Ascension

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ascension

by
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*and he look out over the world and see the works of their hands and investments upon it and he growl to himself... people can fuck up a free lunch*

—fragment from the epic of piglover

1
sunbathed in golden honey and slow gentle light touches her neck and she takes up the chalice her daily communion and sunpools golden stream swirling about her white clean feet standing unbound on golden floor and she pauses a time in thought of him and wonder if his journey ever ended and did he find that grace he sought she remembers

2
rising out of desert world bleak forsaken land of hot hot sun and gravelsand desert for miles and desert to the sky parched dead sand under desert sky we rose out of that world together thundering roaring with the wind rocking wildly in speedwhipped wind of flight chackety chackety chackety he stood with his back to me as he faced out on the sunblast world falling away. sun streaked with wind rumpled through his long golden hair and whorled its gold around his head and billowed his white tunic i closed my eyes in gentle weariness as he piglover spoke ya hey what a mindblower pissing out of a boxcar at 80 miles an hour

i met him in whitefish head of montana cherry country and he piglover came into whitefish disguised as small old woman with an ailment and contemplating ten major operations trying to convert everyone at once no good condemn god damn bus down to lewiston coldest place in contiguous u.s. he destitute in whitefish playing guitar in
bars singing own crazy songs won't take money they pass hat he give back. i catch him in longhorn ask him you're very good why don't you take their lucre and he answer quiet gentle smile i'm no ordinary man you know tell me your name my little piglet i told him i was mara and within the week panting and wet in hot sweet night i was his mara

we lived like spring of summerwind above orchards in fruitpicker's abandoned shack standing uphill behind the freightyards we candlelight and sing and quit playing bars more than one two nights a week we sing and laugh and play have fine old time all around up our hill he spend days loading scrap metal on gondolas one fifty an hour

he crazy god damn piglover take me running in the mornings run all through the hills in muddy boots he run through swamps and rivers over hills through forest he breathe sunrise mist kick rocks through holes in the sky i quit smoke and drinking keep up with god damned piglover feels good.

piglover you fool you could be rich we could sing like this in bars until buy a greyhound bus private and go to seattle sing for the boeing people retire rich have ease and comfort get nice house on puget sound.

huy huy mara retire in ease going to rot sit around thinking maybe i make up song now no maybe i do it later get fat in my head waiting for later. nothing grow on money and ease except middleroad america all that advertising a m radio colorkeyed interiors other junkfood. no good mix lifesong with too much storebought ease. lifesongs by themselves they come out of sitting on fence watching little fats-piggies play bumperpigs step in patient pigmothers eye bounce on her belly. it's grocery store life-of-packaged-ease mothers
bark snap at their children whining in grocery store carts in supermarket air got poison a.m. radio residue. songs come maybe standing on top Burlington Northern gondola lifting piece of somebody's dismembered stove over side sunshine and larchtrees all around got no canned music people got to make their own

hey kitchen stove
someone else's fire
cold in your belly
i make it hot for you now
no more taffy sowbelly angelcake for you
send you to scrappers maybe
make you pontiac
some man pineappleshirt
he stuff you five kids and prune face wife
stuff pontiac circus
maybe take dog too
go to glacier park look at
    wild
in care of park service
welcome to great american outdoors kitchen stove
it better for you when you red dust in mesabi range
open earth forestmine
mine for mushrooms under feet of happy piglets

8
god damn he crazy that piglover that night we sing and smash our cooking pans and break a shovel playing drumbeat on them he pure rhythm flatten thirty gallon oil drum into nothing smile shadow eyes happy at sunrise say who need philosophy books got drumbeat

9
whitefish freightyards small place got sea of discard railroad brakeshoes lot of mountain here to coast gnaw train brakes to bone. piglover hang train brakes around his neck string them on leather thong i ask how hell i going to kiss a man got his head in an iron pile he say never mind that he
say just think they wind chimes pretend they gentle southern moon breezes whisper around my ears and hair honeysuckle lips run dew moist against ear mouth cheek warm tongue full shirt rusing higher forgotten and that yes that deep oh yes sweet surprise

10
i go down with piglover to the tracks and we pitch junk till we laugh and see our road winding narrow and steel rails and tree lined no signs no neon no advertising no funny little people cars. green thin corridor slipping place to place slipping into america through back doors and that night walk over sea of discard railroad brakeshoes and find our box car fly west toward the coast sing on box car gypsum dust rise from floor dirtier than hell under a rug. we choke quit singing piglover shout huy huy huy we stop in spokane fly out jump another car cleaner chase out into desert nowhere central washington long time hot in car look at desert nowhere say god damn yakima valley owe its ass to irrigation go slow through small desert town little desert boys throw rocks at box cars got their doors open thinking maybe someone inside hit piglover in ribs he jump up shout huy and laugh all way to wenatchee he think life fine joke on everybody

11
in wenatchee get three more diesels got seven now take us out of the desert over mountains higher higher go in cascade tunnel dark black smoky in there can’t see damn thing blast of cold air every few minutes from vent in side of tunnel eight miles long we in there twenty-two minutes choke and roll around on floor i can’t see piglover in dark and dieselsmoke but he say look around careful we following path of men who move mountains american way men afraid of rockfalls and premature blasts move mountains for daily wage and bowl of stew he say. finally come out daylight and now u.s. 2 below us on left was on right when we go in tunnel cars full of pineapple shirts all down there all going to glacier we coming down now brake
shoes screeching glow bright red send sparks all over speeding cinders long way down finally hit pacific at edmond train follow shoreline careful winding down to seattle we jump off sleep in park next night play two three bars go out to beach going to sleep on the sand cook potatoes and fresh clams slow under coals.

12

ya hey ya hey i feel good going back to iowa raise fats-piggies start soccer team take on local softball goofs ya hey you come too wife-mother in lodge of piglover

how will you get rich piglover
got my time all my own ya hey how rich can you get sit on fence watch fats-piggies write crazy stories sing crazy songs play crazy games all people we choose around us we free to come and go crazy as we please

i look down at sand sad time
all got to choose what we gonna have but where we are and what we got not as strong as who we with. takes lot of time learn to love mara you follow beauty long enough to get somewhere going to lead you through some pain and struggle. got to struggle through pain like run through swamps and rivers. think happy ya hey got river muck up to your knees think it all the shit in life stamp tramp it down run on through. good marriage not like america national sport where three-fourths time you stand around wait for something to happen. work hard to try stand in right place think maybe nice fat fly ball come to you. more like soccer. good fight for everybody all the time. got to try your powers all the time with each other find out how strong you are together. no dead people can hide on soccer field you got to show your stuff all the time get better and stronger and quicker. got to have lots of strength and keep it alive to stamp tramp all the river muck we got in our lives in this country.

no piglover i think i stay in seattle while longer piglover he don't say more we quiet gentle sleep long time warm cheeks touching when i wake up he gone and sunrise coming over city horizon jagged wound between heaven and
earth and somebody’s piece of dismembered sun hanging there crimson light seeping skyward. I get up go toward city don’t hear of piglover anymore except once somebody see him down san clemente tearing apart old building looking for chinese fortune brick crazy god damned piglover laughing and counting his powers.

1

late morning light oozing slowly sluggish through thermopane windows and she stand still on gold tile floor and wife of aerospace engineer and looks out across city-fouled water in puget sound and like to jump up and kick old memories in the ass lifts small glass chalice to her lips listerine yellow like stale hog piss in the subdivided urban sun.