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(not) Dessert

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(not) Dessert

By: Ronie Rafael Altejar

an attempt at Zuihitsu

Tonight's dessert is a little bowl of vomit. Supposedly it's "graham crackers, cream and mandarin orange slices in Jell-O." I threw up rice and orange peels in fourth-grade history class. My insides puked out was surrealist art.

I want dreams to spill out my eye sockets. Not the ones where I'm lost in abandoned food courts, but where my parents and random strangers tell me what they're really thinking, so I can gulp them down like crunchy milk.

Judgments satisfy like the shutter of a polaroid. John threw shade when I ate pancakes with no syrup. Photographs trap snake-skin selves we want to let go. Our hands, sticky with envy for others' photos.

Jokes become real when someone else laughs. I laugh at compliments real wicked when others toss me their leftovers. Walking alone down a sidewalk and there isn't enough room for the me I laugh at and the me I laugh for.

I want to vomit my insecurity, so it doesn't wreck my inside monuments, but I may frame the spilled pieces in cursive ebony, for future memory.