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DREAMS IN THE HANDS OF DEMONS

(Prelude and Fugue)

PRELUDE

Husband and wife sleep breathing on a summer bed. The night is in pause. It waits inside the open drawers of the dresser; presses in, presses out, freezing the drawn drapes; looks out from the closet at the sleeping pair. The people on the bed sleep soundly as if they are not real, conjured mannequins in a slick magazine story playing out the parts of their lives the readers never see. Here are their cool handsome bodies inert. Their features are of course perfect. And now rest in the tremendously ugly beauty of the young. Nude bodies stretched beyond adolescence but not into middle age.

Don't guess at their waking lives. They are only borrowed from the pretty drama for the next moments, then they will be returned, the neccessary becoming unnecessary. The woman stirs.

Her breathing quickens slightly. Look closely at her body.

It is the surface of a pool upon which gradually the dream is emerging.

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She turns fully over on her back and tosses her head. Her husband stirs in response, not yet awake. The dream surfaces and with closed eyes she speaks still in nightmare.

-Perrin, Perrin,

Eyes open. Eyes open.

-Sharon, what's wrong?

Tears in the woman's eyes. She covers her face with her hand.

-A nightmare.

The husband reaches for the bedside light. Eyes blink.
He looks at his naked wife.

- An accident. I was little and got hit by a car. I went soaring but I never came down. Like I could never wake up. I can't remember it all. Something to do with Perrin's epilepsy. When we lived in Kentucky, the kids in the neighborhood used to call it fits... the grownups called it possessed. That was it. Perrin had demons all over him. He was helping them attack Granpa ... and then they came after me ... that's when I woke.

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The wife looks at her husband. He comforts her with small words. The drama of their lives creeps between them as she is calmed. He turns out the light and lays down next to his wife. Soon she is sleeping and he is staring at the ceiling.

FUGUE

In the mirror the country girl with the country nose,
Wandering about quiet about my country parents. My quiet older brother
perrin who chases demons on his back playing to the stars helpless. I am
what am I crossing the street some lady is black black iron curls steely and
so beautiful, something in a store as fresh as fruit red lips carnival as.
Blood all over pa's shirt when he cut his hand on the saw red lips of the
lady open. She speaks as I step into
the back door scream door fly black
wing blue sky. Am I reaching every thing feel no thing. Am I am I flying.
I fall green into this soft soft hole while screaming. My eyes tight shut
and cannot open, cannot see. My eyes wash the pavement and my head slips
from me. I've got to get it back. You gray and laugh. Don't.

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Perrin's demons pouring something in a cup. No no it's me. They're pouring
into me. My head stomach color pale skin clean white sky. No. Bed cool
free I limp into garden. No demons for me boy. I'll large tug how do I
intestine building raccoon smell. Pa shot the raccoon up in the tree. He
fell flew laughing at the dogs with a bullet. Pa poured bullets in ole
coon's head and he flew. Old airport tree come get me. I'll wait between
the covers. Help me night some hand I've got to hold but I slip still.
These trees give nice shade perrin. Remember what ma said, we know there's
stars in your hair but we can't go telling everyone. Gravel under the
merry-go-round. Make it fast. I can feel it. Lay down and watch the sky
spin. Clouds clicking into. There's a car, there's a lady. Where? Over
there. There? No there. I see. Boy are you dumb. Look. Green glass
clocks. Ma aunt mae smelling funny voice quiver just stand at the door
talk to ma for hours. My feet hurt from stepping into. Door knock. Who's
there? Feet step voice laying down. Where am I. Daddy ma better come
get me. I want to go home. You can have your fresh fruit aunt mae. This
girl can really do without. I can see through screen doors like glass but
the rain comes in through. Screen creak as I cat quick stare run just cause

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I got squeezed between the sky and the pavement under. The goat long old
tired teats cracked whisker white mud slide chew chomp cause I swang down
on that old rope and down came down came over and over. It was a good day
and then granma says come on children it's time to eat wrinkled old granpa
laughs moren you daddy but you talk more. I like granpa best. I like you
granpa. I like your goat your barn. Can you hear me? GRANPA! They put
you in the black box and flowers round and granma cried and ma cried and I
cried and daddy yelled at me home said no we couldn't go over to granpa's
cause granpa was dead. Are we dead, granpa. I can't stop. If I could
then I could stop and wait and hide. Here comes perrin and the demons. This
time what. This o they've got you all in piéces. Every demon has a hand
or foot. And perrin naked shower perrin has your head by the hair and you
granpa you're grinning. Help me. O no I don't want to see through. The
screen window whirl help what long teeth and no neck. Teeth scrape on
pavement. Little demon here has your neck. Here sir we must account for
all parts. You you and you. Form a green line. Now what have we. You
you granma knitting. I yell and yell. She can't hear me. She just rocks
back and forth like the motorcycle man did who used to drive up and down

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our street who was hiding by the creek hanging from the railroad bridge
beaming down at me smiling swinging . Hanging I heard them say dead but
KNOW
I he said a secret and don't tell. Perrin I'll never tell anyone. Promise.
Cross your hope to you can look. Hurry. But quick hurry. My blouse sticks
to my back when I get hot and sweaty. When will that preacher stop pounding
so we can go home and eat. What a good always sunday dinner. Mind the
chicken and pass the parson. Won't you would you tell me how could you don't
you ever ever ever say please young lady. Maybe just for ... (SLIP KNOT)
lay gray away I dreamed I was beautiful and breasts for his eyes laying
bed naked telling him my dream. It seemed so real I woke perrin three times
and told him the whole dream sos it would come true. The spanish lady says
only nightmares come true and you should cover your mouth when you yawn
to stop. Demons carrying again tall as me. I bet I could look just like
one. Shave my head paint me green stretch me wide and wide. Give me
a scream smile mile. Quilt quick no one. Straw rain dream rain and no
one. Not even one voice telling another I might never wake up. Caught in
my dreams. The demons are building a storm. Ma can we go home now. I'm tired.

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Hard wood public scaffold click grey clouds sound swirl brown like a squirrel
dish gold hair like a stare I don't know if I thunder that stare. The
windly mountains will keep us safe. Go to sleep and don't think about tornadoes.
But I got no mountains only the out there. Got no thing but green gray.
Still I can hear demons like running like water in my skull hands. On
bone drums brains like a swell. Nurse water this baby but not too much
her head will grow and grow and don't get too attatched to them you know.
See reverend I told you no mountains from. The sky I'm still in the sky
not white but grey grain sand of all oceans grating my bones. The demons
carry my pieces. They drink blood out of my cup head. They carry me in
pices singing WE'RE TAKIN SHARON HOME WE'RE TAKING OUT THE BONES. DRY HER
SKIN THEN LET THE DARKNESS IN AND WATCH HER ALL ALONE.