

nothing goes away in my dreams... they are in a museum of castoffs
throwdowns
misplacements
intentions
wrong steps
bad luck
indigenous exterminations
pilgrims
saints
vendors with baskets of snakes
leftovers
the overexposed
the underexposed
the things waiting to be exposed
spent efforts
mobilizations
timely extinctions
rebirth
blackmailers
grifters
gods shaving the dice
bakers stuffing things
generals beside dead horses
ashes of witches
martyrs waiting for the crowd
summiteers relieving themselves on the way up.
as time has gone on i have had to find houses with more rooms
and hallways without hall monitors that rat you out
leather whips working for hourly wages and outcomes.
nothing gets resolved as the dead monster follows me up and down
the stairs littered with addictions and denials
the cellar is wine and mushrooms and the attic is grandmother and whiskey.
most of the time i can work it out
most of the time i can outlast any single one of them
but some nights all the display doors open at the same time
and the voice says it is time to come clean.

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wf.h.
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