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## If Mice Laid Eggs, They Would Be Kalamata Olives

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## If Mice Laid Eggs, They Would Be Kalamata Olives

### Abstract

They would grow lighter on the sealed concrete of the boy's locker room until a mouse nose burst through and smelled moist-mold for the first time.

### Keywords

Kalamata olives, mice, poem, poetry

### Cover Page Footnote

"If Mice Laid Eggs, They Would Be Kalamata Olives" was originally published at *Booth*.



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# BOOTH

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## **If Mice Laid Eggs, They Would Be Kalamata Olives**

by Brian Clifton

They would grow lighter on the sealed concrete of the boy's locker room until a mouse nose burst through and smelled moist-mold for the first time.

I would dedicate all my life to storing these Kalamata olives in my mouth. I would be their living incubator. My friends and family would exclaim that I radiated.

They would want to fuck me just to feel my insides rattle and jerk like nine mechanical hands in a bathtub full of water. And after months of anticipation,

they would begin to hope that I would be normal, old me again. If I could open my mouth, I would say that I belonged to the mice and their Kalamata

olive eggs. It is my calling. New fantasies would sprout from their eyes: to force me to eat tilapia until I vomited, to lock me in a room until I could turn a feather

into a penny, to shove me against the wall and make me recant all my humanitarian ideals. I would not stop. I would be the Jane Goodall of the mouse world.

I would plop every Kalamata olive mouse egg in the world  
on my tongue. I would do this for all of them.  
I would love them with my tongue, teeth, and gums.

Brian Clifton has a spirit animal, David Bowie. His (Brian's) work can be found in *PANK!*, *Juked*, *burntdistrict*, *The Boiler*, and other such magazines. Bowie's work can be found on youtube, iTunes, record stores, and other such venues.