Tabasco Revenge

by Michael Healy

Avant-garde morning sun floated through bay windows, the illumination cascaded and curled and descended the air ripples which emanated from the oscillating fan in the corner.

Gathered on the rug the light hovered in anxious intensity. Suspended dustjelly was skewered like kabobs, while shimmering light shafts were masticated by the nervous air currents.

Octopus tentacle thoughts
plotted the days circumstances. First up
quiche for breakfast, which
reeked from a thick
salve of spilled
Tabasco which had leaked from a broken bottle.
Usurped the subtlety, the
vulnerability of the egg and ham
wedding, the pepper
xenolith stood firm,
yelled to the other flavors and claimed victory,
zero-sum taste diplomacy.