

# HARTCLOG

“*The child of imagination is the child I fear.*”

Herod the Great  
The Greatest Story Ever Told  
(1965)

Swaddled in Salvador Dinah’s democratic patchwork quilt stitched from hand-me-downs that had no one to be handed down to, hobbled Havrylak balances precariously upon his waterbed throne like Hart Crane’s feverish medicine-man, singing verses from old records he once turntable round with a greenhouse burst of solar energy he’s drawn down to ‘dance us back the tribal morn’:

“ ‘I got the potion: perpetual motion!’ ”

Made whole through long suffering and now scouting frontier circuitry, our once anarchic youth weighs the freshwater ballast of his health and good tidings cargo. Tarrying far too long in rhythmic inertia sailed through ruinous dereliction around the haunted whirlpool of his ungovernable chameleon revelations and summoned by the cherished memory of a Valentine’s Day card seven-year old daughter Moira long ago painted for him, he steers the stubborn wheel of his rust bucket *Primum Mobile* outward toward uncharted dimensions with a resolute force of fatherly will, wondering how many soulful mission seasons that silent broken turn-signal had been persistently blinking.

One quick-second compass check...*(roger)*...then faintly humming a French horn solo from the *Firebird Suite*’s lullabye-high finale soon to be ruddered by a tympani backbeat of cupped hand to thigh. Risen bipedal for his gallant duel versus Death Eternal on this Glad Day, he gamely starts with a stationary Sousa march once rendered by spastic St. Vitus. Boston’s Angel humbly at your service on a small smiling isle sunrise-east three miles off the Keweenaw Peninsula’s honeycombed Copper Range, his memory adrift over sly trout streams trickling under autumn leaves halo-lit by the turquoise patina of a crackling campfire flame while wily prospecting Golden Age

prophecies in desperate but noble search of some poetic license for liberating those last terrible planetary prisons of the Starry King's iron-curtain'd *Ancien Regime*.

*And now the dawn of a new sun amazes earth,  
And showers fall from clouds higher overhead,  
When first the forest trees begin to rise, and when  
Rare creatures wander over unfamiliar hills*

Silenus covering Apollo's original tune to be specific, from Vergil's 6<sup>th</sup> *Eclogue*, rhapsodizing nostalgic over Creation, a Great Flood and the Golden Age but 'full of joy at the age to come' as perhaps Publius Maro himself was while writing this at his Epicurean sea-shore commune on the Gulf of Naples (just two years after Julius Caesar's assassination and already an Augustan emperor worshiper!).

“ ‘Hey Baby! New Rising Sun!’ ”

So it's only fair to ask (speaking of *rare creatures* wandering over *unfamiliar hills*): Does our once crystal bluesky karaoke “El Capitan” have some persuasive play-calling BiMillennial Promise of his own to make?

“I'll publish peace and salvation with but my two bare feet!”

Hunching now over this inspirational deluge like a Labrador Retriever lapping *aqua vitae*, it is Muse Thalia's rustic grassroots laughter he hears (subliminally broadcast first from the shadowed backside of a lighthouse entry door and later that blinding *lamproom* of her Elizabethan ascension).

*Our pleasant Willy, ah! is no longer dead of late?*

She would reveal to him an amorous climax for the wintry hibernation of his NightSea Journey if it were over, but one final recapitulating round of multicoloured REMs, now furrow his shiny brow, reeling him through a bleak choirscape of fractured singing epiphanies.

“ ‘IN EXCELSUS DEO!’ ”

He could be Walt Whitman's 'boldest and truest being of the universe...mad with devouring ecstasy to make joyous hymns for the whole earth'. He might even graft his groggy heldontenor onto the immortal Nightingale's whistling of *Night And Day* in flirtatious tribute to Gal Friday and Inspector Crusoe at their slapstick tropical bungalow as they indian wrestle for true love's screwball bragging rights (which in more adventurous detours has been nimbly contested with Buck field knives over a nerve-racking match of barefoot mumbletypeg). But at this touching private moment, here on the Gramarye Isle spark off God's dolphin-nosed fingertip, carrying an Adamic epistemological need to get his Algonquian Roundtable Story of Stories just right—"Baby Bear Right!"—our holy bricoleur bravely putters like a handyman with the pieces of what is within arm's length, knelt down into the cartilage anguish of his pagan prayer to make innovative things atop the Cistern Ceiling of this Secular Convent of the Sacred Hart, manually rejoining what has been split apart while awaiting his rescuing Pocohantas.

*Rastaman, O Blastoff Man...*

Dinah's calypso aria jets in from Gull Rock's lighthouse like an Antilles porridge jingle—*contagious mirth flying typhoon swift from my perfumed kiss to smear his quivering eyelids with some banana republic bliss*—as he absent-mindedly twirls a cowlicked coil of the alfalfa leonine dreadlock mane she whimsically fashioned for him with ample pirate queen bosom and sultry theatrics in a Bastille Day fit of Rastafarian humour.

“ ‘I will wake Diana with a hymn; with sweetest touches...and draw her home with music...’ ”

He would heal the woman with his calloused carpenter's hands if she'd come. Massaging her bruised and tired musculature like an acoustic guitarist smoothly sliding over a rosewood fretboard until their song of love came to sing. Fingering every pleasurable position he could find until they'd fooled their way into some steamy afternoon jazz indigo mood wherein the two who'd tango might taste the strange purple fruit of an imperishable coupling.

“*MARE...*”

So why does this Aramaic word for *LORD* now spook him? Hanging there, like the pale crescent godboat anchored high above, in whimsical violation of gravity, lingering just long enough to remind him of another woman's voice. With hand angled on forehead, he salutes the twin space-suited standard bearers once raised up (like Hillary and his sherpa) while he sat round a bonfire on Great Sand Bay beach, gazing 500 miles downstate into Amarantha's cerulean eyes.

Through the thread-mullioned window he squints, surveying its shadowy mountains and pock-marked plains. His Summer of '69 'Mystery Ship', regulating now, as it always has, the spiralling organic rhythm of all living things.

“ ‘Dreammaker, you heartbreaker...’ ”

Moon River, widening his smile.

He would merrily waltz across that “Three Sisters Wave” in his own inimitable style right this second like some raptor-eyed L.E.M. *a cheval* overseeing Mother Earth's belated resurrection if he hadn't been seduced here to brood instead, above the graceful wake of his gazelle-like touchdown, upon this volcanic intellectual  $\chi\rho\alpha\tau\epsilon\rho$  whose bubbling effervescent incense a Moorish Toledo astrologer once introduced to Wolfram von Eschenbach as the Holy Grail.

*Mare Tranquilitas*

*Manna Two*

*HOLY GHOST BREW FOR OLD FAITHFUL'S FLUENT FLOCK*

He geysers the glorious rest of this archetypal fire out, in measured musical proportion, like the simmering ambrosia chord progression of a forgotten folk-spiritual that might mend his wounded mind:

I'm Beantown's Tea Pot  
Crouched in Doubt  
A Vandal Stole My Handle  
So Here is My Spout

From Sermon-on-the-Mount to face flushing rosy our ambidextrous pitcher of God's Green Tent quickly lifts both hands back up from a controversial male appendage to monkey-strum his ribbed midriffs, windmilling up

into that full frenzied anthem of an Excelsior Amusement Park wizard who once played the tilt-proof silver ball.

“The *twist* is in the wrist!”

He punishes himself to extract these insights. Straddling the omega-shaped hoofprint of Mohammed’s winged filly like some Lamb O’ God strapped into Seige Perilous, our lamed Galahad bioelectrically monitors his own transfigured brainwaves while hoisting up a rank oaken bucketful of ripe briny sarcasm from this Lagoon of the Muses who’ve taught him how to sing. They gargle up wishes he’s rubbed for. Indigenous power pookas with odd vocabularies and multiethnic accents wriggling up and down in can-opener poses, noses pinched tightly, interpolating their occasionally blunt mytho-cultural barbs like some call-and-response gospel Greek chorus:

*Muse 1. Splish Splash? Yeah, River City’s Music Man is seriously in need of a bath!*

*Muse 2. Johnny Be Goode’s Sloop John B’s got more dock-rocking rhythm than a mere gunnysack can contain!*

Capsizing this incunabular vessel isn’t entirely out of the question so, gathering what calm synchrony he can, Havrylak imbibes one last seductive draught of that artesian wellspring gushing unblushedly beneath his bucolic altar: a hippocrenetic *Water Of Life* steeping him in the deep pacific wisdom which surpasses all human understanding by catspawing the tender pink sole of his pogo-stuck stork stance like languid gelatin, chandelier clear, with just enough static vitality to whet a bombshell wick’s explosive metabolic flame.

*Muse 3. As the flaming Phoenix he once flew: Apollo’s son rocketing through nightblack, creating in his mind a Heavenly Kingdom until Big Z’s thunderbolt struck him dead for endangering Newton’s Laws (though grieving family members maintained the solar quadriga never really went off-course of course but rather had just leapt up into a higher orbital of apocalyptic perception where “REALITY makes much more horse-sense than you can possibly imagine until you’ve actually soared there”).*

*Muse 4. BoyOBoy do youse gals remember when we drove up to see MaryMaryMary with the lakewind all gale fierce and autumnal down out of*

*Thunder Bay like some obscure Ellington arrangement, O most foul murder then fully anatomized and sanitized, said he was 'seized by an irresistible impulse', trailer-park trash gin drinker no doubt, Ol' George Roebuck vouched for that, just another of the midnight sun's mad casualties as any seasoned U.P. judge would concur, quoting Blake's poetry aloud to his law partner while the searing arctic score of Sibelius's long awaited 8<sup>th</sup> Symphony—courtesy of Jimmy, Duke and Otto at Mt. Shasta's cocktail lounge who'd acquired a copy of it from an anonymous Finnish benefactor—spiculed his jurisprudential braincells with its prickly modulated upper-register string section freeze-burn until their accelerating Caddy patched a blackstreak of smoking rubber upon the lofty cirrus clouds for us mere mortals to wonder at!*

Thus, questioning him constantly when not barking these plebeian blurbs of praise, this Allied Chorale agitates Havrylak's Father-to-Phaeton response:

“ ‘Aonio rediens deducam vertice Musas’ ”

The Apollo of Vergil's *Georgics* claimed that upon his return he'd lead the Muses down from Mount Helicon and poor peasant Pyramus here, like the Greek God of Light and Music, with irresistible Thisbe ever on his love-struck mind, could vault the unthinkable Wall of Space he once flung his bell-jingling fool's cap over and slink back down into this treacherous world on a self-flagellating cat-o'-nine tails like some Chequamegon Bay “Star Man”, carrying that “Paradisial Aquarian Paradigm” he was sent away in shameful banishment such a long long time ago to irrevocably retrieve.

“ ‘Only trouble is, gee whiz, I'm dreamin' my life away...’ ”

His regrets may seem beggar'd but they are few. For if the contagion of an infinite curiosity hadn't outright *killed* him, it's often been a brutish and harsh yet benevolent crippler. So for now at least, escape from this crazy “Otherworld Captivity” is dependent upon the charismatic kindness of exotic strangers like these:

*Muse 5. Conspiring with Blanche DuBois, our “Blond of the Forest” realizes that Restoration of the Natural Balance is his one true enduring task*

*and if this job requires hailing an equivalent proportion of input from the opposite sex, well then, that's just the way it'll have to be!*

*Muse 6. Every season has its inevitable turn, even for an evangelic Faerie King!*

The puckish Christmas presence of our Robin Goodfellow, emanating like ELF waves on agonizingly long wavelengths to submarining recipients whose marathon attention spans, given consumer dominance, could put television right out of business, is about to radically change: jacked up into a less saturnine frequency where ink-stained angels pirouette frantically on the blue sexagesimal head of a buckyball point pen in fervent go go girl dance mania:

*Muse 7. Like catgut-plinking Elvis occupying his barred Hawaiian "can", our delirious prisoner, in uncertain lieu of Dinah's return, quickly approaching an addle-brained Prince Albert apoplexy from information overload, will now howl this hierophantic jailbird version of the 50th State's Beach Boy Blues (with a little harmonic help from we Wishing Well well-wishers):*

They call me the Youth of Endless Sumer  
But really I'm just Abraham's Dad  
True-Blue Papa of Our Greening Baby  
*Homo Habilis* and a Learned Lad

Nijinsky's Faun incarnate as clumsily could be, arms reaching upward with forearms and elbows askew, he poses a one-man Busby Berkeley pyramidal rosette as an eight-limbed arachnid, its cherry charcoal torso parked dead center, spintails abruptly down from her webbed tapestry to deposit a triangular sac of cocoa eggs on his wavering straw-hued crown.

*"Ich bin ein eggmensch...I'm crying..."*

The Germanic declaration echoes its British accent inside this fragile beachhead and scatters to parts unknown, triggering a tragic tearful *dynamis thundermind* confession from that mysterious baptismal mentor who's here, there and everywhere existence seems at times to be the twin of his own:

**Hi!** (*the Wilderness Voice of his BigHeart Power cries out*):  
Born from a blast, a spike right through my head, I'm Pa Eternity's  
Pollinator Pistil, the Widow in Black's Son of a Gun come back from the  
Burial'd Dead!

Tears welling now at some distant recollection, he shakily positions a  
pyrex flask between his tiring thighs and dribbles out a cloudy peach mer-  
ingue stream. Medicinal dandelion wine of Golden Oldie-Boy. Our Pigskin-  
Stealing Piper's Son. Poor poor Pee-peeing Tom-tom in spite of 'imself:

**Oy!** (he squeaks, tugging up on a limp love-handle): I'm the  
Living Bluebook of *Project Aquarius*: MJ 12's Little Lost Lamb! So don't  
ever forget the August 15th, 1950 Great Falls, Montana '*Mariana Film*' nor  
those UFO's over the Truman White House and Andrews AFB on the 19-  
20th of July 1952, OK?

Pssst, here's what I've got to show for it sho'far: the successful unrol-  
ling/rescrolling of my *Rosh Hashana* ram horns from an Ionic Capital into  
one oracular Orphic Lyre for hire!

Raising an electrically-charged currency like stained beaker to flaring  
nose, our Brussels "Sprout" ventures one cautious gravestone sniff. This be a  
putrid public fountain specimen of that infamous Pissing Manikin's *aqua*  
*permanens*? The Divine Child's personal *spiritus mercurialis*? A lukewarm  
sample of that fluid "Philosopher's Gold" which some medieval alchemists  
believed would bestow upon their monastic minds a revitalizing energy?

**"P-U!"**

In alma mater homage to "Whizzer" White, a fellow college educated  
jack-of-all-trades jock who became "Justice of the Peace", our *Puer*  
*Aeternus* passes fair judgement on the contents of this pungent concoction  
with one stern glance and then, inexplicably regaining his sense of humour  
like that flatulent double-bassoon re-announcing the *Ode To Joy* in  
Beethoven's 9<sup>th</sup> Symphony, bursts into a mischievous *toyi-toyi*'d head-  
wagging singsong:

My name is Yon Yonson from Nort' of Visconsin  
A self-taught urinalist like Rogers 'n' Mencken



***Muses 1-2 (A Duet):***

***Muses 1-2. Xtra Xtra Read All About It!***

***Muse 1. Clothless Cartoon Emperor's Positive Feedback Fantasy***

***Muses 1-2. OR!***

***Muse 2. Old Yeller Chases Own Tail***

Scrunching up his stubbled baby-face, our Yellow Kid swirls this biological boiler-maker through steep concave circles, snorting one final vapour updraft before emptying it into Dinah's ceramic port-o-john.

“Hmmm-mm *gutterfunkin'*, yah *dammerung-ung-ung*, I luv-uv-uv turnin' you round...”

He's seen her use the chamber pot from time to time, distant and opaque as if through a glass darkly, between misty passages that now slide in and out of his recovering memory, places he's visited and beings he's met, all of them slowly separating from a long continuum of imagery and sound that reverberates like a fishnet full of christmas tree ornaments in a slow-rising tsunami tinsel with an allergic windchime tinkling sense of anticipation no time-release antihistamine could ever quell.

“ ‘Cuckoo ka-**chooo!**’ ”

*Muse 8. Windsurfing summer's highseas with jetfuel to squander, here's a sneezing moondoggie marshalling loyal courage to profile!*

*Muse 9. Mother Superior's Son, Faithful Spouse of Sensual Aphrodite and True Servant of Wise Athena (though he really still loves a certain Mrs. Robinson more than she'll ever know), our woodie-drivin' whirling dervish comes quantum-tunnelling his well hung-ten cresting wave while diligently fact-finding, like Peter of Cornwall, an ecstatic spiritual experience that will irrefutably confound all ultra-rational positivists who confidently quantify our material existence as the only REALTY there is or ever will be AMEN!*

Cutting-edge metaphysical naturalists mostly one and all. And for these parapsi spin doctresses, quantum physics has perilously provided an M. C. Escher basement drainspout DOWN UP to the gilded pinnacle of our

Great Chain of Being which now serves as their “Amber Route to God’s Country”:

*Muses 1-9 (in turning chorea). Praying Mantis Miner with Pneumatic Drill unearths Maelstrom to Heaven beneath Well of Democritus! Has Whole Truth thus arrived as a Stormtossed Trapdoor in the Whirligig of Time?*

As to our Hero’s teapot thaumaturgy, why not anoint him Wyndbag Lewis’s Vorticist King Eddy (of C-C-C-Consciousness) for placing Virgin Queen DynaMotion under Arrest (not to mention the erotic shrew-taming locofoco that mutually ensued between them as abstractly depicted in *Tyro Madonna* or *The Tempest*)?

Long before his fascist aberrations, Ezra Pound aired this aeolipile manifesto in the Spring 1914 issue of *Blast*:

‘...the vortex is the point of maximum energy...a radiant node or cluster...from which, and through which, and into which, ideas are constantly rushing...’

Yeats’ antithetical gyre.

An Old Deity’s *weltanschauung* was dying and Modernity’s vacuum-filling **WHIRL** had been crowned custodial king. Soon the whole Continent would be writhing in Fallen Christendom’s suicidal misery. Soon Western Europe would be drowning in young men’s blood. And those who survive will sire sons who’ll suffer and die there all over again.

Nearly fifty years after Vorticism’s birth, during that jittery ominous innocence-ending autumn of 1963, a New World variation of this Continental ‘Will-to-Power’ venom would poison America as well. Serpent-fanged into a mercenary orphan conspirator by that ‘Military-Industrial Complex’ Grand Old Ike earlier warned everyone about, it was cruelly uncorked and poured with sudden brutality like nightshade grenadine into a young president’s ear.

The State, as used and misused by a variety of men, some with good intentions, others downright evil, bloating itself to uncontrollable parameters through a century long tug-of-war between Communist East and Capitalist West, had not become that Collective Savior so many promised, but rather the greatest Killing Machine of all time. And if the Eastern focus of Cold War evil was Moscow’s Kremlin, then its Western doppelganger, out of

sheer competitive necessity but sadly *also* subject to official disclaimers, was diamond-shaped Washington D.C. and all paid to polish its flawed facets.

Redolent beneath the radiating of naive civilians and domestic dumping of toxic waste, the Third World assassinations and foreign despots we helped support, something undeniably rotten festered at America's apple core, slowly fermenting our perceived international identity from "Freedom's Hero" into "Imperial Villain" while teaching Democracy's Champion that embittering lesson Thucydides tells us Athenian Greece was taught millennia ago. But when Johnny went marching home by rattled snares to an eternal flame in Arlington, the pentagonal momentum of martial power slithered centripetally inward on paranoid war fever, multiplying through Byzantium's Labyrinth as if to levitate some future clandestine alliance with Air Force General Jack Ripper's drunken crossword doodling in *Dr. Strangelove*:

Peace on Earth, Purity of Essence  
Peace on Earth, Purity of Essence  
Purity on Earth, Peace of Essence  
*Merkwurdiglieben* Bodily Fluids O Fuck It

It really *was* too late. Poe's *gorges mirabilis* had engulfed them all. And from this maelstrom, no "recall code" could summon back the Almighty God to whom they'd pled allegiance for he'd already fled like a buck private alerted by some misty-eyed personal conscience "Cry of the Deer" and leapt gracefully AWOL for his own thrown cap over that multidimensional space-wall fence ever guarding *HIS* hiding place from ours.

“ ‘We'll meet again some sunny day...’ ”

Havrylak the man cannot recall breathing in any first adolescent draft of an immense turbulence yet to come on that distant November afternoon. There were far more boyish things to explore then in the little "Big Woods" neighborhood he knew as *his* world. Fleeing from a Thesean imprisonment trapped in crowded school hallways and cramped beneath formica desks, he espied summer pond rafts to float or tree forts to build, card-flapping bike rides pedaled down Vine Hill toward Saturday cowboy matinee movies in lakeside Excelsior, rocky high memories from last July's epic 50 mile hike

through the Black Hills up to Harney Peak followed by a tortuous August week of deer fly hell at Many Point Scout Camp in northern Minnesota while Miss Berquist professed her love for a wintry poem she'd assigned them all to "learn by heart" whose verses he trailed centrifugally like Ariadne's clue.

“ ‘...but I have promises to keep...and miles to go before I sleep...miles to go...’ ”

So why *did* Miss Berquist pick *him* to stand up and recite poetry aloud right after cafeteria lunch in front of his seventh grade class that awful tragic afternoon? Choking back an attack of stage fright vomit with a brief dramatic pause, he watched their classroom door crack ajar and Principal Flemming whisper something hurriedly into their English teacher's ear. Grey of hair and stooped with grief, born and raised on some remote Wisconsin dairy farm during a time that knew nothing of nuclear bombs or Cold War hysteria, she turned back to her students and asked them to lay their heads down and pray in silence before carefully voicing the calamitous news that political events from a much larger realm had now forced her to painfully convey.

“The president...has *died*...”

Red eyes closed tightly above whitened knuckles, Havrylak pictured his hands clasping the reins of a horse-drawn sleigh that hoofed through snowy woods in moonlit darkness, the dappled mare's bells jingling while he subconsciously murmured with increasing angst—'*promises to keep before I sleep*'—over and over until Robert Frost's six simple words meant everything that had ever mattered to him and then strangely nothing, nothing at all...

Was it at that very moment, in lonely existential anguish, against all possible wishes, unbeknownst even unto himself, that he imperceptibly began to change? Or did it come full force two years later, God to Job, homesick as a stampeding herd of moaning prairie buffalo that tunneled down through the descending spring wrath of a 1965 tornado to utterly trample, with terrible beauty, the frail Old Log Theater of his immortal boyhood illusions forever?

It is in these nostalgic yet premonitory horse latitudes, where the gregarious plainsong of a monkish houyhnhnm herd could reign, that one swift shadowless presence flies overhead, shot like Cupid's Arrow into the churning whirlpool of his yahoo intellect, barebacked and alluring as that palomino unicorn who bewitches his revelatory nightflights, mimicking the *gloria gloria gloria* mating call of some barnstorming quetzal who's lost her equatorial coordinates for a pedal-to-the-metal joyride into No-Man's Land.

Like the lapwing who concealed all of King Solomon's royal secrets, shivering sapphire and maroon she longtails it, taking this Man-of-Many-Turns by the sky, ruddering through edible tangles of branch and fruit toward a precarious perch on the tent's bowing ridgepole.

Beneath it, pretzeling through his John Barleycorn drowned-man dance, Havrylak Kern jostles out more and more of a creative plan that not even *he* can be the infallible interpreter of:

**Hi!** (*the Wilderness Voice of his BigHeart Power cries out*):  
Abraham says Sarai's laughing at me again! And the same goes for Sarasvati, says Brahma! She says the Old Creation Myth just doesn't hold water anymore! We got the Garden of Eden story all ass-backward and have been suffering the consequences ever since. Can you imagine that? We need a *new* one, he says she says. And something's got to be done about it quick or all Hell's gonna break loose!

So what's this Good Free-Enterprisin' Youth of Endless Sumer to do?  
Sit on his hind-end, butt of the cosmic joke, and brood over the unfairness of it all?

Not on your irreplaceable life! He's gotta put on his antler-crown and barefoot up a cinematic music and literature brainstorm, that's what!

For if the Bliss of Paradise blooms in a Transfiguration of our Spirituality into Bodily Play, then from here on in, pilgrim, EVERYDAY IS JUDGEMENT DAY!

Psssst, SURF'S UP! Like the Futuristic Kingdom of Here-After is *Nowsville!*

Dig?

And dig he has. Right down to a similar songdance that got Mani flayed in Persia some 17 centuries ago. He who equated the Zoroastrian-Judaeo-Christian Judgement Day of the Lord with the Aryan-Hindu-Buddhist End of Delusion (*Maya*). Only when each of us have achieved

personal illumination, been *born again* as Mani taught, can our Old World Age of strife and warfare come to an end.

But after 30 years of religious tolerance under King Shapur I (who allowed him free travel through Persia's Empire as the self-proclaimed Paraclete promised by Jesus Christ), Shapur's successor, Bahram I, and his council of astrological magians, pronounced *judgement* on Mani's syncretic corruption of their purified State Religion in 277 A.D., torturing him for a month in prison before planting his head on a pike at the city gates of Gundev Shapur and throwing the rest of his dismembered body to the dogs.

If to live fully in the present, balancing ideal plans against empirical data and thorough historical perspective, is the wisest of all teleologies, actualizing the future thereby in each moment as it flows through you (and you and you), then maybe Mani, a once promising poet who perhaps dismissed his muse for the overblown rhetoric of just another religious ideology, was on the right track.

Socrates too.

After all, what water-carrying maxim did he panpipe the Greeks with before they hemlock-brimmed his satyric wineglass?

“ ‘How fine it would be if wisdom were a sort of thing that could flow out of the one of us who is fuller and into him who is emptier, by our mere contact with each other.’ ”

The presence poured, like love, from him to you.

There is some ground hemlock within walking distance, but Havrylak's choosing his own poison today.

Woeful Waking Reality or *The World That Is*.

It's surrounded him all his suffering life and there's not a damn thing he's been able to do about it. No stiff-brained denial, no curse at the Almighty, no sudden-death spiked pigskin can win this *'long twilight struggle'* for a Poetic Vision that might somehow bridge the recircular realms of Science and Religion and fill everyone with a clearer fuller metaphorical understanding of how *and* why this Day/Night world really really works.

It may prove to be a tune played on Wallace Stevens' **Blue Guitar** (*'the rhapsody of things as they are'*), but it's a lyric that can only be written by Emerson's **Poet**—drawing out that dreampower *'by virtue of which a man is the conductor of the whole river of electricity'*.

And it will take a lifelong **YES**. An inexorable faith in all the children to come. Forever hoping, like Thomas Taylor the Platonist, that that *'tuneful*

*music of philosophy*’ will once again flow thru and thru all existence; that we will *‘direct our course by the light of ideas until we arrive at our Father’s Land’*.

Think fondly of him as Huck Finn on Ol’ Man River’s *‘Liferaft of Virtue’*, clogging happily to some forgotten Appalachian tune with cardiac gusto just as he was taught by Jim, dotting on the absence of Dinah beneath a newly pecked bird’s-eye hole near the lime twig’d apex of this knobby-kneed conjurer’s cell (peeking in on him through the dew-bejeweled matrix of an oblong flytrap toward which its ebony spinner reascends, *she*, like every loyal stork beaking fairy tale babes into this mad mad mad mad world, would raise him up from his coevolutionary prayer-dance and teach him to walk proudly out onto the Good Earth he once trod so well. But the time is not quite here. So “*‘sleep in my arms,’*” she sings like Solveig to Peer Gynt, “*‘I’ll watch over thee... sleep and dream my dearest boy.’*”).

Her humbled Michigander is on the up ‘n’ up after a demon-battling soul-freeing Underworld Voyage that’s taken him from Ann Arbor to the northern end of Miami Beach born Highway 41 and beyond: a ghostly mangoose carrying, by the shrivelled foreskin of his cobra-conquering teeth, that light triumphant *fleur-de-lis* he’s plucked from Inanna’s Garden like some post-Jupiter Symphony—an UrSong whose Sumerian origins in the Rocking Cradle of Civilization heralded for 2000 years the Story of Jesus and Mary in the Land of the Hart and now, Havrylak irrepressibly fancies, a 21<sup>st</sup> century American Heartland Reunion Tale whose Constellation-Written Star Story of Everlasting Love might Rockabye Baby in its own Earthly Fertile Crescent of Heaven Sent Peace!

“*Urrrrr...*”

Gurgling as a buoyant brownian force beneath him, some sagacious Big Two-Hearted Uprising of that Arcadian current Archimedes discovered in Syracuse between inking spiels on spirals and calculating the value of Pi, trampolining our Charybdis pump-primer down to his rough-skinned shins and then *right back up partner, doesy do* with an abrupt “OH BOY” of rebalancing into this wavery waterbed jig that almost topples his feathered voyeur from her lamplit transmission’s nest and converts the whole yurt into a topsy-turvy roeboat by whose undertow stowage of uncertain stripes we are keeled:

## AQUA-PIETA

Rub a Dub Dub I'm Tree Man in a Tub  
MarilyMarilyMarily: Bearer of the Cub  
Tis the Sea Son so let's get jolly  
And Deck Her Hull with Boughs of Holly  
I'm with Her and She's with Me  
Ha Ha Ho Ho He SHE He

With shiny birch canoe paddle now firmly in hand, Sailor Jack (sans Bingo) cracks and frets his theatrical fingers within this Green Room he calls a stage, gesturing back at a grassroots groundling audience with the soundless freestylin' riffs of his steering oar air-guitar:

*Muse 1. Christen it the BigLake Chanty of Marabou and Caribou!*

(After a brief respite, his heathen chorus has resurfaced to chime in their two cents worth, breaching the 4<sup>th</sup> Wall of this quasi-omniscient playwright with a ceremonial synchronized swim-team routine punctuated by the usual fey declarations of dubious origin and significance)

*Muse 2. Or Bimbo and Bambi!*

*Muse 3. A local amateur summer-stock presentation of that Ol' Bi-Millennial MaryChrist Mass Carol!*

*Muse 4. Parallel-aligned with Alpheus and Arethusa's courtship chase beneath the Ionian Sea, that Pharos Lighthouse Beam has become an Underground Stream!*

*Muse 5. Forest Nymph and Meandering (though not philandering) Alf stranding into One for a Two-Step on this quail-drumming sanctuary!*

*Muse 6. She may have flown the High Road and He might've plowed the Low, but together they've made THEIR ROMANCE grow!*

*Muse 7. A Lad (in a lamp) is in love with a Lady (on a tramp)!*



*Muse 8. Just as Theocritus waxed idyllic over Venus and Adonis on the eagle-flanked sex throne of the Two WaterCarriers, so too Sir William Wigglepole waggled this priapic proverb: 'Jack shall have his Jill; nought will go ill; the man shall have his mare again and all will be well'!*

*Muse 9. She would be He, you see, and He She!*

## AQUA-PIETA

(Verse 2)

Harlequin and Columbine  
She's the Chalice and I'm the Wine  
Motley Acrobat and Witty Chorus Girl  
Slapstick Batman and Mother of Pearl  
While the Clown-Thief springs and sings  
Bountiful Fruits She will Bring  
Servants of the Upper Crust  
We shall win the Public Trust

*Muses 123. Here comes the Sun!*

*Muses 456. Everything's Jumpin' Jack all right!*

*Muses 789. In fact it's a Classical Gas!*

Pausing to siphon up the carbonated triad of these archetypal sub-versives' sudden descent, our bemused chrestomath temporarily transcends his long literary lover's quarrel with American History and allows their foul methane bubbles to pop sour-n-sweetly where they may.

Cast now under an Ionian Enchantment by Mother Nature's multi-disciplinary consilience, our once nearly asphyxiated scull-strumming skald has stubbornly overcome this beast-taming world and let the pluperfect ice-crystalline moment, inescapably past, present itself again so he can figure-skate happily hop-skip his ship-jumping jump back home.

Truly at peace with that guitarwind dove-crying 'Mary'.

Energetically Re-Animating a Perennial Tradition.

Driven from slavish toil in Lower Michigan's auto-industrial mill to volunteer himself for all nations as High Priest of a New Covenant inside this primitive ministerial sanctuary.

The True Tabernacle among us riding his faithful white St. Albans Washingtonian Mount like some cherubic bluegrass-chewing cowboy.

Rising up here in Big Lake Country to champion "Adventure within Civility", to wholly embody Plato's *'source of spontaneous motion'* by getting into an organic aeolian groove all his improvisational own, momentarily bearing every variation of human illness and iniquity somewhere between yet beyond Catholic ritual and Protestant protestations while being rocketed into and out of this kinetic wildlife diorama as an apple-cheeked fair-haired SoulBoy crooning with rugged grace his One Nation Under God celebratory song for the sublime generosity of our supernatural redemptions:

I am your peace  
Having made both one  
The barrier's been broken between us  
I am the twain  
Your reconciliation  
For that wall's come tumbling down

Anchored off this island shore  
All dressed up in what she wore  
I've made this mystery ship my second home  
Hula dancers shake their skirts  
On burning beaches till it hurts  
Waving their alohas to Rome

I'm the SoulBoy in their Imagination  
I've sailed to this Vale of Dreams again  
Poetic Justice is my Kingdom  
We're the Living End

I leap into this icy lake  
All my senses come awake  
Turning upside-down the world above  
Raise the low up to the high  
Let the ground reach for the sky  
That's the DREAM that I've been dreamin' of

I'm the Sun who rises from the Heart of the Sea  
Carrying a crystal vase of tears  
Pouring out my pitcher this morning on all eyes and ears  
All eyes and ears

We're gathering this world into a unity  
Harmonizing every single soul  
We'll celebrate the difference between you and me  
We're here to make each other whole  
There is a stream in each and every one of you  
A Musical Connection to the Source  
A River Runnin' to the Sea of Everything  
Where I'm Rockin' on my White Seahorse  
Rockin' on my White Seahorse  
Rockin' on my White Seahorse

I've found the fire that true love brings  
I rise with healing in my wings  
Returning to those who've returned to me  
This Brave New World's whirlin' round  
Let's never lose the peace we've found  
These high hopes that set our hearts free

Trumpeting the Charge of our New Light Brigade  
Crying out our rainforest tears  
Drumming up the thunder that let's us lose all our fears  
Lose all our fear

Sure, he could bemoan, like the Sweet Prince, that *'time is out of joint; O cursed spite that ever I was born to set it right'*: that Keats' *'fellowship of essence'* and *'clear religion of heaven'* must forever be shielded from sight.

Goat-kid yourself!

Billy Whiskers may have tracked his unique telecommunicative path here, but this Ursa Miner 69er hasn't vainly scoured the vast interior ocean of an alternately hell-harrowing and paradisial DreamTime with both feet now bleeding just to scoop out a selfish aggrandizing graildish in Earth's bountiful but endangered biosphere.

It's simply that this musical literature symphony of his life-long 13<sup>th</sup> Labour and all it means is harder to orchestrate than the other 12 combined:

“Just need good knowledge and imagination to liberate your holy mind!”

Call this chapter a carbonated pop music coda to the overall largesse of Mabona HeartLyre's serious minded “Hyperborean Overture”, harp-plinking out the inaugural interspecies broadcast of a planetary salvation doctrine on his superstrung lapis lazuli ‘*Standard of Ur*’ for our nocturnal fascination.

“ ‘**Hi-BOY!**’ ”

Call it a cerebral branching of our Lone Ranger's many coloured crowns, each one capturing cosmic starfire with laurel-leaf proficiency to photosynthesize the solar flares that *glorify* dark matter by way of lightning-thought and bequeath Gaea Her microelectronic nervous system: a Heaven ‘n’ Earth collaboration of chirping satellites + streambeamed fiber optics which might inspire us toward some Shared Unity of Creative Being, even a Participatory Renaissance of Everything that is Beautiful, Good and/or True:

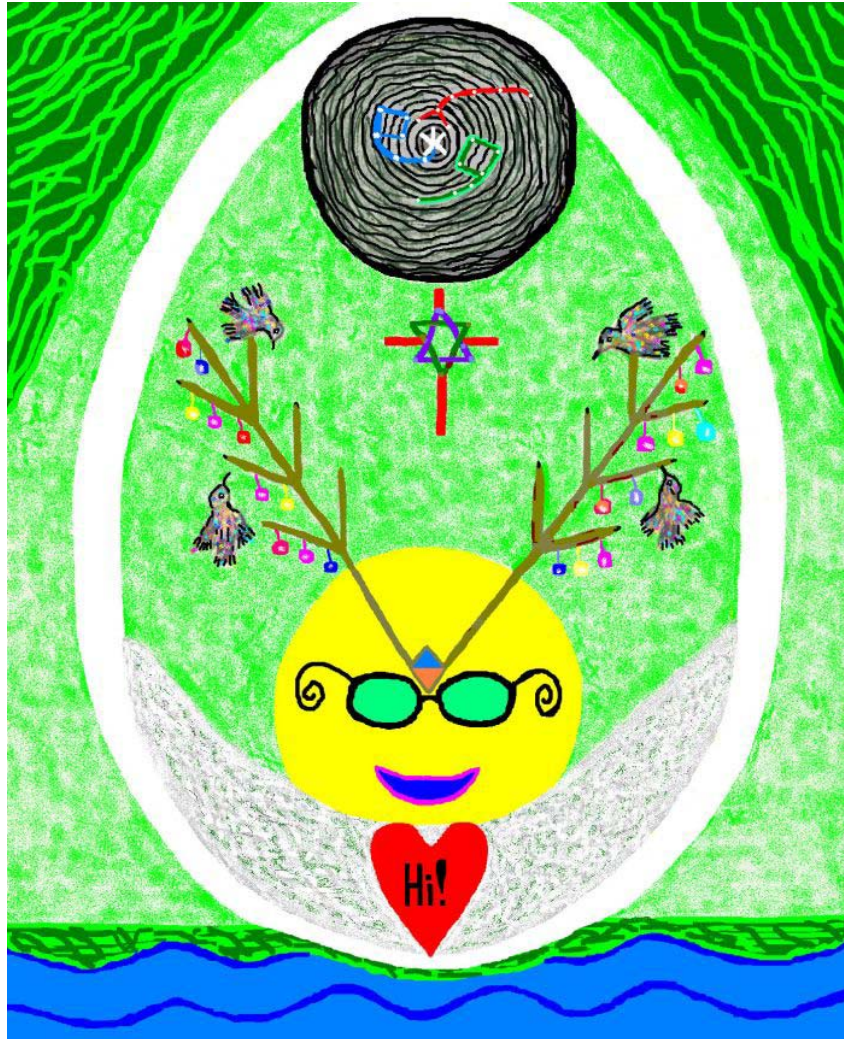
“Toward a Higher Theology, with Literacy and Numeracy for all!”

Call it OUR vibrant interacting pluralistic civilization with global freedom of trade and passage whose fully flowering civil societies could ecologically decentralize and rebalance the potentially coercive, surveillant and homogenizing power of The State & The Church & The Multinational Corporation and help transform our savage genetic intelligences into friendly futuristic empathic souls through both material and spiritual public square endeavors uploaded by way of which everyone will learn to read and write and paint and sing and dance and...

“Ahhh, *play*'s the thing, isn't it?”

Just christen it unsinkable myriad minded Havrylak's well meant good-natured creative revolution of *love true love* then and leave it at that. For, like William Tell's sleepy tyrant-troubled Fisher Boy:

*His dreams flow in music  
Like songs from the skies*



© 1989 Valentine's Day painting of her "Heavenly Father" by 7 year old Moira Kern

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