After the medicine increased, so did the dreams

Yim Tan Wong
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 heartbeat 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.