

The Lonely Gaze of Men in Nightclubs

by John Olson

A silken air bends the greenery in a tangled mind. That would be the mind of the earth, which is a splash of calculus on the face of eternity. Which is chronology when chronology occurs and the lonely gaze of men in nightclubs. It's the naked rupture of excursion when an excursion is called for and the personification of prayer in a radio vibrating with the definition of eyes. The eye is a ball of jelly. The human eye is an organ that reacts to light and allows vision and colors. It does delicate things and lives in the head. It liberates form. It does not completely answer why there is something instead of nothing but it does a good job drinking a canvas by Cézanne. Two eyes are better than one. Three is the optimal number. A third eye in the forehead drags winter behind it. A third eye in the head pushes the impact of an olive into the sag of time. Sometimes all it takes is a little concentration to discover sewing, or infinity, or a sale on light bulbs at the drugstore. Quarts of philosophy may be transacted by semantic obstetrics. Gravity thickens as we approach a planet or a headlight made of words. You must act like a cloth when the wrinkles of local emotion jerk forward churning in abstraction. This is the time to play a sublime accordion. This is the time to construct a symptom of rain. To open a suitcase in Wisconsin. To feel the planets ride their orbits in tranquil velvet space.

