

Rumination

by John Olson

Let me tell you about my appetite. It is enormous. How enormous you ask. Let me put it this way: I have just eaten you. You were my sandwich. You were delicious. Now I'm going to eat a railroad. I'm going to spread it with butter and put it in my mouth and chew it until it is gone. I'm going to eat an orchard of apples, an orchard of pears, an orchard of peaches and a grove of olives. Why, you might ask, are you so hungry? Well it is this way. My appetite is a fiction. I'm not hungry at all. And this frightens me a little because it makes me feel a little separate from life. Thus, I created an appetite of fiction. For fiction, one might say. Of fiction. For fiction. I am cultivating a willingness to devour anything. I will eat a chemistry lab. I will eat a perturbation if I can figure out how to cook a perturbation. Things perceived in the abstract are difficult to cook. It's better to stick to protein. I don't want to become diabetic. Not in the service of fiction. I want to grow strong. I want to eat my fill of bread and honey. I want to fulfill the wildest dreams of my stomach in its ambitions to digest the world. When I'm finished writing this paragraph I will eat it. I will crumple it up and stick in my mouth and eat it. I will eat whole chimeras of food. The food of utopian kitchens. The food of reverie. The food of the written word, which is a digestion of the mind rather than the stomach. This is the chewing of the mind. This is the rumination of the distant and ultramarine. Far horizons. Where the food arrives in a basket of clouds and is served on forks of lightning.

