

# ROARSHOCK PAGE

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**A**s we enter this, the last year of our old, familiar century and millenium, poised to bridge over into the whirling uncertainty of the future, ROARSHOCK PAGE comes to you...

Millenial Visions by D. A. Wilson

## !CONTACT!

Note:

God bless transpersonal perception

Migraine floatation

& automobile verbatim.

The devil take ye all

Sluggish crusaders

Born again losers

Broken-down sheep herders.

Non-sense reality realitivity

Unreal profanity

Drunken sexuality

Beastly surrender

Phantasmical bliss

& no more war.

Star seed.

Blast off.

Note: !CONTACT!

Yonder red goat

Doth laugh behind his beard.

Absurd laurel blossoms

Dangle from the wabe

& fibbing nightingales

Chirp by the fountain.

The poet's life hangs

In the balance

Of fate's might hand

A broken-down man

Seeking redemption

Amidst unwarranted

Projection

Torn-up sensation

Intesified intoxication.

Wake-up wild tamer

Lots to do re-namer

The game is beginning

All over again.

## ALASKA WAS SINKING

Alaska was sinking into the ocean. I could see it clearly: the wrath of God, because I was a stranger, but those who lived there refused to accept the truth. I was at the home of a friend of mine. Inside we were snug and warm, but the outside was piled high with snow and ice. We took short walks to the town which lay across a narrow ice-choked channel. The perilous crossing was made on a narrow and slippery bridge which was suspended many hundreds of feet above the channel below. On one occasion, as my friend and I were returning home across that bridge, a fearsome storm blew in to try and snuff out our lives. Overhead I saw the swirling snow-heavy clouds and heard the howling wind. I looked below me and saw the great chunks of ice, churning and crunching together in the frozen waters. We hurried on across the bridge, my friend slipping once and nearly falling, but at last we reached the relative safety of the far side and hurried on to his house. When we had caught our breath, I turned to him and said, "We must get away from here. Alaska is sinking into the ocean."

## THE ROOMS

I can write this thing now.

What can I do with it?

Discover the myriad rooms,  
open the hidden files  
of existence.

When we have explored thoroughly  
our own closed world,  
we hook up to larger networks  
(sometimes by happen chance).

The universe of intelligence  
learning how to observe,  
enjoy itself.

(my first poem composed on a computer,  
an ancient Mac Classic,  
in San Francisco, 7/9/96)

## THE GRAY WHALE OF IDAHO

Four of us: family: fathermotherbrotherlittlebrother. Way up high in sandstone mountains with floors of dust. Sparse shadows of green, shrubs planted by Roger (not by Tom). Suddenly! Explosion of rain and thunder drowning Idaho: a mythical dreamland. Riding down on the roar of the water, four family, to the great lake-sea of Idaho with a shore of gravel and sand. Up the beach the castle resort: a wooden structure thrusting forth into the water. Four family trekking out on plank from beach to wood structure. Gray haired lady looking careworn. People with water washed faces looking at millions of boat ramps and a crowd on the beach. Suddenly! A rush in the southeast of the great lake-sea of Idaho. Gray haired lady yells out, Oh! Jez! The Gray Whale come again! Crash as the Gray Whale strikes wooden structure. One family: father lost from perch, in water with - the gray and vast whale - scrambling to the shore, one family: father, the crowd breaks like the waves on the great lake-sea of Idaho. The Gray Whale on the left. One family: little brother, stop climbing around out there! You'll fall to the whale! Too late! Gray haired lady looking pale. The Gray Whale circling about, charges again. One family: little brother pulled inside as the Gray Whale **MAKES CONTACT!** Wooden structure groans and falls into the great lake-sea of Idaho. Everyone makes a quick getaway across the tumbling plank. The crowd on the beach cheers as the Gray Whale sinks slowly into the depths.

### STICKS TALKING IN CODE

I've worn my head in my hands  
through countless ages  
of unheeded wisdom.

Things learned.  
Things forgotten.  
Things learned again.  
There's no doubt about it-  
the stumbles and briars are many  
and not necessarily  
spaced evenly.

Sticks. Sticks all along the roads.  
All these sticks on the roadside.  
How could I carry such a burden?  
Animals restless in the undergrowth.  
The imagined shapes of dream take form.  
UFO cows flying through the air.

Sitting. Innocently here.  
Sipping coffee  
while the member of a secretive club  
with a gold-plated membership card  
and a worried look in his eyes  
attempts to converse in code  
responding to a pre-arranged signal.

## JANUARY ALMANAC

- 1/1 NEW YEAR'S DAY  
1/3 1892 J. R. R. Tolkien was born  
1/6 EPIPHANY  
1/11 1904 Walter S. Roessler was born  
1/13 1941 James Joyce died  
1993 Margo Skinner died  
1/21 1960 Thomas Phipps was born  
1/24 1848 James W. Marshall discovered a gold nugget  
at Sutter's Mill in northern California, a  
discovery that led to the gold rush of 1849.  
1935 The first canned beer, "Kruger Cream Ale,"  
was sold by the Kruger Brewing Co. in  
Richmond, VA  
1/29 1880 W. C. Fields, juggler, was born  
1963 Robert Frost, poet, died

**ROARSHOCK PAGE** will appear occasionally,  
generally on feast days and other days of celebration.  
A tentative publication schedule for 1999:

- Vol. 1, No. 2, February – Groundhog Day, JTEL's Day,  
Valentine's Day  
Vol. 1, No. 3, March – St. Patrick's Day, Spring Equinox  
Vol. 1, No. 4, April – All Fools Day, Earth Day,  
Walpurgis Night  
Vol. 1, No. 5, May – May Day, Spring Thaw  
Vol. 1, No. 6, June – Summer Solstice  
Vol. 1, No. 7, July – Independence Day, Sirius Rising  
Vol. 1, No. 8, August – the Days Between, the Dog Days  
Vol. 1, No. 9, September – Troll Empire Day,  
Vernal Equinox  
Vol. 1, No. 10, October – October 9, Halloween  
Vol. 1, No. 11, November – Thanksgiving Day  
Vol. 1, No. 12, December – Winter Solstice and  
Yuletide Holidays

D. A. Wilson's chapbook, *First Hours of a Rainy Day  
and Other Poems*, is available from Golden Land, \$10.

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Published by:  
Golden Land Information Services  
P.O. Box 641804  
San Francisco, CA 94164-1804

email: [goldenland@earthling.net](mailto:goldenland@earthling.net)

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