

Interlude: I Dream This Dream In Which My Body Is My Own

Priests

I am trying to find a form for all of these feelings
One day when I do, I will crack my head open and pour the hot ore of my being into this mold
And when it has cooled and my body is empty and dead, it will remain, out there in the world, hard and clear and legible and unambiguous
I dream this dream in which my body is my own
A thing I made, a thing with meaning, a meaning I have created, a meaning under my own control, even after I am dead
I have this dream over and over again
I re-dream it daily in cumulative iterations with every step, every hit, every stroke, every word, and with each movement it recedes further and further into the horizon