

Glorious Zinzins

by Steve Finan

I read.

I sometimes am so pierced by prose that I wish, I wish, I wish it was mine. I am carried on a rush of adrenaline into someone else's mind. I glimpse the moving shapes and colours of their imagination. I am shown their highest highs and their betes noire. They become mine. The writer moulds me, wrestles my thoughts to be alike to theirs.

It can be a phrase, a word. Tonight, Christine Daffe reached me with *Genevieve's Voice* and gave me a shiny nugget — zinzins.

I do not know what zinzins is, what a zinzins is, who zinzins is.

I do not want to know. I will attach meanings myself, I will use my stolen word aloud to the wonderment or bafflement of others.

I read.

