

Silly Soliloquy

by John Olson

If I had alcohol in me right now I'd be singing out loud. I'd turn this boat around & turn it into a karaoke bar. Why is it even worth mentioning? This is why people gaze abstractedly at the ground. Ambition is thirty gallons of gas & a red Silverado. Wishing, on the other hand, is wistful & pensive & doesn't hurt anybody. Ambition pleases the stockholders & puts 5,000 people out of work. When desire doesn't take itself seriously we call it a wish. When desire takes itself very seriously we call it Richard III. Trying singing Hamlet in a Wyoming bar. That's when the guns come out. Writing is feeling increasingly like that. You know? Like when somebody nabs you at a party to look at granite kitchen counter samples & all of Chekhov is happening in your head. This is what the spectrum of desire looks like from a human perspective. On the one hand soap. And on the other a gun.

