

Writing the Future



Choice

Weightless, artificial veins in my clammy palms are pulsating, urging me onwards, but my sceptic mind is warning me: now is the time to turn back. Claustrophobia clenches my arteries - is this what I'm entering? A life of tubes and wires and contained spaces? One word from my whitened lips and I can return to the dystopian land I left behind. One word and I can once again swim the scalding streets of my home town. One word...

Ruby Watts, 2019