

94% BATTERY POWER REMAINING

Last night I dreamt about a mutt whose tail never learned how to wag, and under a sun that gagged us with heat, the mutt sat stoned with its mouth belching cones of pot smoke. Sometimes the smoke shone orange – sometimes it had the texture of *keffiyehs*. People passed it in the street, not looking between its ears. No one ever pet the mutt. Men on bicycles swerved around it. Cars pulled U-turns. Busses sped by. It was part something, but mostly something else.

Its nose was badly burnt.

It jiggled like cooked fat.