

Hollywood Sugar

by John Olson

No pain is private. How can it be? Emotional pain is surprisingly biographic. And like all biographies, it's probably wrong. But sometimes being wrong helps it flicker into the eyes like a giant handshake with God. We feel more than slightly Etruscan. I can slobber like a cow if not enough has been said about sympathy. The radio denies itself beneath a river. But the passion of slate returns to get things done. I think it's only fair to describe time as a menstrual cramp. Let us engage the composition of pain by its nihilistic distillations and produce huge orchids of understanding. We must court consciousness. For it is embedded in our minds like roots dangling with little bone fragments. Revolt does little good, but it's a start. Our actions swarm with the algebra of clouds. That's where pain is defeated. That cotton up there in the palace of rain.

