

Morning in Louisiana

by John Olson

All I need is a little taste of poetry to get me going. I scratch my personality with a stove and grow a Druidic cuticle. I cry to the heavens for the power of mint. The cogs of reflection smell of pine and wormwood. I accept the challenge of life. The monstrosities of extraversion stride through the swamp with arrogant indifference. An orchid climbs into the pink light of dawn and persuades it to sit on Louisiana. There is a surge of hunger and wings. The earth pulls a mélange of music from the clouds and cypress and birds. There is a quiet sense of inquiry. An ornery convolution that refuses to make itself visible. A tangle of possibility, dormant like pus, or the pungency of nerves in a pulp of dirt and feeling. The void visits the highway and packs the asphalt with the trinkets of destination. Sunlight slaps the asphalt hard. Steam rises. It looks like thought. The sweet vapors of rumination. The eyes and nostril of an alligator rise to the surface of the bayou. A moccasin crosses the highway, minutes before a Suburban goes by, and the pregnant lip of a tambourine collects mud in the fetus of morning.

