

Refugium

(Multitrack Headphone Mix Demo uploaded April 2, 2006)

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No, that's not Luke Skywalker raising his light saber in a "blaze of glory" at the middle far left of the undoctored photo above. That's me in July 1962, with a Little League baseball bat poised over my right shoulder, waiting for the perfect pitch. Three years later, on May 6, 1965, an EF4 tornado blew this modest ranch house to smithereens while our family huddled terrified in the basement. We built a new two-story colonial on the old foundation the following summer and fall and moved back in by Christmas. 27 years later, in the early evening of February 22, 1989, I stood awestruck in my winter running clothes near the very same patio position I once swung for baseball glory from and watched in utter disbelief as 3 triangular-shaped ships glided soundlessly over our backyard 50-100 feet above the backyard treetops, not far from where the photographer of this picture stood in 1962. They sailed westward (from R to L) in V-formation at barely 5 mph, each multicolor-lighted craft approximately the size of a two-car garage. After an overwhelming nearly sleepless 10 day "epiphany" resulting from this seemingly serendipitous chance encounter, my perception and understanding of Earth's planetary ecosystem, and the now very real possibility that some kind of "higher force" had long played an extremely crucial role in it's perpetual evolution, was irrevocably transformed.

REFUGIUM

(2006)

In this Green Zone I stand my ground
On a Crop Circle Rhythm of Equal Tempered Sound
A ReCircling of Fifths
Rough Magic that lifts me up from this Effigy Mound
How can I tell them what I've found?

For 6000 years I've been a boy
This bountiful planet my sacred joy
An Armor Garment of Light
Shields me from the might of an Ancient Pogrom
And those who would still hunt me down
Who would intend to hunt me down?

I Shepherd this Refugium
In a davening delirium
8000 miles from Jerusalem
On a Frontier Pastoral Asylum

This Granary is my Manger's Range
A Threshing Floor alive and strange
In camouflage, Armed Priests invade
And torch this Haunted Harvest I serenade

A meadow wind flushes the Song of the Lark
I point to the fences of this Spring Fever Park
Anointed forever with your Pathfinding Wisdom
From this Prairie Fire Nativity I will find my way

Triple Ship Epiphany
Soundlessly hovering with Three Gifts for me
A Lost Guitar Chord
An Hawaiian Surfboard
And this Swift Shining Sword

For horsehides are a hummin'
And the glaciers are a runnin'
Endless Sumer Is Icumen In



From the 1948 book cover of Robert Graves' *The White Goddess*

*"I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day"*

I Saw Three Ships
(Traditional English Christmas Carol)