

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.

