

# Midnight in Arizona

*by* John Olson

I am in a war against the literal. I have sewn these words together to make a stand of birch. I wander the earth gathering moon shadows and swords. Kerosene dots punctuate the Dakota night. An apparition of words hops through a calculus problem and falls into a trance. Rubber toys visit the sad navigation of a crew of astronauts, puzzled as they gaze through their porthole.

The time is perfect for strawberries. I feel explicit and reproductive. I push my mind into words. Pronouns inflated with blood glitter like knobs. A wraith of steam is tattooed to an ocean doing celestial gymnastics.

Experience is red when it slides through time. The airport runs wild with colors and rain, the atmosphere swollen with supposition. We assume we will fly. A crew of men grease the airplane. If there is enough faith to lift it into the air, we will arrive in time to see Arizona open itself to the wax of opinion.

There is a cactus that pulls on our eyes and makes us see its full reality. There is a motel nearby with appliances that swarm with buttons and power. Beds like angels bouncing on a description of bone.

I'm sitting at a desk, filling a page with muscle and sound. I believe the fork is a form of frozen fire. I hear the depths of the ocean hanging upside down. The color green mocks the turquoise water and salt and mistletoe lead to a brutal relationship with the planet. We seek redemption in the anguish of construction. We employ string for our amusement. The joining of wood is a pleasure measured in sawdust and dusk. A pool of emotion sweetens the shiver of ghosts. If I pull the curtains open, I can see various forms of movement deform the frontier of gravity.

I fold my emotions and put them in a drawer of the heart. Anguish slobbers with thorns and balloons. One of them pops. A shattered mirror goes in pursuit of a lip.

Morality enhances the experience of clothes. Nudity is something very different. If I write down a description of a woman's breast, the paper grows profligate with symptoms of palpability. I carry the sky in a basket of clouds. I look for signs of monarchy. The genius of clouds bridges the crackling sky.

Fingers were invented by doorknobs. That should be obvious. Checkout time is noon. It is always noon. Midnight is so very different. It tastes of impending intrigue. An excerpt from Baudelaire blazing on the page like a road flare.

