

# It is Written

*by* John Olson

It is written that one day the throat becomes a branch of leaves that eat the light of the sun. That there is a man who swims across the river every morning to smell the pine and wander the forest in splendid nudity. That the resin of pines is sticky and human genitalia are curiously shaped.

That Dagwood is not a real person but a story told in dots. That Blondie is a male fantasy and will one day find her Nora Helmer.

That gravity sobs in space attracting and repelling simultaneously and cannot resist the temptation to hang upside down. That science is beside itself with medicine and that real estate is nothing more than paper. That no one is innocent or guilty but an embroidery of both. That a foreign horizon trembles on the page in a book about mirrors.

That the sky cries in open anguish whenever a predicate rattles the meaning of air.

That gasoline is the blood of Mammon and three separate emotions may ride a single elevator up or down it makes no difference if the heart jingles in a bell of rain.

That random shapes are rumors of the anonymous world. It is true. It is written in stains on the floors of many a garage. Gouged into rocks by rain and wind. Oozed from the earth in tendrils and vines. Blown across streets in towns emptied by foreclosure and bankrupt mills.

That if you find a whistle in the sand and clean it out and blow it the ocean will do acrobatics and the world will stir with undiscovered luxuries.

It is written that when the rain pummels the rails the smell of creosote becomes stronger and the nerves expand into theologies of sand and reverie.

That romance maps the heart with sorrow and biology requires soap and attention.

That nothing is real. That essence is the form or force that individuates it and if external determinations give it accidental properties its essence may assume a ghostly residue and become something else. That that which does not change is change itself. That morphine may be employed for the mitigation of pain. That an open sensuality urges the growth of pretty minds and confusion lodges in a house of puppets, which is called congress.

