Dream of Recollection

Tamara Gray
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It’s not courtesy but obligation that distracts the old guy staying in our house.

He’s also preoccupied with threats of sickly sweet feelings and stupidity.

A lot of thinking ahead is around here. We can tell it’s him by the wound that’s healed.

Previous to the entertainment of illumination. The illumination is overflowing.

Emotions are showing. Outlines are clear, but about the illumination a bit of it, that looks like a neck is striking his cranium. That famous Greek traveler comes up is viewed between the drapes. Slack just this second—with the breeze hardening. They recline agape. Their oral cavities spread and clamp down like doubts shiny illness in sepia tone.

They talk in word patterns. He wants to screw.

The leg is washed. The wound is recently mended. We don’t observe that right now—in the event’s puritan first dish (“one time... when a pig with tusks...”) Here,
He has to stand over her buttocks. We wait well. Right where we are, his glands begin to inflate—

Unless they’re a part of the soul, his bravery will stop working. His glands are inflating—

Much deepness is here—framed with frail genital lips. Skin suspends, slashed.

A society of words put together grows with them. They converse. Her palm, frightened,

takes his sanitary buffed penis.