Zozo's Obsequy Non-Sequitur

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Rounding the bend, I gathered myse1ves together and said:
I watch the clock hands trip and fall into winter. A cold shiver engulfs me.
I blow my nose since I have no other option open to me—or to my nostrils, either.

Someone—a she—just spoke a truth, and I cried at the beauty of touching so softly. I looked directly at her and spoke her back a truth. But the toilet paper rolled down the stairs before my nostrils had their way.

And that’s the way I knew it would happen. Oh, yes. Just as I had dreamed it three times.

The cat spied the roll of nostril paper and said to herself, that’s a nice toy to play with. She began clawing it with her tail. I watched the lines flow and swirl from my bloodstream in a rainbow of emotion. Why do the colours hurt? I wondered to the cat.

The cat glared her amber eyes at me, piercing the air, through to my cortex as she tensed, ready to strike.

Well, one things leads to another. It always does. I knew what was going to happen. And it did. Except I didn’t see until it was too late.

How, I ask, How was I to know there was a plant obstructing my vision? Chameleonlike I blended with the entire scene, dodging the claws.

I picked some weeds and called them flowers; I ate some words and called them synonym. The resulting constipation was difficult to bear, but someone—a he—came along and the sun shone a bit brighter. Just a bit. His eyes widened when he saw what he was faced with.

Approaching the tunnel (just around the bend) we (he and I together) saw a fusion of light and trees until we became a part of that fusion—I was the light and he was the trees.

It has always been this way. And to change would involve unnecessary difficulties. We agreed. We departed. Happily.

I hopped on my bike, biking into the sun, entranced by the dazzling hues of heat around (surround) me. I never saw them, first-hand, like that before.

It always seems to happen that way. With the sun helping to carry me through the lightning beyond the waves of thunder that ripple my eyes.

I discovered my rainbow early tomorrow and served it to you for breakfast, with spectrum syrup, wiping the remainder of a grey rain from the corners of your eyes, poor boy.

The taste remains, but the colors have all died.
So I planted a sun in their honor as I, in turn, fade away.