I had a fever dream.

I saw the Genskin totem blown apart and still-like, as if caught like tumbleweed basking in the clear plastic affect of pretend futures. Baby doll art. Not particularly good-looking throwing black, red and silver. There was the teenage Anna Nicole Smith. An odor of bodily change projected onto pre-fab. Quarter machine stickers pasted on the nightstand, and the missed-target first kiss at the lock in. Hobby Lobby and burner phones; the only art for miles. Not utopic, not wrong. There was the dirt weed in the backseat of a friend's older brother's cousin's '96 Civic; escaping away late, ramping cars over railroad crossings between night fields.

In the daycare-turned church behind the 50-year old strip mall, last week was washed away with pink elephants and Dominos pizza. Heads turn unaware of consequence and with set futures. The frame and the vision machine; a promised altar that offers clean cycles for those pointed downward. The apparition of an image-of-an-image-of-an-image surfaces. Junk nesting beyond factory outskirts. What could be topia...

An-in-be(tween).