

Swallowed Gulped Engulfed

by John Olson

Last night the thesaurus exploded. Don't ask how. It just did. Exploded. Burst. Blew up. Flew into pieces. Discharged. There were synonyms everywhere. The walls and furniture were covered with them. Slippery little things. Slick. Sleek. Synovial.

Fleeting. Ticklish. Evanescent.

Glossy. Glassy. Lubricous.

There was one that hung from the lamp shade, oozy and wet, conoidal and infundibular. I tossed it into the bucket with the rest.

I was a little too late with some of the others. Did you know that synonyms can propagate? Well, they can.

Conjoin. Couple. Reproduce.

Proliferate. Multiply. Disperse.

They had, in fact, gone completely out of control. It was total delirium. Ranting and babbling. Derangement. Incoherence.

By the time the police and fire department arrived, most of the synonyms had diffused into the crowd of people that had gathered outside. You could tell by the way the people looked. Some of them were utterly transfixed, while others wavered between incredulity and wonder.

Surprise. Bewilderment. Stupefaction.

The synonyms had gone viral. You could feel it in the air. A kind of trembling, quivering, vibrational excess, a mad superfluity infecting everything with a fathomless agglomeration.

Sticky agglutinations. Agitated heaps. Viscous frontiers.

There was no end. No end to anything of this. Just a dizzying wilderness of options. Choices. Selections. Possibilities.

Burning orations fueled by senseless arousals of lexical tropicality.

Filigrees of extravagant verbosity.

Paragraphs bloated beyond recognition.

And I feel so sorry. So sorry about my thesaurus. I don't know what I did. I don't know how it happened. Please forgive me. And if you see a stray synonym, don't feed it. Ignore it.

Shoo it away. Make it flee. Fling it flout it flay it.

