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## Confessions of the Surrealist's Pillow

Cynthia Kolanowski

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## CONFESSIONS OF THE SURREALIST'S PILLOW

I really shouldn't tease her, but on nights like this when she jerks into dreams of the great poets, speaking through the navels of beautiful women, I'm tempted to sing, "Come On-a My House" just to see her dance the mashed potato. Cranial, really. Of course waking her could be dangerous. She might expect the paperboy to arrive dressed as Monsignor. She'd graciously accept from him a silver tray with two large breasts on it, the ones she fantasized about during Mass as she practiced giving herself orgasms by crossing her legs and squeezing tightly. Maybe I shouldn't whisper, "I give you ca-nn-dy" in her ear. Life is difficult enough these days with her dream journals and free associations. And when the coachman doesn't arrive to rush her off to the forest, I say to her, "Don't believe everything you see." Only in Buñuel do we have a road of neuroses to walk down as diplomats invade the house. I know, I know, occasionally a tree resembles a lung and on the best of days, an infected lung, bronchi red, inflamed.