

I took rubbings from the inside of the well; where we traced our hands over carvings just out of reach from the light...

Since witnessing the marks in the graphite; gouges wrought by rows of teeth; I have succumbed to a spiraling effect in the form of a recurring dream.

In this dream I'm in water

I rush down to find sand, and find stone in its place.

I know, I am in *the well*.

It kisses the exact perimeter of my outstretched, naked body.

I am surrounded by the silhouettes of sharks, with their fins on all backwards.

They are the kind of sharks found in refuse, by-catch piles in fish-markets.

The ones scientists scavenge to find the rarest most alien bodies.

If untaken, their liver are sold to distilleries for oils that are packaged by wellness brands and pharmaceutical companies as life-extending serum and carrier oil for vaccinations.

Fins turned to broth.

They peel away at my skin, I pour blood, like water from a broken pipe.

Despite my yielding flesh...

They don't swallow.

Perhaps they can taste my poorly disposition.

In the dream temples of the cult of Asclepius, the incubation of *prophetic* dreams was prescribed by doctors of the cutting edge.

The patients lying on goatskins, waiting for a healing visitation in deep sleep induced by psychoactive substances.

In reality, priests disguised themselves as deities, a kind of doctoral drag, and wandered among the sleeping patients, practicing real therapeutic acts, and at times, small surgical procedures.

I wonder if there are tiny cameras fitted to their teeth? Scientists watching on screen, high above on land. As tooth finds an enclosure of pink flesh.