

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.

