

Dreamless

by Cooper Renner

I'm concussed, buster. Airbag-crushed. Turkey-irritated. Organ-skinned.

The dreamless heads of the bikers waved above the handlebars, leant onto their kickstands in the necessary manner, lecherous, bloody, blessed. Wheat.

It's me, Jenny! With the diabetic on the gurney while the orderlies pour around us with their organs curdled inside their skins, dreamless and lecherous on the shelves of the dispensary. Concussed over and again.

We call it the alley of the shadows, the low sunless concavity of earth between the stalks, the acrid scent of the ripened arrow-points. Sometimes I find one in my pocket, dappled with acid.

