

II

A Boy Called June



"Wonder will be the only order we'll see"
-JUNE

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Aestas Juventus

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PART I

I “AT THE EDGE OF ALL DOORS OPENED AT SUMMER THE
WHOLE WORLD WAITS THERE WARM AND IN WONDER... AS
THEY BULL AND BRAY ON THAT LAST SCHOOL DAY

-AND THERE WAS NO TIME BUT NOW...

2 ...TO A WILD-EYED YOUNG MAN RESTLESS TO BE. HAD
A DREAM...”

“Wake... late!”

“‘TROUBLE.’ NEVER FIT WITHIN THEIR FRAMES...

AN INCURABLE LOVE SOAKED ALL HE COULD SEE IN THE
HEAT HOPPED THE FENCE, SPLASHED THE FRIENDS CAL-
LOW CROWIN?...”

“They’ll never own our burning!”

“A NAKED REFLECTION HIT THE LAKE WITH A TOAST:”

“Don’t ever trust an order
that enforces use of clothes!”

“-AND THERE WAS NO TIME BUT NOW...”

3 “‘THE ARDENT BARD OF BARE WET FEET’ MESSY
HEART FULL O’SPARKS ...HALF OUT O’KEY.

...NIGHTS WOULD BURN ALIVE BY THE LIGHT OF A POOL
IN A WATERMELON AGE OF EAGER COULD-BE-BLOOMS! IT
WAS A FEAST OF ENDLESS SUN-BLESSED AFTERNOONS!

...AND THERE WERE GIANTS IN THE LAND IN THOSE DAYS...

... AND ANYTHING AT ALL COULD HAPPEN!”

II “A humid embrace,
and A verdant enthral:
A tender cicada call.

A new daisy wreath,
gown of wild oat plumes,
a wet clay and corn perfume!”

4 “NERVOUS AND EAGER EVERYONE WOULD BE THERE...
OUT THERE IT WAS ENDLESS... BUT HE COULDN’T BRING
IT IN...”

“Someday they’re gonna see it, every trap I will upend!
Aw, tonight it’s my turn!
I am gonna swim warm in this skin!

5 ...Though Everything’s astir
to find an other of its kind
In this season drenched in purpose
...I’ve no partner for my crimes...”

6 "THE LAKE DRAWN THROUGH A REED HE CALLED; A
SONG, A BAND, AND PEN AND WITH FREEDOM STILL WET
ON HIS LIPS HE RANG:"

II "A humid embrace,
and a verdant enthrall,
a tender cicada call,

A new daisy wreath,
gown of goldenrod shoots
a wet clay and corn perfume...

7 We are blessed to be chosen
to run forward as reality's vanguard
-glowing deathly alive!

... on that evening by the river
Come and dance like there's no place but here
Say I've been set apart from all else!

8 ...I am wild come from wild
-an adopted feral child...

"I was made to run ablaze, not hold back!

9 For I am menace! I am frenzy!

10 Pour that big 'ole dipper out
'cause there's no quelling the fiery tongue upon this brow!

II O sing on cicada!
May your tymbals ever drum through all green halls!
-come timber run un-belayed!

12 Help me sing it right by midnight...
raise a fist to every star with eyes!"

...For wyrd's spin idle
cut from compass rose...