

a nightmare a dream and someone else's memories

Storm Ainsely

It started with the eyes. Possibly because they were always the easiest to see in the glass window of the car as she fell

asleep.

No. It starts with the stories I was told I told once to make bedtime a little bit easier.

Really the moon whispered down this story in one of its waning days, the only time the clouds cross enough, silver lining bellied depths of there but not, broken and maybe what I see is sky.

I want to go to Africa, she says.

Why? You know there are monsters in Africa.

There are no monsters left, we fucked it up by questing and killing them all.

That just means we have to be the monsters too now... Well I still want to go to Africa.

You want the monsters to get you?

Fingers squished in the candy-land mud puddle. Even the babysitter.

The moon was built with slippery pointed stones and every time she had to put all of them back on the shelf, standing atop 'til the brick was the last.

The golden fish swam in small circles and she ran around the bowl because fish aren't butterflies, unless they fly away.

If it started with the eyes it certainly wasn't because she was asleep.

Some days the paper would fall down from the sky so thick and heavy that everyone needed scissors if they wanted to move upright, break through to a layer above, where trees have branches but the ground is blank.

If it started with the eyes it certainly couldn't be because she's alone.

Rainforest seeds came packaged rough in the mail one day, and were never planted. No place for vines among wires.

No place for jars on tables in worn gray boarded rooms.

The moon really whispers quite a lot of things, but it won't tell her why the paper. It's really quite unfair, moonplanes are so much money, can't try and get it out of the other side, even by persuasive coin flips.

No oil wasted.

They only try to take you out if you know.

Fences are made to be vaulted over, if you can.

She gave all of her refrigerator boxes addresses, none of which were her own.

Disappointment bile writhing in stomach and climbing up to chest, a burn that gets hard to taste, staring into the plummeting vault... Reality tests the gag reflex.

Which was fine because there was only one refrigerator box. First it went the long ways, overtaken inside by couch cushions and all the toys in the apartment. And when the sides sagged, and the horizon went up, someone noticed

All the toys were sharp

and ballpoint pens

tend to explode in Africa.

Ainsely: a nightmare a dream and someone else's memories

Cracked the glass of clock, my fist went through the hands.

Used to feel like maybe I could do that in school while

I was holding my breath.

To see how long I could do it. To help make the minutes
pass.

Put ghost numbers in the shell of a grandfather.

*So many fights with trusty siblings, rows of smiles on either side,
look exactly not like you.*

Before Africa, I'll hit up the Midwest.

Someone I knew was born there. She never got the
chance to go back.

A gray mailbox stands in a sea of white. There is a driveway
that leads to a gray house.

Recognition.

This is your nightmare story.

*What makes one wavering vantage view more
valid?*

I know.

*Fuck you. I am as real as I feel like being at
any given moment.*

The crayon candles could not burn bright enough so she
could forge her name in the slate so instead she cried and
watched the tears evaporate before they hit
a thing any else

*And the cats with wings grew tentacles and locked down the name
chalked gray board walls, twining even around the white picket
fence stuck up around nothing but piles of half-rotted leaves.*

There is still dirt on my knees from how high I climbed.

Cigarette sparks sprayed across wet road in rear
view mirror.

Pure aesthetic for the dying of embers.

Last little dust-puff cough.

The best part is watching your mother die of cancer.

Turned into spined vines, twitching and hissing, just, ever so ... slightly.

She didn't understand that spaghetti was cheap. Juice was not, which is why it is farther out of reach from that damn cart-seat.

Card houses are all the multiplication tables ever made for.

Years of obituaries received by blog.

There's a
fucking
if
pot of gold
you dig a hole big enough
(at the end of a rainbow.)
Probably diamonds really. Either
way, you're digging
to Africa, not to China.

Twilight FADES to dawn. Only time for thoughts of sleep.

Because it all starts with the eyes, there they are in the jar again on that damn shifting table that can't decide if it's a cog or a stop.

I don't understand how the rest of you aren't always walking through your own ghosts.

But then sometimes I can see them, static blurs walking up stairs.

Peripheral figures that vanish 'round the trunks of trees.

*There they are again
There they are again
Their they r a gin
Their they are a gin
There they aren't again
Because some things just*

It all starts

Medieval peasant girl pissed because she can't help put out
the fires standing up.

With the eyes

Reading graffiti

Who's going to see what.

Who's going to say what.

Who's gone to say what.

Who's going on?

Who's gone?

Who's gone?

The winged cats grow scales

To weigh out who is worthy

And if you don't get past the sphinxes and the snakes and
the pirates you want to become...

(who mailed that coconut, address written on the
side?)

there is no talking to the man in the moon.

*There are eyes in the glass jar on the floor and on her belly she lays
making toe prints in the dirt.*

Stupid childish metaphors when we can blink out with just
that mischievous glint ...

there in the jar

Smoke from shredded tires

Hell, inertia or static. Whatever gets me fucked.

Medieval chick wants a cock.

Where does it become hunger to be consumed?

Please buy both the glow in the dark condoms AND the
glow in the dark Jesus. For your own safety.

Ecstasy can sometimes be found, blue, in the carpet or
the grass. The marking is of your own choosing.

*Instinct to apologize for not feeling angry. For not feeling
guilt.*

Two hippies pus-popping a toad to trip talk about homeo-
stasis and crack rocks.

No? How 'bout spiking the coffee.

Into your arm.

*Playing musical chairs alone on a stage, she is talking, not singing,
maybe sing-songing or just rambling*

But it's hard not to see after awhile.

Fucking spinning

Glass doors

Flaps can't turn them back

But it's hard not to see after awhile.

Moon waning

Mood waning

Wax eyes, one'd only be wishing

Lies. Everyone wants to be plastic.

Fuck plastic. Africa.

After awhile I can see what she tricked herself into forgetting.

Sleep deprived driving makes for speech muttered toward
all the vehicles

in the way.

Of gauze by static guise

It all started with the nightmare. She's talking to the eyes.