

That morning which no dreams can puncture

The spinal-fluid-spiderweb I grew myself up in, held tight around my wrists until it became ratted, and sacrificed for nothing has proven only to be a dream; I've made it to the morning and so its hold is slipping, nothing i can do will get it back, it only stumbles out of my fingers now; an uncertain outline in a flicker of its own light is all I can try to carry away from it. But no, that too, will be out of reach soon. There is no sleep and there is only try. I've made it to that morning which no dreams can puncture, where there are platonic ideals and god-irritating fireworks, all the most certain evidence of July and that the night is what you make of it: ending soon, once only, and never again coming to town. It's all supposed to tire me out. I tire myself out. My dirty hands make unending messes and phone calls to my father. Back home, everyone is sick. Here, everyone is awake; we have made it to the morning.