

The Blood of Giants

by John Olson

There are two ways to write. One is to swig a bottle of tequila. The other is to sail a duodenum across a torrent of angry crabs. String words together with reality and ginger. It is the parable of the magician. What makes a personality? Perception and mirrors. Opium propels the oboe. Don't worry about the oboe. The oboe can take care of itself. Why are supervisors always such assholes? Good question. But that's not what this is about. This is about pens. And ink. And pixels. And writing. Writing is imbued with the blood of giants. Keats. Dickinson. Shelley. You may have already noticed. Humidity is severe on nails. I must insist on a little reflection. I make a lot of blunders throughout the day. This may be one of them. I don't know. Whenever I propose a conundrum and attempt to unravel it things go wrong. Various. A tissue of sound emanates from the radio. It is some form of music. It's hard to tell these days. Analysis often eludes me. Combustible analogies begin to glitter. Each appropriation of an item among many gives rise to the enjoyment of unity. The process of composition is a cohesion of apprehensions. Objects exist before the process begins. The one among many is the privately experiencing subject. The subject-object relation is the fundamental structural pattern of experience. Everything sensed is a drop of experience in the cosmos. Writing brings on the rain. Inflammation shouts beauty at a wounded feeling. I hear the stars singing in my nerves. I'm surrounded by things. But eventually I have to smash the window to get out. I yank my hose. It ejaculates birds. The human eye is an exceptional tool for gathering light. But don't forget your ears. Or the furniture polish and antifreeze. You never know. Art breathes with the lungs of the Zeitgeist. You've got to be able to tell an edge from a line. Friends will sometimes turn out to be assholes. It's inevitable. Everything happens for a reason. Or not. Sometimes things just happen. Plain and simple. English syntax is deliriously gentle with a lizard. How does a perception acquire meaning? Each life enjoys a

feeling of continuity. Read Bergson. Me, I liberate adjectives. The empirical world is hemmed with physicality. But not everything is physical. Essence precedes experience. Or does it? I'm not sure. Not sure of anything. I once drove a truck. I got used to watching out for the blind spot. There is always a blind spot. You've got to use intuition sometimes. The mind always searches for patterns. Atomic verbs awaken the molecules of the lip. The intrepid zero cannot take the place of a spoon. Nothing can take the place of a spoon. Not even a knife. And certainly not a fork. It is the same way with writing. It is neither the speedometer or the wheel or the gears or the gasoline. But all these working in unison at once. And a heart and hunger insatiable as war.

