

Drippingsopretty: A collection of images and notions I've blundered into, ones that were birthed from the ViewMaster that resides in my head. Hence, however saturated, often incomplete.

How often do you dream? Once, twice a week? A month? Really, what I mean is how often do you remember them? And how often do they change you? I mean really, really change you. Noticeably, where you can feel yourself actualizing it, putting the pieces into play, invigorating your reality with the soft whispers of your subconscious. For me, I rarely leave dreams with a firm grasp on the events transpired, alongside an even looser grip on where they would have taken me. All the paralipomena plagues me, all that silver and gold escaping, how does one cope with that? If you had to explain it, how would it go?

Here's a paraphrasal.

"Then the parapet of memory burns to the ground, taking heaven with it."

And I want to know, I want to hear, to possess that knowledge (if one could deem it that), to be, simply put, placed in the know. You are hereby cordially invited to walk with me¹, through my mind, to bathe yourself in the endless animated greenery, the floating rocks of verdance, the accented blades of grass spilling over causeways, the... wait. Here, this is what I'm seeing.

A luxuriant glade, butterflies, bees, dragonflies frisk through the air, captivating, but not leaching my attention. Our attention, our intentionality. He stands next to me, simultaneously absorbing this bliss. Basking in this self-inflicted madness. An escalator (magic carpet) of moss, grouse wortle berries, and beargrass envelops my vision, leading me softly with a pearl-gloved hand, a silver clasp resting upon it,

¹ Nothing is promised, discretion is advised. Any sagacity lies upon you, the reader, as such notions flutter all too aimlessly for most.

piloting me to what I've deemed the focal point of the scene. A wheelchair, cloaked in green. Cloaked; robed, yes, but hiding, no. Very much comfortable in its appearance. An inanimate cloaked in the animate.

If you've ever seen any Studio Ghibli² you've got a pretty decent hold on what I'm seeing here. It's fucking gorgeous in a sort of reality-adjacent singsong manner that almost grinds your gears. Chokes you up that it isn't quite real, and although you feel it, you know you are there, deep down you know this is only a projection, an inherent falsehood. An abhorrently beautiful projection, a euphoric monstrosity, knowing no bounds aside from the cracks your perception spiderwebs into it. You try a hand jam; futile, maybe you can shove a cam in there before it's all over, before you slip. It's no good, it is but a projection nonetheless. And this makes you sad. You suppose your fall is eventual, at least that much is certain. At least we know there is comfort in certainty.

Back to the glade. It is far from any sort of arboreta- it was meant to exist in this gooey state, meant to exist beyond our anthro-cultivative instincts. One would think it's almost underground, as glowberries spill down from some infinite ceiling, long braided vines of gold and green, resembling naught else but an effervescent array of dragon scales. Yet, despite this 'cave' construct, there is no shortage of light. Only the absence of dark. He is still there, standing at my side, thank goodness. "Nahhhhh" slipped out of his lips in an all too real fashion. An exclamation not of disbelief, but more so of reverence. I go towards the chair. I must, mustn't I? Would you not? A head scratch, a moment of indecision... Do I sit? Dare I? Who could be worthy of bathing in such bliss? Not me, that much is certain. Not yet. Oh, and there is honeysuckle. So much of it, draped over me, over him, over those archaic structures off to the right- at least I think that's to the right- it sways in it's innocuity, peddling its rhetoric of innocence, so much you choose to accept it, as you're tired of that which is tainted by guile, so tired, so tired you cannot sleep anymore, you must relinquish your hold on yourself, on this reality, this

² Queue visceral visions of Castle In The Sky, except better. Smaller. Realer. Totoro is somewhere down there, in that wooded glenn.

area of such dense intentional disregard, this place where purpose lies only in its presence. Anyways, I'll have this dream again. Not soon, no, but once I start to forget, then. Then I'll dream it all over again.

And I love it so dearly, so much, and you look at me aghast, not understanding, not knowing, because it hasn't clocked to you, that you'd love it too- you'd love the dripping blossoms and the ever so slightly hazy air, lazy in its milling about, spilling ephemeral existence, emanating _____³ of stasis I yearn to be a part of, and will lose it if you aren't too- come on, come drown in this dream with me- you have everything to gain. My eyes are tired, so tired of shouldering the weight of being the singular viewer. That is, am I the viewer, or just the vessel?

“The longing for Paradise is man's longing not to be man” - Milan Kundera

My favourite dream is a coalescence of last year's autumn. A glimmering collage of all that I want, and all that I do not. At this point, it's more so a mere work of fiction, a compilation of chaotic ambiguities too blurry to ever fully comprehend, all of them reaching out for you with sun-starved fingers, clutching at you, incessant in their desire to drag anyone, but most of all you, drag you down into the imperviously nonexistent realm you had once fabricated but now has exceeded your carpentry, your penmanship. It has fulfilled the most glorious yet terrifying trope a parent can see their child become. It has superseded its creator. It idles, sporadic in the depth. In the flailing violet light...

And so there she stood, in the flailing violet light, plagued by The Pondrance⁴. I wasn't quite sure who “she” was, I was certain only of her importance. We wandered upon isthmuses of basalt, deep in some sort of underground cavern, accented by salt-stained walls, and illuminated only by that perpetual

³ There is something I have not yet obtained. Something all too necessary for this.

⁴ See a medical professional if this finds you as well. Hopefully, they've found a cure by now.

violet. The colour that had taken up residence in an un-avoidable portion of my mind. There was no promise of arrival, only the hope of another second spent there, lingering in yourself.

Are you fucking kidding me?

Did you really think any of that was real? That it even could be?⁵ Here's a good one. This one actually happened to me. At least, I think it did. I'm pretty sure.

Of course, it was a cauchemar.

I'm driving again. It's not my truck I have now, it's the older one. The Nissan. Six years older than myself, it rumbles like a matchbox car, ever-persistent in its fading purple paint, a steel skeleton. A better era of trucks. I'm wondering what it is that determines my inner level of function, as I find entire days trundling past, all because I am not able to don a pragmatic inner thermometer. One that can actually regulate my turmoil as advertised. I laze upon the slate blue corduroy benchseat, comfortable inside my little cab of metal. Entire exits pass me by, as I sit, white knuckled, waiting for the highway to turn into something else, something that I want. To fall into the arms of some unknown tomorrow. But, more and more these days, fantasies flourish, and die like flies in the heat of summer.

At least it's better than that white Chevrolet, dented with time. I want to hide under it. I could imagine the cool concrete peace it would bring, prone amongst oil stains, cuddled in the oddly comforting swaddle of machinery. But I stay standing. Bunches of perennial grass stain my peripheral. They're dead. Two boys in camouflage stride past. One has served, the other? Strictly for swag purposes. These detached explorations of psyche are my favourite vice, they paint worlds in what is very clearly pastel, yet is constructed with oil paint, thick, smeared, the definition is in your face, yet somehow the colours stay in that tangerine to lavender range; that of eternal sunset. Or sunrise, whatever tickles you⁶.

⁵ I'll give you a hint. It's only perception, there is nothing else.

⁶ Tell me, what does?

I hope this collection of fabrications doesn't seep into you too deeply. Just like a different version of it did to *Zampanō*. I was already too solipsistic before all this, now it's worse. What do I take that is irrevocable? For certain, these dreams illustrate, sans articulation, those paths that I know are my favourite. I'm aware of the sensation, the hunkering down in the Wind Rivers in a summer snowstorm, the ripples of my oar in the desert water, my limbs splayed out under elden beards of lichen - I know them well. One cannot spend all their time recharging themselves so that their time may be properly utilized, for by then, they will have none left. I often think of how to actualize the study of communications. Of different fields of perception through words, yet often find myself floundering in the conveyance of it. Do you have similar experiences? How do you write them for yourself, but also for them? Inherently, ideas become realer the more people perceive them. What's your motive here? Do you see mine? Or are you a bit lost in the margins, once again, sitting over there on that bench to my left. I try not to wake up before I can stumble over to you, to see your perspective too.

Destination: *Volkvanger*⁷, really. Some sort of teeming eternal field of sunflowers, glinting and glistening with ichor, bustling with a light so bright you can't quite hear your roommate trying to wake you up, back home, back in Montana. However, you must come to, and when you do, it's four in the afternoon. You've slept through class, shirked your responsibilities once more, and you almost don't mind. Because you're sure, that somewhere, this realm of idealisms is true, the one with trays of warm milk and honey slathered upon grain, all glinting under the rays of an unseen orb, does exist. It's just that, that *Somewhere*, may be only in your mind. Does that still make it true?

"It's as if I know the way perfectly, but I walk them to forget."

⁷ This refers to the golden fields of *Valhalla*(norsk), similar to the *Elysian* fields in Greek lore.

Things to think about in revision, which is always a necessity.

Buff out individual storylines, give the reader a firmer place to stand, so that they may wander with more gusto.

fix , or flesh out the _____ spots with the words you know you desire yet cannot find. Find them.

Attack this: Is it possible to love something so much you imagine it wants to destroy you only because it has denied you?