

The Anarchist Library (Mirror)
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Children of Gods

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Children of Gods

Sophie McKeand

We greeted the children of gods with operatic indifference.

Having already slaved to make the world right for
some time we

promised the earth (as if she were ours to gift) & set
them to work in
call centres & factories & department stores & endless
cafe chains &

when they finally began to show promise we stacked
debt onto shoulders already bowed with overwrought
expectation

shackled their imagination to the sum total of our ex-
perience then branded them snowflakes.

We deconstructed the earth's soul — reduced her to
economic growth & dollar signs

then set up focus groups to ascertain why the children
just. didn't. get. the. bigger. picture.

Isolating the most compliant young gods, we modelled
them in our own image

set them at giddy heights within the Milky Way as
an example

of what could be achieved through dedicated applica-
tion then

medicated their suffocating anxiety; devised cognitive
therapy to cope with the vomit & hysteria.

As the children of gods grew into our ways we peddled
them stacks of blood bricks & stale

education at over-inflated prices & those who balked
were fed into sink hole estates or prisons & we told
them to consume less

urged them to buy more; graded the children of gods
by skin colour

or ancestral land-grabs then lectured them on being
shallow & lacking in empathy

as we condemned their racism, bigotry, sexism & ag-
gressive homophobia & wrung

our white hands that they did not care for the envi-
ronment we had systematically disconnected them
from.

When they persisted in demonstrating no gratitude for
the oceans of plastic & mountains of crap
that made up their inheritance, we poisoned the air &
their minds

blasted the old gods into gravel drives; stripped the
world of the forest's stories
ripped the language of magic from their mouths so
that the

children of gods no longer recognised their reflection
in cloud formations & lakes

(only knew themselves in the echo-chamber of our on-
line shops).

We complained when they denied the earth's beauty
& wept genuine tears of frustration that they just
did not seem to care about anything.

Finally, we surmised that their lack of interest in recy-
cling our ideas & excrement
was simple yet unexplainable laziness & when we had

moulded enough of the children of gods into almost,
almost, what we envisaged

we died.