

The World Explained

by John Olson

This is why I like to write: eight people, a ghost, and a well.

This is why the sun shines: because it can.

This is why accent marks are required for good writing: eldfjöll spúandi eldi frá innyfli jarðar.

This is why the romantic poets turned hardened and heavy: fleshy folds surrounding the mouth.

This is why the heart beats rhythmically: the tighter the head, the higher the note.

This is why the relation between jazz and blues is hard to define: juicy red pulpy fruit.

This is why existence is sometimes so enigmatic: gerunds.

This is why zinnias thrive in tough conditions: divine intervention.

This is why understanding oneself is often such a difficulty: turbidity currents.

This is why the caged bird sings: the blind games of your hands.

This is why poets never seem to make much money at their craft: vulgarly ornamental finery.

This is why the joy of poetry sings beyond the genius of the sea: continued circular movement.

This is why UFOs never land and introduce themselves the way a normal creature of intelligence would be inclined to do after traveling billions of light years through space: insufficient cosmetic for the cheeks.

This is why you do not hesitate at the swimming pool: our inner being is a bitter ocean of life and death and most people who practice Buddhism seriously do well with a pool when they enter it with the proper spirit of abandon and a good old-fashioned cannon ball.

This is why the earth revolves around the sun: refrigerator magnets.

This is why the first three minutes of the universe was so exciting: all sorts of strange things occur at a temperature of about 100

million million million million million degrees Kelvin, including vermicelli, Halloween, and wisdom teeth.

This is why nothing can ever be fully explained by science: thongs.

