

JOHN OLSON

## WEAVE OF THE DREAM KING

THE LUNG EXHIBITS FOAM. I want to break the terrine's blowing mist. The shawl has a huge chalk fever. A memory of wind flows through the dream king. The tears of the bee desire sleep.

Postcards are detached, electric, and funny. Supported hope is a pillow for a shoulder buckle. There is a sewing wheel for the stamp of a vintage elf, and this climate ignition makes a scarf rise. I want to get a little irritated. The music pants are an agate rap. The fingers grab a roasting stool. Twisted plastic writing butter. White cosmetic chicken car.

Effulgent sapphire frozen in flexibility. Loop flicker of bold pleasures elaborated by robins. Marie Antoinette on a swing. Scab shaped like an engine on a small pink arm. Memory bee prettily coated in borders to palpate. The mushroom is failing the need of the thunderstorm. The toad that drags its own plumbing has a point to correspondence.

Damask is rising a yellow benevolence. Perplexity beak of morose swirls of fulmination. Limestone Polynesia hummingbird whose wings are knives of fog. Search to undertake a filigree loop that will oblige your blot. Oxygen denies the wall of the refrigerator, and for that and that reason only the oasis is described by vowels. The consonants are embedded with a strange invisible power that shoots valentines at anything wiry. They can only be used as feathers. They cannot be used as words unless they explode from the mouth as yolk.

The storm says chew gum. It helps the rain find its way to your mouth. I need a gerund for my expensive sieve. The air makes a high shadow. The shadow jumps out of a fuchsia and says hi. I'm impressed with the energy. It's not always so cut and dried. Sometimes tap water is better than bottled water. You know? The flu affects both the neck and stomach, thus propelling stories forward into the places where they get written and talked about.

Some of these stories are profligate examples of chalk. Others get tangled in their own closets.

The plumber chocolate is chapped. I mean, come on now. There is a kernel of granulated fat in the thought about granulated fat, but that doesn't mean that the laundry is done. I have feelings of privacy. Take the swan, for instance. Now there's a bird who appreciates the value of wings. It should be obvious. The gallop of the horse and the clang of the trolley are two separate things, and yet they have been brought together in this sentence and shine intermittently, causing novices to scatter in all directions, including East Finchley. The Hour of the Tibia has arrived at the haberdashery. It's an ash flash rhapsody. The cruel stool starts an allegory, and the kitchen is galvanized.

Fragments demonstrate the barge. A marble statue drags an oyster knife because unbalance is a delicious drink served by the courtyard. Embolden buttermilk. Perfume a burning weight. Roll a mass of tools. Kiss a hawk and go.

I am the one who places the embassy of shovels in a garage. It's splendid to be at the border of your lips. The shelf is full of woodwork. Even books buckle their stomachs when the theatre opens. The lightning squirting out of a book is a form of reverie that I do at night when the mind grazes on words.

And here we have an exhibit of gothic yard waste, the wood of a cat whose excavation weakens the landscape but strengthens the presence of gallantry. Conceit will only take you so far. Sooner or later there will be clouds on the horizon and pennies in your sputter. Walnuts bellow their generalities at a weeping astronaut. The pretty wires of thought hold the dashboards of memory over the mouth of a swollen description. And then we practice our fencing.

You say the extraterrestrials brought us trinkets and bus transfers, but how did the initial contact occur and who was most bewildered: the extraterrestrials or the TV crew?

Yes, I agree. The spit of the philodendron is fascinating under a microscope. Is it warm enough in here for you? I can turn the heat up. Form is, after all, emptiness. And emptiness is form. How do I know when it's time to milk the cows? When the metaphors rise from their bondage and begin a conversation with the city.

A crowd of nouns is just now beginning to disperse leaving behind an open door in the wallpaper of the sentence. Hello in there, someone shouts. The echo is amethyst.

I'll be the first to admit that much of life doesn't make sense. We do know something is missing, but no one can identify what that thing is. Is it a thing with thingness, or is it more like light—a thing without thingness? Steam is like that, too. And clouds. And ocean mist.

We stole the vapour of the sidewalk during the door handle experiments and used it for the opera, which was red and soapy.

Next time we get together, let's paint the perfume of time's ragged sofa. It would mean the world to me if you demonstrated the mongrel emotions of an asterisk. But not quite yet. Let's listen to the ringing of jewellery in a garden of tears while the exit signs of our childhood create an otherworldly blue, snowflakes sing songs of wood and canvas during a sinking of the heart, and our tendencies collapse into algebra.