

Two Films, Some Dreams, and an Old Friend

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Something I like about art is
not always itself it is
the making an event of it
the event or, that is— the connection.
The art becomes a stage for friendship
meaning making, a confluence.
art is an excuse to see an old friend
I want to take you on a date
I met becca at the anthology of films
to see *she must be seeing things*
in the opening scene the camera pans
across the kitchen around Agatha
(played by Sheila Dabney)
giving dimension to her character
in an ominous + foreboding way.
the story features different angles to witness,
and sure enough.
Agatha is a strong willed woman
tortured by her own lust for clues
enraptured by the paranoia that ensues.
The paranoia about my gender.
The fear of a lover's past.
I built these walls to protect me.
The fateful day when it all comes crashing down.
I had to learn to forgive myself.
The theater said no food but my hunger said
buy two slices of pizza from the pizzeria,
Becca brought in an Earl Grey "blondie,"
it's like a brownie.
Something I love about Becca is
her devotion to baked goods.
Even the gross ones I once associated with
a Love's service plaza on I-40 in the high desert.
She wore these baggy pants and said
I told her to buy flood pants.
I had to look down to register
having never heard of flood pants
I couldn't recall ever telling her to buy them
But I shrugged it off, after all they looked great.
She took a shot of me and my pizza
in that boomerang style and later I watched myself
thinking that's what I look like.
It's like I need a mirror to reflect
back to me and that's why I have friends after all.
That and having a great reason to enjoy art.

I wake up inside my sleep and
It's not always the dream that
Caters to the moments of ease
Comforting though the waves in there
Blue reflection of heaven
It was a sunny day we were
on a boat and he was there
wearing all black but also he
was wearing athletic shorts over
Black leggings which was very
Forest punk of him to incarnate
my years in the Pacific West
burning juniper and smoking
headband, birthday cake, green crack
He told a story about a thing he
fixed a thing or maybe he was just
there to help us and My dream
my dream was full of sunlight
the warm comfort of connection
connection to each other by way
of whatever objects were
maybe that's what Marx inferred after all
this bizarre way my crush on a man
Is somehow mediated by an object in my
dream I can't for the life of me remember
let's assume now, there were whales
off the boat was the ocean
magnificent blue hue
the architect of my emotional landscape
when we watched the movie zoo
about a man whose lust for sensation
stretches beyond his corporeality
this wasn't a dream but it was shot like one
and I often dream of animals although
I'm never fucking them
The whale, in absentia, was thought to
float out in the periphery
once I dreamt that Alex and I
were swimming with whales
and I often dream of my
dog running, bound for the horizon
as I scurry for a leash or any solution
my fear of death in direct opposition
to his expression of freedom and joy
is he the man of my dreams or