



Manic Parade in Purgatory by John Elkerr
30" x 22"
Oil paint on paper

DREAM OF THE DOGWOMAN

skinny and blond, drained from nights in the dusty sty of a trestle, sleepless among the dogs of Venta de Baños, had I slipped so far down the echelons that the hellhound considered humping me in the dust? only to back away and tail me all the way down the rattlebum train. she sat on the floor of the caboose, glans of her organ a heart-tugged stick glistening among the sleepers, her face a naked elision only for me, all the way down the parched flatlands of Spain to the sun-crashed City of Dis. how was I now her freakling, her follower up tottering switchback stairs to a roof, a catwalk of billowing bedsheets, children playing hide-and-seek under the aprons of kyrie-singing laundresses. now came the wayward slats of a fence, a shack with a beehive roof, a blue door. always chivalrous, she pawed the door open and turned to me, smiling in her way.

Text by Stephen Eric Berry