

DREAM CREATURES

Fernando Quigua

Of Jackals

And the thought passed through me like a bed of nails passing through you—just think of it—that reckoning did finally meet me under the hidden moon. The thought, not quite a verdict, but certainly a feeling cut through the gauze of a self-applied sake haze applied earlier that evening in a party of two; that haze my only protection from that which I fled first thing, down a slide of red wine to wash down the cold leg of Thanksgiving turkey, congealed grease leftover my throat and my cheeks and coating my labial aura like the Platonic form, Female Condom, so early in the morning. I washed the leg down intuitively, gulped Malbec expertly from the bottle before my lover's eyes but never quite opened my own to the day ahead until with the day behind and three hours of aborted sleep my eyes opened to the pink and snide cloud cover of the New Normal night sky. Indeed, the thought lanced me at 2:30 on the nose, though the bedside clock, which I would donate if it were mine, runs five to six minutes slow. The thought and the feeling of my shrunken Being.

The thought lanced me awake from otherwise idios dreams, the oneiric equivalent of daytime television on pause, I imagine, the still frames and slow motion dreams of an idiot, I entertained but blasted away the implications and the spirits spirits of shame with a braid of urine so thunderous that it shook the night-lit air of the windowless half-bathroom.

The lord's urine stream doth thundered too much and so began a trial until sunrise, the aching ache of an examined and wasted life.

The thought lanced me in the abdomen, or did it nudge my cheekbone first, bluntly, and wedge my temple off the pillow like the cold unfeeling barrel of a gun. Then came the lance, in the same breath, yes, and hard to recall what came next. Evil spirits scaled the wall and windows and filled the room to sack my entrails. They looted and set them ablaze. Others they feasted right there upon them like Amazonian ants, and after an hour, Amazonian ants with the heads (and the erect dog-dicks) of jackals. I writhed. I imagined the impulse to stab them out, the jackal-ants, with scissors and knives, to stuff my abdominal bouquet with office supplies, pads of post-it notes, staplers, stuffing the village to save the village, to bury its smoldering oil well fires. From across the apartment, the cat seemed to sense the door of this scene closing behind me. He skipped to the bed and sat upon this, the Battle for Hell, the unsutured wound, my burning entrails hurtling toward the crash-test wall (of Nature's profligacy?) He purred and pawed upon me, fell into a crease of sleep between my beloved and me, as I writhed on the edge of the bed constricted, so as not to disturb the peace of the pair beside me.



Nine kneeling gods; crocodile headed, jackal headed and human headed

Dream Bear Deleted Lines

I stood erect as I leaned and told her to read lines of the Koran in people's faces. Her privates guffawed. It was nice flying with you, Cassandro. Not by design, I had her say it again and studied the cafeteria floor as it rippled. Later, misanthropic musical chairs at the diner. I was glad to be alone.

Deleted lines from a Cherokee cold call:

Dear Professor, I'm not sure where to begin! ...I have championed an 'aesthetic psychology' to restore sense to my discipline...Finally, I might add that I am not of American Indian or First Nations descent. My father is 'mestizo' from Colombia; we have an Indigenous surname (Quigua) and Indigenous blood, but culturally, my family has been (mostly) Hispanicized...I've been prattling, forgive me! ...I have lamented (publicly) the loss of the 'middle voice' in Indo-European languages...I am happy to send you my work as well as a much longer version of this email...episteme...episteme... episteme...

Now tell a little story, one that coheres, what the people want to hear: QUI-GUA! QUI-GUA!!

But I had a bad experience reciting a dream about auto-fellatio. Gusted by a draft of inspiration, left to stage right went my quill from across day-framed lunar planes and onto the page, and so true. But perhaps, by the dark side of my pen, if I can even say I, " I " hoped to lodge an arrow into the clavicle of a Big Mouth just to hear it hiss, and I missed. Yea yea...but this is a spiritual war. Though I have failed to enlist because

they asked me not to tell the boys and girls of the barracks brigade that I'm the Black Ethan Hawke.

Looking afflicted like Saint Sebastian, just the sight of me flicks, I think, some kind of Scandinavian reflex to gag. My summer was a gravel-flecked scrape on the face, beneath my prayer-calloused brow, since you ask.

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dream last night, with my mother in the house (not actually ours), i think a garage, and then came a roaring bear. big roaring bear, with a big bear head! and it seemed safe in the garage until it seemed safe no more, bear peering and bent on coming in. roar roar roar, the bear, like a looping soundtrack of a more-than-shoddy student production, impressive roar like waves, thunder and lightning, and Bear wagged his finger at me as in oh no you don't! then i made a run for it. and dream legs made my evasive turns not so quick and Bear was upon me (not literally) and told me two things: first, be nice to your sister. the second i wish i could remember! and i think that was it; or no, Bear came again and we gave him a hug in the driveway. later, on a soccer pitch, a kind of supplicant, an aspiring engineer, he said, came to me with an urgent question about soccer and concentration. he was so right, i told him, and why don't we move over here (i alluded to the bear), and i alluded, too, to the similarity of soccer and art, when it came to a certain kind of concentration, and i spaced as i pictured those days painting, lost in brush strokes, selfless in-transit appraisals, and afternoons-until-dusk, indulgently, but he was polite about it. to support my point, i thought of mentioning to him gadamer (on the soccer-art-engineering connection), and by the sideline perhaps i did. This coffee's kicking in...

You know when I woke I was happy about (the) Bear? ...
My friends, there are signs of life; so trust and get lost.

But what if the bear was my mom, ya me siento muy mal
(now I feel sick).



“A child, with claws like a bear, was born to the cousin of Martin himself. Of this he was so ashamed that he caused all the pictures of bears in his houses to be scraped from the walls.”