

Cruise Missile

THE CRUISE MISSILE, A THING OF BEAUTY

This morning was absolute.

The uncut hay lay every which way, yet if you studied it for a while you would discover that it leaned predominantly towards the Northwest, having been driven so by the Southeasters laden with heavy precipitation. The hay consisted of several grasses of uneven height.

An audible stillness prevailed, accompanied by the twitting of Juncos, and a ringing in my ears.

At dawn, upon peering out the window, beside my bed, I perceived a blanket of platinum. The moisture that had settled upon the world during the night had crystallized, forming large flaky frost upon every surface, every edge. A quiet platinum; this morning was absolute.

A playground of dazzling platinum grasses. As the sun, locked into its inevitable journey, began to appear, touching upon the tassels of platinum, these turned to a yellow-silver, the ultimate dazzle; absolute.

The cosmic forces and energies embodied in the rays of the beaming light began to shrink the crystals ever so slightly. During this ever so slight thaw, though an absolute stillness prevailed, and not a breath, save mine, stirred, the grasses moved in abruption, as though spring-loaded.

The mat of dazzling platinum became transformed into golden-silver, so startlingly radiant in the bright early winter sun, as to quite catch at one's breath.

Then, at the apex of the absolute moment, the frosty-dewed crystals began their melt, first upon the tips, again ever so slightly, in the cosmic radiation; bright little prisms of red, blue and green, like miniature tree-ornaments; only these were dainty hay ornaments.

This morning was absolute; a ringing in one's ears; the twit of juncos amidst a sea of silver-white or white-silver. A cold pristine quietude; a wintry beginning. Not so chill, however, as my fellow man debating how best to control the world, made in his own godless image, without blowing it to smithereens.

Karl was no doubt stirring, getting ready to go to the mill. It was a day for running the planer, driven by a huge scavenged Dodge V-8. Errol was preparing to put in another day at gyp-rocking, standing upon the adjustable scaffold, his pallet of metal, held by a wooden peg, fastened in the center, upon which was piled a mixture of Synko 'mud', which he deftly removed and troweled with a broad putty knife, as though directing a symphony orchestra. An artist at work, depressed by man's pitiful actions. Errol was easily depressed; what's the use?

This morning was absolute. I do not wish to hear anything about God's handiwork; his little miracles, and mysteries. To put it plainly: Shit! I want to be dumb-founded and held spellbound by this beauty.

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I do not wish to ascribe it all to some hack made in the hominid image.
My mouth was wide-open, agape at the absolute. I cannot, we cannot, transcend this elemental and elementary condition.
Reverence; Yes!; by all means; a speechless reverence; words fail us.
The purpose of one's eyes is to perceive beauty.
Hay!?!; Beauty?!; My Foot! A Cruise Missile is a thing of beauty.

Can you imagine it, the contrast, and the abject waste? Again one is dumfounded, truly not being able to find the words; only a feeling of ANGER, and most irreverent thoughts.

But this morning was absolute; a platinum, silver-white quietude; a ringing in one's ears; a clamoring twit of a junco. Dumfounded, I, truly speechless, with a feeling of AWE.

I am not Awed by the missiles. I am provoked to murder its makers and promulgators; the baronial bastards dominating one with FEAR and ANGER in their hope to achieve The Dominion of the One over the Other.

Little prisms of blue, red and green; miniature hay ornaments dangling upon yellow-silver fuzzes of spindly sagging grasses; a dazzling AWE.

Now, much later, most of the frost has disappeared; the hay has returned to its customary wintry tan-gray, somewhat yellowish in the bright sunlight.

Only a memory now, of absolute beauty. The Cruise Missile lives on; a chilling thought.