

## **The Prevalence of Ritual**

Where do you get off saying our sauces are too spicy and that we need to calm down and relax. So what if our hips move violently and seductively when we dance rather than the boring silk song you sing. Our roots aren't as long because of the lack of light and nourishment we faced for so long. No wonder that now they're scattered and tangled and there for everyone to see. And just because the roots exist doesn't give you the right to act blind and deaf so you can swallow the coming acts and devour the prevalence of ritual. The art of the mystery plays are just that: the mystery makes it beautiful and exciting. We're forced to coexist in a land where hurt people hurt more people and that's the culture. But that's not right. If you extend so we can be hand in hand rather than just existing together, you'll see the beautifully bumpy and smooth imperfection that grows from that seed.

## **Aegilops Zugzwang**

Anytime I accept and ask for more  
aphasia abruptly alters my  
Brain before I blurt the words back to back blows  
Collapse my chair causing catastrophe casted on me cause  
During daytime I dance with death daily drastically  
Ending events with everyone's eardrums exploding  
For far from fathomable facts I fasten to their flesh  
Giving unexpecting guests grating grasps of  
His or her harrowing history here on earth  
Infinitely increasing incessantly insisting in institutions of  
Joyful jumping joes jiving at the  
Kool Kats Klub kause kangaroos kan't katch ko-

Let's let up a little. Lately life's lost  
Mounds of might that I miss most madly.  
Never's never is now, so nobody says never now,  
Opposite to the obvious ostentatious obsessions on display.  
Perhaps paving a path properly poses potential  
Quests with quiet quandaries quacking around  
Rushed rudimentary rails racing round  
Separate sides. Sometimes the soil seems  
Teal through taking a tint of the sky that's  
Underneath universes upon unending  
Varieties and vortexes of vastly varying vacuums  
Where world's waste without wanting.  
X-axis Xtra xylophone sound FX  
Yearn to yield yellow yams yet  
Zealous zephyrs zig-zag through the zenith's abode.

Adeptly braving chasms during everlasting fires grants hollow insight judging knowledgeable  
louts maliciously nagging obtuse persons quietly rendering scenes taking unleashed vows while  
xenial yankees zone.

## **Mazes**

Dark corridors and long hallways with  
Torn drapes that leak light ever so lightly  
And fashion paintings that loom over  
Tall mahogany chairs with velvet cushions that look  
Like they would smell like a rat's unliving room.  
Tip-toeing around things that need to be said  
Is the sensation closest to the feeling of dread.  
Calmly sprinting and tripping over your feet is one way  
To make sure you maybe at least don't land where you  
Think you will should you continue the way you  
Have been and where you'll be. So once the  
Migraine ends and you no longer vomit where  
No one can see you can stand tall  
But maybe slouch a little so you make sure to fall again.

## **Hyperextension**

spinning in a world of deep purples and bright yellows  
along the path to somewhere always out of reach  
even outstretched on my pinky toes and index finger  
arms open so hopefully I can accept it rather than it accepting me  
so the spinning stops and the dizziness ceases  
when I can stop treading so lightly and sprint without  
running out of breath for hours of miles  
and say I made it with no undertone  
or hint of fabrication about my supposed vacations  
to a place far beyond the current me

## **Multimodality**

Cup your hands to scoop up sleep  
As you'd clench your jaw to catch joy with your teeth.  
The two go together like a toddler sucking its thumb,  
Hearing heavenly yellows and  
Tasting recurring dreams.  
With an arched back like a cat readying to pounce,  
Catapult forward into our world full of sound,  
Where hearing is feeling and feeling is tasting  
And tasting is seeing and seeing is smelling and smelling is hearing.  
If you could grab a whiff of the sight I'm tasting,  
Surely you'd hear what it is I'm really saying.  
If words are all you smell floating out of books,  
It'll be all you can taste as  
An ancient chill is rippling the dark brooks.