

Elevator Music

by John Olson

I am building an elevator of sticks and compliments.
It will be lifted by groans of sorrow and ecstasy.
Strange music will emanate from its walls. Emphatic

smells of sweet oblivion will burst from its nimble
chains. It will dribble brains and museums during
its ascent and flicker benedictions and elbows

on its descent. Its shadow will weigh many tons,
but the elevator itself will weigh nothing. Deviations
of milk will flow through its forest. Gargoyles will purge

its interior of anguish and insults. There will be no panic
or hunting or investment opportunities. There will be only
dereliction and books and anonymity. Of course

no one can control what goes on in an elevator.
Particularly an elevator with such enchanting properties.
And although this elevator will only have an existence on paper,

it will cross the blood brain barrier like a stupendous drug
and create a fresh new appraisal of cranberry. Why
cranberry? Why *not* cranberry? I am building an elevator

of sticks and compliments. It will be lifted
by cranberry. And its music will be the music
of the cranberry. And its purport and essence

will be that of the heartwood. It will hiss with fire.
It will seethe with desire. It will exist as a thought
and hang from a long thin wire.

