I had a dream.

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I awakened to the scent of lavender embedded within snow-white pillows.

slowly i remembered

a larva, pallid and cylinder shaped, protruding its vermiform, ivory through rosy skin, like white chalk it had already written a word on the inside.

applying my hand, i squeezed what i knew to be replicating, reproducing onto the ground realizing, like yeast, it would duplicate there too. it must be crushed. beyond the look of my mother, past shame that it was contained in me.

a random stick.

Annihilation to the Worms.

this while beholding she who was beholding me.

where to place, masqueraded, larva twice dead, buried beneath a tragic mask.

later i walked, (awake now) a lake shaped as a python whose name i changed to something that blossomed opalescent purity, soft white morning flowers multiplying, propagating along the path. i let them spread where they were firmly rooted.