Joy

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Mutual understanding has forever been a non-pragmatic concept. Equality has always been a myth and a purpose never achieved. Joy is the most understood word which slides through the hearts of many and the eyes of few, in its eagerness to spread its wings and soar.

A world full of division drinks from the tap of in uniqueness with white streams of death perpetuating the dead with black flames piercing through the living sky. Joy is their will to unite as their weapons clinch and spark through the sharpness of war with a breathless destiny.

We are all victims to the joy of the dead and the harmonious disruption of peace. Babies with grey hair rise against the patriots of corruption. The leaders of religion envy the sorrow and struggle to kill the chipper. ‘Welcome to the dark pit’ the drums rumble eagerly anticipating your inauguration to the army of skeletons.

In the distance the land is bare and victory has been achieved with peaceful damage. The dogs are viciously ripping off every piece of meat in their eagerness to make bones rule. Joy is the power of people pulled into the glittering dark oil stream flowing down to the eternal flame of death.