

Post Prelude to Dream Machine

The orgasm backfired muffled sobs on its crest. I dreamed of the nightmare man, flaying him into submission with a whip made of barbed wire hangers. The attacking hounds were dispatched to disintegrate while I remained poised as a bullet bounding off bark. I slapped my mother. I shook her. I shut her up. Disposed of her deluded dismemorial frame. The children! I was looséd mining for grief, blood pooling in my lap. The habit I wore was a knot of slipped salvation and pregnancy taunted me night upon night. I plant weddings. I married my bones, silver needles tore through my skin. Waiting for the bus in the rain, Him showed me three faces not two. I wanted to run until my arms got tired. A possum bit my outstretched hand. What is raw in my mind is the suffocating anxiety of waking startled and accompanied. The ghost of a dream expands, consumes more space than necessary. If I can sleep with enervity, prepare to wager all you crave. I cannot be beat.