

Speeding Down The Freeway Listening To ZZ Top

by John Olson

I speed down the freeway listening to ZZ Top. An alligator in the backseat knits gargoyles out of alligator wool. I am on my way to see a painter in Mississippi. I am old. The painter is old. He paints old things. I wander the Louvre in my head and think about the gate. The gate needs painting.

I feel a lyricism running wild. I feel the egotism implicit in trophies. I feel rioting in Iran. A cut on my little finger that has been stubborn to heal. I feel the violence of pumpkins and a ceramic pitcher steeped in its existence and Etruscans cleaning a mural in the museum of lost shadows.

I love going fast. The last bank I robbed didn't know what hit them.

It disgusts me to be human.

The world is a constant improbability.

I feel the golden chain of a reinforcing inexorability.

There are animals in my breath.

