

RAINBOW DIARY

author's overview

“rainbow diary” describes the exile of poet and his soul mate vida from the anarchic mediocrity of mala nada to living at the cliffs on one of five small islands in the pointe achipelago. they made a courageous decision to abandon blind adherence to the mala nada old ways and rituals, choosing instead to invent a new life that would make their dreams of a creative freedom come true.

reflecting upon poet and vida's days living beneath different rainbows arcing over the separate islands -- their frequent pauses to bathe and to make love behind the cliffs waterfall and among the wildflowers -- i muse poetically.

does poet represent the existential loner of camus's meursault, and the cliffs jules verne's mysterious island of captain harding, pencroft, and gideon spilette of my youth. are the “rainbow diary” accounts reminiscent of zhivago and lara living in romantic retreat on the distant russian steppes far beyond varykino. does the “rainbow diary's” splendid cliffs lives of poet and vida resemble brautigan and pauline in “watermelon sugar,” or are they closer to the passion and trust exhibited by the newspaper comic strip characters of dick tracy and tess trueheart.

RED STRAWBERRY RAINBOW

‘mala nada – pointe’

vida and i were late leaving the cliffs this morning on our rafting journey to visit mala nada on the pointe. last night a furious rain storm blew in off the big waters. there was booming thunder, sizzling lightning flashing across the dark skies, and, the winds howled through the trees until first dawn. the storm made sweet nighttime music for vida and i, as we embraced our naked bodies under the soft goat skin blankets with warm rock house foxfire glowing.

we considered hiking down to the shore and watching the monstrous big waters boiling and frothing tides, but decided against it. the last time we had stayed up all night to enjoy the magnificence of a storm’s sound and fury we got drenched by the big waters spray and returned to the cliffs stone house wet and chilled.

we loaded the raft after first dawn for the voyage to mala nada, carefully packing the green stones and goat pelts to trade for salt, sugar, used fishhooks and some of the brujo’s firesticks.

while we worked loading and rigging our raft, the thick mists that obscured the shoreline and big waters evaporated. some time during the mid-morning after the winds had died down and the waters calmed we launched our wooden raft and set out for mala nada poling under low leaden skies.

because of our late starting and the uncertainty of the late afternoon tides and weather, vida and i decided we would camp out overnight at grider creek on orchard island, and complete our rafting trip to mala nada early the next morning.

we landed the raft on a sandy strip of the shore and carried our small container of fire coals to the open faced shelter of pine boughs we used for our orchard island refuge.

in the forgotten times orchard island had several small farms, a pine oil plantation, and a fishery was once located where grider creek flows into the big waters. the farms had become abandoned and overgrown, the plantation was in ruins, and only a few remaining drying racks remained at the ruins of the fishery.

vida and i found the orchard island vacant meadows awash with beautiful violets, daises, trilliums and other wildflower colors. large black-and-orange butterflies flitted and fluttered back and forth while we picked some wild strawberries and searched for the large brown eggs laid by the farm chickens turned wild. at dusk, vida and i harvested some apples in the old orchards leftover from long ago.

we fell asleep in each other’s arms at the orchard island lean-to while watching the distant stars sparkling like precious gem stones, and listening to the grider creek coyotes singing their nighttime love songs.

the next morning vida and i were up early and on the big waters quickly. almost immediately we spied the gigantic old lightning scarred pine, a rogue sentry identifying the entry for the tiny mala nada harbor inlet.

about 375 peopled lived at the mala nadda outpost. most resided in the village, however, others lived in shacks and other places on the village periphery. most of those living in mala nada were people with empty lives, bitter and desperate beings with their children often scattered and fending for themselves.

on the village limits the remains of a bridge comes to a halt at the river of no return. this marks the boundary where the path that leads to the dark territories of no man's land beyond mala nada begins. there is sign attached to the old bridge foundation that says "death to outsiders."

most of those living in mala nada exist only for the next jug of prune jack, the cruel and punishing weekend scrum contests, and dice games at spehar's place or down in the shadows of the old wooden pier at the pointe.

before meeting vida and moving with her to the stone house at the cliffs on eagle island, i was engaged to an attractive mala nada girl named lynx. lynx's mother, inglad had run away one night and there were many at the pointe who swore they could hear her sobbing cries, as if she were a ghost witch lost in the wilderness beyond the river of no return.

turkoglu, lynx's father, was a hard, cold man who spent his days in around the clock drinking at the spehar house, quarreling with others over past scrum fights, dice games, and telling lies about his past hunting and fishing experiences.

vida and i stopped at the olav thorvald store and traded some goat skins, eggs, and strawberries for some soft sugar that olav made from his stand of black maple trees. we also exchanged some orchard island brown eggs for salt and a few old fishhooks that pointe scavengers collected and sold to thorvald. i asked olav about lynx and how she had been, and, he replied that she had vanished sometime ago and hadn't been seen around mala nada or the pointe in quite a while.

later vida and i visited the brujo and traded some of our green stones we collected on our visits to greenstone island for a few of the brujo's firesticks. living alone on the cliffs, fire, especially in the winter was very important. an emergency cache of firesticks was insurance against trouble, and if something truly dangerous happened might save someone's life.

the brujo was another one of the few mala nada residents who had not given up and lost interest in the possibilities of life and instead blindly accepted the fate of being lost in self-hatreds and victim to their violent mood swings.

visiting mala nada and listening to the stories told by the brujo was a very enjoyable experience. his favorite tale was how once long ago there was a massive stone bridge that stretched into a continuous rocky arch and connected the five islands of orchard, cemetery, greenstone, eagle, and lost goat to the pointe.

in addition the brujo frequently told of strange rumblings that he felt underneath mala nada as if the small village was resting on top of an active volcano, or was occasionally visited by angry spirits.

the brujo mused at length about the dark continent beyond the land that time had forgotten, and the fate of those lost in that no man's land after they left for the unknown frontier. he also told of the old abandoned factory on greenstone island and the mines, plus a small greenstone island port called bard harbor that had completely vanished without leaving any trace.

on the raft journey back to the cliffs and our stone house on eagle island, the winds picked up and the day became chilly. vida wrapped herself in an old goat blanket to stay warm and keep dry from the big waters spray.

we did not stop again at orchard island, instead we decided to complete our return to eagle island and return another time to orchard island on a fine rainbow day to finished our harvesting.

BLACK LICORCE RAINBOW

eagle island

i awoke early this morning with still some time before the first dawn would streak across the horizon and bring another day to the cliffs and stone house on eagle island. our visit to mala nada at the pointe yesterday had exhausted vida, so i decided to let her quietly slumber longer.

i sipped wild red raspberry tea steeped over last night's cooking coals, while musing at the homemade hacky-doodle table that wobbled badly. it was bothering me that i felt someone had been in our stone house during the time we were visiting mala nada trading for some goods. i felt an odd disturbance that a stranger had been going through our belongings. immediately lynx came to mind and i thought could it have been her, and wondered if she might be planning some troubles for vida and me at the cliffs.

i got up and around quickly as i was interested in doing some new writing while my brain was well rested and might still possess some fresh, new ideas. carefully i etched haiku verses on flat dry oak leaves with red ink made from wild berries. later i would attach the poems to the poet tree, a stunted old pine at the cliffs summit overlooking the big waters.

my first day of writing after the mala nada visit was a good one, as without pressing, one word flowed easily after another. as the blue of the early day arrived, i declared a finish to my early morning poetry writing.

i touched vida softly on the shoulder and whispered that i was going to hike to the "book works," and would plan on meeting her later at the springs. hiking barefoot, the trail descended from the stone house summit through birch trees, a tag alder copse and a stand of tall green pines. there was a steady breeze blowing through the pine boughs and the needles made a soft peaceful *purrrring*. i passed a row of wild rose bushes surprisingly in full bloom, and i picked a large red blossom to give to vida when we met later at the stream

the ruined remains of the "book works" revealed what once had been a most magnificent poetarium structure. it was a large building constructed out of flat red granite stones, probably quarried from the small canyon of red rock facings on cemetery island. the "book works" had many great windows, however, now most were without glass. the empty windows looked from a distance like yawning black cave openings, except for the one where strangely a cracked glass light globe still hung from the ceiling. the "book works" had a large stone archway that led to a courtyard that was strewn with piles of eroding red rock rubble.

the books from the library had disappeared long ago, or rotted, and the only books that still remained belonged to the brujo in mala nada at the pointe. all that remained now was the sad cold empty reminder of a past civilization that had valued learning before the dark times that followed the wars long ago the brujo talked about.

i met vida at the pond we had created by damming the small stream that flowed down from the cliffs summit. below the rock dam, the light water rippling made soft music for vida and i to bathe in. we undressed, washed and celebrated our nakedness by making love in the warm gentle waters of the small pond. while we embraced in the

sleepy river of our dreams, a spermy white film floated over the rock dam and disappeared in the dark waters downstream.

leaving the pond to dry off, it felt like an emergence from the depths of some great ecstasy. i possessed a warm feeling of silence and beauty, the rhythm of vida and my blood still throbbing with wet whispers continuing.

while we dried ourselves in the noon sun on the flat rock tailings beside the stream, i read to vida my earlier morning poems. as she fell into a short afternoon drowse, i quietly pondered my great fortune. i mused how lucky i had been to escape the affair with lynx and suffocating existence of living in mala nada on the pointe. it seemed to me a miracle finding vida, a woman who refused to accept the cant and rituals parroted by those living in mala nada. i admired her determination not to join with those lost souls at the pointe and their continuous "if only" whining.

with vida as my soul mate, i had discovered the difference between being with myself as opposed to living without vida and feeling lonely.

a short time later vida woke from her afternoon nap and both of us still giddy from our earlier passions, slowly gathered up our things and began the trekking back to our stone house atop the cliffs.

before leaving the pond, we picked some watercress and leeks from the streamside and stowed some soft spaghem moss in our trail sacks. we hiked up the trail together silently lost in our own thoughts, and suddenly up ahead loomed the stone house and home. we lived in an immense jumble of rocks with huge slabs of granite providing the walls and roof for our cliffs dwelling. helping vida over the stony threshold, i felt like i had returned to a special and holy sanctuary with the new haikus fluttering peacefully on the poet tree.

while the twilight dusk settled over eagle island, vida cut my hair and trimmed by beard. afterwards i tidied up the stone house with a broom made of bound twigs. the fine day and adventure with vida had put the mystery of lynx being on the island and maybe in our stone house to rest for the moment.

with the sun setting over the cliffs, vida and i dined on baked brook trout fillets garnished with watercress and fresh morel mushrooms. sleepily we discussed new adventures together, talking about the possibility of capturing a sea turtle from the big waters and having a grand feast on the eagle island beach.

as we prepared for bed and evening slumbering, i watched the fading firelight sketching vida's naked flesh, her ghostly feminine shadows dancing on the dark rock walls.

GOLDEN HONEY RAINBOW

cemetery island

while vida and i slept, a gale blew in off the big waters and it rained all night with lightning streaking the skies and the dull rumble of thunder in the distance. we woke early with the morning air fresh and sweet smelling after the nighttime precipitation and we made love and then fell back asleep. we rose a second time in the mid-morning and were treated to a most splendid golden rainbow arcing over eagle island. its honey yellow hues shone with a blinding brilliance in the bright morning sunshine. vida found a rare violet colored trillium that had sprouted overnight near our stone house, and, a large brown eagle was perched on a poet tree limb surveying the big waters horizon. vida and i decided to celebrate the morning's cliffs omens by declaring it a perfect day and deciding we should do some private things by ourselves.

i left vida to the stone house and places on eagle island, and polled the raft over to check things out on cemetery island. while i was navigating the island strait, a large gray sea crane flew over the raft and followed me. i thought of the irony of just how i must have appeared from a view high in the sky, a mere whisper of humanity existing before the sun, moon, and passing seasons.

the big waters tides were calm and small waves were quietly lapping on the cemetery island rocky shore as i beached the raft in the small lagoon at the edge of the island. above the reef and lagoon was a small pond that vida and i had constructed to store trout and insure a steady supply of rainbow and brook trout meals. i set out a couple of trawling lines to catch an evening dinner of boiled fish with wild garlic. after releasing a warm high arc of straw colored piss that splattered on the rocky shore, i noticed what looked like fresh footprints in the shoreline gravel. immediately i thought was this lynx, and wondered when and how she had got here and was she still on cemetery island.

the cemetery was located away from the shore toward the center of the island. the trail to the cemetery was covered with dark shadows from rows of tall oak trees that seemed to be standing guard like silent cemetery sentinels.

my visits to the island and cemetery had been often, and not necessarily to pay respects to the dead, but, to allow my mind to be alone for a short while and remain quiet until it emptied out.

in the olden times past the ancestors of the archipelago had immigrated to the different islands and engaged in a collective struggle to maintain a community, raise families, work and survive the demanding elements. unless the charred logs on the island's shore included the burned bones of past funeral pyres, the inland cemetery was where the island's ancestors had buried their loved ones.

during my trek to the cemetery, tiny snow sparrows played tag with me, flit-fluttering from tree limbs to brush twigs always keeping just a little bit ahead of me. i also heard the scuffling of ruffled grouse in the underbrush scurrying further back into the woodland sanctuary.

the cemetery was almost lost in a jungle of gnarly old trees bent by the island storms and a constant struggle for sustaining light. these trees in the cemetery's wilderness were the true survivors of the island.

browsing, i noticed the occasional bits of twisted iron railings that jutted out of the heavy undergrowth here and there. also there were the marble tombstones with their inscriptions almost completely eroded by lichen stains and the island's rain storms. once in a while i came across an iron cross marker and the rotting wooden remains from enclosures that once used to surround the gravesites.

close to the island's cemetery was a small old church that had been deserted for many years. the roof was gone, and the windows were without glass. some time long ago vandals had visited the island and with the black hatreds that possessed them they had laid waste to the small cemetery chapel. i noticed an old iron stove in a dark corner of the church's basement, and thought for a moment, if vida and i could only get the stove back to eagle island, how would be ever haul it up to the stone house on top of the cliffs.

while wandering around the cemetery's perimeter, suddenly a gust of wind arose and blew, whipping up dust and maybe graveyard ashes. once again, i thought could lynx be near, and watching me from the forest shadows.

on the other side of cemetery island stood the ruins of an old hotel and resort, a magnificent old three story building with two ball rooms and separate fire places on the upper floors.

the firebird trail led from the island's cemetery to the old hotel on the opposite side of the island, however, the path was an impassable dark thicket of brambles and thorns. vida and i had stayed overnight once in the hotel, using one of the fireplaces on the third floor for our camping site. we had to fight off the presence of bats and mosquitoes for a most uncomfortable camping experience. i thought that if vida and i decided to return to visit the hotel again, we would take our raft around the to the other shore of cemetery island.

very suddenly i became aware that the day's evening dusk had quickly turned into nighttime darkness. i made my camp out among the cemetery tombstones as a large full moon rose high and slid in and out of the clouds scudding across the sky. a light breeze came up and created a nervous rustling of the dry leaves, and i wondered about the possible cemetery tricksters, witches, ghosts and maybe lynx lurking in the black shadows.

while drifting off into a light slumber, i recalled a past conversation with the brujo during a visit to mala nada on the pointe. he had told vida and i that to understand and appreciate the wisdom of the ancients required learning the secret of the spirit of light. the brujo referred to the understanding of the spirit in full moon's white rain, and also spoke about knowing the spirit at the core of a candle's flame.

shortly after the drowsy musings, i fell asleep in the cemetery dreaming of vida, and tomorrow's reunion, my dreams providing the light for a blind hermit wandering alone at the edges of existence.

EMERALD MINT RAINBOW

greenstone island

last night over our pillow murmurings, vida and i agreed that with time running short and the season of the long white rapidly approaching, we ought to replenish our trading supply of green stones. this morning we rose early and had a quick breakfasting at the stone house and then poled our raft to the neighboring greenstone island. the winds were light and the big waters calm so our passage went smoothly.

we beached our raft on the shoreline near the old greenstone works. all that remained of the greenstone smelter and stamping plant was a vast expanse of gray concrete foundations. a lone cement smokestack rose in a far corner of the plant's remains, the base hidden in the overgrowth of brush. i reminded vida to step carefully and not fall down in one of the circular holes in the smelter's floor and end up in the factory's basement darkness.

looking back from the greenstone works along the far shore the remains of the greenstone island's harbor could be made out. the wrecks of old wooden sailing freighters that one time collected cargoes of greenstones cold still be seen. during the times of low harbor tides, the ribs and keel-hull spines would be visible rising out of the harbor waters. there were also large pine pilings left from the greenstone island harbor pier that now resembled rows of silent gallows.

we paused for a quiet moment of thought at the smelter and i told vida that we were very lucky to live in the islands i explained further that we shared splendid mysteries with the island ghosts that made our lives truly enchanted on most of our rainbow filled days.

i showed vida the ancient trail to the greenstone mine shafts and mountain summit that i had discovered on one of my lone visits to the island. we trekked up the mountain path to the sites of the old and abandoned deep mineshafts with tailings of greenstones behind them. we stopped at one of the mine shafts and dropped a small pebble into the empty opening, and it seemed forever before we heard the faint distant click of the stone hitting the bottom of the mine. the mala nada brujo believed that on special magic nights the greenstone mine ghosts came out and you could hear the voices of miner's souls lost in the deep shaft accidents of long ago. with the day's sun racing toward a high noon position over our shoulders, vida and i quickly rummaged through the mine tailing collection of precious greenstones for our future eagle island trading stock. after filling two small bags with stones, we left them at the mine tailings site and continued our hike to the summit of greenstone mountain to rest and have our noon lunch. after finishing a light meal of dried fruits, hazel nuts, and slaking out thirsts at a small mountain top seep, vida and i made love. afterwards we drowsed on the flat mountain boulders with the warm noon sun shining overhead, as a tiny river of wetness trickled down the rock face and began drying.

while vida napped, i mused dammit, i'd lived all my life for a moment just like this, and poet, fool wilderness bard, i'd never realized it. i reflected on how lucky i was to have found vida, a creative loner like myself for a soul mate. vida most certainly was a wise woman who believed in the importance of loving and also of sustaining those passions. together we had succeeded in re-colonizing the island's wilderness, while keeping it pure and maintaining a peaceful harmony with the ghosts and wild animals.

suddenly the piercing shriek of a nearby mountain hawk awakened vida and quickly brought me back to my consciousness. both of us speaking together at the same time with excited voices, remarked what the brujo had recently told us. during the last visit and conversation with the brujo in mala nada at the pointe a large sea eagle had flown over our picnic site on the river of no return. after the big bird had passed by and was just a tiny black speck on the horizon, the brujo whispered, you know birds are holes in the heavens through which man can pass.

following that shared remembrance, we noticed that the sky had quickly darkened and an explosion of thunder exploded nearby. the wind picked up, rustling the dry leaves and bring the scent of rain and the prelude to a grand greenstone island stormy symphony.

quickly vida and i snatched up our gear and began hiking back down the greenstone mountain trail in fine rain that vida jokingly referred to as out "trysting mizzle?" we picked up our collection of greenstones left at the tailings, and i led vida on a short cut back to the greenstone works and ground level location. climbing down the mountain we connected with an old narrow gauge railroad bed and very carefully we crossed the remains of an old wooden trestle, and soon emerged in the cattails and wilderness growth at greenstone harbor.

by the time we had reached the harbor the rains had ceased and the thunderstorm had passed and was far beyond greenstone island. however, as the big waters were still choppy and it was rapidly becoming dark, vida and i decided to stay overnight and camp on the greenstone island beach.

as we collected dry driftwood bits and pieces to build our evening campfire, i told her it was very surprising after all of the ghostly myths of the islands that we hadn't heard the sounds of train whistles, the church bell on cemetery island ringing, or foghorn and harbor buoy noises.

we ate a late dinner of smoked goat's meat and drank cups of sassafras tea, while watching the dusk covering the big water tides. the gentle nighttime waves were carrying tiny agate stones farther up on to the beach, after which the after tow pulled them back into the big waters shallows.

while vida and i relaxed in our silence, i wondered about the possibility of discovering the soul of a stone. the mala nada brujo had told me once the ancient sages believed that when a human died, his soul was possessed and lived inside a stone. if this were true, then the universe was a collection of men waiting to be raised by big water tides to share their secrets from the past with others.

as the campfire embers sparkled with a pale pink glow and began fading, i reached over to caress my sleeping vida. i felt the exciting moment of the electric sizzle of flesh touching flesh before falling into a soft slumbering in her arms.

CHOCOLATE BROWN RAINBOW

orchard island

before falling asleep last night at the stone house on eagle island, vida and i agreed that suddenly the days were growing shorter. since the warm season was almost over and the time of autumn colors close at hand, it was critical to harvest food for the larder that would sustain us during the time of the long white.

rising in an early false dawn, we packed the raft with shovels, hoes, and sacks for the provisions we planned to acquire from the abandoned farmsteads on orchard island. the morning skies were a clear deep blue and the big waters calm, so we quickly poled the wooden raft across to orchard island and beached it on the shore.

we passed the old pine plantation and sawmill remains, and while hiking to the ancient farm locations, a flock of blue jays raucously announced our arrival to the overgrown farming fields. while checking out an old hand pump in the tall weeds, vida and i found some clay bowls and drinking gourds leftover from the long times past. we collected the bowls and gourds in our harvesting sacks to take back to the stone house. we also agreed that the pump would be a future project for next spring to ponder over during the winter.

first we gathered some wild plums and thimbleberries to later dry in the sun on the flat rocks atop the cliffs on eagle island. we had traded several green stones for some light gauze material to cover the drying fruit from the mala nada magic woman, "kahlo" during an earlier visit to the pointe.

we tied sheaves of wild leeks, shallots, garlic cloves and large purple onions together to later to hang from the stone house ceiling to have always ready for an instant meal. as the day wore on we lugged sacks of wild carrots, red potatoes, and green squash back to load on the raft on the beach. when vida and i had moved to eagle island and settled in the stone house i had dug a root cellar in a sandy clearing near the house. with the careful arranging of our orchard island vegetable collection in layers of stream moss they would stay well preserved and ready for dinners during the long winter times.

the days had begun getting darker earlier now, and working hard to harvest enough fruits and vegetables for winter and load them on the raft, vida and i decided to stay overnight on orchard island. that way we would have the good morning light to navigate back to eagle island, and not have to worry about some accident happening on the big waters in the nighttime darkness.

while studying some red pulpy mush on the path, the spoor of some wild animal, vida ran up to me in the gathering darkness and told me of a strange encounter. she said that while carrying a load of squash back to the raft she had seen the black shadow of a woman dancing with crows. according to vida's tale, this dark apparition stopped at the water's edge, turned around and waved and continued wading out into the big waters until she disappeared.

simultaneously we both whispered it must have been lynx. i told vida if it were lynx maybe she had decided to abandon stalking us and return to mala nada. she could join the others like herself who were satisfied to complain about things but too fearful or lazy to do anything about them. it seemed very likely that lynx would join up with a man who

was just as cold and cruel as she and spent his days drinking prune jack and playing dice games.

the nighttime clouds suddenly cleared away and our orchard island campsite was awash with the rays from a huge blood-golden autumn moon. i embraced vida and whispered i love you sweet lady, i truly do, and her quiet purr, i love you too poet, as lovely as the sound of any high mass benison.

like the calm felt when watching the big waters tides ebbing and flowing, staring into a campfire provided the same soothing emptying of my mind. as the fire's coals turned to blinking fading embers, i remembered the brujo telling me one time, think about it graybeard poet, wood turns to ashes, but, ashes never turn into wood.

while waiting for sleep to come i watched the stars slowly edging across the horizon and wondered what else might be up there. i mused over the possibility of other aliens living on their distant exiled islands, or the existence of another god, celestial master brujo, maybe an our father shaman-ra.

i also thought about the soul of the big waters and wondered if one sailed far enough beyond the islands would they find a new uncharted continent. silently i mused could there also be new lands with different people and ways for the truly adventuresome to discover if they pressed beyond the river of no return.

as my eyes finally grew heavy and my head filled with sweet slumber, i fell asleep with the hoot-hoot-hooting of an owl nearby.

CRÈME VANILLA RAINBOW

lost goat island

the winter winds arrived early this year and the trees began shedding their leaves after several days of freezing rain had blown in off the big waters. the strong gales also created large waves that crashed and broke over the islands reefs washing far up the shorelines.

now there were damp leaves laying clustered and matted on the ground and the frost had left the trout lilies shriveled and brown until the next year's return of spring to the islands.

last night vida and i agreed that it was time to harvest a couple of goats for our winter stone house store of food. early this morning while a pile of dark clouds rose out over the big waters we poled our wooden raft over to lost goat island. we quickly trapped a couple of goats and then set to the hard labors of skinning and butchering them. we saved a leg and hind-quarter from one goat to take back to eagle island with us. we hung the rest of the goat meat in the ice caves on lost goat island where the steady temperatures over the winter would keep the goat's meat from spoiling.

after we had finished our annual winter goat slaughtering, vida and i perused once more the drawings on the ice cave walls made by the ancients during the forgotten times. we both noted that the characters etched by the ancient artists and scribes of long ago all possessed the third eye in their faces that the brujo often talked about. the brujo of mala nada at the pointe believed that for anyone to divine the true reality of their existence, they had to master the art of viewing people and measuring events through their third eye.

after finishing with the preparations of the goat's meat, vida and i decided that before we departed lost goat island and returned to eagle island, we would hike to the old lighthouse ruins at the island's far north end. during our trekking to the old lighthouse location, i remarked to vida that regardless of a shaman-ra, master brujo, ancient scriptures, runes, ritual hieroglyphics, a person still had the basic responsibility to take care of himself.

while we hiked to the old lighthouse a stiff breeze picked up and began rattling the dead limbs in the older trees, the sounds like the eerie cries of past lost goat island settler ghosts. when we reached the stone ruins of the lighthouse a light gray drizzle had begun to fall. vida stood at the edge of the rocky cliff on the north end of the coast staring out into the foggy void of the big waters as if expecting to see a new world beyond the shore. her hair had become damp from the steady rain, and soggy braids hung down almost completely covering her face. suddenly feeling like an old man standing in a cold rainstorm, i embraced vida with a warm hug. bringing her body close to me i realized that i would never love vida more than this passionate moment.

the late afternoon winds had begun to blow harder and we hastened back to retrieve our goat meat and raft and make the return voyage to eagle island. we poled the raft through ominous black swirling currents and reached the eagle island shore just as heavy dark clouds brought an early nightfall to the island.

DOUBLE RAINBOW MORNING

cliffs

this morning vida and i woke to the rare surprise of twin rainbows hovering over the archipelago of islands. the rainbows radiated a brilliant array of different hues, with bright red orange, yellow and rich indigo ribbons casting a magnificent holiday aura. the morning also possessed that special and knowing aroma of snow in the air, and vida and i were certain that tomorrow morning we would discover the beginning of the season in the long white. i spent most of the morning writing and in the afternoon vida and i did some snowshoe repairing. we also caulked the open spots in the stone house to keep out the ice and cold and insure we would be warm and snug during the winter's passing.

like our splendid solitude of winters before, vida and i planned to spend our time cooking meals, making love, writing new haikus to attach to the poet tree, and taking short snow-shoeing adventures on the days when the eagle island temperatures turned mild.

we were aware that all too quickly the snows would melt and vanish in the sun's increasing warmth as the days began lasting longer. very soon vida and i would be dancing together to celebrate the arrival of another spring at the stone house on eagle island.

after the island snows had completely vanished, i would then return alone to my existential cemetery island retreat to contemplate again how much longer i would possess the energy to love vida and continue crafting poems to share with the islands ghosts. these couple of days of solitary exile would provide me the opportunity to plumb the depths of my midnight soul. wondering during the quiet moments alone would i leave early one morning taking the wooden raft on a one-way journey to discover what new world might exist beyond the big waters. the poet's spring time respite to think would it all come to a finish one early evening leaping off the cliffs by the poet tree soaring to reach a hole in the clouds and flying with the birds to heaven.