

A Chili Pepper for Inspiration

Beaming from the bush and quite unavoidable.
So I pinch the blood red, spear-shaped pepper
between my fingers
and appreciate its form: a little scarlet drop
attached to a small green stem.
Tiny little chili pepper.

It's a dry afternoon under the haolikoa tree.
Curiosity prods.

So I eat the pepper...
First nothing, then spark, then a wild conflagration
explodes through the cavity of my mouth,
lip searing tear-eyed HOT HOT
fire blowing circus act
and suddenly I'm bowing down
to the Inca chili God Agar-Uchu, brother creator
of the cosmos and the whole sky tips
and spins
while I inhale enormous drinks of air
flapping my arms like a hummingbird
tongue numb oral skydiving experience
huge howl into the flames
Aztec hieroglyphs in my mind
and somewhere a locomotive blasting through the desert,
tiny little chili pepper.