

## language of a common dream

aardvark. maybe it was the aardvark running on  
by. he jumps from the lawyer to the school teacher  
carrying stacks and stacks of photo albums. your  
dear family memories gathering dust, and you can't  
even recognize the faces. his face—the cousin you only met one  
fall. suddenly aware you can see yourself. they're  
giving out gourds in your grandfather's house. you're  
happy to take one, because you're not the lawyer or  
inez the school teacher. the aardvark never mattered.  
just as soon as he is gone, you are the unemployed student.  
kitchen appliances maybe from your neighbor's house,  
look like it anyway. this all feels very urgent. you can't  
make sense of inez's urging, or how she came here anyway.  
neither one of you can recall your cousin's name,  
or why you must dance. dance to deconstruct this kitchen.  
push out the walls. you never needed gourds, or inez's pop  
quizzes. your first girlfriend is outside on the quad.  
rushing toward her won't solve anything. if only  
she had some answers. there is some unspoken rule here.  
teachers and lawyers are all the same, and it was an anteater to begin with.  
understandable mistake. toss and turn all you like, this is one  
version of many. waking up has never been known to change things.  
we are all only dreaming, and maybe it's together, wrapped up in some  
xerox machine in the back of your father's office building.  
you wonder if there's some interpretation out there.  
zero chance.