

dream sequence in which names may have been changed to protect

(1)

It's Halloween, and the cast of *Friends* is there, or I'm part
of the cast of *Friends* blended with its next decade counterpart,
New Girl, in any case I'm at the bar

with Jon Stewart and Stephen Colbert and we're laughing. They think
I'm hysterical. Some creep tells us to stop and snatches
at my uncharacteristically exposed

cleavage so Stephen takes me onto his lap. I say *It's OK,*
I'm a lesbian. They say *So is everyone!* We are so funny, so
drunk and then

(2) Steve (he likes

to be called Steve) and I are the only ones in the room
and he's ancient, genuinely elderly but still trying
to fuck me and I don't

want to but he's so funny, so old and on the TV, I think
he seemed so much younger earlier, looks so much
younger on the TV

and then (3) it's Halloween
and we're all figuring out our costumes, the hybrid
sitcom cast and I, and one dude

wants to be a therapist, I am dating
this dude so the other dude and I dress up as a warring
couple. He says *You be the slut, wear that tight thing*, and

I do and (4) I tell him *I think*

maybe Steve raped me and he says *Who's Steve?* and I say
Stephen Colbert and he says *No, that's just how he is, handsy.*
And I say *I think it was more*

than that and put on my massive blonde curly wig and practice
screaming like a spray-tanned lady from the Jersey Shore
or how I imagine

(5) it would feel to be someone who could make a sound.

(6) What I didn't want to tell you

was that the dude's response
was not as simple as presented. That after I said
I think I was raped and he said

That's just how he is, handsy, I said nothing
but looked at him, quiet, and then he said, *If that's true*
then he raped me too. And we went

to a party where nobody else was in costume, so we acted
like these were our actual, everyday bodies and yelled
at each other over weak

beer, and pretty soon everybody at the party was yelling
at each other, ribbons spooling from their mouths
and heaping on the floor, winding

around the keg like a Maypole but mostly red, more

like a barbershop pole or a fat man dressed up
as a candy cane. *This is not*

a good party, we said, (7) and set the couch on fire, then
the shower curtain, (8) then (9) the carpet, then went home (10)
and we burned that too.