

# MALAPHORS

By Christian Anieke

In a world of tasteless language and prostituted expressions  
Malaphors are good friends of writers  
Natural flow of words is blocked  
To create Frankenstein monstrosities.

I have seen ingenuity in a well-packaged excrement  
I have seen the beauty of ugliness celebrated in the media  
So why not raise our Champagne glasses to drink to the health of malaphors  
And applaud the creativity of disjointed bones?

It is an elephantine task to join unconnected ideas  
There is also brilliance in eating wine and drinking bread  
Pure intelligence in spilling the beans to spoil the child  
Since a genius finds natural order in chaos!

But must precious energy be spent in emptying an ocean to create another?  
What gain accrues from marrying ideas that are safer as singles?  
What is the profit from killing creative expressions to bring forth monsters?  
Where is human ingenuity where gold is thrown into a pit of garbage?