

# An Ode to Hot Sauce

Tanner Léon

Feeble bodies fumble  
on tasteless foods,  
causing grumpy moods:

lost in the black  
and white world  
of culinary catastrophe,  
they search for any ounce  
of color...

But wait!  
There looms on the horizon,  
a savior...

Oh graceful god,  
save us all  
from the nightmarish hellhole  
known as bland supper.

Your shredded peppers  
are blended red,  
like tan shaman.

A few spurts of the bottle  
will reinvigorate ramen,  
painting lifeblood  
amongst the crevices.

When tacos are dry,  
totalitarian,  
Tabasco liberates taste buds  
into humanitarian holiness.

Tomatillo lush greens  
condensed in a container  
with jalapeños so serene,  
they ride together  
on an emerald wave,  
splash into a bowl  
of arroz con frijoles.

Put it on potatoes!  
It's vibrant like tomatoes!  
Sizzle me Sriracha!  
Spice up the broccola!  
Canvas the collard greens!  
Lace the burritos!

Oh dear hot sauce,  
thanks for never keepin' it  
aburrido.

You profess picanté,  
delve dishes  
onto an edge of danger.

A smoldering whip cracks  
Louisiana Lightning Strike  
from the sky,

sauntering me into a slow sway,  
coiled with the snake of spice.  
Fire gleams in our eyes,  
the hot passion of life.

Bodies must fight to grow  
and I know  
you're a sweaty  
workout who waterfalls  
noses while the eyes  
run wildly  
through a lively throat.

When I need a good kick,  
I know where to go.