

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
loincloth, 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.**

