

## Fiesta

The night began, fresh upon our minds. The great beast of malevolency was to be vanquished in a holocaust of paper-mache symbolism. Darkness fell about us as distant, seemingly alien mariachi music implored our feet to dance.

We wanted to skank but ska wasn't to be had.

And the spectacle magnificent began.

The yips and hoots of drunken fiesta mobs made a sound evoking entropy and the energy of rampant elation, filling our psyches with nectar. We sang without knowledge of the words, a garble to mimic Spanish.

I rolled a few, so did everybody else. A few tokes and our minds slipped into a chasm of pot hyper-reality.

Now, a performance on stage as beings of flame danced a requiem to the god standing above the field. The drums pound wild. The beat lives as if throbbing vision above our heads.

AND THE BEAST IS LIT. The people scream their sorrows unto the air. Glowing, then a great ball of flame, his disembodied voice crying anguish. His head bursts light, eyes, green and blue, gazing out upon the masses at his torment. Some very time to burn. But finally he is Dead. Bits of ashen, morbid flesh float on the breeze, and the rain is the dead beast's tears, streaming from the sky.

The city breeds celebration. Songs arise, four, now five; perfect in simplicity. But now some other vibe from 'round the bend. The disciples of god. Apparently we are sinning. We give them dirty looks and they pass from our vision.

And the crowd is jelly.

And the walk is dream.

And the feel is wonder.

To the plaza some 400 years old. A great multitude of humanity. All forms of gangsters and creeps and elders, strange in the mix, enjoying bliss.

Music wafts. Happiness is. The moment is Now.

The wonder of a warm cup of joe. Perfection of what can be. Staring at the congregation, splendor come real. This is revelry incarnate. This is the present in absolute. Its essence.

A moment surreal in the drama of humanity.