

# Fat Dreams

by

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# Dream 3

Whereas the sleep of dreams had found me gently before, it was now a towering hound that bore me away with mountainous jaws. I could not understand this thing, I could only feel it was a *force*, exerting upon me a certain and definite will.

Control passed from my limbs, body prostrated in the sand. Eyes shuttered, and all thoughts within and senses without joined into a river of passage. With mindful control somewhere far away, I set sail down that somnolent bank.

Somewhere within went out a last fluttering prayer for mercy. If I am to be stricken by another dream, then let it be one not of pain, but of reflection! To this over-thought and haunted soul, the lifelong expanse of an undistressing dream may be a sudden salve!

Yet as I entered among the great ungainly cogs of that larger horizon, I accepted this was a dimension where the heeding of such human distinctions would be indiscernible in scene...And that, once entering, the very mind that made them might lose all recollection in the pursuit of something new...

*...And it's another life...*

*...And another time...*

*Where the road cedes and you see the journey's end*

*Your quest you've done, and you've overcome*

*Your mind's mettle is steel, you've won!*

*Explorer! Lightbringer! Sun!*

*Victor, the horizon is your trophy*

*Legacy, your heavy cape of lore and times*

*Calloused hands have dug and touched eldest bones*

*Finding all diamonds of the soul, and tigers of the mind*

*But your mightiest pride is a greater lust for home*

*Cartographer! Conqueror! Champion!*

*You've cracked the ancient shell of power*

*And the heavens themselves are for your taking*

*With knowledge of self, you shake your head*

*Its stars are full of light, but those stars are cold*

*Your people sent you, these treasures they'll maintain*

*Your head back, all of this importance isn't you*

*All you ever wanted is your name*

*Flagbearer! Homecomer! Son!*

*You return to your kinship, your kingdom, your cove*

*You drop your sword on the shore, and shield in the shallows*

*And every memory in return to the waters of your birth*

*What are your discoveries but part of the struggle?*

*And what part does struggle have in your victory?*

*"Come into my arms, simplicity."*

*"Wash my head, reality."*

*"Fill my lungs, oh familiarity!"*

*Your pure head is held so high*

*As you upend your final cup of ichor*

*You leave the church with one name*

*Best friend and love are with you now*

*And your mind works with hours*

*Returned is the king to his pool*

*Where life is a circle of golden years*

*But the clouds of childhood are missing*

*And hot winds blow from the road*

*Bringing home a loud and open sky*

*So come days when your many blisses are constricted*

*As the waters of your cove run black and low*

*Cruel to come in the quiet sunset of your triumph*

*What unconsidered hell, this absconding of your home*

*Oblivious victor, you lived your life for this garden*

*And here comes endless drought for your harvest*

*You gave all to these waters and so were lent their form*

*Now crying as they dry, contorting as if exorcised*

*Witness as all that was your home begins to pine*

*Your kingdom is crumbling, deserted is your cove*

*Anon you walk a plain of mud alone*

*As the waters that housed you return to the sky*

*The sudden demise leaves no quiet for grieving*

*Naked orphan, your inheritance is your tribute*

*As sun and salt burn, and the birds are pecking*

*You can taste only spilled ichor in the sands*

*Roofless man, the beyond marks your heart*

*Where return pieces of forgotten deeds*



*And storm forth names of awesome lands*

*Stripped of mind and home, the present cannot lead*

*Your future becomes the dream of your past*

*And that past is poisoned now with shame*

*There are no angels anymore, only old dreams*

*Ancestors of self who feel betrayed*

*In a body shucked of sense, cacophonous their wake*

*They punish with treasures and memories*

*Filling you with every rite and power, with no self to control them*

*They speak with self-appointed tongues, which find you obscene*

*Everything is regret, terror, and disbelief*

*A seamless noose about a neck of misery*

YOU HAVE SEEN TWO CITIES FLOOD

*The angels of your shoulder, now wrathful hags in your ears*

*Fill your mind with curses and your guilt with time*

*You shield yourself with motions and noises*

*Backslider! Betrayer! False son!*

### A BRIDE-TO-BE ABANDONED

*You pace the parched seabed to the inquisitions of the past*

*You did what was right, but this life will always deceive*

*And in such a world, the cautious mind finds no peace*

*Unsung! Outcast! Scum!*

### AN AXE LEFT IN THE SAND

*You have no shell, and cannot go over this cliff*

*What comes, you'll hide in the arms of aged life*

*For death cannot be charted, and hell is full of tribes*

*Spent! Lightless! Husk!*

Never to hear again the once-worshipped name

Soros! SOROS—

*The world is not ruled, who controls has forgot*

*As you forgot the name which holds your soul*

*And realized is the role you played*

*With every sight a taunt or judgment*

*For the world is in pieces now, and no call can be obeyed*

*Not one key survives your desert, but they are heard the same*

*Now orbiting as muddled witches who cry "Chaos provides!"*

*Heavy hangs your cape and legacy*

*Of a mind so certain, it left all evidence behind*

*Orphan of the twice-closed eye*

*Two cities flood, as your gulf runs dry*

*It's your way to do much with little*

*You did so much with nothing at all*

*By God, you're all you have*

*All this cannot be you*

—s, ros—

—sor s, sam m—