

Surrealistic Pillow

Ever drifting down the stream—  
Lingering in the golden gleam—  
Life, what is it but a dream?

*Through the Looking-Glass*

—Lewis Carroll

After walking into the mist of my new Salvatore Dali scent—the salesgirl said it could very well improve my—‘It’ll bring out the animal in you,’ she’d stated. Then: ‘You’ll be like a child in a candy store, there’ll be so many,’ and ‘blah, blah, blah.’ What a sales pitch! Anyway, I set it back down on the vanity to return to my primping in front of my full-length mirror. I’m straightening the seams and garters, adjusting my baby-doll—visible symmetry you know, getting prepared for . . . I really don’t know what, but my *invagination*—love that word—is indeed *tripping the light fantastic* and just running wild with—just . . . oh, sooo crazy! It’s as if I’d entered another dimension! One within the mirror! Isn’t that just insane!

Anyway, I’d just taken a humungous hit, letting the smoke out ever so slowly you know, to savor the rush, and this’ when I hear this sound, like a twig breaking just outside my back door. A sound. So what, I think. At least at first. Then I think: Okay, I’m tweaking, that’s all. It’s just the drug, the crack, that’s all, nothing to . . . Oh, and then again I hear it, like a snap—a footstep? Oh, my good god! I hope no one’s watching! Suppose—and it, the sound, it’s just outside my window! Sure, the curtains are drawn. The bedroom’s in the back of the house. The backyard’s fenced—but of course. Why worry, I think, it’s just . . . whatever it is. That’s all. Why worry? But I mean, you know, discretion and all that. It’s not like I’m some sort of exhibitionist or something. And what-the-fuck! After all, one just doesn’t indulge in smoking crack and doing what I’m doing. And do what I’m doing with the curtains wide open. Which they’re not. And even if it is past midnight. Even if it is well before dawn. And even . . . I’m just tweaking, that’s all. There’s no one out there. And after all, I am totally in the privacy of my own bedroom, in my own home, so . . . Oh, and my bedroom is located in the rear of the house where the backyard is and all. And it’s completely enclosed—a fence I mean. And—and well—I said that, didn’t I? Well, you get the idea. Of course I’m given to tweaking when I’ve done too much

of this shit. I mean anybody—Paranoia, that's all, just, just that and that's all. So, I think I might just maybe be imagin—Fuck! There it is again! Oh my god! And 'Oh fuck!' is all I could think to say, and that's precisely what I did say, and I said it again, an 'Oh fuck!' and again, only reiterating with a little more modification: 'Oh fuckin fuck!'

So I sashay—but of course, how else—over to the window, placing myself just over to the side of it, very discreet mind you, using the curtain as cover, and I very surreptitiously tugged at the bottom left-hand corner of my drape—velour, a deep magenta. I do so much love velour drapes in the boudoir, don't you? Anyway, like I was saying, just a tug to sneak a peek outdoors and I didn't see anything. No. Or rather, I didn't see any-one. There's no one out there. So I proceed to part the curtain more—aren't I the brave one you say—but really it's just a wee bit more. And I should say that this' against my better judgment as well, but. A guy, a girl—whatever's—got to do what . . . Whatever. Anyway, what I mean, that is to say that if there is such a thing, a person, a whatever—different whatever—out there, well . . . Given my state of euphoric paranoia, not to mention my apparel—Jeeze yeah! My apparel! Well, you can imagine.

Anyway, I pull the curtain further apart and 'Wow!' I said this. Yes, I did. I mean that I said this aloud, quite aloud. It was a shout—a shout, shout, let it all out! Here I am letting it all hang out and all. Now get this: a fucking white fucking rabbit dressed in a Brooks Brother's worsted, and it's fucking carrying a briefcase? I mean, how fucking Carrolian! Lewis, Lewis, wherever you are, ollie, ollie in free. Hey Louie! Get the fuck outta my bedroom Lou. I'm thinking. I'm trying to maintain. You know, like at least some semblance of humor anyway. Oh, and do please excuse all this *fucking*, I just can't help myself. But that's truly all I could think to say about all this fuc—this, this shit. This shit that's either coming down or isn't and . . . I don't know whether or not to feel embarrassed because a white rabbit saw me in my get-up, not to

mention my smoking crack and all, or . . . But you do get the picture I'm sure. This is the quality, if I may call it that, of my confusion. I mean . . .

Okay, my next thought is a bit more cohesive, almost composed actually. Sometimes I surprise myself at how quickly I can adapt. Where was I? Yeah—okay, this is right after, or perhaps it was during, before—I don't know . . . Anyway, I'd thrown the pipe across the room at some point in time here, and with a vow—just one more vow, a song I've sung so many times before—to the tune of “Sugar For My Honey” only the lyrics are, “I'll never-ever, touch this again.” ‘Never, I mean it God!’ I'd vowed, and I really meant it. I always do. My next thought was that it's gotta be a cop. Must be. A detective maybe? plain clothes?—yeah right! Maybe—and that's why no uniform. Yeah that's it. I wish it were a rabbit. I mean, given my garb and my drugs and all. But why would a cop be dressed up like a rabbit?

Knock, knock, knock—it's firm and hurried, just like you'd expect from a cop too. ‘Shit!’ SWAT—I'm busted! That's all I can think. What'll I do now? Then I hear: ‘Hurry please.’ And such a squeaky voice and all, then, ‘I'm late, I'm late, for a very important date.’ Truly, that's what it said, that's what I heard. That's what I'd repeated in turn. I mean, I thought, this is all so ridiculous. I'm just having cocaine psychosis. So I play along with the hallucination: ‘Oh, I'm late, I'm late, for a very important date,’ just like that. Then I say, ‘Oh come off it!’

‘I am!’ I hear, and ever so articulate! What could I? So I open the door. Just a little, I mean—at first anyway. Nothing. No one is there. By this time, I don't give a rat, mouse, or rabbit's ass if I'm seen in whatever I'm wearing, or not wearing for that matter, which I'm still wearing, nor if whom-ever sees me either, be it rabbit, cop, or, or otherwise. Screw'm if they can't take a . . . So I flung open the door. You bet I did!

‘Nice shoes.’ It, the rabbit, complimented me on my red pumps. Can you imagine? So what could I . . .? So I say, ‘Thanks,’

‘Let’s go!’ it insists. ‘By the way I like the scent, it’s apropos—Dali, right?’

‘Uh, what—oh, yeah,’ I answer, ‘Dali.’ I’m stunned, as you can well imagine. Then it holds out its paw as if to offer me something, then notices that there is nothing in its paw to offer—that it is in fact quite empty and mumbles an apologetic, ‘Oh!’ Then, snapping its whatever: claws, nails, whatever, and suddenly there appears a small white paper cup with a bright red pill in it. Same color and sheen as my patent leather Prada’s!

‘Take this!’ it insists—in a nice enough tone of voice mind you, but quite adamant just the same, so I instinctively acquiesce—oh not that I’m averse to pills mind you, as you might readily surmise. I take the cup from its . . . its whatever, and I . . . I’m looking rather dumbfounded as I would surely imagine—to it, I mean. And I really don’t know what sex it is—can’t always tell by the clothing. I mean, first the sudden appearance right out of the clear blue, or whatever color the sky really is, for its sudden appearance, then the cup and pill from just from the snap of the finger or claw or whatever they’re called, and then—wait’ll you hear this one—I’m looking to him (?), then to the cup with the not-so-little red pill inside, as I’ve stated—obviously I’m just flabbergasted already—and just then, ‘Sorry,’ he says. He, she, it, snaps its thingies again, and suddenly water appears! Yeah! No shit! I mean, it just appears, and in its hand/paw! And it’s not in a cup. No. It’s just the water. I mean just that! Alone. Water, water, water, without being in a cup or any other container, so now I’m really astounded!

He, she, or whatever, must have noticed the sudden dilation of my pupils as they struggled to let in enough light to, excuse the pun, make light of all this, and it snickers a ‘Woops.’ Then it, I mean, yeah *it* will suffice, snaps its whatever again, and in the other hand

there appears yet another paper cup much like the one I'm still in fact holding and he, get this: He dumps the water into the paper cup as if this was the most natural thing! Then he offers it to me. 'Sorry,' he says, then, 'forgot you might need this, it is a rather large pill isn't it?'

'Oh, don't mention it.' I answer, for lack of anything better to say. I thought to ask what it was I was about to take, but I'm still not quite sure I'm even holding anything real, never mind that it's given to me by a white rabbit in a—and just then it starts tapping its rabbit foot in an overt expression of waning patience. I shrug. I take the pill. Leaving the house from my bedroom door, I follow it toward my backyard and by now I'm completely oblivious as to my attire! For one thing it's very foggy outdoors, a really dense mist has settled in. Surprise, surprise, I mean it really has. So much, in fact, that even though it, the rabbit, isn't but a few feet in front of me, I can barely make out the fact that it has disappeared into what appears to be a hole, a rather smallish hole, like the entrance to a cave except that it's lined with a soft fleshy pink—Freud would have . . . What I thought was bark was actually . . . pubis? Oh, good God! And it's at the crux of two rather thick branches of a maple tree in my back yard with steps leading up to the hole, or opening, or—and in *my* back yard and—I don't have a maple tree in my—Oh, by the way, I know, I'd thought of that: The Alice thing, you're thinking. Have I walked into the looking glass, I'm thinking?

'No,' it says, 'you didn't,' followed by, 'and no, you don't have a maple tree. You should consider it though, a sugar maple, such sweet, sweet, syrup you know,' says the rabbit. Oh my God! It's reading my thoughts! 'Whatever,' I say.

I know, I know, delusionary you're thinking. Hey, don't think for a minute that I wasn't, I mean thinking the same—that I was suffering some kind of cocaine induced psychosis. Anyway, so I've entered. 'Check in with the door mouse, and don't pay any attention to the cat,'

said the rabbit. Oh yeah, right on! I thought, after all, what would a journey into a giant pussy be like without a Cheshire . . .? I had to laugh. And did I! I laughed so hard that my eyes momentarily teared shut. Struggling to open them . . . and I did, and when I did—

Well, here I am, I'm eight, maybe nine years old—I'm guessing—sitting cross-legged on the rug in the living room of my parent's playing with my stuffed rabbit—you guessed it, it's white. Mom's pounding by in her red pumps—just like . . . Anyway, she's in her usual hurry to get going in the morning-off-to-work ritual, and this morning in particular is to be my second day in school.

“Watch out for the cat, Al hon.” she says.

Hon, by the way, is an endearment of course, and Al is short for my name. Dad always wanted a girl, and mom wanted a boy, so they decided when mom found out she was pregnant that if I were a boy I'd be named after dad's father, Allen, and if a girl, Alice, as in the story by Lewis Carroll. Mom always had a thing for the story. Same circumstance, actually, as my lover! What a coincidence, huh?

“And don't feed it any more. It just doesn't know when to stop eating. It'll eat, eat, eat, until it bursts, if you let it. Dumb pathetic thing! So, what did you learn in school yesterday?”

I went to a private school, a charter school.

She asks what I learned in school yesterday in passing. As if out of obligation, to acknowledge my presence. She always does this. I suspect she really doesn't expect a response. I probably could have just said, “We learned how to make pipe bombs mommy,” and got a, “That's nice, hon,” but instead I say: “I learned that in an equation, the positive value of the product of two negative digits is exactly the same as the product of two positive digits of the same value, even though they're opposites.”

“That’s nice, hon!”

She drops the nickname and cuts to, *hon*, when she’s really stressed for time. That, and that the rhythm from her ruby reds don’t even register the slightest acknowledgment to my presence. This is how I can always tell.

So, I find myself inadvertently stripping the clothes off my rabbit and am quite surprised to see that there is nothing underneath except fur, I mean, no genitalia! *How weird*, I think! Then it’s as if—you know, like in the movies when one scene changes to another—pan or dissolve, or whatever they call it, or like in a dream too, from one scene to another—parallel universes, or . . . Whatever. My scene changes.

I remember the pill that I’d taken, or dreamt I did, and the crack . . . And well, suddenly I feel quite an exquisite rush. Climaxing! Yeah, and like none I’ve ever, ever, felt before. I open my eyes and find myself back home, in my bedroom, lying on my bed, on my back, and I’m naked. Like always. So, as ruby red lips emerged—as the face immediately faded, much like the Cheshire cat in *Alice in Wonderland*—from under the sheets down below my waist, my lover, the seductress, whispered.

“Good morning, hon, did you enjoy that?”