in dreams it is as if the only elements are smoke and sand; all people and places, all ideas and objects are made of these two substances. anything that is not one is the other, but both are volatile and shifting.

Bird Brain Press presents...
in my dreams sandcastles build themselves in institutional ashtrays.
in my dreams there is an extra organ where the smoke gathers, somewhere between my mouth and my lungs.

in my dreams i can inhale and exhale at the same time.