

JOHN OLSON

“THE ALOUD IN THE SPOON”

“THE BEAUTIFUL WEATHER OF GERUNDS”

THE ALOUD IN A SPOON

If I get wet in the city looking for a buckle I will have the eye of an artist and the nose of a plumber. If I write thicken on a piece of paper it caresses an image of currents. Winds make hockey. This is how to bare itself on impact. Bas-relief is personal. And abstractions smell of consciousness. Conquest is rudimentary. But suppose a lounge crawls with meat. Wheel the embroidery into the next room, but only when I dribble. The thesis bombed through a fish. I like to pound this into phantoms. I blow through propulsion. Henna is incongruous if it all does is convulse with architecture. It is through natural investigation that my insistence drifted inside the thumb. The space was full of mosaic. I pocketed the napkin and pierced a willow. A war below the boat tasted of elevators. Our paint moved over your wildcat interior and thus made sonic monotony turn completely red. The altitude sat beside the chronological linen weeping a few entomologies into circulation. Many were alive. It should be obvious. The swimming is salient because my interior is full of proverbs and my exterior is aluminum siding and weathered shingles, a form of ontological argument based on gardenias. I threw the more logical vegetables into the cabbage kinetic and kind, as if resistance were called for, then abandoned. There was a sophisticated airport for the aristocracy and it was available with the proper inquiry. We folded ourselves into airplanes and played Bach on the moss. If we do not rob the bank the bank will give us a propeller of jelly. They did this last time, and we were made glad, and talked long and wildly into the evening. The afternoon oozed out of a legacy of strife, almost oblivious, another day almost. There's a trace of whipped cream on my pants. This is a reference to structure. And so we got engaged in life. We lift the branches which puzzle the scorching wind and all the leaves indicate teeming, each in their own way, each ad-libbing a palace of photosynthesis. The chemistry of sensation surprises itself on a thing and yet does not seem to abolish clouds. So to orbit a poem is to soften and to age there and become artless and benign. Put a structure in flour. There is an extravagant simulacrum that whispers through a creosoted railroad tie and is joined to braille which results in sequoias. Their seeds are surprisingly small, light and delicate. The carving of a drink stirs on a flower. I'm not sure. I think it's a virgin mimosa. I authorize rising and rise. I find wisdom will first roll toward orange then burst into an aurora in a bistro. The coffee tasted bravely above the singing, and although the song was long and arduous, it had to get done. The breath issues forth while the tongue rubs against the palate and teeth proud to be a pastel. I hereby clapboard this converging palace.

It's a plump morning fog in which to feel the joy of intrigue. What changes change besides liniment? Propane shooting flames against the wood. The search for identity in words strung together like the mind of a house. The remembrance of miniskirts among the bleachers. The squeak of shoes. The aloud in a spoon.

THE BEAUTIFUL WEATHER OF GERUNDS

What physical presence does not taste of heat? I think of pipes in basements, dripping and cold, and don't really mean to derive energy from that. I prefer to catch a taxi. All the hardening I've been learning to medicate may now retire on its own terms and have a blast representing envy. I'm done with embarrassment. That's for youth. What I want is solitude. Maybe a walk would do me some good. My blood is stirring. Powwows and popcorn exist without approval. You know? Some things just are. Others are propelled by a mood of yearning, treading architectures of hope and filigree. Not many people read these days, I mean really read, you know? The kind of reading that results in canvas, paint, ruffled necks and big hats with silver buckles. I'm often entranced by the postcards one sees displayed on drugstore racks. This kind of reading requires the tools of chronology and a head like a world. It isn't difficult to find continents of thought in your head or kings sculpted in granite if you provide yourself with a little time and a rawhide vest. There's a parable of value in each and every eye. Mirrors are even wilder. The reflections are elusive, difficult to hug, but grapple with consciousness like the rest of us, those of us still flesh and blood, getting wrinkled, bald, but knowing just how to set up a stepladder and paint a ceiling without getting paint everywhere. That takes a certain skill. The journey doesn't end with a dock and a group of people greeting you as you remove your life jacket. It makes a segue into another thousand themes of dogs and engravings. There's no way you can expand a circle without spreading your wings and dropping a regret or two on somebody's head. The elegance of maturity begins with a monstrous recognition of mud, what it is, how it congeals, how much of it there is, how it never ends, but sticks to the shoes and is left with imprints, the tread of tires, the patterns on the bottoms of running shoes, which become a text. Heraclitus was right about change. It's swollen and textured, incongruous and unpredictable. Hence, poetry. Burning and migration, intestines and leaves. Paper existed long before the computer, and is best savored in a spirit of resistance. Whatever else you think about potato chips, the friction of life is what cultures pearls. Every time I crack an egg I feel sublime. Though it's mostly when I'm thirsty, and there's plenty of juice in the refrigerator, and none of my opinions matter anymore. Just the screws I've written into a sentence to hold everything together, the rain against the window, the keys on the table, the mercury in the thermometer serving us conversation and numbers, as if a religion crawled out to be born, inspiring architecture and plays, oblivion and self-effacement. Puddles. Bob Dylan. Beggars and groans. The

beautiful weather of gerunds, brimming with imagery and voyage. Why, I continually ask, is there something instead of nothing? Nothing pleases or puzzles me more than life. Just don't ask me to fix anything electrical. It's enough that I shave, get dressed, and occasionally offer my friends something stereophonic. Life is a tale of dusky migration. Ask anyone. They will tell you what a gerund is. That it turns brown with age, and will attract a great many words, describing coffee, describing romance, describing blue.