

sweet dreams are made of piss

by: will giese

3am. The witching hour. A crowded club in the heart of a crowded city. A filthy bathroom stall decorated with graffiti and posters from concerts long forgotten. A shirtless MAN is stationed on the toilet (both are in desperate need of a deep clean).

MAN

Now is the time of night when everything starts to blur. Maybe it's the lethal mix of ecstasy, alcohol and blow- I've only eaten activia today. Jamie Lee Curtis would be so proud. My bowels are squeaky clean, but my conscience couldn't be muddier. Even now, I hear them approach. I thought it could only happen while I was asleep, but more and more I find I am incorrect. Forks against china, nails on a chalkboard. The fairies envelop me- no not those fairies- those twinkerbelle fags squished into jockstraps and mesh tank tops- they don't want a bite of me- no. The fairies that pay me visit are interested in one thing and one thing only: mortification. Their wings are sharp and cold like lab scalpels, their eyes red with blood. Wrenches for arms, screwdrivers for legs and nails for hair. Their tiny bodies: plink, plunk, plink, plunk as they menacingly advance. They yank out my teeth one by one until there's nothing left but rotting gums and putrid purple pain. If I had any friends, they would tell me it's just a nightmare. That I'm only dreaming. But my dreams are cryogenically frozen, along with my aspirations: the white picket fence, the golden retriever, the wealthy lawyer with biceps and a bubble butt all lie mere centimeters away and maybe if I quit dancing in the dark with strange men, I'd have enough sense to grasp my gilded ambition. But still, I remain- half alive, half dead. A zombie partial to Azaelia Banks, inclined to bump and grind and hump and find that he doesn't care if I live or die as long as I'm good to take loads for the night. And I'm just too petrified and too goddamn stoned to do anything about it. So here I'll sit. And here I'll stay until the Queen drags me out of this bathroom stall and yells "off with his head!" The pretty boys will laugh while misery swings her jewel encrusted ax round and round till it comes plummeting down upon my neck. Too bad for them, my blood is made of beetles and spiders and centipedes and maggots and dragonflies and ladybugs so HAVE FUN CLEANING THAT UP! You'll be swatting at your neck for months. And my presence in death will be the same as in life: a nuisance. They say it gets worse before it gets better, but what if it just gets worse and worse and worse and worse and worse until I die? In the deepest, darkest recess of my brain, there lives hope sickly sweet like cotton candy left in the parking lot of a six flags, slowly being carried away by ants. That someday, I might break the cycle. Cease this vicious parade of beanies and neckbeards and find something worthwhile. A rock cemented in the waves, so that I might not be swept away with the tide. But until then, there are only fairies, wicked and heartless with their wings made of knives and their songs of rebuke.

