

# Dreams Should Come with Buttered Popcorn

*by* Gary Hardaway

As the bones and muscles rest,  
the brain plays impish tricks  
and entertains itself with avant garde  
home movies spliced from pilfered footage  
from the archives. The limbic system  
herky-jerks to dredged up assemblage  
an unrepentant, Loki-mon subconscious  
screens inside the brain dome's I-max theater.  
As the master sleeps, the rat-boys play  
with focus, saturations,  
and otherworldly angles of light.

