

# Forces

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Volume 2023

Article 7

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4-10-2023

## Air Waves

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### Recommended Citation

Diego, Christopher (2023) "Air Waves," *Forces*: Vol. 2023, Article 7.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2023/iss1/7>

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## Madness is a carnival.

Excitement, fear, and reality are thrown together  
in a five-setting Tilt-a-Whirl blender  
set on pulverized destruction.



### **Air Waves**

Christopher Diego

### **The Carnival Blender**

Sara Mendoza

Madness is a carnival.

Excitement, fear, and reality are thrown  
together in a five-setting Tilt-a-Whirl blender  
set on pulverized destruction.

The sanity that is gathered in a greasy popcorn box is  
less desirable than the golden funnel cake of delusions.  
The pure powder of white obliviousness is sprinkled onto  
the warm, sweet-scented breaded indulgence.

The sound of frying batter is blinding.  
Ringmaster Cain E. Vall calls my attention to the funnel cake stand,  
inviting me forward in bliss to consume deep-fried happiness—  
But the cake is a lie.

Getting lost in the House of Mirrors is terrifying.  
The terror is lowkey exhilarating.  
Each bump into a glass pane fuels a collision  
in the bumper car ring next door.

Vall is assuring in that the violence is all in good fun;  
the repetitious trauma “makes ya as tough as a pine knot.”  
The sturdy tracks of self-control have derailed  
and sent the cars of an emotional roller coaster flying into the ground.

Vall’s form is so contorted with glee  
that he could lick his tailbone.  
Sara’s mind is just as twisted.  
The razzle dazzle of the carnival will forever entice me.

Running through concrete is an easier feat  
than escaping the rides and leaving  
the persuasive demonic carnies,  
all of whom I am now too comfortable with.

“Me hecho amigos de los diablos de mi mente.”  
An immortal ticket who lives in my hand  
materializes into the world and giggles at me.  
“Welcome to the carnival,” it whispers. “Puree or liquify?”