

# THE ISLAND

## *'Radical Solitude'*

What had served as a symbol of rectitude in this long flight across the mystic oceans; as well, a dream designed to frustrate the conscious life; finally had become a tangible reality; a place where an awkward featherless pair of ceaselessly beating and droning wings would flail no more. The fear of drowning in the murky bloody sea of homo erectus hast driven one thus; where one could stand alone on the unspoiled, unstained, pristine shore; no longer feeling those unholy compulsions to survive; able now to indulge and revel in the other less obvious persuasions of the Great Mother. We would now station ourselves above the sea, upon our bridge deck constructed of granite, beyond time and illusion, unassailable, invulnerable to all but Omega. There, beneath us, breathed the timeless element, overwhelming us with something we could neither identify, nor quantify.

With precious hours squandered; auguring, dredging and unearthing this Beforedeath repose, for which they had demanded that artless, indifferent medium of exchange; our signatures attested to our before-rapture three-dimensionality, our gross validity; spirits bounded in an ugly and mortal flesh.

We had requested an injunction against mankind. We had demanded that he not be allowed in the Temple ever again; the place, perhaps permanently, reeking of some foul smelling animal.

Aye, we resideth in our ivory towers playing endless rounds of solitaire, when we could be preparing for the afterlife, or writing the long overdue treatise on the Rise and Fall of Bullshit.

On the mystical horizon one believed he could observe a fleet of ships without flags.

In the silent wood, the Pestilence stirred; sharp little piranha-like, steel teeth, driven with motorized vengeance into the defenseless trunks. No anesthetic. Shots echo throughout the forest. Death walks everywhere; the price and admonition of Survival; somehow an inelegant, undainty, unfrivolous thrust. Another refrain omitted from Mother Goose and Beatrix Potter. Spare them in their innocence.

There is little wisdom in poetry. "Useless as tits on a boar", as one of the Islanders would paraphrase the elegant, refined sensibilities. A Platonist in the rough. 'The only good tree is a dead tree'. 'The only good Indian is a dead Indian'. 'I like my spotted owl, fried'.

That symbol of rectitude, lofted upon the metaphysics of escape, of longing, yearning, for the security for that innerness, that had discovered mostly malicious thorns, always diverting, and directing one attention, morbidly, toward the inevitable escarpment. Yes!, this ship of an Island, does it too fail to fulfill its scantlings as the successful repository of buoyant dreams?

The decision having taken its final form in this concrete three dimensionality, acquires the epitaph of "Reality". Now what? Confinement? Confinement; another leap that has found one landing hard upon the planetary integument.


"Tis all too true, a patch of dream, of Paradise, had become something else, a still-life, a *fait accompli*.

What Rub doth lie therein?

Funnygin might utter, "What feels these muddles be!"

The EPITAPH: I had dreamt, therefore I had been.

Addendum: Years Later: The author wanted to let stand what he had written above, but he did want to amend with mention that *The Island* may indeed have been a specific piece of the planet. There may be some relevance, but in general, his philosophy admits that all isolated places seem to acquire their own individual characteristics. He might have titled the opus *An Island*. He might have provided the actual name of the island. *Harmony Heaven*

Also, in this opus he has used the first person to such a degree that, to change all the 'Is' to 'the author' would not be helpful, since it is already such a formative labor, begun coincident with a caretaking job on an island, and his new found freedom from the more conventional laboring life. It was time to get his act together, if indeed a muse was out there for him to find. He had actually began his pursuit with *Notes #1* , followed by *Archaeopteryx*, *Shyla*, *Serein*, *Cruise Missile*, *Giddy*, *A Not-So-Still-Life*, and not so uncoincidentally '*The Island*'.

Although formative, this effort reveals a style that would develop, with time, into something more succinct, more confident, even perhaps more obscure. Obscurity is not an intentional modus operandi, but a result of trying to be reasonable with a language that is easily perverted.

In the author's college English Comp. class, each student was provided with a list of topics, from which one was meant choose one and, in one thousand words, say what one had to say regarding the chosen subject. The author chose Juvenile Delinquency. (You might image what the author did with that). He got an F. In his next one thousand word essay, he opened Gorrel and Laird. followed the suggested path to success, wrote a completely innocuous piece about nothing. He got an A.

That's the same as saluting the flag and pledging allegiance; its gets you an A every time. Try kneeling or showing your backside!