

Between Sunday Cinders and Mondays Promise

By Ron111

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Ron Koppelberger

App 232 Words

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1 - A Dream in trio

Ron Koppelberger[br]

App 332 words[br]

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Desert Maroon[br]

Enduring rages of cool desert rain concealed the summer-tide corona of fiery breath that shimmered in illusory waves of rippling heat. The delay between the deluge and his magic insurrection was barely an hour, nevertheless he lay in faded desert maroon. A ward of belonging ascension to desert winds and the maroon colored tide of blood that colored the piles of amber straw and raggedy cotton tufts of ancient cloth, he allowed the rain to draw him to the rocky asylum. It was primal, of an old desperado.
[br]

The recess was littered with ancient bits of pottery and of course, the blood stained bed. The mischievous desert maroon, a tide in viscous wing, an exposition of malicious shamanism permeated the straw and rag bedding. A sulfur yellow star adorned the floor with an evil layer of influence. [br] He carefully brushed the black Stetson he wore with the palm of his hand, it came away dusty and gray with the trail. The rain began to abate and he climbed away from the deserts maroon toward the entrance to the cave. For a moment, just a brief instant he saw a woman laying in the straw mat, raven locks and slender with the beauty of a princess. Blinking his eyes the evanescent apparition faded and became vapor. He thought, what had she said, Find me! she had gasped in whispers of desperation, Find me! [br]

As he rode away on the black stallion that had led him to the shelter he discovered that he was [br]

drawn west away from the desert maroon toward the vision, the ghost, the love of a faraway [br]

[br]

vision. For the first time in memory his meanderings, his aimless direction had purpose. As fate[br]

[br]

would and did dictate he had left before sundown, the desert maroon behind.....the horror of [br]

[br]

blood and temptation to dark craft in the dust. He would find the ghost, his dream of desert [br]

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maroon, his destiny.[br]

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Ron Koppelberger[br]

About 277 Words[br]

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The Prism[br]

The suffering interval, woven moments and measures of refined passage indulged the solemn weary

impression of whole dust, desert tempest, designed by arid evolutions of wandering heat. [br]
The prism was close present and ethereal in its custom. He honored the diamond shaped prism with a
gob of spit. Dirt and dust rolled from its smooth surface as the spittle slid across its dull luster leaving
tendrils of sparkling crystal. He seized the jewel and screamed. Clear as day and the steam broiling
sands, he saw and screamed. The ballet was perfect and the ballast was in rhythm with the fluorescent
fold, the mushroom cloud of dust and ash. He screamed and fell back, God help me!!!!.....OH god! he
screamed. Intuitions of sacred sacrament were visible in the smokey array, fulfilling the fashion of a
distant nightmare and an oath to move forward to the moment of silent desolation. Oh god! he gasped.
Breathing in all consuming assumptions of blood and destiny he moaned, Oh god.....the blood. he
whispered and collapsed in a heap of sweat and tears, The blood.....the blood! [br]
The prism rolled from his grasp into the tide of sand and time. He knew and he knew. The fight[br]
[br]
was his, he had a covenant now.....in blood and season. He refined his thoughts for a moment,[br]
[br]
holding, holding the fray, the guild of saffron deliverance and Edens promise. He had the [br]
[br]
indelible fortune and the lead in the drama, he comprehended clearly, like the jewel.....he[br]
[br]
would begin his journey with the setting sun, by cover of night and the silhouette of a ravens[br]
[br]
wings.[br]
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Ron Koppelberger[br]
App 291 Words[br]
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The Brilliance in legend[br]

Breathing, he was inhaling and exhaling wildly and in silhouette of bidden wonders, indeed amazed in
monumental gasping gulps of fear and beautiful exposition. The fairy sat perched as large as life on a
large chunk of sandstone, a divine precipice. Her wings were scarlet and her hair a fiery copper corn
silk. She wore gilded endowments of sapphire and ivory and her eyes, her eyes, they were a deep
emerald fire. Blazon and unabashedly seductive he withered at her ferocity. Providence had allowed him
the privilege, the forward motion of one possessed and he had the forethought to remain silent and
secreted in the wood. [br]
He watched in revelations of light and legend as a young doe wandered close as if bewitched, close to
the fairy now. The doe stood in supplication to the mystery of the legend, wide eyed and dazed by the
hidden bond. The fairy smiled exposing two rows of razor sharp teeth. The doe trembled in fear and the
fairy lunged with an efficient falling flame. Her teeth sunk into the tender flesh of the does neck and a
great spray of scarlet coated her face, speckling her wings and dress. [br]
She ate, tearing chewing and in glutinous abandon. He waited in fear and amazement motionless,
fearing her hunger and wrath. [br]
She paused, a mouthful of flesh between her teeth. Her eyes, glowing phosphorescent, cats eyes,
bordered by scarlet, it was all blood he saw. He prayed and after a while the fairy flew east, away from
the man.[br]
He had seen the brilliance of a legend and the darkness of a deceptive illusion. He knew he was [br]

[br]

blessed, he was alive. [br]

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2 - Between Sundays cinders and Mondays Promise

Ron Koppelberger[br]

Between Sunday Cinders and Mondays Promise[br]

The obligation to concoct the cold bones of ancient courage and gossiping romance was a trespass gushing renown in the division of Sunday cinders and Monday proclamation. She found the drama in Monday dawn to be the best, a courtesy of sensitive revival; revolutions in shining sips of wine and glossy rainwater rinse. She chanted and weighed the ballast of fire on twilight passions and Sunday shores of summit, the leaping celebration, sin unto virgin intuitions of alabaster and pointed regard. [br] Reborn on Mondays charity, reflections of a new performance, a new find, tangled in Tuesday and what remains. A week of upheld evidence, an assembly of fall caution and winter tears ripe with the expectation of spring blood and summer sash. [br]

She gasped and sang her belief, her crown of neat rose vine and perfumed struggle. She whispered the final verse from prudent assays of feasting fountain fervor and gentle exchange, Saffron and amber, ideas and dandelion dander, Ill find the summons to unplanned dominion and rare love, my innocent love on Monday. [br]

She affirmed the pact between then and now, between Sunday in desolate swells and the virgin[br] [br]

expectation of enduring Monday slaked in warm rain and sunshine spirit, love and ethereal[br] [br]

bones of measured direction. Adorned as she was in the new day. [br]

3 - Possum Desperation

Ron Koppelberger[br]

About 3016 Words[br]

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Possum Desperation[br]

Trace Merchant had driven the same eighty mile track for the last three years, from Hammock Orange to Orlando and back. The route wasn't simple, nevertheless Trace found it to be the most expedient way to point B. He had to travel the back road passage between blossom preserve and East Orlando, fifty of the eighty miles through tangles of ancient oak, mossy swamp lands full of alligators and snakes; through the mystery of ancient drama, through vistas uninhabited and he had chanced to wonder what would happen if he broke down somewhere in the midst of the morass! It was a passing thought, not really meriting further consideration, besides this was the shortest route between the Hammock and Orlando. [br]

The Impala was black with fat silver trim and she ran like a top. Trace was nearly twenty miles into the lush jungle terrain, nearly half way there he thought as the speedometer pushed eighty around one of the meandering curves.[br]

The possum scraped at the loose soil with its front paws, looking for beetles and grubs, she was hungry. She lifted her head for a second at the sound of the approaching car; in that moment she decided to cross the concrete path.[br]

The car sped closer and the possum scabbled into the road near the yellow painted divider. She watched as the car, a huge black silhouette roared around a blind curve. She remained still in fear, it won't see me she thought crouching down in the center of the road. [br]

For Trace the moment hung suspended in a flash. He saw the crouching possum and jerked the wheel hard to the left. The car leaned on two wheels and flipped over into the rushing shadow of palm scrub and cattail filled ditch. The car careened off the soft mossy embankment and into a pine tree; there it came to rest on its side wheels turning and motor revving for purchase. [br]

Trace groaned and reached for the key, turning it he cut the engine. For a moment of hypnotic divorce, divorce from the reality of the moment, in a breath of seconds he saw himself lying against the driver's side door. There was a deep gash on his right hand, the patter of dripping blood filled the silence. He tried to move and a sharp grinding pain blossomed in his left leg. Was it broken? He wasn't sure but it hurt like hell.[br]

Trace inhaled deeply and unbuckled the seatbelt. At least he had worn the belt, it had probably saved him from flying through the windshield. He had to work at it and the pain in his leg was nearly overwhelming, but he managed to move into a sitting position. Looking upward at the passenger door he realized he'd have to climb through the window. The glass was shattered and it lay in piles around his bottom. [br]

The sky went from a shadowy azure and piercing yellow to a burnt orange twilight as the hours passed silently. A flock of seagulls flew east toward the distant ocean and Trace saw them through the shattered passenger glass; they were flying in a triangle heading toward warm seas and inland perch.[br]

He maneuvered himself into a crouch, his leg hurt and he determined it wasn't broken but sprained, nevertheless the pain was a terrific pulsing heartbeat in his hip and knee. Reaching upward he pulled himself into a standing position. His head poked through the passenger window. Orange twilight

reflected in his tired eyes and the gentle whisper of a warm wind ruffled the bloody strands of hair against his forehead.[br]

Trace pressed his good leg against the side of the drivers seat and began climbing through the window. After struggling for a few moments he found himself sitting atop the door, feet dangling down into the smashed Impala.[br]

Trace sat there looking at the curve in the road, there were skid marks and a dirty slash in the embankment. He was lucky, no major injuries or at least he didnt think so. He tapped out a cigarette from his breast pocket and lit it. The cool mentholated burn of the smoke filled his lungs as he leaned back and blew a cloud of smoke into the bloody twilight above. [br]

The bleeding on his right hand had stopped, drying into a thick maroon scab. He wouldnt bleed to death anyway. Swinging his injured leg over the side of the car he prepared to jump down to the mossy embankment. He had his good leg pointed down as he dropped down to the weedy ditch. A sharp stinging jolt traveled through his leg as he hobbled to the side of the road.[br]

*****[br]

The shadows were a reflection of its eyes, its demeanor of ancient embrace, its silhouette in awe of the hammock, its eternal end and its place of secret, in wrath by degrees of hunt. Up until now it had been sated with small deer, and last week a coyote, separated from its companion travelers. It had been tough, stringy and unsatisfying. This was the promise, its time of imprisonment would come to an end. The promise, its destiny to purvey the wants of a greater ascension, he would have the man, for his promise for the future of his need, in blood, in triumph in the dark caress that would bring the others from the ethereal prison that bound them to the dreadful primitive substance of exile and isolation; the man would be his and the promise would come on the heels of dark stars and bleeding passions of flame. It waited and watched as the man stepped into the road. The two lane pass stretched into the distant swamp. Trace looked both ways left then right. He realized the odds of another car courting the back ally trail was unlikely. There were patches of grass and cracked unused pavement for another thirty or so miles. He would head south. Remembering the route he knew there was a service station near the end of the secondary passage. Thirty miles on a bad leg he thought. He began limping toward the frayed indigo line of darkness opposite the bloated orange sun.[br]

*****[br]

The possum sat still, silent watching the man, smelling blood, his blood and something else, something dark waiting for the man or maybe the small scabbling purchase it held on life. It was old and grown black with the despair of a hundred monsters; it had an eye for the hunt. The possum crept along the shaded wood following the man south. The possum would leave the security of its home, a hollow stump in the forest edge for the pilgrimage south. The possum followed the man and the glimmer of nightmares in desire, in wont of unbidden passion, of dreams in unleashed fury and freedom. A freedom of dark secret ambition in the abodes of man, in stealth and eternal hunt, it would peruse; it knew the others would come. The shadows and bent angles of egress birthing freedom from the captive alliance of the swamp. All in all the beast thought about its pain and how to slake its thirst with the blood of the man.[br]

*****[br]

Trace watched the sky go from a sapphire glow to pinpoints of starlight and a crescent moon giving only a small sliver of pale light. He was wearing whit tennis shoes and he quietly thanked god for Fridays; Friday was casual dress day at the office. He was wearing a gray t-shirt, blue jeans and the white tennis shoes. On any other day he would have been wearing patent leather loafers, black thin soled bad for walking long distances, and a three piece suit. [br]

He worked at mortgage Estates Inc., he was an estate distributor and an agent for the dearly departed. The long track to work had been worth it, his first year he had grossed Three hundred and fifty thousand and now he was earning over a million a year. The gods had been very good to Trace Merchant.[br] Trace thought about the Dryer account as he limped forward. He had fudged the receipts, Eleanor Dryer had left Four million in bearer bonds behind. Trace had access to the safety deposit box they were carefully stored in. A key, a secret key to greener vistas; he had taken the bonds never mentioning them to his partners or Eleanors family. Four Mill free and clear. He wasnt really greedy nevertheless he had taken advantage of the opportunity. He knew he had worked the option to the max, the grand plot and the key to a diamond bonus. [br]

His eyes wandered to the tall pines on either side of the road, whispers of guilt, He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Hard crusted blood scratched his dry lips.[br]

Trace hobbled along in the darkness for an hour or so. The enchanting trail marked by moss laden trees and scrabbling sounds that emanated by the woods set him on edge a cautious trepidation in a strange dream. He looked into the shadows ahead and the narrow line of concrete stretched forward to an eternity of crickets and croaking toads. He worried about snakes, alligators from the swampy prayers of ethereal smoke and hanging hammocks. Pausing, he moved to the side of the road, he would need a crutch to walk with, something to balance his aching hip and sprained knee. The ditch line was half full of swampy green water and cattails in bloom. [br]

He moved to the edge of the water line and tried to jump to the opposite bank. Hed find a tree branch to support his aching sprain. His good leg propelled him about half way across the ditch as he landed knee deep in water and weed. Pin wheeling he fell backward to the edge of the ditch. His eyes squinted reflexively at the cool rush of water that soaked his legs and back. Dammit! he gasped. He pulled himself across the channel and into the grassy overgrowth. Laying there, soaked warmth from his body gluing his shirt to his back, he listened to the cascade of chirping insects and something a heavy crashing sound.[br]

He thought of the black bears that were native to the area, huge paws and sharp crushing teeth. He was silent, controlling his exhalations as he lay in the secret of a drama told in sashes of evening tide dreams, maybe its a nightmare he thought as he pictured the bear and its hungry maw, the wild passage and the nighttime mists were surreal almost like a cloak of otherworldly illusion, maybe a dream he thought as well. [br]

*****[br]

He watched from a distance in the pine and gnarled oaken root. The man was moving slow, it would have plenty of time to take him, to make his substance his own in chance and fated fathers of darkness, darkness from distant vistas in the sky and the endless cycle of travelers in wont. It would wait for the right moment, the second the stars told their song of shadow and embracing desire for freedoms unbound, by the fetters of ancient prisons and the shaped lines of rebuke. It would wait.[br]

*****[br]

The possum crouched still near the man away from the hunter, away from the odor of decay and swamp gas silhouettes. She was in rare wonder of his journey, seeking the destiny of possums and man in instinct. She dug into the soft soil finding a mole cricket, she swallowed it in one gulp satisfying her hunger.[br]

*****[br]

Trace looked at the wan paper machet sliver of light the moon gave. He lay there damp, chilled in a humid brackish adornment. Gathering his will he climbed the weedy embankment to the line of trees.

After searching for a few moments he found a branch. Perfect. he said aloud. The branch would act as a crutch. [br]

Trace followed the tree line opposite the ditch until he came to a yielding stretch, a pine tree declared the promise of the opposite bank as it weighed cradles of fallen leaves, pine needles in thick morass against the small stream. Trace used the fallen pine and its sprawl to cross the murky ditch.[br]

Calm, casually compliant he sat down on the warm pavement of the two lane passage. He wondered, overtures of greed he thought in quiet devotions of conscious guilt. What the hell is it to you' Its only four friggen million. he said to the rolling clouds overhead, to the darker enticement of night skies and wild swamp. Prickling heat coursed through his sprained leg as he changed position on the concrete. Reflex, it had been reflex and utility; he had proclaimed the shores of bearer bond worship at alters green, four million green, and here he sat soggy, wounded and crowned king shoot by the way of a friggen possum, a shade of punishment made for a wayward bastard. [br]

Trace rubbed his eyes and listened to the crashing sound moving closer from within the forest, closer to the edge of the ditch. It sounded heavy, maybe hungry, hunting for food, maybe an alligator or a bear, A panther on the yeowl.[br]

*****[br]

It moved slowly through the Lilly pads and brackish muck, belonging to the cognate flow of shadow and dark substance, closer to the man. It paused as it listened to the mans breath, warm distantly beseeching the call of towers in stone, the rustle of human existence. It moved closer, arguing force purpose and bond, the bond of pursuer and prey, for the will of the silhouettes waiting by patient shores, by the sufferance of prisons in rhythm with the ebony night horizons of elder pass, of ancient captive waiting; it moved closer in anticipation of a new way, the way of men, bent unto the wont it was destined to fulfill.[br]

It watched, closer now, near the edge of the ditch, hidden in secret by the fronds and cattail evanescence of its terrain, holding its exhalations its green moss laden back rippling in power, the power of ageless embrace. It opened its mouth prefacing its need for the mans blood; lichens and black soil fell from its awakening maw closer, closer to the second it would find liberation from the realms of damp earth to stony trespass along the child of humanity and its perseverance.[br]

The man shimmered in auras of unseen remedy, first red then pale blue. Its eyes perceived those moments and the thirst it felt was staggering. It hummed in a low growl and the man moved to a standing position, seeing him, in fear, in horror of its presence, its terrible visage.[br]

*****[br]

Trace heard the crashing in the palm metto scrub and cattails move closer. Thoughts of wild wolves, bears and panthers on the hunt filled his mind and tempered his nerves to the point of fear. He turned, catching a glimpse of something in the shadow, huge, dark and growling in hungry instinct. Trace stood ready to run, bad leg to hell he thought. He watched the cattails separate and listened to the heavy rhythm of giant unbidden footfalls, animal, wicked smashing closer across the bank into view. The sliver of moon glow shone in vivid appeal to the terror of a thousand demons, a backwoods visage of hell lured by the smell of freedom and blood, nightmares wrought to heights of fiendish revolt, monsters by nameless horrible beyond, careening insanity and the core of secret existence. [br]

The creature exuded the cloying odor of swamp decay, moss moldy bread and molasses sweetness. It stood nearly two feet taller than traces six feet, and it was in a crouch hunched forward as it moved toward him yellow eyed and rippling in damp soils of ancient mystery. It screamed and the sound disturbed the sleeping thrush as they sang and flew upward in unison, sensing the beast and its desire. [br]

Trace watched as sharp edged talons, spears of deadly grasp.....long he thought they looked like yellow ivory knives on it muscled hands. Its teeth ground together in a loud sandpapery dance back and forth, they were dirty moss covered in need in yearning wont for him.[br]

Trace held his crutch like a spear in front warding off the dark countenance of the aged aberration. In a moment of insane revelation he saw the stack of bearer bonds in bloom, blowing in the wind, crisp and brittle like fallen leaves, an autumn death and the beast devouring him, his blood spraying across the stack of bearer bonds.[br]

*****[br]

The possum moved in an uncomplicated arc behind and around the beast, dashing to the front, near its enormous mud laden feet. Traces leg gave in that moment and a symphony of coincidence occurred. The beast stumbled a second later, tripping over the scrambling possum. Trace held his crutch like a sword as he lay on the warm gritty concrete. The creature tottered for an instant screaming and flailing clumsily then fell forward onto Trace, impaled by the crutch. Its shadow covered Trace in an assembly of moss and swamp silt. Trace expelled a mouthful of dirt and clawed at the moldering pile of moss that covered him in heaps and soggy piles. In an infantile effort he rolled out of the damp pile of decaying leaves, pine needles, moss and swamp mud. [br]

Gathering his will he overcame the storm, the tempest swollen by the reverie and worship of demons and legends in darkness. Once again he saw the lie, the sin in his tempered world of finance and quick cash. He discovered his spirit in that moment of contemplation. Monsters and men. he whispered as he hobbled away from the remains of the demon and the approach of sin. He realized he didnt really need the cash, the experience heeded the birth of innocence, the basic awakening of what was possible in a world wrought with the weight of blind horizons and beggars in play.[br]

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4 - The wolfs stealth

Ron Koppelberger[br]

Oracles in Ash[br]

Pawns and pearls of ready dance, drawn unto the sharp edges of [br]

Silver burnish and inflamed[br]

Passion, the relinquished applause in wellspring rivers[br]

Of sacred abeyance and revolution, The declaration in crimson[br]

Script, eccentric, contrived in allayed diversions[br]

Of buzzard breath and ancient feather, the tunnel made whole by the[br]

Act of resistance, the very essence of quick tails and spinning oracles[br]

In ash.[br]

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Ron Koppelberger[br]

Churchyard Dirt[br]

Bewildered by the arcane wilds of telltale horizons, by [br]

Deliriums in murky depths of churchyard dust and crumbling[br]

Leagues of grinning masquerade, the lamenting shape[br]

Of deepening dreams and whirling pirouettes in [br]

Velvet and darkened silhouette, A coalescing brew of desolate[br]

Secret hidden beneath the legend of strange soils and dire discovery,[br]

An innate allure, for passage unto the gates of confederate ancients[br]

And gossiping bones in boast of lives lived and moss accrued near the[br]

Shady side of headstones and roses bought by the passions of the living, a sodden enclave, what
tempts the souls of rebirth and denies the decay of old earth.[br]

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Ron Koppelberger[br]

The Edge of Tomorrow[br]

Oaths in houses rushing the cascade of ethereal secret and moaning[br]

Beasts in grim glean, aghast in stupefied shades of scarlet, by[br]

Warm blood and tears of eternal twilight, the whispering legend[br]

In quiet persuasions of fear, of perilous passion and dangerous discovery,[br]

Unseen by the frayed wonder of old demons and nascent followings [br]

Of ceremony, beyond the edge of tomorrow and near tempests of darkness,[br]

The wily encroachment of great ebony stars and pulsing[br]

Patience for the cares of mortal men and maidens in gardens unbidden.[br]

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Ron Koppelberger[br]

Ethereal Smoke[br]

Rouges in meandering tinder, by the way of fire [br]

And lost loves, gone astray in alabaster grimaces[br]

Of raven surety and oily black sky, an ethereal[br]

Smoke borne unto the moment of[br]

Knowledge unbidden in wonting flames[br]

Of passion and rage, a ghostly touch of love [br]

Sleek in shadow and old dreams of [br]

Eternity.[br]

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Ron Koppelberger[br]

The Wolfs Stealth[br]

The behavior of a rare sparrow, [br]

Sung in sated feasts of firefly[br]

Night, by twirling dragonflies[br]

Flowing in rhythm with the flight of hungry[br]

Doves and crows alight by a scarlet moon [br]

And an ivory gleam, done in shadow of the hunt [br]

And the wolfs stealth.[br]

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Ron Koppelberger[br]

Full Moon Blood[br]

Deadly, drawn in elusive visions of full[br]

Moon blood and fanged deliriums of wanting desire.[br]

The wild wonder of an amber eyed howl and a loping hunt[br]

For the dreams of a man and the need [br]

Of wolves, the darker of the two borne by[br]

The lanes of contrite gods, into the grins of twilight[br]

Hunters and tempered desires[br]

Of abandon.[br]

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Ron Koppelberger[br]

Midnight Fire[br]

Beacons and silver shine, in the aura of a wisdom unfurled.[br]

The reed gone unto the conquering rhythm[br]

Of tangled hedges and clapboard disarray, by peeling[br]
Paint in great sheets of gray and souls chained by the[br]
Fated shadow of a dream, sleeping, in vaunt of life [br]
And in denial of last gasps, a haunted dimension[br]
In windows alight with midnight[br]

Fire.[br]

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5 - Cowboy Eternal

Ron Koppelberger[br]

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The Natural World[br]

The outrage of feeble dreams and ancient forerunners in portent, awe inspiring Slug Worthy thought. A magnificent, spontaneous style he thought; morose yet brilliantly perfect he considered. A concocted allegiance of puzzling stones and bone dust elementals in desire, he thought in deepening interest. [br] The photograph of Stonehenge lay before him in lurid gray granite and twilight horned moon backdrop. A portrait in the natural environs of an unabiding desire, a stolid proof one might touch, roughhewn in obelisk concentric, Stonehenge the purveyor of the impossible and all within the conveyance of a most natural conclusion. It was a mystery in the natural world, dark bidden horizons in time, in breaths of old taboo and modern dreams. [br]

He considered one of the boulders laying atop the pillars. Slug saw himself in grandiose poise, perched atop, screaming to the heavens in wild rebuke to the natural world, to taxes, to bidden beasts of burden. He thought of screaming in revolt to the tall sky line edged in skyscraper stain and littered by the human debris of modern existence. He thought of screaming and a gulping gasp, a gorge of anger filled his throat.[br]

Stonehenge, he said aloud ...come to me in stars and alliances of ancient wonder, vanguard of the shadows and asylum for the pilgrim....ohhhhhhhh Stonehenge!. Slug caressed the glossy photograph and sighed. The natural world upset the baldest of dreams and dusty mists in legacy of what lay ahead, the myth of forever. Ohhhhhhhh Stonehenge, he exclaimed in passion and tears,what secret unbidden, what desire untold by the wishes of primitive wont and wild desire. Ohhhhhh great circle of gray and twilight, what compassion do you dare me, what compassion for the graces of my quest, my journey to the nights fray' he questioned with flailing arms and tears, tears of need and lost lives in rendition of old times and the youth of a new world. [br]

Slugs tears ran in rivers and eventually the picture became blurry and damp, paper and dimples of moisture. Slug somewhat overwhelmed by the illusion and his delirium passed out and slept for nearly two days. When he awoke he sighed deeply and thoughtfully; looking at the bottle of Irish whiskey he vowed the oath of reborn will. The picture of Stonehenge lay bare and stained, long forgotten in disregard to Slugs consciousness. [br]

The desires of city streets and shopping malls called to him and somewhere, cuddled away, [br]

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nuzzling his old desires, the warm cascade of whiskey tumblers and rhy thirsts awaited like a [br]

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sleeping tiger.[br]

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Ron Koppelberger[br]

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Mismatched Blood[br]

Fury and overfed wraths of beckoning mayhem whiskered the wolfs slumber with the temper of bitter cream, curds in sour blood, the flesh of a dazed chafe and mazy portent. The wolf dreamed and in firebrand agitation, forward unto mismatched blood, a type of fury and unbidden allure in fuzzy goosebumps and ecstasy, all bliss and desire. [br]

He dreamed of her, snarls and growls, howls and grumble-rumble convocations in yellow eyed consent. Fine-spun futures in flame and ash, in cinders and burning accent, he dreamed and in that dream he found release, release unto the elder gods of freedom and hunting passions. He dreamed of his mate, the mismatched blood, the contradiction in fanged arrays of whelp offspring, Good seed, she whispered to the dreaming wolf, Good seed my husband. He saw jet black in twilight shadow and silhouette of an absent sun, black and devouring with an acquired embrace, a gentle surrender to the charcoal fur and clawed ambiance of the female. A dark peck and a wicked pact with the ancient alliance the midnight demons of err. She cooed in his mind and all the substance of ethereal futures revolved around him in delirious celebration, Evermore my love, evermore. The wolf shuddered at the bad blood and the mismatched assurance of scarlet terrors and bloody heedless wont. He fought the urge to yelp in tangled scratches of wire, screaming and oblivious pulling him closer to the edge of desolate abandon. He fought and when he awoke he remembered the mists of what might be, he remembered the chase and the hunt, the divine satisfactions of an angel in alabaster feather and gossamer contrast. He remembered love and the promise of Eden.[br]

Yawning and tasting the cool dawn airs of morning-tide life, he thanked the heavens for the start [br]

[br]

of a new day and the treasure of insight. Straight forward. he thought, Moving in paw sure [br]

[br]

paths toward the divine. He soon forgot the mismatched blood and prayed, otherwise unaware[br]

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of the currents, the fates that guide wolves and man. He strode ahead and into the fable of [br]

[br]

cerulean skies bought by daybreak sunshine.[br]

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Cowboy Eternal[br]

Vast shimmering clouds of mist, thick in sheets and moist blankets of slowly moving shadow, chased and flirted with the edge of the frayed desert horizon. Bully Scrap moved closer to his fate, the reward, or perhaps the punishment that lost cowboys and desert wolves, coyotes and saddle sore survivors were destined to endure, forever, lasting as long as a snakes unwearied name; thus the temptation to unknown pass, to vistas of discovery, dreams and wonted adventure. [br]

The horse moved in slow steady rhythm and Bully coaxed the wind, parables and the promise of mysterious deliriums. Bully borrowed the courage of sagebrush riders and stallions in abeyant purpose

as he entered the mist, the eye of the tempest and the point of no return. [br]

The flow of warm summer rain fell on Bully's shoulders and the mist abated to reveal sunshine and sporadic rain, the sweet season, the blossoms of a lush sylvan wild and a riddle borne by the sky and the clear lines of youth. [br]

Bully cried and prayed, thankful, accepting the newness of his soul and the fresh breath of an [br]
[br]

unraveled whisper. To be reborn in castles of sun-glow dew, by the distance between here and [br]
[br]

the past. Bully looked toward the orange fire of a nascent sun and an azure heaven. Cowboys [br]
[br]

commune he thought, cowboys commune. Gently he spoke, I have a wish to labor, onto the [br]
[br]

light evanescence of the river, thereby I live, thereby I live for the next horizon. [br]

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[br]

6 - Ambitious Sashay

Ron Koppelberger[br]

Ambitious Sashay[br]

Anticipating the hour of promise and wedded victory, she acknowledged the passing seconds and the breath of a momentary pause. Prudence Array prayed in abeyance to the passing rhythm of her heart, her exhalations, I must be patient. she whispered to the empty chair. Shifting in her seat the silk shirt clung to her bosom in a provocative curve of definition. [br]

She touched the corner of her slightly down turned lips and thought. The phantom sanity of a dream, the substance of a real spirit, was it worth the wait, would her careful patience reward her with the treasures of a sated heart she pondered. [br]

The clock on the wall read eleven fifty-five, exactly five minutes to midnight. Prudence adjusted the hem of her skirt and sighed. The day had been spent fervently endeavoring and preparing, a touch of cinnamon and a daisy in stew pots of ripe wine. She had sipped the concoction with thirsty desire and expectant drama. The potion and the essence of magic desires, the potion had to work, work for her and in gentle passions cured. [br]

Prudence fingered the gold locket about her perfumed neck. It was shaped like a heart and latched in two unfolding compartments, each containing a picture. She opened the locket and stared at the photograph of her and her late husband. He was encouraging a gentle smile and an expression of boyish affection, trim with a rose in his lapel, he had been a handsome man. Prudence snapped the locket shut and looked at the clock again, one minute had passed, eleven fifty-six.[br]

Candles in scarlet bouquets of mist burned in the tiny living room, enveloping the wants and aspirations of Prudence Array in shadow and dark flickering silhouette. She inhaled nervously nearly gasping, the magic of the potion, the potion made by careful hands, described by the leather bound witches Grimoir, had to work, she had to have her husband, her love, the substance of her existence. [br]

The spell promised the return of loves lost, crossing the boundary, the fray of what breaths and what sleeps in patient concerns of soul. She leaned close to the tan leather recliner, it had been her husbands favorite. She could see him, a glass of brandy and a cigarette burning in the crystal ashtray her mother had given them as a wedding gift. He would trace the line of the glasses edge with the tip of his finger, humming, sometimes reading the Sunday paper.[br]

She looked at the clock again, another minute, another waiting second of desire for the smoke of the past. The potion had to work, it had to. [br]

He had clutched at the velvet robe he was fond of wearing. A hiss of air had escaped from between his lips and in an instant he was dead. Prudence had struggled, struggled to coax his cooling body into the canopied oaken bed they shared. She saw herself and denied the vision as an illusion, the difference spoken of by her guilty apathy and suspicions of murder by petty collusion with tonics and secret flourishes of nightshade.[br]

Prudence denied the deed as she prayed for another minute to pass. The witches potion had to work, she had to be with her husband again. The seconds passed and near midnight she fell unconscious with the hope that her husbands ghost would appear to forgive her, to grant her peace and the sanctity of an unbetraying heart. She slept and she dreamed in confusions of rose colored shadow, she dreamed the visage of her husband in alabaster and angel wings. He waved and a mixture of scarlet tears and fresh

rain shower rained down and around her; in that moment, sometime after midnight, she was cleansed of her guilt.[br]

She awoke the next morning and amended her stature to an ambitious sashay, a certain step in [br]
[br]

time with the forgiving nature of an angels heart and the lines of fate, more attuned to the love of a [br]
[br]

devoted wife.[br]