

The Truth Of Jello

by John Olson

Truth flies around the room and lands
On the back of a chair hungry
For lies
Franz Kafka opens the refrigerator
And removes a bowl of jello
With the face of Bella Abzug in it
Grinning among chunks of pineapple
Each chunk jolly and solvent
And smiling like a grasshopper
With the cleavage of Dolly Parton
And the familiarity of an intensive care unit
It is now time to make a loud and strident remark
About feeding geese please do not feed the geese
Feed the sparrows instead
Feed them chunks of pineapple feed them the truth
Of the concertina which is a truth of folds and air
Squeezed out in the form of music
One day a duck got trapped in the mailroom
And flapped around in a panic until one of us
Caught her and helped her back outside again
Where the world perched on the top right frame
Of my mind and Lady Murasaki read from a long blue scroll
And the wind went by soft and ineffable
And completely invisible except for the wagging of trees
Which is a dead give away
The mind lifts it into a perception
Or is it the other way around a perception
Lifts the movement of air into the mind
Where it assumes the gravity
Of truth flying around the room
Like a visitor from another realm
Another dimension another nurturance

What exactly is jello
Here is the truth of jello jello
Consists of gelatin and glistens in its bowl
Next to the lasagna dish
We are all looking for a way to expand ourselves
Expand our capacity to know and appreciate the truth
To recognize the truth
When it alights on the back of a chair and chirps
Its song of fury
Hanging naked from the skin of the tongue

