

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 dust-
jelly 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.

