

# Knock Knock

*by John Olson*

Knock knock. Who's there? Hive. Hive who? Hive got honey. And these other guys are the Rolling Stones. Ah yes. The Rolling Stones. Do you remember when a Rolling Stones song would get played in somebody's basement and you couldn't wait for your hair to get long and your genitals ached for contact? Please include your name, address, and philosophy. I'm especially eager to hear your philosophy. Don't mind me I'm a goofball. I don't have a philosophy. I have philosophies. They change from moment to moment. It's not that I'm fickle it has to do with the fact that everything is changing and thoughts convulse in heady reflection trying to keep up with it all. The complex textures of the alligator serve the bas-relief of a nebulous vowel. A mouth opens to let it out. It is the chaste blue moon floating over Florida. And Florida itself is the incarnation of a long peninsular reverie. Here is a fork and a glass of root beer. So tell me: which has the greater reality, an experience whose properties flutter with squares, or a balloon full of light drifting over Alabama? The answer is Picasso doing push-ups. It's morning at the Rio Tinto Zinc Mines and Cubism is just being invented. We can hear the floorboards creak. Georges Braque is making scrambled eggs in the kitchen on a wood stove. Each sensation has value, each feeling has heft. Science can be dynamic but it never quite reaches the scope of art. You can mix art with science and come up with drugs. That helps. But why is it the better drugs, the ones that really help you get through the day as painlessly as possible, are so frigging addictive? I mean really. Why is that? It's all about mood. Moods choose us we do not choose moods. When a mood comes knocking on your brain you have to let it in. Because if you don't there will be hell to pay. The bad moods crash the door down like an overzealous SWAT team and wreck the furniture. The good moods arrive unannounced. The good moods are quiet and calm and have the trick of tenuity. The good moods soften the rattle of the mind like a wad of pharmaceutical cotton. The streets go quiet. The river moves

through us in a mellow allegro of misty diversion and no one not  
even the moonlight knocks at the door.

