

Why

We

Sometimes

Don't

Say

Anything

in

Dreams:

Monkey

Boy

"I'm a fiend in high school, like dead-sky, man;

Like in the shake line my hair gathers like fur;

Like when I climb the bleachers during gym
And hooch for hours, Coach says, 'Save it for
Friday';

like things swim in front of me
(Like when a Harley starts I think 'lion').

Like that ROTC kid kicks me, says, "Say yes
Sir, YES SIR!"

Like eat my heart for dinner, man;

Like I give Felisha grubs in study hall;
Like my dick is crawling with larval flies;

Like trees trees trees they're fucking beautiful;

Like there's this thing in my head and there's wires;

Like Doctor Kramer says, 'Sit back, try not
To breathe' so I don't, and it's like . . . so I don't . . ."

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