Mint Green Tea

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We find ourselves outside the commode dancing like we've never danced before because well, we don't tend to dance. The grass roof hut shakes in the wind, vibrates to the music like your hips hypnotic and gyrating. I come inside from the rain soaked ground and the drips-growing puddles reflecting moonlight off your bedroom eyes declining invitations to your bed side. I hide my unnecessary neurotic problems thinking I'm god but gotta model myself after someone on this tamed earth. Tamed in a way that some might say brings shame to what we used to be. My fathers Punk Rock and Country for example, or mother American Dream as another, the castrating capitalist who's changed her mind on progress. We've made these simplistic tricks that trip up the non-media minded person buying the goods that mom thinks aren't good for me. Tucked in from nightmarish day dreams while sunburned skin rubs against purple-heart-sheets so tight my feet match the beet yet still I lay awake at night under star lit sky and ask myself "This is our moment in the abyss. Why can't you see it? And why are we still under achieving?"