



## Our Harlequin Uprising From The Kingdom Of Chiaroscuro

by

Veritas Caput

(Part II, Chapter 2)

You've come here to sing of Nature's Ecological Dance  
Its Divine Musical Design and Soulful Magical Romance  
In Organic Ruminations that Keep Our World Forever Young  
Unscroll this Book Of Life for US with a Road Trip Tongue

Wake Yourself Up  
Come to Attention Please  
Pour out Your Aquarian Cup  
For Everyone of WE

A chainsaw buzz startles Havrylak's Merry Weatherman trance, balancing on his knees before that pale green tent wall which served as a miniature replica of his childhood's outdoor movie scrim during last night's vespers "holo" upon whose rippling canvas a matins encore from the "Parapsi Sisters" belly-dance now dreamstreams in curvaceous cinerama.

Glancing down to blink as his camera shutter formerly did at Faline's foreground snowmometer pose, Havrylak peers full aperture into a pair of mesmerizing emerald eyes. He pictures her as a Bond Girl extra from *Dr. No* or *Goldfinger*—films he'd seen on giant screen at the 7-Hi Drive-In near his Vine Hill home west of the Twin Cities—slinking in behind the fawning Iota Chi mediatrix fifth-dimension twilight moves to flirt a shy covert high-sign forecast of her romantic mood preferences for their afternoon rendezvous.

*What would Secret Agent 720 do?*

Conjuring up an athletic frolic lashed by stray wisps of autumn mist on that grassy knoll beside the dolmen-like *fougou* Japheth built for shelter from the atmospheric elements while working a rich pure copper fissure lode at what would become Lost Lake's Excelsior Mine, Havrylak waves his invisible dragon wand with a huff and puffs warm breezes through sapling oak and maple branches whose coloured leaves flutter down upon the tartan picnic blanket where their clotheless embrace draws late afternoon sunshine.

Turning Faline's snowmometer snapshot over, he stares angrily at that alias summons issued for him by her vengeful father, Casper, whose original summons had never been served due to some territorial bailiwick dispute at the Eagle River Courthouse about just *who* had legal jurisdiction over its delivery to his Osceola township deer camp trailer door near Boston down in Houghton County but, as Havrylak just found out, that district wrangle had finally been untangled and he now has but three weeks for a legally required response to Judge Jeffries' impending lawsuit over that politically-motivated Phoenix billboard vandalism perpetrated by young Henry and David with their father's chainsaw during the fall 2000 election season.

*Can you dig it?*

A winking masochistic facet of his multiple personality mind's-eye morphs Judge Jeffries summons into that Wanted Poster he saw of himself upon returning from Canada in the flannel rags of a countercultural beggar, spring 1975, tacked for his perusal behind safety glass to a corkboard in the Calumet Post Office right beneath Joe Lasker's 1941 WPA Mural *Copper Mining In Calumet* whose foreground portrayed a head-lamped miner with green shirt and blue jeans shoveling in the gilded darkness. It's frown chides Havrylak over that hole he's dug for himself and his family over the years in muckraking resistance to local authoritarian oversight as he turns toward the tent door, abstaining from that unreliable promise of agnostic prayer through his freestyle crawl toward fall's sunrise and a risky tete-a-tete with Casper's contrarian daughter at Japheth Kern's two century old secret hideaway.

In 'The Love-Potion' chapter of Gottfried von Strassburg's early 13<sup>th</sup> century *Tristan*, modeled on an earlier version by Thomas Of Britain, the star-crossed lovers Tristan and Isolde sailed 'in God's name' to Cornwall from Wexford, Ireland. With an instinctive mirroring of that fateful journey to their North Armorican 'Cave Of Lovers', Faline and Havrylak's course

will converge eastward too, ‘in the Goddess Minne’s name’, for a latter-day Cornishman’s copper cavern which once doubled as a mining tavern. Their Venusian transit’s itinerary was secretly negotiated after an early October gig in 9/11’s wake at The Vug’s Crystal Grotto Room where Faline made her stunning vocal debut with Twilight League, Havrylak’s “emergency first responder” pick-up band, and they found themselves vining into a passionate natrolite strobe fireworks embrace after debuting a terror-inspired accapella duet called *Ground Zero Bomb Shelter* just as Tintagel’s former funeral director and current Iota Chi’s Director of Operations Aunt Kathleen strolled into Calumet’s sole indie college bar hangout arm in arm with Judge Jeffries, neither theatrics nor shillelagh in evidence, immediately trailed by young Moira semaphoring both forearms in a criss-cross warning gesture as her father’s eyes registered it’s ironic cruelty an unexpected instant too late.

All of this frantic family turbulence and that scissoring chainsaw chatter may have revved the rpm of his fifty year old heart and mind to spartan charioteer levels, but in judicious return it *has* generously focused the dissociating attention of his bucket-list brain toward that fuel oil cache stashed a fortnight earlier in dense undergrowth not far from the tent while braving Mandan Road’s rutted ghost town loop with loquacious interrogator Coyote all the way around Keweenaw’s forested tip to continental Highway 41’s northern dead-end a mile east from the tourist mecca of Copper Harbor.

“Let me get this straight,” she’d pressed him after his hour-long compass guided bushwhack backpacking a plastic gallon jug that sloshed with explosive potential like some jumbo molotov cocktail as he parted his abrasive way with a canoe paddle one quarter mile deep into the swamp’s dense thicket past branch entangled fir trees that slapped his face every other step of the way as if his insolence deserved it. “You want me to drop off you, your guitar, your chainsaw *and* Kahuna at the Estivant Pines parking lot next Sunday so you can have a ‘Vision Quest’ at Keweenaw Point?”

“If you would please, dear...”

“And this is going to help with all that happened on 9/11 how?”

“Time’s come to pathfind our new millennium’s way forward.”

“Then you’d better find another compass. Yours reads but one direction. True north.”

“2001 is the zero declination hinge of a New World Age.

Kahuna and I are going to take an *historical* trek and swing that door *ajar*.”

“Ohhh Christ, 2001? *Hysterical* is more like it!”

Coyote had already called off their annual “Canoodle” out to Gull Rock and that long bumpy bickering lark, sexed up by snickering snark, drove them permanently off course. But thanks to his ‘Press On Regardless’ spirit of enduring their stock car runaround of racy snarl, Havrylak will soon sprinkle combustible fluid on a rickety tipi of deadwood kindling to quicken the ignition of one final campfire which will heat a pie tin skillet to sizzle his grand last supper, breakfast though it might be, and serve up the caloric gluttony of one final meal before his wilderness fast takes ascetic flight.

There is no more time to lose and this initiation into abstinence will serve as his first toe dip of cleansing preparation to “Grok the Cosmos” at Keweenaw Point followed by a flourish of furious paddling from High Rock Bay across the treacherous strait to Gull Rock’s tiny islet lighthouse whether Superior’s tempestous weather greets him there with a storm outburst or not.

But first there is that Fallen Giant limb to fell and sculpt into a wave-worthy dugout canoe beginning with this afternoon’s downstream leg of the journey where his puppy retriever Kahuna, tongue hung out at the stern of their ‘Argo Navis’ when she’s not drooling over the bow’s swan-shaped Inanna figurehead, will—ignoring her skipper’s request to “lay low and grin”—trot to-and-fro fashion for the duration of their riverine descent toward a Lost Lake rendezvous with Faline Jeffries who has pledged her passionate help in launching his “Polaris Mission” from Keweenaw Point.

Before risking this steep angular tree climb however—clutching that Jonsereds 630 soon to be subpoena’d for evidence as Exhibit “Inga Binga” in a court of law being the very weapon employed by Henry and David to decapitate Judge Jeffries’ wooden noggin in Phoenix—he has his acoustic axe to re-string as prelude to transforming himself into a “Folklore Singer of Floating Tales” while traveling through this mythogenetic zone upon an adventure he’s been dreaming about since an autumn afternoon near his college days end, October 1973, when he smote with ‘artful thunder’, as Emerson’s *Merlin* once did, guitar chords ‘rudely and hard’ high atop Mont Ripley where buoyant orphic storm clouds of troubadour consciousness billowing within purple domes and bright towers approached his courage like a chivalrous range of cumulus castles, filling him with the seer spirit of musical exploration two and a half months before he jetted far off to the Canadian Rockies with a Houghton County bounty on his head. The austere sanctuary of his guitar-playing sojourn was a motel room in Jasper, Alberta where four seasons flew by until his incognito return in the spring of 1975, a solitary soul-searching year of re-imagining the fretboard come to an oddball irresolute end leaving him to wonder just where on earth he’d really been.

A screeing shrieks across the sky and its piercing sound draws the bowstring of his memory back to a concentric-ringed sunrise on August 6<sup>th</sup>, 1964—19<sup>th</sup> anniversary of U. S. military made ‘Little Boy’ incinerating civilian Hiroshima—when Keweenaw’s first Arcas rocket arrowed skyward out of a pine wood near High Rock Bay within a 200 acre plot donated to the University of Michigan by Calumet & Hecla’s Goodman Lumber division. Young Havrylak rode shotgun in the humid darkness before dawn to Lake Superior’s high summer shore beside his whistling dad (who’d heard early bird word courtesy of an MTU alumni connection) where they saw a rosy sun emerge behind Manitou Island then bore witness to the inaugural firing of a six foot missile which, the boy will observe, is about his father’s own height. There were four more range launches to follow through September with meteorological payloads furnished by the Weather Bureau for a field operation coordinated by seven man team: three from the University of Michigan (who brought a van-mounted Rawinsone GMD-1A set, power generator and 75 foot telescoping tower from their Willow Run laboratory) + two each from Michigan Tech and the White Sands Missile Range who loaned a rocket launcher from the U.S. Army Research unit stationed there.

A satellite view of the peninsula shows a big fish chasing a little fish which is Manitou Island. Picture the trophy-catch eyeball as Lake Medora, its gaping mouth Bete Gris Bay, its pronounced snout Keweenaw Point. Is this what the Arcas rocket observed five minutes after its launch while plunging from a 41 mile high apogee into Lake Superior 20 miles beyond 13 year old Havrylak’s focus? And was it seen by that loon whose haunting call he then heard, perched two miles north of the snout, eyes spying from a contoured cliffside of pudding stone shoreline with Lincoln’s binoculars trained on Gull Rock whose lonely lighthouse stood sentinel on a surfacing brick red conglomerate chunk just off the fluted tip of that mysterious island indigenous Ojibway and New France mapmakers called ‘Great Spirit Isle’?

Two summers later Havrylak would voyage in a Chris-Craft outboard rented from Copper Harbor’s Frontier Store with his father and grandfather ten miles out to that wooded refugium he’d studied at the Arcas firing where Jefferson showed him a round effigy mound his own father Japheth had long ago cleared trees from and then groomed with a Victorian Age make-over east of the island’s western arrowhead. But the boy bore no prophetic inkling of all this while channeling onto a radio station along their pot-holed drive back to Highway 41 when Lincoln started in one of his tedious moral talks about “Massachusetts-born West Pointer Daniel Ruggles”, assigned to Fort Wilkins in 1844 Copper Harbor, who’d conducted scientific research of tidal patterns at Keweenaw Point and then published his findings in the *American*

*Journal of Science and Arts* after which he submitted a detailed plan to the Smithsonian Institute proposing a diversionary canal to be dredged between Lake Superior and the Mississippi River that, Dad added with a hand-waved *whew* off his forelocked brow, “Thank God never found a firm foothold”

“Of course, being a *rio grandiose* dreamer, he settled in Texas,” Lincoln laughed. “After serving in the Mexican and Civil Wars, Daniel Ruggles secured a patent now recognized as a significant development in the first principles of wireless telegraphy without which you might not be listening to this Canadian radio station you seem to enjoy so much.”

“580 on your AM dial, it’s CKPR Thunder Bay!” his blond-banged teen shouted like an aspiring pillager of villages as the Beatles’ *A Hard Day’s Night* yelped from their Wagoneer’s dashboard speaker.

“They’re not the only ones who’ve had a hard day’s night, am I right?” winked Lincoln, turning to grin while stubbing a half-smoked Camel in the ashtray and punching the radio dial up to 830 WCCO. “Better check the weather for our long drive back to Excelsior.” Not letting on, so as not to stifle the boy’s infectious enthusiasm, that his jazz-age trained ears had just about *had* it up to *here* with rocknroll’s histrionic 12 bar birthpang. Morning was made for mild and he felt a hankering for some ‘Good Neighbor’ news.

Out of the aquamarine sky above his fir green ceiling, Havrylak hears an offering of help from a woman’s voice warbling flageolet-like in French:

*“Est l’Auteur de la Liberté seul? O MonHomme Oublie, Godfroi de Keweenaw, montre toi!”*

Fifing a melody more akin to Dad’s taste than his own, filched from Francois Dorleac’s *Mario J’ai Mal*, and sung with a sultry voice similar to Penelope’s, her painful pout perks his ear ‘til he peeks up from the tent door.

Thrusting off his ‘Carlyle’ nightshirt like a bag of bones at this fabric threshold, he sheds pieces of that Ursa Major game card shredded in disgust last night when a losing lottery number surfaced beneath his lucky penny’s scratch. Scattering like tiny torn leaflets behind him onto that bear rug Havrylak inherited from Athalia’s father and within which he curled up last night like far-reaching Prometheus, his psyche fraught with fire-stealing escapades during dreamtime while chased by a mob of grave-robb’d body parts as if imagined by Mary Shelley, one of whose terrifying technicolor

scenes left him fording the Montreal River to escape a vicious wolverine wearing those gangrene face mask stitchings of Dr. Frankenstein's monster.

Shivering from that visage in this sunrise chill, he wishes he'd worn his vintage Calumet Wolverines hockey jacket (with its indelible ink autograph courtesy of local ice rink legend Mike Usitalo) for yesterday's hike in as totemic protection against just such REM realm aggression. He lifts his Senator's cap up from the black fur bedding to study its blood-red 'W', massaging that blushing right temple which glanced off a campfire rock when he lost his balance and skated over something slippery into the hare snare of a re-rooted raspberry vine upon which he tripped and tumbled.

"If only there'd been a referee calling foul and a penalty box for imprisoning my thorned adversary", he sighs, massaging that tender wound to be remembered but by the small scimitar scar whose Eurycleian cicatrice will first be nursed by Faline when she kisses its purple bruise at the shaded entrance to the old Excelsior Mine and christens it his "Crescent Stigmata".

Meanwhile, that avian chanteuse hovering in the windless air like a mini-helicopter, sends out her loud ratcheting call. Sparrowhawk to some, an American kestrel to others, she lands now nameless upon the sequoian-thick tree limb Havrylak must soon climb to sever. But it is Kahuna's watchdog bark that sends him crawling quickly past the front door flap of his surplus army tent to stand up and greet this mourning falcon's millennial *sine qua non* warning with an indispensable local history aside of his own:

*[sun-dappled dawn song aside] 'Sine klawen durh die wolken sint geslagen!' Years before I learned about Wolfram von Eschenbach and 'His Talons' from Coyote, her "great grail poet of the goddess Minne"—'minne' meaning 'love' in Middle High German—whose alba lamenting the sudden separation of lovers at dawn the above verse is drawn from, I was fascinated with a very different Wolfram: element #74 on chemistry's Atomic Table to be precise, represented by the letter 'W' (pronounced "Double U") whose particular talent is holding the highest melting point of all the elements and whose practical application, under its mineralogical name tungsten, is to serve as an electrified filament in those glowing glass bulbs which, like a full moon, defeat the darkness with their furnaced reflections of bright daylight.*

*But higher up on the numerical hierarchy of atoms there is another element whose radiant generation of light's energy could one day lead us all to eternal darkness. Consider the chthonic apostolic succession from M. H. Klaproth's discovery of uranium: element #92 on chemistry's Atomic Table*

*to be precise, represented by the letter 'U' (pronounced "U"), plucked from a sticky black resinous material known as pitchblende in 1789, Year of the French Revolution, whose latent violent talent would emerge bearing a prodigious capacity for blowing up "All of God's Creation" with Hahn and Strassman's fission of the uranium atom in 1939. Their Olympic 'Castration of Uranus' (He being Heaven's Father Sky, Husband of Earth Mother Gaea) bulbed out a titanic form of fiat lux that gave birth to our apocalyptic Atomic Age. And this ballpeen splitting of uranium was followed two years later by Glenn Seaborg's deuteron hammering of uranium into the vulcan forgery of plutonium at Berkeley whose fissile properties led him to the Manhattan Project with Enrico Fermi at the now infamous 'Metallurgical Laboratory' housed in a squash court beneath the University of Chicago's Stagg Field western stands which soon became the site of history's first artificially controlled and self-sustained nuclear chain reaction by converting U-238 into PU-239. Seaborg's Windy City role in America's Manhattan Project involved the extraction of plutonium from a mass of uranium which would then provide the explosive cake filling for 'Fat Man' who would squeeze his film noir nuclear trigger high over Nagasaki on August 9, 1945 like some steroid-juiced raptor of voracious appetite whose silent descent pierced radioactive talons into civilian prey then thrust them screaming skyward.*

*Born in Ishpeming, an Upper Michigan iron mining town where scenes of Otto Preminger's 'Anatomy Of A Murder' were filmed in late '58, Glenn Seaborg's hometown was also my destination from Calumet when I drove down to purchase a 'Carlyle' nightshirt of that film's dismembered man on the eve of our old Millennium's End. Seaborg, a co-discoverer of many new elements and isotopes who'd always thought of himself as a 'nuclear alchemist', soon became troubled by what the Manhattan Project had achieved, contributing with other physicists to the now unclassified Franck Report, which requested President Truman's allowance for Japanese witness to a public demonstration of the bomb's great power in the hope it would encourage their surrender. He understood from day one the humanity extinguishing power of those talons which had 'struck through the clouds' and its power to separate all Lovers of Life into cold psychological bomb shelters, so he worked for the rest of his career on arms control and test ban treaties to curb their further usage and proliferation and was appointed chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission in 1961. Serving as Chancellor of the University of California at Berkeley in 1958, he'd already helped unleash the Free Speech Movement by easing prior restrictions that had banned on-campus political activity, implicitly opening the First Amendment door to University protests from shore to American shore.*



*I judge these 20<sup>th</sup> century frankenstein creations of a scientific grail quest against the perspective of those mine shafthouses erected in the Copper Country's rugged geoscape for two generations, angular castles stretching skyward like stark cubist mini-cathedrals above a dark vast underground colony of tunnels scoured out of hardrock by dynamite blasts born from the explosive alchemy of Alfred Nobel (one of whose illustrious monetary prizes went to Glenn Seaborg). 19<sup>th</sup> century nibelung these diggers were, dredging up from the earthen bowels of a hardrock syncline perilous 'isotopes' of their own ecological poisons leading to pulverized pastures of lifeless grey cemetery wasteland which linger still, seasonally abandoned to lake-effect mists that now romance this 21<sup>st</sup> century Vision Quester left for lost in last night's twilit fog as if I were some shipwrecked Phoenician sailor curated by cryogenesis since antiquity in cold storage at God's Dead Letter Mausoleum only to be melted down like a stiff stowaway iced to the brim with immigrant stories of courageous heart I will thaw and pour into a Cornish tinner's prayer for runic remembrances of that Bronze Age Creation Myth which long ago alloyed its apocalyptic stories upon those aurora-haunted starcharts of the northern hemisphere's prehistoric sky.*

Zooming his binoculars on a tree frog skewered like an olive by the falcon's right talon, he focuses on its left claw as it untangles from a bough of mistletoe that now wafts earthward in bouquet circles toward voyeuristic Havrylak's outstretched hand followed by fall's annual dispersal of bronze leaves that detach from the woody vine of their perennial host in a brisk gust of wind to tumble past wild fox grape berries and puckered sequences of teardrop-shaped cicatricii left by an earlier evacuation of dying occupants.

He croaks out a plump burp in consoling simpatico with Twain's bullfrog of Calaveras County for this amphibian sacrifice transpiring high above just as he did for those performers on his tent wall last night after one beer too many when the Parapsi Sisters of Iota Chi debriefed him on the great work that begins tomorrow, which is of course today, where Havrylak now stands motionless in directional uncertainty being a third generation representative of 'they leaves blowin' from they trees' as Newton Thomas described 19<sup>th</sup> century Cornish departing *Kernyw* for 'Hameriky' and that 'Keweenaw Virgin' which Angus Murdoch's *Boom Copper* christened as the unlikely birth mother of America's original hard-rock mining rush.

Though this peninsula's pristine wooded wilderness would later be ravaged by a Boston-based industrial dynamo named Calumet & Hecla, largest of all corporate late comers after the first-wave fissure mines of low-hanging fruit had been plucked via the engineering expertise brought by

hundreds of Cornish immigrants who arrived at The Cliff, Central and Copper Falls mines, the place was pure frontier at first: as written about in Thomas's *The Long Winter Ends* where their 'Land's End' dialogue was endowed with eccentric pronunciations in that vigorous brogue his great grandfather Japheth voiced to bargain with Beacon Hill banking brahmins as expertly mimicked for Havrylak's benefit by Grandpa Jefferson on several hilarious occasions. They came ashore the Keweenaw as sturdy, youthful but exhausted exiles burdened with a psychological 'wasting disease' that had dispatched them to the trade winds of Earth's oceans, punished by a sense of personal worthlessness which sabotaged their faith in future hope when the tin mines of Cornwall bottomed out and gainful employment dropped to an irreversible dead-end. Cousin Jacks one and all, abandoning an arcane local profession whose sophisticated technological heritage of metalworking skills they'd learned from generations of hard-earned toil and then spread into the unexplored reaches of an as yet unindustrialized planet.

Weighing those social psychoses that afflicted his forefathers against the cerebral prions which have spread a 'wasting disease' local deer herds may now be infected with, Havrylak frets about that big spoonful of venison chili he snuck from Coyote's frig at Tintagel during video rehearsals for Iota Chi's millennial christmas pantomime song *Harlequin & Columbine* last week. Or perhaps he's caught this helpless sense of nausea and fatigue from those omnipresent viral tv airings of the four plane atrocity wrought on 9/11. Has it too generated some pathological variation on that sinking sense of social irrelevance which accompanied his elders' Victorian Age Atlantic crossings? He feels storm-tossed by an aerodynamic vertigo above and a submarining turbulence below, harboring ill premonitions of a passage yet to begin on Earth's largest freshwater sea hundreds of fathoms above that geologic scar of a billion year old mid-continent rift gaping under the basaltic greenstone basin of antediluvian lava flows whose successive molten eruptions from Earth's seething center cooled to a bedrock bottom wound shaped like a fish hook (or shepherd's crook?) around the Keweenaw Peninsula as it slowly cauterized beneath the frigid waters that followed.

72 hours from now he'll know if this "Ulyssean Odyssey" he's prepared for most of his life will plummet into a dark freezing well of no return like the Edmund Fitzgerald did in November 1975 or will wing skyward to the halo light of hydrogen-burning stars with a there-and-back ticket. Being cognizant of inheriting a beautiful loser's fate either way at any unexpected moment, he's authored a conspiratorial request for whoever might find what's been left behind which his cash-rich wallet holds as a crease-worn handwritten last will and testament with simple polite rhyming

instructions for the disposal of all bodily evidence should this adventure disintegrate into catastrophic miscalculation and turn terribly wrong:

*Dear Sir:  
Please Bury Me Here  
Right Where I Lie  
No One Will Know  
Just You and I*

But an irrational exuberance for his long envisioned ‘rendezvous with destiny’ at Keweenaw Point is now welling up within so he reexamines this option: an uninscribed monolith-shaped headstone set flat into the fragrant evergreen needle strewn ground of Eagle Harbor’s Pine Grove Cemetery, mined from an abandoned anorthosite black granite quarry he visited in 1989 near Copper Falls State Park in NW Wisconsin on 169 just north of Mellen to serve as his wordless moon rock epitaph for posterity in homage to those anorthosite specimens retrieved from the daring lunar missions of Apollo.

His spirit soars in soprano flight from the bass dirge of that last-ditch obituary with a birdsong reveille for this euphoric sensation lifting his druid veil from the misting drizzle (and those mind-games that still haunt him after all these years). It revives his optimism under a fomenting bubble bath of photons showered through leaf-filtered light doming him with an iridescent overarching presence whose warm clarity focuses itself through the fairy-frosted lashes of his crystal-prism’d eyes to uncloak sleep’s rusty crust from corneal lenses with a stereoptic fantasia of 3D dragonfly dogfights swerving through acrobatic maneuvers in courtship dances over an autumnal river rapids mirroring movie stills strobed at the shutter speed of their oscillating wings whose rippled screenplay he finds himself nearly making sense of when a nervous hare across the river suddenly leaps up at the rustling thud of Havrylak’s foot on a pile of dead leaves, landing after his 180 degree aerial axel to thump its starting-block paw beneath large faded thimbleberry leaves as if ready to litter a paper trail down some wonderland burrow for sniffing hounds to follow. But this rabbit run’ll require no waistcoat pocket watch to measure the acceleration of a surreal mineshaft flight for its dash is abruptly pre-empted by the aetherial entrance of an eerie ambulatory fawn emerging from a faded curtain of browning ferns just downstream along the yonder shore of Lincoln’s favorite trout stream, named after Canada’s island settlement approached from the Atlantic Ocean via that same St. Lawrence Seaway through which the Jesuit priest Rene Menard passed long ago on his

voyageur-paddled way to the base of this peninsula where he established his Mission of the Holy Ghost and then disappeared without a trace into the surrounding wilderness as if to lie in wait for a fellow traveler yet to come.

The fawn's coppery sheen coat sparkles with skeins of white stars, 50 of which by quick count Havrylak constellates within his mind's-eye onto the panoramic amphitheater of this arboreal idyll as if their keening twinkle might reconstitute Tess's 'Peacock Egg' snoglobe with the immaculate maculation of some heaven-sent roadmap hi-beaming an unseen American storyline whose poetic surprise would keep freedom's torch lit and liberal pluralistic civilization alive in pursuit of a global renaissance whose grail trail he'd been sniffing at as a man of means by no means over four decades, section by graph-plotted section, gnomonically number crunching those *feng shui* leylines criss-crossing Keweenaw's zero-declination line with Taoist variations on that megalithic methodology by which Japheth Kern unearthed an untouched fissure vein buried beneath centuries of detritus above Lost Lake near the then unknown Allouez Conglomerate's far eastern reach.

*"Mizzle dove,"* Dawn's fawn throws a whisper over the river to this intrepid biped it beholds, bough in hand. "What do you call yourself?"

Havrylak, voiceless as a ventriloquist dummy, frantically digs up this dogtag disclaimer from the attic trapdoor of his fraught trance with a frown:

*Mistletoe? Or was it Mazeltov? Jeezus, I can't even remember my name. Have I ever had one? Wait! Did I say that or only think it?*

"You thought it and what's thought is said whether spoken aloud or not. Souls are stars that sail like dreamboats on Ossian's Ocean of Space-Time. We call it airstream technology. Maybe you've heard of it?"

*The Bambi studio? Have they tuned into my ham broadcasts?*

"Of course. How do you think we found you? Nevermind that cabaret busybody upriver. Gossips a lot but no huske of hares has he. All alone is Ol' Antennae Ears, or 'Cwazy Wabbi' as you will most surely name him, for he's filled of mathematics too. The coney's no phoney, though. Call him a numbers quidnunc who truly believes he's zeroing in on an irrefutable solution to Pi! Of course what this rabbit's really runnin' down is the Crystal Chalice of Alice which she keeps in an underground memory palace, wholly

impervious to his software of malice and hippity-hop agility. Trespass into her garden pavilion can only be accessed with a golden algorithmic key.”

Waving her candle-flame tail, upon which a monarch butterfly sends a series of semiphore signals with tangerine wings that open & close in soulful counterpoint to Havrylak’s blinking eyes, the fawn flash-bulbs his clumsy stumble backwards in awkward disbelief to flank Kahuna’s retreat where he plants his foot firmly down on a squishy brown mound whose ursine odor installs his nostrils with the overripe scentware of organic decomposition.

“*Holy shit...?*”

Pressing right palm down on the bulbous top of that ashplant he grips, Havrylak lifts his Red Wing boot’s left heel in an upswing eyeward to spy a smudge of turdstool fudge oozing from the black grooves of its vibram sole.

“White’s Merlyn said ‘the best thing for being sad is to learn something’,” the fawn sighs. “That blueberry perfumed gift is the bereshith offering of an ‘Ursa Minor Spell’ being cast especially for you. It was placed beneath the crown of this pine you are about to prune for a canoe by Bruino, a candle-making bear cub who’ll return to school you on the bare necessities needed for crossing those crystalline nightskies beyond Keweenaw Point.”

The fawn’s unfurling reply flag-waves its way to Havrylak with a feminine voice whose breathy undertow hammocks the sleepy fall of his drooping jaw. Robinson Crusoe got Friday when company came calling and Parmigianino settled for a convex mirror, but Havrylak’s luck looks to be a little more, well... *zoological*? For soon the spare volume of his new found friend’s words will mute and open up within his imagination through a series of looking-glass panes projected between this present moment and a baffling sequence of coexistent prolepses when he’ll enlist in the time-travel medium of wayward sailors who’ve set their compass on the face of the deep’s night sea tempest of creative thought where fear of death by drowning is a far less terrifying prospect than not dreaming down to the most ancient truth of all.

This young deer of flickering tail and speckled brown hide will help Havrylak pathfind his lake-bound route through the Land of the Dead with a paleolithic skips-and-bounds songndance about opening a ‘New Way’ at one precise moment in time when he’ll steal the Father Sky Fire of a Lost Star Story whose twinkling cryptogram can coordinate Mother Earth’s Rebirth.

To be heard by him as a jumbled puzzle-piece offering, interactive parts of an ‘Aquarian Nativity Play’ bestown in dismembered sequence by 13 storytellers at a Keweenaw Point fast-for-a-vision campfire on All Saints’ Eve, its *mysterious alphabetical ecology* will provide an astral field guide for his fawnskin-caped shaman flight skyward through the rippling curtains of a multicoloured aurora borealis and beyond on a time-suspended Polaris Mission that rockets him to the twin headwaters of space where he’ll battle Draco for possession of the ‘Watercarriers’ Paradigm’ then return home safely back to Earth with his ‘Measures of a New World Age’, guided by Ursa Major’s Seven Sages until he washes ashore like the proverbial pirate ship castaway upon Manitou Isle where Salvador Dinah will hear Kahuna barking over his naked body, blued by hypothermia, and revive him from the icy drink of November’s freezing mortuary just in the nick of future time.

“Coyote?”

When he sees Dinah’s face peering down at his with joyful wonder at Manitou Island’s west point, four mornings hence on the Day of the Dead, that will be Havrylak’s sole gurgling response. But in this present moment it’s neither his departing spouse nor her youthful lookalike from Iota Chi, drawn by an errant frisbee toss and dog’s bark from their sorority’s effigy mound dig, who’s come to his rescue—it’s a psychic fawn whose sad poetry now submarines up into his consciousness like bubbling glass baubles from some broken bottle graveyard buried in the ruins of a symbolist shipwreck:

*I felt a Prison Galleon of the Posthumous rollick and roll  
I heard a howling tempest drown its Veneti cargo carved with Ogham  
and Phoenician script  
I fear for a hijacked sailor lost in love-potion’s sea  
If, per Emerson, ‘Art is the path of the creator to his work’,  
give yourself to nature’s big-heart power, to the interior kingdom of your  
dreamsong soul, and to every animistic ally you meet while passing  
through the deciduous antechambers of this evergreen holywood  
May Microelectronica serve up the Amber Enlightenment of your  
Aquarian Frontier when you revive your “Mabona HeartLyre” nom de  
plume for a moveable search engine feast here in ‘Hiawatha Land’  
Sshh...soon the eidetic master of your trackless path will arrive  
Until then, per Heraclitus: ‘Physis loves to hide’*

“OK, that was weird...” Havrylak, looking toward Kahuna, is not quite sure of what’s happening here and hardly ready for what follows:

*O YGGDRASIL, primeval axis betwixt Heaven & Earth spring-watered by Norns, where in this thicket do the gods hold court? Does the Delaware Prophet’s deerskin cosmology have metaphysical sway here? Will Bifrost provide rainbow passage for his ‘Happy Path to Heaven’?*

*Did your great flowering begin with Gylfaginning themes streamed in frostfire vapour from berserker delusions beneath a skalding sun? Can your dextrorse ascensions and sinistrorse descents a la spirale out linear programs of polynomial time like Karmarkar’s algorithm between deep dungeon dragon sleep and pyre fire phoenix flight on an aeolian jetstream of revolving seasons ripened by the cosmic dharma of chameleon decay?*

*When a Middle Way is found, soulbirds on the axial tree shall sing for our rapture of consciousness in celestial messages that will chasten those siren voices who’ll tempt you with promising detours from your perennial destiny. There is a past to recapture and a future to atone. Your redemptive melodies drone from that lighthouse songstress whose foghorn sounds your incognito arrival upon her Great Spirit Isle, regaling tales of shipwrecks and stars, a northpole constellation, the final crowning point!*

“Mallarme?”

“You ver eggspecting mebbe Mel Torme?”

“Your jazz scat finale was flung like a high stakes casino dice throw loaded with images of a shipwreck, a star, a northpole constellation, a final crowning point, all stolen. Whom were you eggspecting me to hear?”

“You counted 50 stars on my hide, one for each mile of your Silver Arrow Trail trek in the Summer of Love, podner! Next thing you’ll be requestin’ is a 7th Cavalry rescue from some Big Mama Bear like Disney’s Minnehaha Falls cartoon fawn did with a lean-to sleigh for Little Hiawatha!”

“Hey! How did you know about my Black Hills scout hike?”

“Been to Harney Peak myself awhile back, even scored a silly symphony or two in my lifetime or two, and I can read you like a baseball box score written in Aramaic, my songbook schnook, so don’t drop your diaper drawers at homeplate when you see it comin’, my imperfect pitch.”

“And since when do fawns speak with a Yiddish accent?”

“Since whenever ve feel like it. Though I’m working on many others, there’s no sense in denying that I too have learned from the besht.”

“What? You know Vera Tess?”

“Might be that I do. Might be that I don’t. Can’t really say...*out loud*. Whet yer tomahawk. Can’t have ‘Truth’ go all kaputski now can we?”

Then, with nary a pause, resurfacing soundlessly on sonar:

*Tis Tess being true when she says twas you who built rafts and treehouses in childhood summers while upstarting a pocket notebook of poetry in prairie meadows with verses sung of boyhoods swung like wild grapevines over a Shorewood Forest escarpment? It was along the Great North Road that Robin Hood stole from the rich, you know. Behold the Thief? By what crow-flown meta-meiotic choreography of chiasmatic vocabulary will you unscroll YOUR life story along this Zero Declination Line in Keweenaw’s ‘Crossing Place’ as you shake that Hands-of-Time Hourglass and rearrange its daily grains into a Long Lifetime One?*

*Twill it be you, Troubadour of EarthRise, who’ll sing with an ecology of imagination those Arcadian DreamSongs that reach back to resurrect a Woodstock generation wandering through L’Ameridise Lost? Can you pour forth the dual headwaters of a stellar mythology whose creative theology of play releases Edenic fruit of a bittersweet harvest falling like true love’s teardrops in winged samara from the Great Tree?*

*And shall it be here with golden leaves aloft in lifting laughter all around you by a play-with-abandon wind that you’ll learn my ‘Ogygian’ Alphabet’s twig power of vowels & consonants and paddle a dugout canoe for That-A-Way? Have you heard the pine marten coronation gown waltz tune by Johnny Doe and the Deeryard Dryads swishing those Tornadic Ascensions coupled with Whirlpool’d Falls? It be but a bereshith, ‘Merry Warrior’, for Our Harlequin Uprising from the Kingdom of Chiaroscuro!*

*let the leaves windblown open your spirit*

*s  
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whirl  
ling  
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rent  
s*



This quietist twist and shout ‘tear the house down’ spout helps our dizzy ‘Mizzle Dove’ waterslide his own mousetail path down to that Land beneath the Waves he once swam in for youthful seasons on end like some contrarian aquarian barbarian, cerebral antlers buzzing with neon velvet metanoia, one for the Branch of Knowledge, one for the Branch of Life, his profound re-shedding begun again as pricked ears tune into the subterranean murmur of a spiritual undertow that sails him upon ELF waves within the skate-edge bow spray of a frostfire freezefurn which will soon dissipatively restructure his labyrinthine tree-shaped nervous system until the ‘Road-Trip Tongue’ of 2001’s multitemporal Vision Quest wags freely as Kahuna’s tail.

He’s re-experiencing his mother’s first spin of *The Twist*, a hit single by Chubby Checker in the fall of 1960, seeing her slide the plastic disc from its paper sleeve and put diamond needle to vinyl groove. How different that song was from the Roger Williams piano piece with its rippling stream of notes she’d been playing of late in pianissimo as leaves fell outside her solar parlor’s stainglass window. Now she was up on her feet and dancing. But that haunting line in this rowdy lyric channels his memory toward a second phase change, rising up from a younger annual ring circling shallower within him, and his attention cascades four years past Athalia’s “wild indian” twist audition before a tall mirror framed on knotty pine paneling in that house she hated at first sight when their family first arrived at Vine Hill in a sky blue Pontiac Star Chief station wagon all the way from Michigan. For it was on a hot windy day in the Summer of 1964 when Hav *first* found himself in silent comunicado with an evangelical fawn from behind his *treehouse* door:

**Hi!** (*the Wilderness Voice of my BigHeart Power cries out*): All will be well Will  
Be Well WILL BE WELL for the Mottled Fawn of a New World Age me be!  
A Young Deer on the Mountain of Spices with the Song of the Dove  
crying out from my branching antler tree: ‘O come my beloved,  
come quickly and BE (Logos on the Lotos of Love=XP)’  
As your Aquarian Millennium’s Pathfinder of this  
*Deeply Mysterious Alphabetical Ecology*  
I’ve come to Refresh Whole-Earth  
by Watering Dad’s OverSoul  
with Mother Superior Sea  
(and all of it for free)  
*Imagine that!*  
**I BE!**

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