

# ROARSHOCK PAGE

[www.roarshock.net](http://www.roarshock.net)

Volume 11, Number 7

San Francisco

June 11, 2018

Another section — the second — presented here now in ROARSHOCK PAGE from a long poem *The Last Pinelian (The Summer of Madness)* by D. A. Wilson who in addition to living and writing this poem also found time to graduate from Maybeck High School 40 years ago on June 11, 1978.

## THE LAST PINELIAN

### III.

Here lies  
the stone  
the day after

The music flutters  
and winds around the heat.  
It's hot here today, folks.  
Ha!

(pause)

Oooh – softly moving, softly playing  
out here in the shadows  
of sun-hot Martinez.  
Yeah, we'd just as well hang out here.  
You'd burn out there.  
You'd burn out there, baby.

No longer even on my feet.  
There's sweat in my beard  
matted in my hair.  
Riding out the day  
listening to drums  
breaking on the heat.

Yeah – sitting, moving  
working, exercising, sweating  
sit ups, pull ups,  
I feel good as I work my body  
getting brown here in the sun.

What day is it?  
The same or another?  
The days follow each other  
in a bright precession  
running together and on and on.

What night is it?  
The same or another?  
The nights follow each other  
in a dim precession  
running together and on and on.

Yet each has these things in common  
under bright sun or dim stars  
the sneezing coughing marijuana oblivion  
the bottles of beer and wine  
– just last night, strong red Burgundy,  
those people and me gulping in the hot evening,  
and you, beautiful girl, almost falling asleep  
over your glass, looking up at me  
looking at you, and smiling –  
And sometimes, also, LSD.

Making me wander around lost.  
Making me wonder what I was going to do.  
Making me gasp in amazement.

Yeah – darkness.  
Climbing the hill slowly  
With stickers in my socks.

We're still hiding out.  
It must be another day.  
We're burned,  
we're burned out.  
(end of pause)

Ha!  
So, you thought that I'd forgotten you, eh folks?  
No chance in Hell.  
I've spaced off for a while.  
Oh, my strange burning hallucinations  
and lines of gibberish  
pouring out onto these pages  
but now I'm back (?)  
and I would like to announce...  
a victory!

The Temple of JTEL has been Saved!

By royal decree  
from the Director of Synergy  
HERSELF  
who ordered those nasty parent types  
to keep their grubby fingers  
and hammers  
off it  
(though if she read these sarcasm-laced words  
Of an ungrateful nonbeliever she might  
Change her mind, I reckon).

Second Interlude: Sunset at Pinel

Sunset –  
at Pinel.  
Hot July day.

The wind blowing hot with summer.  
Crickets.  
The sun slips behind the hills  
and cool shadows fall across the valley.

The evening files softly in  
whistling through the dry grass.

Pinel stands silently here.  
Not disturbed by the warm wind.  
Not disturbed by the ways of human beings.  
Pinel stands silently here.  
Alone in the dry evening  
with patience, great patience.

#### IV.

The Pinel sign is gone.

I came home Saturday night  
drunk, after an Imported Beer Party  
that I had with Boho George  
while we rapped on in the summer dark.  
I weaved down the hill  
Going home to Pinel.  
And Kevin Clark's van stopped  
and he said, "Get in."  
I did, and so did  
Marie and Curtis  
and Kevin said, "The party is at Dave's house."  
and I said, "No."  
We drove out to Pinel  
and Bob and Charles were already there.  
I didn't even get out of the van.

But when I did  
and walked to my door (drinking a Guinness)  
I saw the Pinel sign.  
It was leaning against the bathrooms.

Sunday morning  
Daniel Barsh and Anna Kathryn came out.  
It was good to see them.  
We talked some, and I took the Pinel sign  
and leaned it against the wall of my room.

Monday morning  
and I shouldn't have a hangover.  
Sure, I get pissed, but who wouldn't?  
Sorry kids,  
didn't mean to take away your God given right  
to party here whenever and however  
you damn well please.  
What about me? Do I still live here?  
Well, yeah,  
but don't let that stop you from having a good time  
(I didn't think that it would).

Tuesday morning  
I got up early (kind of burnt)  
and left for work early  
and gave the Pinel sign a long look,  
but when I returned  
it was gone.

Who took our sign away?  
Where has our sign gone?

Where has our sign gone?

Where has our sign gone?

— D.A. Wilson

[To Be Continued in Next Issue of ROARSHOCK PAGE.]

## JUNE ALMANAC

- 06/01 1495 John Cor, a monk, recorded the first known batch of Scotch whisky.  
06/02 1958 Esther Fishman born in San Andreas, CA.  
06/04 2018 Marjorie Hills died in Moraga, CA.  
2018 Dwight Clark died in Whitefish, Montana  
06/06 1968 Robert F. Kennedy was assassinated in Los Angeles.  
06/07 1959 Mike Pence was born in Columbus, IN.  
06/08 1906 Theodore Roosevelt signed Antiquities Act, authorizing restrictions on public lands of historical or conservation value.  
2018 Anthony Bourdain died Kaysersberg-Vignoble, Haut-Rhin, France.  
06/10 1793 The Jardin des Plantes opened in Paris.  
06/11 1978 D. A. Wilson graduated from Maybeck High School, Berkeley, California.  
06/13 2018 NEW MOON  
06/14 1158 München founded by Heinrich der Löwe.  
06/15 1943 Johnny Hallyday was born in Paris.  
06/16 1922 Pro-Treaty Sinn Féin won a large majority in the Irish Free State General election.  
06/18 1948 Columbia Records introduced the long-playing record album in New York City.  
06/21 2018 SUMMER SOLSTICE NORTH EARTH  
06/22 1984 Virgin Atlantic Airways launched with its first flight from London Gatwick Airport.  
06/25 1956 Anthony Bourdain born New York City.  
06/26 2015 U.S. Supreme Court ruled, 5-4, same-sex couples have right to marriage under 14th Amendment, United States Constitution.  
06/27 2018 FULL STRAWBERRY MOON  
06/30 1972 First leap second added to the UTC time system.

<http://roarshock.net/june.html>

Calling for Contributions! ROARSHOCK PAGE invites submissions of art, photographs, poetry, and micro-prose, to be considered for inclusion in future issues.

ROARSHOCK PAGE, Volume 11, Number 8 will become available July 23, 2018.

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[www.roarshock.net](http://www.roarshock.net)

Published by:

Roarshock

North Beach Station

P.O. Box 330108

San Francisco, CA 94133-0108

[roarshock@aol.com](mailto:roarshock@aol.com)

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