

The Night Of The Gluon I

Randy Metaquark

Physicist fellow and gaunt ghost-doctoral prophet

of the Côte d'Ivoire,

Randy Metaquark!

Spectral shiverings radiant in motley

Synchrotronic from electroweak gills,

hovered,

on the edge

of a sublime Event Horizon's

penumbra **Lagrangian Debris!**

*vortex of mulligatawny soup, sleet, smoke, and lemonade
Schweppes,*

**which dynamic as a cloud and lonely coasted
over scab-ridden grey-hounded buses that quick as the
guilt of arms negotiations speed across America the**

Powerful, Lord of the Desert!!

From the superstrings, knotted in polynomials, of his
prescient
lyre, the Metaquark's cryogenic plectrum plucked wobbling
quantum link invariants that skipped along trajectories which ,
predetermined by initial conditions , deviated not from their
predestination by so much as a gluon. (*It was, in fact, the Night
of the Gluon.*)

The Metaquark,

roaming round lakes in Ithaca and the cloud-capped

Schwangunk mountains of Ulster ,

Rollicking down pollution -smothered

Preposterous avenues of Newly born York's glaucoma City,
Sinking through the fogs of comatose
Tedium enswaddled Philadelphia !
(thereby releasing a rain of boredom that,
green and *pleasaunt* ' , submerged the good metropolis 40 days
and nights) ,
ultimately to be compressed
to a leavened lava loaf that,
at around 2 A.M.,
waxed jellid to the shape
of a condensed diaphanous mist
of a ghost-doctoral fellow,
expanding then extenuating
through the Greyhound bus terminal
in downtown Pittsburgh.....

From which I, Lisker, Roy,
vagabond author of 2000 tracts
vaunting the training of singing kangaroos,
and the marketing of the ashes of the Shah of Iran
ran
stumbling midst crotilites
through the faltering spasms of the slumbering citadel,
wary of emergence of arthropods, lemuri,
purulent bone marrows,
fetal dreams unbasemented,
festerings of trenched ghouls,
the out-sweatings of toxins in subway exit crumblings,
shaking off the weird and oozy types all eager to peddle me a
stolen watch,
(or at the very least slip me a Jesus-tract) ,

in desperation seeking
that much celebrated through legend and song,
downtown Pittsburgh's night-owl Italian pizza parlor and
submarine sandwich shop ,
all within the term
of this 40 minutes of rest stop
in this terminus
of my passage
through America the **Interminable !**

In the stillness, a momentary pause.
I listen, muse and sigh.
Sceptical and erect I sublimate panic,
waiting out the equivocal silence:

***For Lo! The voice of Randy Metaquark
speaketh!***

*"Beware, oh benighted pilgrim , ever reckless and lost
Lisker who, having pushed himself through the glass
and metal entranceway of Pittsburgh's downtown
terminus, exposed to hirsute midnight baptism, naked in
these clammy canyons.*

Behold!

*Above your head, at vertiginous heights, the
brilliant shrilling arc-lamps, obstinate as the pupils of
literate junkies, casting everywhere ghastly glimmerings
athwart the livid landscape. Midst carnage of derailed
trolleys, within the sunlightless cradle, balmy ,
asthmatic
and warm there lies, nevertheless concealed, dry as
bigotry and emanating death, an ozone chill.*

*Learn, therefore, fledgling, to leap the quantum orbitals
!*

*For in this very world are there to be found vehicles in
great multitudes, roads in all directions and termini
without number! Yea, for this very universe be but a
mood of transport! "*

The Metaquark laughed:

The laugh of the Metaquark was like the sound of a nose flute played in the Andes by a Peruvian peasant laid up with the gripe. Across the ice-floes of the Monoghehela wafted a paralyzing chill.

*"What you think is possible, Freddie" , he went on, " may
turn*

*out to be impossible after all; while what you imagine to be
impossible may turn out to be possible- after all. However it
also happens from time to time that what you believe to be
impossible is in fact impossible, and that the possible may
really be possible."*

"Randy, are you telling me the subject of your ghost-doc?"

*" Close , Charlie , but no chain reaction : in my ghost-
doctoral thesis from Cornell I invented a particle known as
a heracliton ."*

" In the name of Anaxagorus, Randy! What's a heracliton? "

*" Heraclitons, chum , mediate at random between the One
and the Many. Oh and that reminds me: wasn't that you,
wandering around Salt Lake City , jumping the viaduct on North
Temple Street at 2 in the morning? It must have been freezing out
there!! Well: what did you find: any anomalous heat production?"*

“ Randy, from what I was able to learn , anything manufactured by the *Cold- Fusion -Research -Institute -in - Technology -Park - at- the-University- of -Utah- in- Salt -Lake - City-on -a -Wednesday- afternoon!* has got to be anomalous. I’d be satisfied with the scattered remains of Arnold Stein’s blazing mattress! “

“Arnold Stein??!! The Triple-A God ?? You can go now, ever reckless and lost Lisker. You need that submarine sandwich.”

Randy Metaquark faded into a bluish mist reminiscent of Golgotha . A carload of cops, bumping like a banana bunch, glided past the window of my bus as it pulled away towards Omaha , Nebraska in the pickle-brine night.....
