

jihaadi dreams

an apple tree with step-up stones to low boughs for battlements; with sweet grenades u grab & eat and Cham/Amneet would hang but for my leaning to capitulate, my being okay with juda-honkers back in Grade Eight.

riding with Rajeevy and our Caribbean cabbie, very chatty but i only glean: **three kinds of rabbits.**

implied: we three? three shades of brown, including beiger of the three?

we step among the goat poo, body thru the warm hanging laundry to a throne room: sunk into his rattan chair, the Father of the domus - is he dozing? or he's Om-ing, in a mental prep for Death.

they're urging me to do it: to pluck a crawling millipede from fissure at my feet and then u drop it down the rifle barrel, see?

a sick initiation, & to prime the killer mechanism.

waking up, what have i evaded? in among the apes i had my finger on the trigger but i falter so am executed, derelict.

the dozing Elder - me? a journeyman's sepulchral self, spotted in a time-slip.

the outcome of my wavering, of my hesitance to kill it IS this slumping old Stasis?!

i'm Paul Bettany's Chaucer: i chronicle a Knight, plus i'm Russell Crowe's ship doctor, all the while working nights, taking apt notes for my amateur Compendium.

my that-but-this pitch: it's Scorsese goes guerilla, THINK Harmony Korine in Guatemala with a handheld. the dialogue an Altmanesque acid-rondo stoner kids would memorize, a Rebels' wry patter as they hack their way thru treacherous liana.

can't be sure i had my phone the week's R&R. driving back down, i'm madly swiping - where's my Calendar app? the kid from the yard with the chickens must have messed with it - someone scattered gleaming new icons on my tablet.

clicking thru, they add into a terrifying Schedule: each decommissions me & sets me up anew. backing out, each reveals a piece of how we got here. swiping right, a scan-cache of many flattened passports, a range of leatherettes - army green, navy blue, oxblood red.

a zombie mob rips at me, middle-schoolers skinny &

malicious with a hair growth persistent à la Iron Maiden's Eddie. i suffer being ingested then i slip away, privy now to Death's silly secret.

i enter life anew thru the swinging double service doors, am Double-0 merging with the civvies after taking out henchmen.

i've come into a world anew: has it, too, come thru death? now the Hood is functional; now in charge: Trinis poor & brown i'm all demotic with. the first one i come upon, his guava stand is doing nice. he knows just what i need, and where to browse, and says his guavas all are swords and that i'm low in vital iron.

is every dreamt effigy a composite of RPGs; RPGs that drew from dreams; dreams that drew from Game Designer's day-space?

assume i dream the New. yet New would be a composite of line, shape, & hue i've seen awake or i've inferred from the sun-lit color range.

more worlds i've known than this Steppe i keep awaking to, a Steppe now at war, now a wavy field of yellow grain - but what of all the worlds i made a map for?



Daytime  
09:24

Thermal vision  
GPS

