

*Recollection from a
Recent Dream (no. 3)*

by Craig Nydick

What was
What *was*
That dream I had ...

Fresh paper cuts—three of them—on the palm of your right hand. No idea how they got there. With the fore- and middle-fingers of your left hand, push the skin just so on either side of the longest cut making the thin slice separate. Lean in closer. Blood pools in the narrow crevasse then eases toward your wrist.

Lips parted, touch your warm tongue to the russet trickle. Shoulders rise. Your blood tastes of Fruit-Loops and fungus, and your mouth dries like that time you shared a young persimmon with friends around a patio table.

Something about the apricot hue of the light on the wall gives you the distinct feeling you've been here before. Look up, lips and eyes pursed. Your shoulders drop. Only then do you realize the mess you've made.