

Stereotypically Fashionable

The entrance to the basement was located behind the former Trendy department store, accessible through a damaged service door that has been pried open by previous trespassers. The encounter was located in the basement of a defunct shopping mall, its interior stripped to bare concrete.

It was their brain. Their brain laid bare. A bar-code brain. So, here we are. *Entrance into the rosebush, which is a satellite dish.* Let us enter this place of confinement. Whether attached to railings or installed on balcony spaces, satellite dishes drift amidst motionless clouds, set against a backdrop of building facades and asphalt.

Let us enter this place of confinement.

Their world is a prison, no matter what—no matter where you try to escape from it. If they truly dreamed, their tomorrows would be far too painful. A barcode brain cannot tolerate openness. *It can't stand that.* Each black star is a tufting point. They live there, sleep there—mattresses on the floor and against the four walls. In a dreamless sleep.

These deeper memories are the roots of a childhood obscurely buried in the waters of their dreamless nights—forgotten the moment their integrated computer opens its eyes.

If a dream takes the form of a watercourse, then what happens? We don't know yet.

If a dream were to take the form of a stem, it would immediately be placed in a vase to bloom into a speech bubble.

Its foam hold a rose branch.

Shaking at night.

Sometimes a dream springs a leak; then it remains a dream so deeply buried in oblivion that it never resurfaces.

Picture this: early in the morning, they have two wire-mesh storage trays for eyes. To keep their lives neatly tucked away—always in the same spot, in the same tidy folds.

Yippee! Medusa needs you.

There's always something going on with those old white roses!

Yippee! Medusa needs you.

There's always something going on with those old white roses!

Even their eroticism is thus confined—encysted and duly pigeonholed among the objects and machinery of the pornography industry, or, at best, contained by the way prohibitions seal off any excess.

Each tufting point is an aphid.

The Medusa is a white-flowered rosebush—an opalescent specter whose totalitarian discourses give rise to floral emanations of dazzling paleness. They live there, and they are stereotypical and trendy. They could be either aphids or stars. From another perspective, they could be either screw heads or electronic components. It depends.

The coherence of the observation—in terms of perspective—lies in the fact that they are all adapted to the void of their existence, just as an upholstery tuft is.

If they truly dreamed, their tomorrows would be far too painful—they are the aphids of the jellyfish.

Woot-woot! Medusa needs you. Woot!

Always something with these old rosebuds! Woot! Woot!

Always something with these old rosebuds! Woot! Woot!

Always something with these old rosebuds!

Why—y; why...

They have nothing on their minds but an expandable desk drawer organizer! To keep their lives impeccably tidy—always in the same place, in the same crisp folds. The night is a sieve. Light falls through the pores of their skin. Their skin. They are frightening. Truly—scary jellyfish.

White rosebud.

And last night, one of them dreamed about me. He put me in one of his desk organizers as soon as he woke up.

So euthanize me and make it look like a suicide; there will be no will. There will be no will. No will.

Only a white rosebud.

Only a white rosebud.

Only a white rosebud.

Lyrics : Lisa Frost.