

The Food that Binds Us

The food that binds us defines us, my mouth consuming beans and rice, I feel the spice in my throat, and my tongue becomes universal. My mouth can say any of your words, through this steaming plate of hot food. Anywhere they don't eat this doesn't exist. I don't believe in a world without beans. Does god fart? If not, don't even tell me about your religion.

I worship my food. I am an atheist who walks every step on the tongue of god. He has no face, but he has a mouth, and that mouth is my mouth, and I feel him rushing out of my rectum, leaving a spicy trail.

The best thing about sacrifice is, you always get to eat it afterwards. *Yagya*. How else will you feed your body? Daily sacrifice.

I know things about food that no one else knows. That cheese is really hard and brittle. It reveals its true nature when exposed to flame, fried in its own fat. Soft reality distilled into fatlessness.

I know that to feed is to manifest love. And I only really feel good about myself after I've fed you, my love. If I could feed the world all at once, I'd do it. Or at least my community. Nothing speaks solidarity like a big pot of rice and beans.

Cumin seed is the answer. I tell you in case you have not discovered it yet, I share my eternal knowledge, my holy word: cumin. The other spices are good, very important, don't go without them. But if you really want your food to taste good, don't neglect the seed.

My seed. My food. I plant my rice and out comes humanity. Yes, I ejaculate food. Not into my food, but food itself. The beginnings of the continuation, at any point on the cycle, there lies food. The space between Shiva and Vishnu: Brahma awakes to a hot curry.

As Shiva dances, so I dance, in the kitchen. Like a fool. Juggling dirty dishes, hastily hacking vegetables while my bubbling beans burn, spilling sauce on the gas flame, pouring cumin again and again, grinding garlic. Shiva burns the universe in his dance, eternal destruction. I burn the bottoms of my pots.

Yes, I am calling myself god. And if you eat, then you are god too.

Just think about what happens inside you. You control an entire galaxy of foreign bacteria, armies of barbaric hordes ready to swarm, attack solid food and deliver pure nutrients, the spoils of war, straight into your running bloodstream.

And that bloodstream is the Ganga, the river that unites us, all rivers, thirsty to sweep our food through intestines into shit.

And I keep chewing, my black beans and rice burbling above the blue gas flame.