

# One Day I Will

*by* John Olson

I live in a cold country. The air feels tangible. Thick. Like propositions of oil. The whisper of angels. The crunching of snow. The splatter of rain against glass.

And those are the nice days. When the cold is bearable. Most of the time it bites. Gets its sharp little teeth into your skin and crunches down on your bone.

Gotta ask myself what I'm doing here. What keeps me tied. Caged. What is it? I can't name it. Can't identify it. Its vague and heavy and made of invisible chains.

I hate work. The digs, the insults, the mindnumbing monotony. Daydreams tumble around in my head like clothes in a dryer. I feel like a clown with fuzzy red hair. One day I will break out of here and go south. Where the air is warm and the women are warmer.

I work in a fishery. Wherever you go it's slippery and cluttered. I can't stand it. I've got to get out of here. Got to got to got to.

See this fish? Look at its guts. Its eyes. It was once alive. A sleek, fast, silvery little thing. A gleam in the water. And now it's just slime, and stinks, and the eyes are just dead jelly.

Open the door, I tell myself, open the door and walk out. Walk out and never look back. Go south. Get on a bus and go south.

One day I will. Believe me. Slam the door so hard it'll fall right off the frame.

And I'll go south.

And all those dreams in my head will shine by a river where I can hear my heart beat. And I'll go where I want to go when I want to go. Or just lie on the ground and stare at the stars.

