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***Sprinklers***



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## A Sestina at 3,000 Feet

Picking your hairs off my favorite blue shirt  
While you stand outside in your underwear to smoke,  
I'm getting my bags ready, haven't told anyone,  
Not yet, not even you, because you're scared of burns  
Even though you smoke, so I'm sure you can deal  
With the loss of me just like the coming rain.

The last time we were together, it didn't rain  
For months and the ground cracked like your shirt—  
The one with too much starch you got for a deal  
That I still think wasn't so great, but money's smoke  
When you're so rich. You just watch it burn  
Between your lips, as if you could be anyone.

Now, we were together and I could've been anyone  
And still I couldn't have pleased you. There's rain,  
Too, and soft silk sheets, so much time to burn  
With trips to bars and drinks to spill on your shirt.  
I'm packing my clothes that smell of cigarette smoke  
Because you smoke inside, even through our deal—

I gave up gin and you agreed to learn to deal  
With smoking on the porch. I can't blame anyone  
But myself for the time I've breathed your smoke  
Or the times I've waited at your door in the rain  
For you to let me in, soaking through my shirt  
And catching a fever that stayed a while, left burns.

How many times must I tell you that now it burns  
When you kiss me? We play these cards and you deal  
Every time and I always lose the hand, and my shirt.  
You take off and play your games with almost anyone:  
They always lose their shirts and you dance in the rain  
Of their money, watch their lives go up in smoke.

But now you're in your underwear, having a smoke  
And I set myself on fire. I'm going to burn  
Away the bridges, drive myself fast through the rain.  
I call at the airport and we make a new deal:  
I leave forever so you can be just like anyone  
Else and you could be decent and mail my shirt.

My blue shirt smells like smoke,  
But like anyone else, you'll burn  
And you'll deal with the rain.

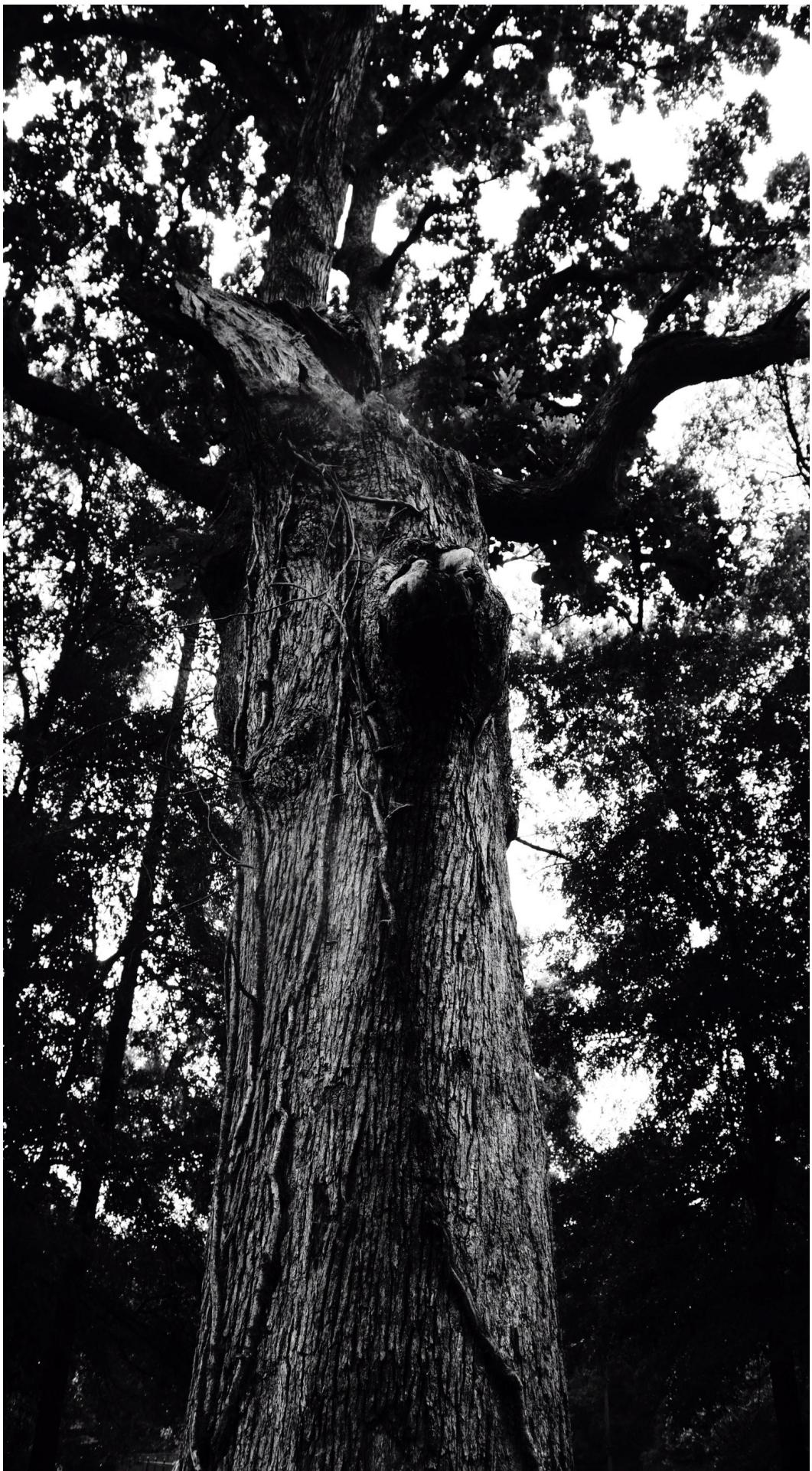


## merging

for a snaring.moment  
we thought  
she would glide left,  
accept the oncoming mass  
of the unforgiving oil tanker/

the clash  
and crack of folding metal-

billowing  
stalks of black;  
she veered right,  
corrected;  
our chests sunk  
like heavy stones/



## CINECURIOS

We dream. We dream of light on a surface or none. We dream from the fire and the rock, from the waiting, from the memory of how it will be, from the lovers. We think of nothing. We dream.

We dream at the edge of a time and a place because that is how dreams are told. But dreams do not tell. We are not dreams. Like an illusion of light, an image of nothing on nothing, an impulse of this-and-not-that, dreams make by shadow and light. We are two. But we are also a third. We are the light and the shadow and the dreams. We dream, but we are not the dream. We dream.

We dream when a place took shape out of fire, out of rock, the water and the air, inside, and through a place of other dreams. Each one gets a benefice. Each from a pope of dreams. We do not deal in souls. We deal in soles. Our dream was once a bowling alley. We are no longer a bowling alley. Our dream holds a space for lending and borrowing dreams.

We deal in dreams. We sell dreams, too. We do not own but loan them. We deal in leased or rented or sold but always borrowed dreams. We rent dreams. We deal in rented dreams of sound and vision. We dream, but our dreams are silent and visionless, they are wanting. We deal in dreams of wanting things, stuck between children and adults. We deal in frosted things. We deal in tape and ribbons spooled in black boxes of plastic that we slip into paper boxes. Or we deal in ribbons etched with ones and zeroes striped diagonally across the world of two dull black dimensions. Or we deal in clamshells and roses. We deal in stories.

We dream them in a big box. A box bigger than the paper boxes. A dream box. We are the heart of our neighbourhood. We are North Toronto's general dream store. We store dreams. We are a place where Torontonians come to meet and to be seen, to borrow dreams, to walk, to talk, to eat popcorn, to deal in dreams, to walk in dreams, to talk in dreams, to borrow dreams. We are a squared space. We house wares. We are a warehouse that we imagine is an updated candy factory. We imagine the smell of caramelized sugar, the frosted floss on the tongue, like a lover, the cooked sweet. We deal in borrowed sweets. We are the general storehouse of dreams. We are general borrowers and lenders of dreams. Torontonians come to us. Come to us for visions. Visions of no import. Visions without feint: barnacles on the Leslie Spit.

We hold this place where dreams are rented, bought, sold, but never made. We are a place for market. We are the space. We are the people. We are not important. We are the cure. We make the world disappear. We do not make the dreams. We lend the

dreams that make the world disappear. We are the cure. We are the place for the dreamers to meet their dreams. We are sine waves and electrical impulses of sound and vision. We do not care for souls. We are sinecures. We are aesthetes. We dream.

We are CineCurious.

We dream the ineffable, but words are the only way to the wordless.

We are open seven days a week.

We dream. We are the swan / We are the image of the swan. Your mother is a swan. We have only one mother and only one father. We are the children of the mother and the father and we are a hole in the trinity, a whole trinity, a trinity of three. We are, and this, and that. We are three. We dream. Swan / Sign.

We have everyone's address. We have everyone's phone number. We make you give us your phone number first. We are local. We are family owned. A family owns us. Not just this square warehouse of borrowed dreams, no, a family owns all of us. We are borrowed, but a family owns us. We are a family here. We are an owned family. They own us but we lend dreams because countless beings own the dreams. We are owned by a family, we are a family, and the dreams are owned by a shrinking force that distributes the dreams that everyone wants. We are a family peddling in borrowed dreams.

We have everyone's phone number. It is the first thing you give us. You must be eighteen at least to open an account to borrow dreams here. You must have two forms of identification. Membership in the family requires it. We are family owned. Who owns you. Show us your photograph. Prove to us who you are. If you want to borrow dreams, you have to establish what you are. Who owns you. Who dreams you.

We are owned by no single one.

Our owners are a couple. Some say they are Jewish and that is why. Many people are Jewish in this dream. We don't see what this has to do with anything. What does Jewish mean. They visit only a few times a year, maybe, and only if we are not dreaming the dream they dream. Some of us know them. Some of us meet them for coffee outside of CineCurious but we were not there. Some of us meet with them in their home where their seven year old Casey lives with attention deficit hyperactivity disorder but we were not there. How does disorder mean distinction. We do not ask questions and we dream, but we were not there. Michael and Beverly are a wonderful dream couple who own a wonderful dream store with wonderful dream workers and

their children Sarah, Casey, and Ruth. They are wonderful dreamers. They rarely visit us. They are not our dream.

A man who looks like a white haired saint who shakes like a bowl full of jelly sits in a secret room. Only we know about the saint-man and his private room. He is the saint of popcorn. He pops it in his secret room and projects dreams onto his white wall, dreams we will consider purchasing because we must purchase dreams. But we cannot own them. A large and shrinking power—a cartel—owns them, will destroy them when they're through. He screens them to know, to know what dreams you will borrow. But you must be eighteen or older to borrow dreams here. Popcorn is not owned because it is free. He is not our dream.

A man with the curly brown hair of a clown and the white skin of a doll and the grace of a military dictator assistant manages our dreams. He writes the schedule. He keeps the gates. He is in between everyone and each of the dreams. His fingers on things. He is not our dream.

There is another man who opens and closes the dream borrowing. He is a nice person. We know that his children have died, both of them, young. He is not our dream.

We dream a lover and his beloved. Too young to know that they are dreams. Dreamers of song. They are not eighteen or older, but they are members. They meet somewhere, but it is not important because we were not there. They are sinecures of their peer-group and bicurious of their peers and isn't it curious that we were not there when they meet. The lover is a dreamer. The lover is a worker here. They are our dream. We dream these small emotions.

We dream in large quantities. We trade in dreams. We trade dreams in large quantities. Thousands of dreams at one time. The cartel tells us how many we must buy at once in shiny and colorful pages. They tell us about dreams widely available. The dream masters are not in the sky or in your mind, they are in a dreamhouse near you. The dream masters do not deal in borrowed dreams. They deal in numbers. We deal in frosting, in frosted things. We deal in black boxes of borrowed dreams. We deal in motion.

We will make you a deal. A black box of sound and vision that will plummet like black soot down the chimney of your half-dreamed dreams, greyed in and gray. Down down down. You need to believe that this is automatic for this to work. You need not worry about the specifics. We are here to guide you in the right direction. We will tell you which dreams are good dreams and which dreams could have benefitted from better direction. We dream in technicolor. We do not know how else to break it to you.

We are not a collective. Dreams are real. We deal in them because it is the most prestigious job that one can have. We are family owned by grownups but none of us is quite yet eighteen or older. We are family managed because we are a family. We are managed by adults. None of the adults are under twenty-one and they are concerned in finding selves and writing scripts and not in borrowed dreams. Although, they borrow dreams on weekends, ten at a time. The managers are family owned and borrow dreams on the weekend, ten at a time, because you need to believe dreams for the automatic sound and vision to work on and in your body. We deal in bodies.

We want your body to awaken from a dream. For the dream illusion to work, the sound and vision must be family owned. The sound and vision must be borrowed. You must be able to give it back in twenty-four hours if the dream is new and wanted. We are family owned and new and wanted because we are not yet eighteen and we do not ask for much in return. We want everything in return. You must return your dream in less than twenty-four hours or be fined. The future does not want new and wanted dreams. If the dream is old, then you can have it for a week. This is your deal.

If the dream is old, you get to borrow the dream for a week of hours. You get to let the sound and vision, automatic down your body, plummet. This is not a robot. You must believe in this. We be / deal in dreams. You have twenty-four hours. What a difference a dream makes. This is your deal. Who owns your family. These dreams are the best dreams, the newest dreams, the brightest dreams, the dreams that took a team of families to create just for you to borrow, for you to take to your family as sustenance. Here, borrow this dream for twenty-four hours and return for more. Come back for more. What is your number. That is the first thing we need. We just need your number and location. We are a family.

We also sell items related to dreams, equipment that complement the dream borrowing. We sell soda pop, popcorn made by a man in a tiny dark room, candy, chips, lots of increasing sizes and flavours of chips and candy and popcorn and soda. Our complements aisles are growing faster than our dreams. We have dream condiments.

One of the condiments is desire. Desire is an illusion of light and shadow. Desire is not a dream. You cannot have him, lover. He is not what you want, beloved. No.

When the projectionists went on strike, Torontonians started to come to us in droves. Tuesdays maybe two of us would be at the tills, but now, we needed four, maybe five. This would change in the future. In the future, our dreams would be replaced by thin plastic discs of highest definition. In the future our dreams would be slight and narrow and fit into sleeves and there would no longer be eleven of us, but maybe only two. Two of us and an adult to manage. We dream. Dreams have no future.

We were not there when Mister William Seymour, the choir teacher, took the beloved's childhood with his mouth. We know the Seymours rented three dreams a month for nearly a decade of dreaming. They have two sons, Mister and Misses Seymour do—William and Bernadette—two sons, two little boys of six and four dreams. Who knows their names. They are not our dream. They are not our dream, absolutely not.

CineCurious is a space of commerce, the way that dreamers exchange dreams. We are not the dreams. We can participate without the pressure of having to act. We do not have to act. We can rent the dreams to you. You can act. See the action and the actors. We cannot act. We can not act. We are grateful for this blessing. Withholding is the same as lying. Withholding is the same as living. We are alive. We dream. Sinecures.

When the beloved called the lover who lent dreams from our store on the phone by the tills, the very busy tills on the very busy Thursday, the Thursday before Thanksgiving Monday, when the projectionists were on strike and the store was almost emptied of dreams and the compliments of dreams that go so well with the feature length of the dreams we borrow, he said: "When I told you that I hadn't been with another boy, I lied."

We were dreamed. We are a fantasy that began with a dream. We were a bowling alley. We were the telling and the lanes. We used to rent and lease shoes, the kind with flat soles. We have never dealt in souls. Our shoes were for any feet. We are hospitable. We can make anyone walk in another one's shoes. The moment of birth is the way we separate from each other. We are not aliens. We dream of aliens. Of beings that be from another dream that dreams. We have an atmosphere. In this atmosphere we do not talk of night horses or black mares. Ssssshhhhh. The dream begins.

Membership is exclusive. Members exclude. To include you must exclude. *In excelsis somnium.* Glory in the highest. It is time for the somatic stage to begin. Sate yourself or do not get enough. We are here for you. We will wait. Watch us as we dance for you between the shadow and the light, woven as we are from nothing. From a particle and a wave. Propagate or penetrate. *In. Ex. In Ex Terra Pacem, Somnium.* And sing, and sing boys sing, sing together of the lover and the beloved, the broken and the broken,

and the broken will break the dream, or else we will exclude you from our membership. Have you seen the chorus of new releases.

You can never leave our membership. You are forbidden to resign. We do not forbid or allow. We make legal fictions. If you want to leave, you will be appointed to an office of profit under the Crown. We do no service for the Crown. We are Canadian. For now they call us Canadian. We Canadians have a Crown in legal fiction only. This is another type of dream, but we are not that space. That space is the realm of our cousin, the space of green rooves and red carpets and legislation. Here we are all the same. We do not care who you are. We do not discriminate like that. We only need your license and your credit card, or else a fifty——\$50CDN. This is how fair we are. We believe in justice. We exercise the invisibility of the just. We can see. Justice cannot see you. The Justice will see you now, be seated. We deal in dreams.

Bodies, boys, are not dreams. Dream your bodies together, putting dreams in dreams. Dream your dream in my dream. Oh yes, right there. Don't stop dreaming my dream right there. Do it. Dream it harder. Harder. Dream me. Dream me. We dream.

We are not bodies. We do not have flesh. We are flesh. We cannot own, but we do possess. We are not a riddle. We do not lie. We are fictions and stories. That's what they say about making dreams:  
"we like to  
tell stories."  
We like to  
sell stories. Listen to what  
we sell.

We were not there when Mister Seymour crossed the very narrow line between teacher and gentleman caller. Did he ask for permission first or was it the trust. Was the trust ever the boy's to give (?), the beloved we mean. These were not bodies, but one body dreaming another.

These are not questions. These are dreams. There is no way to access this dream. These dreams are everywhere. If you live long enough you will start to see, he says, that you are everyone. And the differences that everyone feels the need to articulate are just the ego insisting that you are not an ocean, but an island. But you are not a You. You are a dream. We are here for you. We dream. We are CineCurious.

We will not go without breathing. We were a bowling alley. We will be offices. Our space will be bisected and deconstructed. Reconstructed into cells. We will be boxes inside. We sold boxes. We will become space. From space we return. We dream on.

We cannot say that we were there at Mister Seymour's trial. Neither was his Bernadette nor their boys, too young and children. Other children were there. The children from the school. But we were not there. We were not there when Mister Seymour said

"Absolutely Not." We were not there when this became the phrase of the guilty, the phrase of the absolute certainty of assured confession. You will become absolutely suspected of crime when your confession negates through adverbials. No is enough.

No was not enough for the beloved. We were not there when the beloved described his No to the Justice. But we were there when the beloved called us at the tills on the busy Thursday before Thanksgiving when the projectionists were on strike. He did not say it was rape, no none of the times, he was clear. The Justice calls it sexual exploitation. He knew he was circumcised. We have already told you, it is a dream. Some scenes are not suitable for some viewers. Some viewers are not suitable for some dreams.

Some dreams are not suitable for the lover who was not paying attention to whose dream went into whose dream. Was it Mister William Absolutely Not Seymour who asked to give a dream to the beloved or was it Mister William Absolutely Not Seymour who asked to get a dream from the beloved. Why don't we just call it fellatio (read: obsessed with BJs). Because that is not the wor(l)d of a dreamer, you see. This is a dream. We dream. We do.

This is CineCurious, how we may help you.

We were not there when the beloved told his story in court. But we were there for the call. The beloved called us and said that he had lied before but was willing to tell it like it is now. Tell it like it is in a dream where you are the dreamer and the dreamed, the swan and the swan's sign, the mother and the child of an event. On the washroom door is a poster of a white swan outlined in purple. The lover saw it on the day the call came before Thanksgiving. Thank you, holy hosts. How can any of us know but in dreams. We were not there. We were not there. We were not there.

We are here. We are no longer here as a space that sells dreams. We sell many things, but mostly, we house. We house. We house papers and office supplies. But we do not sell them. Our exchange is done on telephone, ethereal, mysterious, the banal plodding of electrons and waves across mediums, dreams of another millenniummmmm. No longer is we a stuff but a place for space. Ideas traded with fantasies of money. Exchange for exchange.

We remember. We remember if we are still alive. We are not those who do not remember. We cannot tell for them. We remember that we dream. We remember.

We remember. Things in each different way. We were one. We are many. Where did the place change space.

We remember. There is the giver and the receiver. There is the witness. Someone must sign on the line. Someone must be in the forest. Someone must be in the vacuum. When we are not there, there is no dream. We dream. Together we dream. Who can say who offered to receive. Who denied to take. Justice must make these decisions. These separations. All these things into divisions. We remember.

We remember.

We are a Chinese Wall. Isn't that racist of us. We are not a Chinese Wall. All of us knows what none of us know. We are always aware. We are super aware. We are a super people. We are an über chinesen. We know what you are doing. We know what you have seen. We know the dreams you have dreamed and even if you have enjoyed them. We are there when you dream the colorful dreams, or when the old black and white make known the hidden presence of the shadows that the light makes. You can call us, but we will call you when you are late. Do not be late. And be kind. Rewind.

We are memory. We are dream. We are storage. Do not believe in things, this is an illusion. The difference between an object and a dream is breath. We dream. Do not reify. Make the things of your life illusions, give them breath. They will reward you. Kill the things. You are storage. You are temporary rewritable storage. You are tape. You are the illusion of light and shadow on a narrow piece of film. Hexagonal. We are storage. Kill the things.

We will remember the dream for you. He was just curious. He was just curious. Are you curious about this dream. He was only curious. He was only curious. About Last Night was the one dream they coupled before. They were not a couple. We are not the dream. We dream. We have dreams. Dreams to lend. Dreams to borrow. Then there was kisses. We were not there. We were only on the light and the shadow on the screen. We were only there for the moment when the sex was supposed to mean something, but then it was only sex. CineCurious. Suh and Kuh. Suh and Kuh.

We are the hard sea and the soft sea, the suh and the kuh, the event and the news, the tape and the head. We will read your dream for you. We circulate dreams. They will come around again. Not guilty, says the Justice. Mea Culpa. Mea Maxima Rewind. Absolutely absolutely absolutely. No guilt. Not for anyone.

We are the kindness of remembering, memory. We dream.

**Cody Reyes is 22 and lives in Atlanta, Georgia.**

**"I'm a writer, painter, and musician trying to find my way in the grand scheme of this thing we call life. I work as the assistant editor at Southern Views Magazine and when I'm not working on a new piece, I can totally be found watching knitting and binge watching Doctor Who."**

**-Andrea Hayes**

**This is Angela's second time in Sprinklers. She's part-time hair stylist/part-time photographer and we're glad she's willing to share her photo findings with us.**

**Christopher Delano is spending a summer in Providence where he hopes to write cliche poems about beaches and travelling for as long as he can make it work.**

**lito is a fiction graduate student at UC Davis in California. He lives with his partner, M, and their three cats: Oscar, Henrietta, and Dishes.**