

## Come To Your Census

-or-

## April Fools Day in the Arbor of Inanna

*“There was a joker in the deck that nobody knew about.”*

Captain Culpepper  
It's A Mad Mad Mad Mad World  
(1963)

*“Teacher, teacher, teacher...”*

Per the pre-Columbian cry of a very late-to-migrate ovenbird whistling in out of dawn's winedark light, Havrylak awakens from his pup tent voyage of phantom flight dream travel and proceeds to prop himself up on humble ass with chiseled Smithsonian copper icosahedron clutched like Yorick's Skull at eye level: palm fronding the “Torch” with one waving hand to hosanna in that processional memory of riding a joker-flapped bicycle card convoy twenty miles into downtown Ann Arbor on April Fool's Day 1980 which by an engineered stroke of state-sponsored luck just also happened to be “Census Day” thereby reasonably lending the Park Ranger Music Co-op's incendiary daybreak display of political dissent a sweetly dramatic Orwellian impertinence prior to a scrambled eggs and hash brownies campfire breakfast at their Hi-Land Lake bivouac when the red-handed immolation of tax forms and personal ID's poured paranoiac accelerant upon this *in flagrante delicto* folk jamboree singalong of I. M. Goldstein's traditional arson-laced *Celsius 233*:

*They've got too much information on us  
Way too much information on all of us  
So strike a match, both you and me  
Ignite true freedom at Celsius 233*

Smoke-freed of their vanilla paper shackles and slowly digesting chocolate weed they then pedalled leisurely single file through Hell (and Dexter) all the way down to a rainy U of M campus before stock car loop-de-looping “Inanna's Arboretum” until every libertarian aberrancy of

unbalanced mood incubated its improper equipoise at which unverifiable point they ratcheted up out of those greening pastures with their stick-against-picket-fence petulance and faux pretense of *savoir-vivre* through the Medical Center complex to Observatory Street, sloping up and over Washenaw Avenue's pedestrian bridge, northwesterly past Hill Auditorium to State Street and then cycling through two quick turns past the original Borders bookstore onto Liberty where they paraded westward with both fists raised until reaching the vacant parking lot next to Mr. Flood's Party, daisy-locked their mountain bikes into an unstealable Mobius strip, and ditched the sunshine for a darkly lit bar garnished with parasol'd gimlets clinking in fox trot time to an *oom-pah oom-pah* of Glenn Miller's horn section blaring from the Chrysler Airflow streamline design car grille speaker of a Hazen Schumacher stocked "Jazz Revisited" jukebox whose syncopated rhythm drove down under Havrylak's worn bare static-stored sneakers, steered him past those solitaire barstools thirstier companions were heading for, and gassed his saintly sore posterior straight onto the crowded dance floor where a faintly familiar looking young woman Hail Mary'd him to *step on it jesus already* into her world.

*"A-B-C-D-E-F-G  
H-I Gotta Gal"*

"Hi ya, Mr. Jackson! Where ya hurrying to?"

*"Years have gone by  
My my how she grew"*

"You?"

Derailleur'd by a daiquiri spill—or was it someone's jalapeno pepper cocktail he couldn't quite tell it all went down so fast—and sent sliding slippery bum forward on his shower-slicked knapsack, our jingling jester-capped hero-for-the-day set up motley base camp at femme fatale's waiting feet and scaled cautiously peakward from purple toenail polish to turquoise patina'd tiara with baby step toeholds of emerald-eyed awe, terror and envy (similar perhaps to what shy handyman Hephaestus experienced when first surveying effervescent foam-born Aphrodite and an epileptic conception of Eros took gleam like Cupid's flickering flambeau in his dilated pupils).

Scanning timidly down from copper crown to a greenstone amulet glued precariously onto her unfurrowed forehead, rainbow trout earrings

dangling mid-leap below each pierced lobe, strawberry lip gloss accenting rouged cheeks blood-red streaked by Native American war paint, white lace bridal veil flopped back under juliet cap atop black nun's cape and strapless Hawaiian slip, alabaster nurse hose nylons stretched on beneath mandala-beaded indian moccasins whose toes were exposed sandal style, she was "outfitted to the nines" as they used to say and brandishing in her fishnet-gloved right palm a loose-leaf xerox'd pamphlet of Erasmus' *The Praise of Folly* quite possibly for reckless use in fanning foolish suitors toward her appallingly apparelled premises and then swatting them prudently away.

She called herself "Coyote from Toledo", hula shimmying out this provocateur's add on, "by way of Gay Paree" with a lilting head toss and loon-like basenji laugh.

Yes that same freckle-face Camp Fire Girls *piparoo* who years earlier harbored a pre-teen crush on her distant family step-cousin up in the U. P. was yes trickstering her way back into his unawareness after an academic sojourn in the postgraduate program for yes the Study of Consciousness at northern California's JFKU (or "J Fuck U" as yes she insisted on calling it for the remainder of that mostly sunny afternoon insulting thereby throngs within earshot who'd simply wished to peacefully go with yes the easy bake flow of Ann Arbor's annual Fools Day Hash Bash and which sooner or later will facilitate chivalrous Havrylak's transformation into her guardian aegis).

Though Tess once argued that it couldn't have been the "Living ECK Master" of Menlo Park who sent her pirouetting madly off on a transatlantic boho sufi dance to faraway France (he being only the "971<sup>st</sup> Mahanta" after all), Coyote permanently abandoned the Bay Area on May Day 1979 for reasons still kept private from her adoptive mother and flew to Paris where she taxi'd straight for the XX Arrondissement's Pere Lachaise cemetery to commiserate over the graves of Frederic Chopin, Sarah Bernhardt and Jim Morrison with a fifth of hard apple cider, spilled more of than drunk, before heading out to Brittany by way of protruded thumb, hitchhiking with youthful feminist passion as expressed in her middle finger flip of the ol' bird at that rural Neauphle-le-Château residence which Shah-deported Shi'ite Twelver Ayatollah Khomeini had abandoned on February 1<sup>st</sup> for a triumphant return to five million cheering well-wishers in Tehran while simultaneously feeling for himself only a hardened ascetic 'nothing' (having already inspired from afar that national uprising which sent the Peacock King himself into exile there would come no consoling *tarab* of musical enchantment for Ruhollah until penning a love poem to Fatima just weeks before his death in 1989).

Seven months later on New Years Day, One Muharram, November 21—the very same date Coyote flew back to the U. S. and found neo-pagan

refuge in what she came to call her “Holy Toledo” of Ohio—fervent loyal followers of the expatriate *marja* (whose bushy face many claimed to have seen refooliating on multiple full moons) will be urged to raise an apocalyptic army of 20 million men to defend Iran’s border from the “Great Satan” America. Thus completing that rebellion he’d begun back in 1963 by winning mass support for his judge, jury and executioner’s *wilayat al-faqih* role as “Supreme Leader of the Revolution for God’s Government”, the self-proclaimed “Mahdi’s Herald” brought his fundamentalist theocracy to full totalitarian power at the beginning of their new Muslim century, the 14<sup>th</sup> since Mohammed’s “Hegira” to Medina from Mecca. And having already been dealt a full deck of 52 American embassy hostages, his wild card *fatwa* hand would wave forth a suicidal war with Iraq one year later and before it all comes to a punishing end in 1988 more than a half million young Persians and Arabs will be crushed between those cynical territorial ambitions of Baghdad’s Tyrant and that messianic paranoia of the Holy Man from Qum.

No one has to tell Salman Rushdie what card the joker played next.

Happily the only “Hegira” Coyote had ever heard of was an addictive wistful melancholy record released by Joni Mitchell in late 1976 whose catchy first cut about some skirt-chasing Saskatchewan just happened to be her college nickname and since she was secretly bound for a spring-summer sabbatical at “Emain Ablach”—a New Age enclave advertised on an Orinda campus kiosk as that “Island of Apples” versified by Welsh poet Taliesin where “Laws are Kept by the Nine Sisters”—her current news interest in the monotheistic war game of grandiose madmen trapped in 7<sup>th</sup> century fantasies was waning toward a silver crescent sliver. Though legends variously located that mythical island in the North Sea, the Irish Sea or the English Channel between them, it was actually on Belle-Ile, just off the tip of Brittany’s Quiberon Peninsula in the Bay of Biscay, under that Breton land tenure institution called *a domaine congeable* where property rights were equally recognized under the law to those who cultivated the land and those who legally owned it, that “Mnemosyne’s Daughters of Memory” had optimistically set up informal housekeeping to harvest a megalithic crop of Bronze Age scholarship in a grandmotherly archaeological effort to resurrect the living spiral language of a matriarchal culture clandestinely buried beneath centuries of church-sponsored grave shovellings by godfatherly gangs.

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