

## *The Night of the Gluon II*

### **The dream of Arnold Stein**

**Dreaming that he,  
In Denver, Colorado  
stood, solemn and erect,  
on Stapleton Airport's tarmacs,  
girt round by  
but a simple  
starched  
loinclout, held in place  
by a single  
ornate  
pin,**

**(his incorporeal aura soaking in 800,000 gallons of blazing  
jetliner fluid, his archetypal and wise, long, gently tapering beard  
gleaming white as the snows that, shortly after midnight, dropped  
over Table Mesa)**

### *Arnold Stein,*

**all unclad  
circled the precincts of his elegant home.  
Boogalooing about his living-room,  
he adroitly baptized the torn,  
paint and coffee stained,  
verminous,  
roachy and flea-friendly  
reeking up mattress, with  
Alaskan sludges  
Texas shales  
Oils of Iraq  
Saudian methanes**

**Choice petrols from far-off**

**legendary Persia -----**

**Pursuant to which he,**

**Stein,**

**Arnold,**

**carried the oily, rotting**

**bag of**

**putrid turkey feathers**

**across the long diagonal**

**of the room; then**

**( mumbling many unctuous and pious benedictions for the  
souls of friends and neighbors struggling incomprehensible for sleep  
through his psychic storm)**

**He**

**It**

***HEAVED!***

**through the front**

**door**

**of his delectable**

**abode!**

**Afterwards to stand**

**outdoors**

**solemn and erect**

**amongst the canyons of North Boulder**

**in meadowlands dry**

**as plastic**

**3,000 acres all ablaze**

**And singing as the day is long!!**

**\*\*\*\*\***

**As I, Lisker,**

**Roy,**

**Standing**

**solemn and erect**

**, swaddled in thick comatose dreams of submarine sandwiches,  
cold fusion Thanksgiving dinners at Daddy Bruce Randolph's  
restaurant, draped in space-time equations and old political slogans  
gazed,**

*(as if struck by the lightning  
forked from the brow  
of a Triple-A God!! ) ,*

**at a plasma cloud of sleet, smoke,  
mulligatawny soup and lemonade Schweppes, pierced by points of  
flame running red as the wounds of Kuwait down the slopes of  
awesome canyons of North Boulder, *I cried aloud:***

***“Lord ! It is the vengeance of Randy Metaquark!!”***

***“Hurry up quickly!”***

**I shouted into the basement**

***“ The hills are awash in flame!!!”***

**As my hosts raced up the stairs I exited the building in a vain  
search for Daddy Bruce Randolph's restaurant, ( *where, in the  
true spirit of Thanksgiving, midst many manifold mumblings of  
Ineffable Oms' , 2000 homeless turkeys were to be served as  
many homeless turkeys, ( including a one Arnold Stein, who had  
so divested himself of properties that, along with lacking a home,  
he didn't even have a neighborhood anymore! ))***

**Soaked and sapless, drained of all desperation , I went to  
the telephone and made an impromptu call to**

## *Marty Walter, Ecological Mathematician*

Marty, midst wild whistlings of threnodies, and blessed  
forgetfulness of Wagner, sat on the couch  
in the living-room  
of his rustic homestead  
watching *a slush*  
*of pepper, smoke, scorpions thrashing expatriate through*  
*garlic orchards , and*

*swollen sticky phosphorelating haybales*  
*rolling like the gloom of logic inexorable*  
*down the canyons of North Boulder!*

Beside him on the oil-paint - and -coffee-stained couch  
in that homestead immobile in squalid flatlands of braken  
sat  
his mother: aged, frail,  
Senile, delicate of feature  
Draped in limestone flags.

A young and friendly cute to boot horseback riding therapist  
from the antiquated asylum down the road sat at his right side. Marty  
picked up the telephone to talk to me. As he did so, his glance picked  
up the image framed by the lone window at the west side of the house.

*Points of flame*  
*rising a hundred feet*  
*above*  
*neighboring hills*  
*licked underbellies of jetliners hovering overhead,*  
*fearful of landing on Stapleton Airport tarmacs*  
*there to be further singed by auras*  
*ablaze in 800,000 gallons of jetliner fluid,*  
*of Arnold Stein's mystagogic beard!*

**“Look Roy, something’s come up. Let me call you back ”**

**Marty’s mother poked him in the ribs: “Sonny boy”, she asked,  
‘It ain’t Christmas yet, is it?**

**Clad only in vacuum cleaner canvas bags dripping with the  
Lagrangian debris of infinite families of non-linear differential  
equations, Marty ran out to the yard, there to undergo manly  
confrontation with the howling god of flame. Choking on a bolted  
lemonade, the riding therapist, young and friendly and cute to boot,  
ran out onto the porch sprang atop her horse, thrashing through the  
garlic orchards in a blistering hail of metaquarks, and was sucked up  
into Valhalla!**

**Marty’s mother, archetypal and wise  
as the flowing beard  
of some ancient prophet  
3,000 years embalmed  
rose up  
with arms extended  
and voice intoning  
to mourn the accumulation of greenhouse effects which,  
perennial since Antiquity,  
and inexorable as one of Randy’s physics lectures,  
cast fire and blight athwart the paths of mankind’s ambitious  
vainglory,  
thereby restoring the balance of nature.**

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