

ROARSHOCK PAGE

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This issue of the ROARSHOCK PAGE brings you the Pagentry of Spring... Find that May Pole to dance around!

DRUIDIC CHORES/CHORUS

Seek ye a staff that was broken
in campus ground it lies
where ne'er a wood mouse did burrow
or dog arf at a bone.
Hence gathered pagans, drunken pagans
and Saint Stephen rang his bell.
Much howling amongst these woods
and the natives were restless.
The wicked eye hung baleful in the night sky.
The muttering murmuring troll
searched on in the forest.
Glad to meet ya! Moe! Joe! Glade stone ram bam
the holistic battalion of broken bang!
Pirates aren't easy to know
and they are harder to drink with.
Star guitar, moral gore,
"for the crabs were evil
and they would not learn morals."
Amongst the natives there was little rejoicing,
for all was amiss and besotted
and the way was not clear.
Surely some Force put hindrances in our way,
or are we the Force? Star Wars flashed
before the eyes of those in the astounded circle.
"Circle of Light, Valley Bright."
Oh, yes, we used to sing that, and a ring,
and Mabel and me and the baby makes me
(the baby makes three)
Zen overtakes the West
and television shiiiiiffittts
rocket propulsion we're in outer-space
transcendental psychosis.
What? Back down
Learn to see this interchange
overcharged, no charge
excellent credit rating
and a skippin' tune
ramblin' down that
years ago.

ON THE BEACH WITH THE BEDLAM BOYS

Anton strode along the beach at the ocean's edge towards the glow of the fire. Clouds were rushing in off the ocean as a storm approached. As he turned from the surf towards the firelight, a hairy horned figure loomed up before him, thrusting a round gleaming object forward. Anton was startled, until he realized that this apparition was the wild Viking-helmed bicycle messenger Keltic Braga, and that he was holding out a round sculpted bottle full of amber liquid. "Have a drink." The friendly living ghost said, and when Anton did not immediately respond, he added, "it's a good single malt." Anton gratefully accepted the bottle and took a long drink of the deliciously fine spirits. Oh, it was good! Some of the best whisky he had ever tasted. He handed the bottle back. "Thank you very much! I owe you a drink!" "When?" Keltic Braga asked. "Where?" Anton laughed. "I owe you a drink." he said, stepping into the firelight. The guys were relaxing, seated on driftwood logs or directly in the sand. Some were smoking, others were drinking directly from individual bottles of liquor or mead. Many had humorous gleams in their eyes as they watched the crackling curling flames; they looked rapidly aged and transformed in their earthly desires. They looked like formerly lost sailors who have somehow come through the stormy chaos of surrealistic seas to rest again in calmer waters. Jay "Wheels" Woods was beating a rhythm with the wind and waves on a bongo drum. Keltic Braga was standing silhouetted against the luminous ocean waves, the firelight throwing flickering shadows on his wild haired gleaming eyed profile and dark aged horns, which were stark against the cloud swept sky. He held the round bottle aloft and cried out to the sky: "How many nights and again has a man come by with a bottle?! *The bottle. This bottle! And again a bottle!*" He brought the bottle to his lips and threw back a great belt. Then he wiped his sleeve across his mouth, and sighed a deep sigh of satisfaction. The clouds opened up, and a heavy rain began to fall, hissing on the flames and beginning to drench the drunken men, gathered for all eternity in that particular moment of time, that night.

THE UNICORN

In an herb garden long ago
Magical Beast
Whose beauty is beyond compare
Unicorn so good and fair.
Gently you walk on green hills,
Bringing with you spring,
And the pleasant song of wild birds.
In oak forests you drink at clear springs.
Water so good,
Sparkling in your white mane,
And on your silver horn...
From the dense thicket you can see,
The poet writing verse in a cloth-bound book,
And with him a maid in a long white gown,
A wreath of wild flowers in her honey hair.
You watch and a tear forms in your eye,
She alone can tame you, if she wishes to tame you.
Nay, she does not.
So you must watch them, the man and the maid,
Sitting in the grass, hand in hand,
Human, alive, loving each other.
And from their joy you must take joy,
From their love you must take love,
And come forth from the thicket,
And bless them, then turn and go.
Rain falls, air is cleaned, life is renewed.
You are free
Then, now, and forever.
You run through the oak forests,
And over the green hills,
And let none see you
And none hear your passing.

THE MISINTERPRETATION OF PARADISE

How long have I been at this place?
Many day and nights. How many?
When I came it was the hot evening
Which shrouded things in deep shadow.
Nameless faces flowed past me
And there were also a few that I knew.
I sat watching visions
Then slept on a narrow bed.
When I awoke I swam in a cool stream.
The rain came bringing its sweetness.
Now the sun is back
It draws the energy from my thighs.
I want to sleep again
But on a bed not so narrow.

-- *On the Feather River, California, 1975*

MAY ALMANAC

- 5/1 MAY DAY
1830 Mary 'Mother' Jones was born in Ireland.
- 5/3 1469 Niccolo Machiavelli born in Florence, Italy.
- 5/9 1800 John Brown was born in Connecticut.
- 5/10 1994 Nelson Mandela inaugurated President of South Africa.
- 5/11 1888 Irving Berlin was born in Tyumen, Russia.
- 5/14 1607 Jamestown established in Virginia.
- 5/18 1897 Frank Capra was born in Palermo, Sicily.
1920 Karol Wojtyla (Pope John Paul II) was born in Wadowice, Poland.
1980 Mount St. Helens volcano erupted in southwestern Washington State.
- 5/19 1890 Ho Chi Minh was born.
1925 Malcolm X was born in Omaha, Nebraska.
- 5/20 325 The Council of Nicaea, the first ecumenical council of the Catholic Church was called by Constantine I.
- 5/21 1881 The American Red Cross was founded by Clara Barton.
- 5/22 1813 Richard Wagner was born in Germany.
1859 Arthur Conan Doyle was born in Scotland.
1907 Laurence Olivier was born in England.
1915 Julius Sturmer was born in Caransebes, Romania.
- 5/28 1961 Amnesty International founded in London.
- 5/29 1736 Patrick Henry was born in Studley, Virginia.
1880 Oswald Spengler was born in Germany.

ROARSHOCK PAGE, Volume 2, Number 6 will be available June 21.

D. A. Wilson's chapbook, *First Hours of a Rainy Day and Other Poems*, is available from Golden Land, \$10.00.

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