

At opposite ends of an abandoned highway tunnel

I found my parents lying at opposite ends of an abandoned highway tunnelⁱ

My father, on one end, is fiction, my mother, on the other, is dream

Fiction tends to cover up dream's feats

Up until twenty-two I was convinced they hated each other so I slept in their bed until the shameful age of thirteen

There sure was never a lack of love for you fiction would insist

No, really, that one is true I would repeat looking to meet eyes with dream

I dreamt I was a person of many crimes. In my dream they were crimes only because I couldn't lie

Waking up was a relief

But, fuck, did it fade fast

What can all this love do in a world that wants only murder?

Du bist die Liebe meines Lebens

But words act on us before we do

German policemen are sweeping snow from the crevices, congratulating each other with pads on their backs. I am humbled before these piles of dirtⁱⁱ

Pad, pad... Alice, is growing up a trap?

You asked me to seduce you

Narcissus fell in love with his image taking it to be anotherⁱⁱⁱ

Did you fall in love with my image of you taking it to be yourself?

I dreamt I found her at the entrance of a compartment store, sharing the same urge to meet, our love infinitely deferred by the steady turn of this revolving door

A trap door is a hidden door in the floor that opens downwards to a basement, a secret chambre, or a pit, but a more illuminating example would be the trap used to kill mice, in other words, cheese. An instrumentalization of desires against themselves

Like individualist allusions unmask as age-old (symbolic) illusions

Because the Other Mother offers exactly what the child dreams of (autonomy, attention, safety, and play), only then, to ensnare or consume her

Pad, pad... What the child dreams of is autonomy, attention, safety, and play

What the child dreams of is a Happy Meal: Six chicken nuggets, fries and a surprise toy

I dreamt I was jerking off my left big toe, it swelled up like a penis, how fucking fantastic to feel the pleasure of both. To be at once the fucker and the fucked

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I got pregnant with two girls, twins, perhaps, I wasn't sure, I now don't have time for daydreaming anymore

Where were her parents?! fiction might ask^{iv}

Well... everyone else was deep asleep

When an elongated figure, a ghost bowed down over me and snatched my beloved little plush sheep, neither dream nor fiction believed me here. *You were angry, you threw it in the river* is what they said

Ever since I moved out they seem to be getting along better

I now dream of fiction dancing, dream dancing opposite him, dream takes on the specificity of his movement, until she no longer has to watch him, dream mirrors fiction perfectly as they dance exactly in time^v

The other night, dear

As I lay sleeping

I dreamt I held you

In my arms^{vi}

And the night before, I dreamt of an elementary narrative

A déjà-vu

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He affirmed that his sin was in wishing a place in the mother of the fathermother and bullshitting the holy ghost to render it favorable to his plans^{vii}

I woke and felt confined in language

Du bist die Liebe meines Lebens

German policemen watch the sun set. Pad, pad...

Voice of no origin creeps in between the reader and the text: in fiction, murder is the inverse of murder in life. In fiction, murder occurs with great regularity holding down a symbolic order known as plot^{viii}

Which is why you shall never keep souvenirs of murder fiction reminds dream

Since I moved out, my parents sometimes cuddle on the couch

There are no sunsets in my dreams, setting suns sew together and apart

There is only one sun. It is rising at the other end of an abandoned highway tunnel and it is much too strong in the desert of our minds^{ix}

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