

Morning 8/17/2018



Q: Why do I continue to have nightmares. I'm 23 years old. For the last two nights I've had dreams of night terrors. What is wrong with my brain.

A: Do you remember the first? You sat on the floor of your bedroom at 1 Teal Lane. You looked down at your fingertips and felt something crossing them. Like pinches on your epidermal layer. No pain but the skin pulled upward.

Translucent midges crossed your fingertips. They had skin the color of lubricant. Bands divided their body into different segments. They sewed pieces of your fingers. And you saw the marks they left behind.

Little bubbles of air formed beneath your skin. The bubbles looked like blisters. What are you scared for? Why is all you feel this dull mental pain? Rubbing your index finger on the thumb you tried to ascertain the bubbles. They felt squishy.

Next you tried to flick the midges off. They dodged your finger recalcitrantly. Too fast, they outwitted you. The bugs loved to eat your skin.

—I can see where this is going.

You looked up and forgot about your fingertips. The lights filled the room but it didn't seem bright—the walls were white. In front of an open closet your notes looked in. You saw her standing looking in.

You forgot all about the midges. You forgot all about the midges. What was inside? You saw your clothing hanging off of the racks. One shirt pressed against another like people waiting in line. Tufts of velvety red hair fell down from the top shelves, blowing with overcrowded junk. Flowing with it.

The scream built up in the back of your throat. Oh. The scream began to rip out of you.

—Ahhhhhhh

You were conscious of the sound of your voice. You felt ripped in half. To scream or not to scream. You wanted to and you did not.

—Ahhhhhhh. Oh fuck. Oh god. Mommmmm.

She turned to look at you. There was nothing that she could do to help. You felt eight years old again. Alone in the world with your terror.

Q: Now what about my second night. Tell me of that? I know these words won't save me but I've got to show people their dreams.

A: As you like it. But you remember yourself. Tell me.

Q: That's right. Before I opened my eyes it felt like I had limbs of soup. Opening my eyes was like trying to swim out of amber. My arms pushed against the thick air. Nothing in me stirred.

My limbs moved slowly out of sleep. When I sat up my spine felt covered in grease. My eyes? Immobile: beetles. No dreams mixed in with the wall.

Did I mention that my bed felt as large as a whale?

I was marooned on top of it.

A: Keep going man.

Q: I looked around my room. The black purple shadows, the color of dark spore prints, clung to my wall. They couldn't care about me but were a darkness settled.

Smoke.

Light spilled through the doorframe but did not illuminate the room. Faintly and evenly the square of light hung in my door.

I was like a ladybug on the mesh of a door, showing my spots to the world. A dent on my wingcase.

I knew full well what I was up to. The scream burst out of my throat. I tried to restrain it. I let it flow out of me like a dismal flood. No that's not the way.

I directed my scream like a chariot to the outer world. Can anyone hear me? Can anyone hear this shout?

Why am I alone in this terror? Why does it haunt me like this? My mind and body split. This terror transcends the two. It is like a rhythm. A bouquet. A process that flows through the universe and finds a note in me. I'm just the instrument.

But it's me too. Every cell in my body pulses with the scream. That I know. Every organ in my body makes the scream. The lymph in my armpits: the dried scabs of snot up in my nose. Even my ears comply. The scream spirals into me and out of me.

Why am I tuned like this? What have I done that my brain jolts me out of sleep? Is it because of my loneliness? I don't feel afraid of the world. I spend lots of time writing.

Why is this happening to me? What have I done? I guess I'll never know. I guess I'll have to let this erupt inside of me. It's not bad. No it's not bad.

Yes and I guess I just don't know.

A: I'm still alive, I'm still alive though this time is beating. Invincible I go I'm surfing. I'm still alive I'm still alive it's beating.

The saxophone moves through an empty room. The music, all of my soul is one tone. I'm still alive. The cold ice burns me. The water pours over it.

The mushroom is inside, the mushroom is inside and growing. A UFO from nebulae. Had stardust on its cap of magenta and scarlet and brown powder.

I dined on beauty. I ate you. I guess I'll scream some more. Will it ever end? I'm drowned in the night and nothing is cooling.

I fuse my darkness to the song inside of me. Gradually my soul brightens as my body, a spark, tingles with each breath into my lungs. I draw the spaceship inside me. This beautiful relic of the woods.