

# Spenser Smith

## **DREAM JOURNAL AND INTERPRETATION FROM A SOBER, HUNGRY ADDICT**

1.

The golden arches fall. A barred owl lays eggs inside the “o” in “McDonalds.”

*I ate Big Macs so I can stop using drugs. I used drugs because I could not stomach shame.*

2.

My Facebook feed, free of fast-food ads, teaches me to make Grandma’s cabbage rolls.

*As a kid, I watched Grandma shake salt on everything.*

*As a kid, I stripped the rolls of their cabbage and ate only the rice, beef, and pork.*

3.

Restaurant debit machines ask, “how are you?” before asking for a tip.

*I tip extra when the too-short legs of my table are left napkinless and free to wobble.*

*I tip extra when the waiter acknowledges I am dining alone.*

*I tip extra when my fortune cookie predicts the past.*

4.

Fries

*An upgrade from a diet of aluminum foil and smoke.*

Everything Breakfast

*Because I consumed meals with the speed and teeth of a garburator, my nickname in treatment was "Garby."*

Triple King Burger

*2018: Alan and Sam die from fentanyl.*

*2014: Sober, we stroll Commercial Street. Don't spend a cent. Don't eat a thing.*

Poutine

*An upgrade from a diet of peanut butter.*

House Salad

*I will not touch a slug, even if its path leads to splat and I'm the only one who can save it.*

*I will not touch a house salad, even if its path leads to less trans-fat and it's the only food that can save me.*

Brownie Delight

*Sweetness is (and always will be) my tongue's preferred currency.*

5.

My continued sobriety rests on a skill testing question: "Is Pepsi okay?"

*Coke versus Pepsi.*

*Heroin versus coke.*

6.

I shed my belly and develop cheese grater abs. Not to flex at the beach or in the bedroom.  
No, just to grate cheese.

*If my stomach is a tool, my body is an overflowing toolshed.*

7.

I become a barred owl

*and swallow one hundred squirrels.*