

Floating Just Floating

by John Olson

He didn't know why he kept writing. There was no reason to write. People ceased reading. They played video games. They watched Netflix. They walked down crowded city streets staring at smartphones. He was sustained in some weird way by the momentum of writing. As if the writing itself wanted to be written. As if language flowed through him like a sweet but troubling liquid, an aquavit of reverie, rivers of words meandering a mental topography while depositing alluvial layers of sediment and sentiment. He recognized this impulse as a force irrational as life itself in its constant pursuit to be itself, the frenzy to live is as weird as anything in this universe with its dark matter and pulsars and suns flaming for no reason into the black cold hollow of space and if suns do that why not me he thought pouring words onto paper. I know death is coming he thought and it won't be knocking at the door or buzzing the buzzer off like a harried Fed Ex driver anxious to get packages delivered as quickly as possible and keep the job and why keep the job because the job means food and shelter the job means dignity and comfort a modicum of comfort yes but what about freedom? It's laughable he thought laughable and like standing on stage getting heckled and who's the heckler I'm the heckler he thought I'm the heckler of my own silly self. Intellectual masturbation that's what it is I know that he thought that's all it is really and not much I can add to that to support my own conclusions I don't have conclusions I've got concussions percussions and repercussions things that jolt the mind with their mystery their impenetrability like whatever it is on the other side is there anything there how is it some people are so convinced there's nothing there because if there's nothing there all this truly meant nothing it was just a matter of reproducing the species which is a dumb meaningless act to bring more duplicates of one's self into this place with no real denouement undoing of the knot at the end. Because there is no end. There's an end to this brief existence of lungs and

blood and breathing and straining and transforming and arrivals
that happen by indirection which is the whole point the entire
reason for meandering because meandering is energy in free flow
energy that isn't seeking resolution isn't trying to gain anything it
just flows and eventually disappears in evaporation and meanders
once again in air floating for no reason floating just floating.

