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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.