

Fable

by John Olson

Fable is the blood of gnomes. Fable plays with description as if description were a mole of myriad power. The Muse stands at the summit of a paragraph playing with a yo-yo. Fable and muse are examples of butterfly milk. The air is cut with a knife of stainless zeal. A chrysalis of thought grows into meaning and glistens in convulsive glamour as a pair of wings find muscle and structure in a language of garish subtleties. The frame is unequal to its content. Experience is radical. The imagination feeds it fish and goulash. I feel the heat of emotion, the opium of similarity, the ecstasy of difference, the fingers of spectral alphabets. The interior of being is the exterior of anterior worlds. There is a door that opens to a room of grammar and a door that opens to a room of clouds. There is a question in the rain and a question in the growl of wolves. This is how fable expands into the white light of kerosene. This is how the wick gets black. This is how words swell into asphalt and noise. This is how the crescendo of tides impels the shiver of mass, and the edge of the world excites the pursuit of wonder in the sleep of hungry vagabonds.

