THE PARABLE OF THE INVERSION
BY PRESTON GROVER

This state is plagued with this white fog that permeates our livelihood and existence. We wake up and it's in our front lawn, ready to greet us, waves as we walk to our cars. It surrounds us as we go throughout our day, back and forth back and forth, we can't pass a street corner without being reminded of its presence. We can't turn on the news without being reminded of its vice grip on our community, we can't think without it seeping under the cracks of our mind.

How are we expected to sit, still knowing that, every time we go outside, we will be harassed by this cloudy cult preaching its heart of invasion and strangulation holds?

How do we live with this cloud storming our homes, our schools, our works, the Capitol?

Some welcome this fog. Breathe it in and stew it in their homes and let it spill onto the rest of us bystanders, sending their newborn agents door to door with asthmatic lungs full of it. Demand we embrace these toxic vapors and inhale until we're all in a white stupor.

Our parents buy us books on how to inhale this mist deeper instead of accepting that we don't want it in us at all. We choose instead to inhale the secret combinations of a cigarette and blow steam out for others to bask in the marvelous glory of our inwards.

My beloved brothers and sisters, let us not be beholden to this unwanted air-borne plague as our adversaries are. Let us instead breathe into gas masks, oxidizers, inhalers, cigarettes, bongs, hash pipes! Let us breathe in the sacrament we chose instead of this haze that we are expected to. Our bodies are temples, and we decide which deity belongs in them.