

These Words

by John Olson

These words are dripping Delaware and these words are eating your eyes. These words are unpredictable and these words are clouds on Mars. These words are vomiting one another and these words are bouncing around in a palace of salt. These words have been harvested from the edge of night and these words smell of rum. These words are sticky and these words are cradled in philosophy. These words have one large blood red eye and these words have rails for the locomotive that is your blood. Blood is a word and so is locomotive. I'm looking for a good radio in which to put these words and golf my way through Switzerland drooling language like a locomotive full of blood. These words are grease marks and these words are looking for something to do. These words are vertical and these words are plunged in thought like a brass bell in a courtroom. These words are delicate as calculus and these words are twinkling in savory misunderstanding. I have harnessed some goldfish to these words as the Notre Dame walks through this paragraph plunged in verbal apprehension of itself. There is a headlight on these words and an ecstasy on Jim Morrison's blue bus, which is eternal and photogenic, like a secretion. When I think about words I use words to think about words. These are those words. And when the words go their own way I tend to follow. I'm happy and lavender and follow them to the end of the world where proximity is an approximation and the planet rolls through its diversions, purposeless and prodigal as a dragon of dreadful lucidity spreads her gorgeous banjo wings and the empire of space carries a large red mouth in a small green jar.

