

The Brown Mist

Brown mist for miles, not enough eyesight to even see past ten feet in front of me.

I look at the ones next to me, hardly able to recognize their face. I ask how this could happen... what went so wrong for our world to be so tarnished? I then think back to my own mistakes, seeing more clearer now... not with my eyes but with my mind. Throwing this or that all over the place... no regard for what truly happens... but now that reality is staring me in the face... even if I cannot physically see. What could I do... or what could I have done? The time for action is now passed... but how can I warn the people that will try to rebuild this world? The things that we consumed are now everywhere... too ruined to do anything with. They were not always like that, not when they were at the bottom of the pile as they filled the trash at my home. We understood the risk then... but we never truly accepted it as our truth or reality. As we pushed the problem down from generation to generation, I never thought I would be the generation to bear the brunt. As the landfills filled more and more of underprivileged communities, there was no action. Then there was no more space for those people... and the trash that was originally consumed by us- was now consuming everyone.

Then... as fast as the brown mist covered the clouds and the sun... my face slammed into the top of my desk. Asleep from all the work I had to do... I dreamt of what a future society would be. Not a dream as More... but a nightmare as Orwell. As I looked at my phone, I see that I have class in ten minutes. I rush to get my things, and my backpack... I need my notebook as well seeing my Macbook is dead. If I didn't grab food, I know my mom two hours away would somehow know... I go into the kitchen and grab an apple and some cheese. As I rush to get to Jordan, I see that my cheese is spoiled and my apple is brown as the leather on my backpack. Too in a hurry... and too in a mindset... I throw my apple and cheese away. As I turn to open the door, the apple and cheese I had thrown bounces off the top of the overflowing trash. I walk to class and begin my day, just as I did yesterday... like the brown mist that encapsulated me was only what it was... a nightmare... not a reality.