

So Many Dreams I Don't Remember

Other people's dreams. Nonsensical and nothing to do with me. Who would want to hear them?
Now... here are shit ton of my dreams.

Part 1

I dreamt of a white dress.

I dreamt of half eaten pieces of cake still hopeful they'd see the other side of the fork.

I dreamt of Rosé on the linens.

I dreamt of empty lemonade packets littered on the hardwood floor. She tickled the backs of my legs with their perforated edges.

We would clean up all of this sweet mess in the morning as Mr. and Mrs. Hess.

I dreamt again of the white dress.

Again, the lemonade.

I dreamt of walking down the aisle with no fear.

I dreamt of dying with her right by my side,

and in the deepest of fantasies we die at the same time.

Could this be better than simultaneous orgasm? And has anyone ever known such pleasure sans a suicidal arrangement?

To that I scoff... "When had planning ever solved anything anyway?"

I asked before I knew better. Before I ruined the reception.

Before my wet dreams of work.

A tired kiss. A good kiss. An earned fuck.

I dreamt of rough hands and savings to my 401K. In this dream, no woman rolled her eyes at my compromises and a man in a suit told me,

"Now, this is what good planning looks like." I still woke up twice a night to piss.

Part 2

I dreamt of a karma that understood my exceptions.

Another wet dream but this time of retroactive justice.

In this here dream I saw the scales of existence level off somewhere in the parking lot of a coin laundromat off Glendale and Alameda. I remember because Allah walked with the white girl and even carried her 3 loads. He made quarters of her dollars and listened to her vent about who hadn't noticed her hard work that day. He nodded when she spoke of the improbability of a single God and giggled at her velitations with the telemundo actors. He told her, "Catholicism is the most sacred of numbers games" and they watched betrayal after shocking betrayal on the 15" television while waiting for her panties to dry.

I decided I too must make contact with the eternal. Whatever deity would have me. I would pray at the vortex of the Eastside. The point at which all the binary highways of Los Angeles intersect. Where tar-spun webs reticulate to the golden ratio. Where airbags never break noses. The spin cycle slowed to a rest and the hybrid engines purred in ASMR ecstasy. No one even noticed I stood naked on the overpass singing "Bella Donna".

On my journey I found the remainder of the acid ingested while building these interstates and in kind I

constructed a perilous social life, where people left as abruptly as they entered. It took a mere 8 hours... Or was it 4 years?

Part 3

I dreamt of bean bag therapy and industrial size sound baths at Costco. Jonsi sang me to sleep in the garden section with 500 culture martyrs. They reeked of Yerba Mate and great posture, but they did not deny me my disco nap.

In this dream, I carried no grocery list. I was free to commerce how I pleased. My eyes rolled back in ecstasy when I buried my nose in the pages of my coupon book.

I dreamt of confidence on clearance.

I dreamt of reflection friendships bound by sycophant mirrors that would tell me whatever the fuck I wanted.

I dreamt of sushi-rice bodysuits and smaller pores.

I dreamt everyone was born into the body they wanted.

Finally happy. Finally bored.

And did you hear?

The scratch-off Zeitgeist is teaching democrats anger in the appliance section. Malcolm was right. Satire has been abused.

Did you hear?

“DMT on aisle two! Hurry now, pedestrian politics await you!”

The cashier sadly informed me, the charges could not be approved. My credit card had buckled from my purchases,
and snapped under the weight of all this truth.

“But I was promised fifteen minutes of death and 10 hits of Mother Mary...

I was promised Topanga Revolution and all the Tapioca I could carry.”

The cashier didn't understand my urgency.

“But this is my forever can't you see?”

She confiscated all of my rice pudding, smiled and said,

“At least a good night's sleep is free.”

In the parking lot I balled my fists and with the anger and melody that could only come from chronic stomach pain... I screamed into the ether,
“But God Dammit, what of my free appetizer?!”

Part 4

Now I dream of home.
I dream of ceiling fans that never make my eyes water.

I dream of a California with the humidity of Florida. One that never makes my eyes water.

I dream of a California with the family that I miss to the deepest, most ignored depths of my ‘surprisingly comfortable in the big city’ heart. One that won’t ever let my eyes water.

I dream I never have to look away from you to make sure I don't fall in love. So that my eyes don't water.

I dream of heaters that fill my lung sacks with eucalyptus on Saturday...
with lavender on Sunday. I wake with clammy feet and no dry throat. I am ready to sing again.

I dream my landlord tends to my plants when I am

away and changes the air filters on time to promote the harmless timber in my golden, fucking, baby, angel voice. It turns out he and the crackhead on the roof are empaths. They *feel* the woes of my Claritin addiction and they *love* my sad, sad songs. I tell them,

"It can be a lonely life making love to the muse that left years ago."

And when they tell me I'll be famous for it one day I say,

"Thank God... Now who will spend my money?"

They ask for one more sad song, and I am ready to sing again.

And I dreamt all my mothers heard my voice.

That Ani Difranco kissed me on the cheek and said "It's ok that you're a man."

That Meshell N'degeochello held me to her bosom and said "It's ok, white boy, you're doing the best you can."

I, of course, was celebrated in this dream with a set of my own poetry at the Lilith Fair. I was cheered for an encore. "One more haiku about our plight, Cookie!?!?"

then a chant...

"ONE MORE HAIKU! HELL, GIVE US TWO! ONE

MORE HAIKU! HELL, GIVE US TWO!"

A girl backstage said she grasped all the intricacies of my peevish charm.

Finally.

I told her, "a discovery like this cannot wait! Leave your armor where it lays my heart, not a moment to delay! Come! Not a second can be left to be fucked about by fate!"

I would text her in three days.

We toasted Sangria in a Travel Lodge with a view of the most beautiful resort that must have had the most beautiful view of the beach. We made love. I don't think she *really* came but she was smiling when she fell asleep.

And I dreamt of Rosé on the linens. Of the white dress. Frosting on her teeth. In this dream I believed in soulmates and never had to look away.

But then she woke up. And she called it a fling. My heart spilt like the Sangria, once plum, now mauve on the sheets. Of course, I told her I agreed.

All of this in a mere 8 hours. Or was it three months?

Now...

I must leave with an apology. After telling you all these nonsensical dreams, that have only to do with me.

Me and California.

Me and my body.

Me and her.

I'm so sorry... there are still so more many dreams I don't remember.

-Cookie