

Big Hot Day

by John Olson

There is a big hot day on the other side of this glass. This window. This apartment. This country I call home. This nation of carpet and furniture. This place of plugs and outlets. This realm of agreeable sensations. A big hot day. In the middle of July. Which rubs itself against August. Which has been given birth in space and time by the month of June. The pretty month of June which is married to the music of shadows. Which is warm but not as warm as July. If June is opal July is granite. Things get serious in July. Like this big hot day. There is an emotion waiting for me to feel it out there. There is an emotion out there I can feel it already in me swimming around in my blood like a big hot postulation. Like a big hot hand of light. Like a big hot slice of premonition. As if anything in life could actually be predicted. Well maybe it can. Maybe a big hot day can percolate in a field of generosity transmitting pieces of heavenly knowledge into the eyes and ears. Into the senses of human perception. Into the senses of mammalian perception. Which is like a circus setting up its tents in morning rain. Which is like a big summer sun pulling the wet back into the sky and turning it into clouds. Life is full of shadows and loss. But on a big hot day like this those shadows and losses are filled with heat. And for a moment the scaffolding of definition with which we surround our ideas - our ideas of life, our ideas of death, our ideas of love - come tumbling down in scarves of brilliant light and heat and percolate through the skin to our blood and is pumped into the brain and heart and the most freshly written words will smell of rain, will dissipate into thought, into clouds, into perpetual mist. And the big hot day will sharpen its knives. Its knives of heat. Its knives of stainless sunlight. And plunge itself into our being. And respond to our needs in indulgences too dynamic to disobey, too blissful to say.

