

Ralphs Closes at 1 AM

Sophia Centurion

The freedom of solidarity infers that company will come with shackles. Someone needs to pay the price of perceiving, the threat of eyes always. They watch to avoid becoming Predator or Prey, as if one could be something else. Even starving owls will eat their youngest, so what is sacred? The people with power are the ones whose no must be obeyed. It is a power that cannot exist without others; charity is the same way. Who will stop me if I go madwoman screaming down my street, destroying everything? Only a fool would try to stop a blizzard. We are hired employees handing out samples of our magnitude like pieces of apples in jello. Why must I take deep breaths, content myself with heroic silence as I churn away? At the risk of sounding insane, I confess I have felt myself fall into pain at the world's inconvenience. Why shouldn't I cry among the cereal boxes? Is it to save me from people knowing I am broken, I need help, I cannot do this on my own, or others from recognizing themselves. This is the first need infants learn to communicate; it's the reason tears are external. Sometimes even laughter, if half a second too long, can be considered excessive. Is human just a cough we hold? Or a curse that makes us lock ourselves in at night so we all can be monsters

before the sun rises again.