

john OLSON

*Hoop*

Certain calls concoct fluids out of cineraria. The call of the zig-zag, for instance, or the call of the dipstick, which is oily and long.

This is the call of the hoop. It liberates pork. Your clothes are an overture to philology. Your bowls are a call to soup.

Most words are made of breath. Yours appear to be made of padlocks and sausage. Now what do we do? Let's imitate the sound of a lip opening a syllable.

Here is a breath igniting an image of cream. And here is a shadow of wheels I discovered at the bottom of a Crackerjack box. There is a Hopi Indian singing in the next room that seems to confirm this.

I grew up on a river. Consequently I like to go in circles, never a straight line. The five senses filter and interpret everything into some kind of experience or hoop. A hoop of chalk or a hoop of talk. A hoop of silver and gold throbbing with Schubert and radishes. A hoop of classified ads. A hoop of radiators and pancakes and fire. A hoop of coruscating ice with a few hundred wasps forming a bridge across a kingdom of exits. A hoop of diamonds and deltas. A hoop of clouds and a string of faces sewn together with blood and Zen. Large hoops, little hoops, non-hoops and hula hoops. Hepplewhite hoops and hamadryadic hoops.

No hoop is an island. Each hoop is a space, a hole in time, a reconciliation. If there is any hope there is hope in hoops. Do you have a moon in your mouth? Spit it out. Spit it out and hop into a hoop. Hop into a hoop of butter and circumstance. Hop into a hoop of delicate noise and shelves of musical doctrine. Twirl a hoop of fog. Conceive it, abstract it, endure it, clothe it in a minor key and twirl it round a jukebox full of fur.