

# Dark Rides

## Dark Rides

Fat, dumb and happy, assured I was

cured; unaware for years

I was waiting in line, inching forward,

pushed past the sign

*You must have this much cancer*

*to ride this ride. Ka-thunk.*

An empty car arrives. I'm next.

I hurl through swinging doors

into darkness. I hear the muffled gasps

and moans of other riders.

Death pops up out of nowhere, skeletons sit next to me

in waiting rooms in this living nightmare.

The illusion of collision is ever present,

even with my eyes closed. Other rides

provide a warning of the doom ahead;

*keep your hands and arms inside the car,*

*grasp the bar at the front of your seat.*

Pay attention to what normal feels like.

Get ready to lose it

in a stomach-dropping moment. My dark

ride has no rules. It just

blindly jerks forward with no connection  
between the stunts until the doors crash open  
into the piercing light.