Fall 2014

After the medicine increased, so did the dreams

Yim Tan Wong

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation
Wong, Yim Tan (2014) "After the medicine increased, so did the dreams," CutBank: Vol. 1 : Iss. 81 , Article 25.
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss81/25

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.
YIM TAN WONG

AFTER THE MEDICINE INCREASED,  
SO DID THE DREAMS

In closets, skeletons smoked cigars, told dirty jokes in Russian. Jason said, “Imagine dancing at a rave in space?” then did the Thorazine shuffle.
In one, the bass of S&M music cut my heart-beat in three and I said “Thank you, Master Volume.”
Samurais, swords in obscene colors and orifices.
Lucille Ball was still alive and walked through a grand marble archway and wore a ball gown.
My roommate, not even eighteen, told me she could no longer have sex the regular way.
After making love to a sunflower, her skin was bronze. I took a photo, enlarged it, and wrote in black marker, all caps: “I APOLOGIZE.”
Tried to blame guilt as a side effect to dreaming.
You stood on the fifth floor balcony of a white cathedral, held aloft by our admirers’ cheers. Crowd worthy of a Charlton Heston epic.
By tens of thousands, I was forced to marry the Pope.
He knew I did not believe in marriage, or God, and “This is why”, he said, “you are the one.”
I found the answer to untarnishable happiness hopped in a kangaroo’s pocket. What a shame I left it behind.