

# Florid Psychosis

*by* Bill Yarrow

On the advice of a friend, I've stopped dreaming. As a result, I've developed a florid psychosis in which everything I've dreamed for the last thirty-three years is now real. I have new friends, a new job, my dead relatives have all come back, I'm half my weight, have all my hair, reside in Prague. It's February 1924. Kafka won't die until June. Freud's 67. He's just published *The Ego and the Id*. My superego refuses to read it. Lotte Reiniger is working on the cutouts for *Prince Achmed*. I bought a radio embroidered with pearls. I tuned it to the future, but it only plays the sleepy past.

