

## Two Poems

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### Walking Along Highway 61 and Thinking about Attending a Reading by an Internet Expert

Crocodiles slink through the elephant grass  
as the screen blinks with vacant idiocy.

logon, logoff, logon, logoff

The internet is like one of those outfits that  
calls in the evening after work and tries to  
sell me credit cards and aluminum siding. Why  
would anyone voluntarily subject him/herself  
to that?

logon, logoff, logon, logoff

Shoplifters lift shops in this capitalist swamp  
and I saw on the news that the alligator man  
is being moved to minimum  
security. Walking along Highway 61, I am logged  
on to the wind and the noise of the cars that  
speed by (I guess there are not many walkers  
anymore). A biting wind rasps my cheeks and dirty  
snow crunches underfoot. Half the people alive  
on the planet today, I read recently, have  
never used a telephone, much less the fucking  
internet.

logon, logoff, logon, logoff

I heard that some techno-guy who spun  
software and thin air  
into gold is giving a reading at Runimator  
Bookstore. His empty  
book supposedly shows that the internet has actually  
changed the way  
human beings think--at least, fat, rich, and white skinned  
human beings who live in Chevrolets and Subarus in the  
outer



ring suburbs of rich  
and rotting  
    Midwestern towns  
        and drive past me on Highway 61 in the winter.

### Unsafe Sex in the Suburbs

There is no expiation. There is no  
interdiction. There are only crows  
roosting in the crabapple tree. The  
apocalypse turns out to be a  
cellular problem and the soul  
is nothing but a bowl  
of chemical soup.

Somebody give Bernini a Martini . . .

Neatly trimmed lawns curse  
the sod that pounds  
grass up into the naked air.  
Grass grows best in rotting flesh but  
fertilizer will do.  
The raucous birds cry and that is the only  
benediction  
the atomic number of carbon  
has to give.  
God is pushing a lawnmower across the  
pellucid sky. Sixteen-year-old girls have saddled  
up the apocalyptic horses and are riding  
among the pastel houses. They cannot see that the  
gene pool has become an oblong swimming  
pool filled with acid rain, dead  
cats and chlorine.

My hands are shaking even as I type this . . .

Cathedrals of bones are floating above the  
holy Ganges which is  
desperately polluted. Words fall from my fingers  
like shit from the asshole of the damned  
but still,  
I carry an elephant of awareness on my back.  
Capitalist birds are gobbling sunlight  
like they



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own a thermonuclear furnace and happy  
crows are roosting in the  
twisted blades of the crabapple  
tree.