



by

Veritas Caput

(Part III)

*Come on-a my house
My house a-come on
I'm gonna give you Christmas Tree*

It's young Rosemary Clooney deep in July's greenwood, singing the sun's rise, her foamdrunk surftumbled voice splashing over squat juniper and gangly maple, past stormbent balsam and swamprooted cedar, through a thick vining tangle of holly bushes whose thorned leaves shine like emerald fish in the gnarled moat of ripening apple trees surrounding Havrylak Kern's canvas tabernacle—sweet words that come keening breathlessly in, brimming over with the feminine promise that this is a song he's heard somewhere before, choired annually, in archetypal form and exotic tongue, many centuries ago from weeping women under starry skies in the Land of the Hart when music was inseparable from religion and each physical death cried fearlessly into the void.

Around his head wreathes an elliptical entanglement of sonic winds chime-laden with healing mercurial messages. Trill-filled birds flying to him from American and Canadian stations on prayer-wings of rare whimsical requests which even pirate DJs sailing resurrected ghost derelicts upon that great lake in between may actually have honored...all arriving here in loyal

stead nonetheless...unbeknownst by each...to earnestly offer lyrical snippets for the imminent decoding of Havrylak's solipses from within a fathomless chasm of roiling fugue-state turmoil.

Broadcast over frequency modulated radio waves, antennae-captured and transistor-amplified, frailly competing for airspace between rude bursts of static, Rosie's calliopeeing vocal rears up and down through steam-whistled puffs from the alabaster mouth of a merry-go-round unicorn currently zooming in with the crisp focus of his flame quick mind's-eye.

He unconsciously catalogs that fresh entry and flares it toward a cerebral neighborhood shared by this greying host of recent memories:

...the *white* noise of breakers crashing upon some sandy stretch of Lake Superior shoreline where a trio of leggy illegal aliens dragged his hypothermic bluebody ashore last autumn

...a blinding succession of webbed-wind blizzards swooping down from Canada during December's last eight-day week to bury the Keweenaw Peninsula under six feet of snow — *H2O!* — what a gloriously old-fashioned *WHITE CHRISTMAS* Big Blue and You have heaven-dreamt up!

...that *white* magic of Salvador Dinah's favourite therapeutic "holo", creatively visualized from time to time here on Manitou Isle for his videosyncratic benefit—dark but light-reaching—the interminable tunnel's end revealed to him one warm spring morn during April's great thaw by snaking her "umbilical periscope" down whatever frayed neural cables he'd jury-rigged to moor his bathyspheric identity into uncertain equipoise and then projecting a 3D hangman's noose vapourously unravelling out from long blonde Rapunzel tresses that reraveled into a rescue rope of golden braid.

UP HERE!
EXCELSIOR, SHEP!
ATCHA SOIVICE, SEAMAN!

She double-exposed this anime soundtrack loop with Godfrey of Sherwood's foolhardy vine-climb up to Olivia de Havilland's castle window in *The Adventures of Robin Hood* and then scat-sang a Pablo Neruda verse from *Pastoral* ('Pastor, pastor, no sabes que te esperan?'), all the while weaving filamental tendrils of calypso rhythm with her fingertips upon his

squiggly forehead that comically cancaned above him like cute cartoon animals ‘round and ‘round their olive green tetrahedral tent: a super^{positioning} ARK focused by vortexing multidimensional ley lines where every imaginable strain of waveform now comes stranding in for naturally eccentric rendezvous’ with this attractive vessel of Rosemary’s affection—

Come on-a my house
My house a-come on
I’m gonna give you Easter Egg

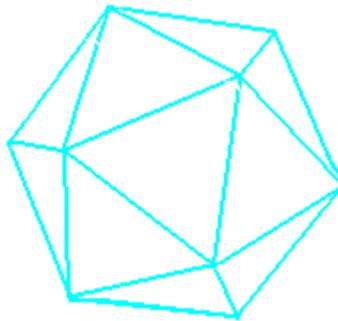
Among those currently playing the *FIELD*:

Suckling memory-wisps of a boyhood tornado that lifted most of his suburban Twin Cities house northward into spectacular twilight oblivion + a flickering fluorescent echolalia of tubular orange trumpet blasts glass-routed and rudely stuffed, like some bulging Halloween pumpkin, into the neon ear of Pinky the Polar Bear (whose jazzed epiphany graced a gaudy sector of Sin City skyline captured on a gag postcard sent long ago to him by Dad from beneath Dreamland’s parched desert just northwest of Las Vegas) + spooky looking nightly news archive footage of the Chernobyl nuclear reactor’s gutted roof segueing into a dark nest of U. S. bombs descending onto a Libyan airfield + simmering microwave emanations faerie-sprinkled with cinnamon Dutch apple pie aroma from a diesel-chuggling truckstop in the northern Minnesota Iron Range that have piggybacked CKPR’s medicine wheel test pattern idling southeasterly over Isle Royale out of Thunder Bay + frantic MAY DAY MAY DAYs radioed by some coalition of hysterical citizen advocacy groups from a planet in the Canis Major system whose government scientists and media broadcasters have been calmly analyzing *ad hoc nauseum* the accelerating heat-death of their reddening sun + UV rays which once reflected off a plastic-wrapped bouquet of white roses laid on the graves of Hans and Sophie Scholl by a reclusive actress whose nomadic celebrity wormholes in on his awareness from time to time for reasons he’s yet to fully comprehend + garbled grumbling liaisons of ELF waves woofing out of an antennae complex built near the old K. I. Sawyer AFB just south of Marquette + frosty meditative whiffs of Himalayan incense from an exhaling Yogi King’s snowy abode longitudinally straight over the pole + an accidental venting of radioactive x-rays from the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory east of San Francisco where top secret tests for a nuclear powered laser code-named EXCALIBUR were quietly conducted in the late Reagan presidency + you really gotta see this hilarious TV commercial fresh out of Tokyo featuring King Kong and God-

zirra dueling for possession of a hand-held computer device while chorus lines of black-banged almond-eyed Fay Wrays high-step *fo sum a dat* good ol' samurai spirit + gene-busting gamma rays darting through a chargeless pore in the aurora-pulsed ionosphere which will permanently alter our dozing creature's cellular mechanics in ways that only his children's children's grandchildren will ever fully appreciate +

Come on-a my house
My house a-come on

Incredibly, all these waves and more, tracking some deep abundant ecosophical future lodestoned within this *homo sapiens* dreamquern, come merrily whirlpooling down to baptize our Great Lakes WaterBoy with a liquid-crystal revelation:



In Havrylak's dew-dampened sun chamber, turning on tilted axis, an aquamarine icosahedron drenches the quiet air with archangelic harmonies spewn from a diamond-body dirigible crewed by caroling muses whose each triangular cat face aspires toward an imprism'd paramour courtship within this slippier than thou romantic design which slides beyond precise petrified structure into the fickle evanescence of a pithiless *can't-make-up-my-mind-ness*: an unstable bird-cage perfection slowly syruping back downward into wet limnological formlessness just as that grand receding glacier which leaked out Lake Superior did back around 11,000 BCE.

Like twenty twinkling hummingbirds giddy for bee nectar they then astonishingly reappear, each a minuscular coloured variation on every other, fluttering busily about Havrylak's head now in looping orbitals of joined airs as he makes multitemporal renovations to this timelessly inherited House Of Song after its 26 alphabetic Halley's Comet passages—with heave-ho help from his headstrong Herd of Ancestors—and mentally pursues the zeitgeist

Zoroastrian '*pattern that will cure all existence*': an antiphonal allelomorphic planetary pole-switching transfiguration coined by copper pennies tugged out of tight blue jeans pockets and flipped, his two cents worth in other words, fountaining UP-ward from an Underground Stream of history-shielded family descent as a watery torch-passed BiMillennial End Run begun by distant cousins long forgotten all of whom helped carry this Piscean Pigskin in one strange way or another from Alpha Origin to Omega Point where he's just about to 'Win One for the Gipper' with an adrenaline spiked last-second touchdown when who should come honking into his playful field-of-view but 3 Wild Geese in V-Formation summoned by the Prescient Muse of Rock 'n' Roll herself to convey this urgent Homecoming Message...*the rising of the sun, the running of the deer*... vaulting him toward waking consciousness by marrying these stainglass shards of his fragile poetic vision to the melodic rhythm of Rosie's animistic cheer:

I'M GONNA GIVE YOU EVERYTHING

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