

Together in Tuscany

by John Olson

If the bank is closed I will blow out a wall and leave. I will have a lot of money. Nothing in life will be a problem anymore.

Except for life itself.

Afterward I might take a shower. This will give my fingers something to do.

I consider each line of writing to be a mind of its own swarming with crowbars.

Mallarmé plays the piano. My eyes open to a Hindu yogi walking slowly through the eye of a needle.

The river whispers of hypothesis.

Here comes the bus. It's going to Tuscany and is full of pronouns: he, she, me, you, it, them, us, we, and you again.

You you you.

Always you.

And me.

Together in Tuscany.

