

# Into the Mystic

*by* John Olson

Writing opens doors to perception. For example, the glockenspiel smells of gardenias, but the catwalk is opening a can of Franklin stove. It emits fumes of fairyland and olive. And in the green and pleasant country of Scotland and England, vintage trains go chugging along winding rails. The phenomenon, said Sartre, is what manifests itself. Nothing is clearer than that now. Let us live on the moon and sail into the Mystic. Let us create anomalies of apple and moccasin. Let's wear gloves and microphones and drive a garbage truck to Winnemucca. As a sign implies its meaning and dots create the drama that is Dagwood every Sunday, absence, too, discloses being. Since not to be there means still to be. I'm not kidding. The angel of languor has a pretty sternum. Kudzu and kelp litter the beach. A fire crackles among piles of driftwood. The object does not hide being, but neither does it reveal being. It is as it appears, and we waddle like ducks, making a spectacle of our muscles, which are myriad, and kind, like bones. Like science. There is a charming incongruity between fountains and pools and this is why, if my coordinates are correct, the interior of the rattlesnake is rash with blood, and the fog is first a chill and a tingle, then falls away into nothingness, which is everywhere, and prodigal as cabbage. Why not push the idea to the limit and bring a circus to town swarming with astronauts? I get a little carried away at times but it's perfectly ok, I assume all responsibility for anything this paragraph does, or might do. All consciousness is consciousness of something, so give the beaver a hug, and let's be on our way. The essence of up is down and the essence of down is up. So let's go up and down until one of them becomes the kind of preposition we can live with. It's all about circulation. Existence exists as consciousness of existing, which makes me dizzy, how about you? There is a totem on the beach, and a narrative running through it, which wants us to tickle it. We solve nothing by counterfeiting money in our dolman sleeves. What is this consciousness of consciousness? What is this color, and why is it

eliciting trolleys on such a fine and lovely day? Did I leave my mouth open again? Did words come out? I'm sorry. They were meant for a book I was going to write. The book was going to launch evanescent screwdrivers into space and search for the meaning of salt, and then a herd of words stampeded a hole in the subconscious, and a universe escaped, slobbering stars and buffalo robes. You'd think, by now, I'd learn to control these things, but I get the oddest urges now and then, mainly to travel across Egypt in quest of meaning, as if meaning truly had meaning, and was meant to be plucked rather than bowed.

