind. It's because of me they're watching us now. And there are fewer of us left. The growing, staggering heat on us. I've been destroyed and built back up so many times that I'm not sure who or what I am anymore. I have icy water and the blood of others in my veins, frozen inside of me, trapped. It's now a part of me. The past is solidified within me.

And I will slowly make my way across the face of the earth. They'll chart each movement. And I'll slowly fade away. Maybe this time I won't be able to build myself up again. Maybe this time I'll completely deteriorate, dissolve, and wash away. For good. Wouldn't that be something to see?

Lights fade.