

June 20 (continued)

Though no storms were reported in the area, the story keeps fountaining up that the Air France Airbus that crashed in the Atlantic between Rio and Paris was struck by lightning. The plane seems to have encountered a trauma of some sort, then looped around back toward Brazil, shedding of itself and passengers, while continuing aloft for over a hundred miles.

The star of this year's Paris Air Show – which closes tomorrow on the solstice – is the Lockheed Martin F-35 Lightning II. Everybody's gotta have one. Or myriad.

At the time the Airbus lost radio contact, two commercial airline pilots flying nearby reported seeing a flash. So where, when and how, absent accompanying thunder clouds, does Lightning strike?

Or was this a bolt, not from Father Zeus himself, but rather a plasma-magma dollop flung by the spacewar boyz, or an arrow loos'd from *Boeing-Boeing*? Or none of the above. Another mote of mystery in the dust whirl. Black ops in a great gray hole.



An F-35 Lightning II, marked AA-1, lands on 23 October 2008 at Edwards [ck sp] AFB.

KOZMIK DADDY-O, F*#@#ING KOZMIK

Inspiration, respiration, conspiracy.

And the pigs' tales continue to spiral round. Even as they uncurl.

Y Amazonas, mon amour, en Peru. Where, at great cost, trade had been constrained, so that people might be free. Por ahora...

Well, a Tom cat's sittin' on a bale of hay
Bull dog's sittin' on the ground
I went and pinched the bull dog's tail
And they went around and around and around
They went around and around.

It's the same old tale that the crow told me
Way down yonder by the sycamore tree
It's the same old tale that the crow told me
Way down yonder by the sycamore tree...

Mad. and twenty-something. Fifty-something thousand square foot of office building for sale or net lease:



Well I just found out why ham's so high
Only two hind legs on a hog, that's why.
But cross a hog with an octopus and ham'll come down
There'll be hog in the middle and ham all around.

Yes it's the same old tale that the crow told me...

Meanwhile, in the bowels of the metropolis, beneath Union Square...

...Wealth and fame

He's ignored

Action is his reward

Look Out!

Here comes...



Axel Aubrun

June 21

Sol sol sol. Direct over the Tropic of Cancer. But above the city, cloudcover and morning fog so thick its mists obscure the canopy of the Empire State.

Oh, it came out of the sky, landed just a little south of Moline.

Jody fell out of his tractor, couldn't believe what he seen.

Laid on the ground and shook, fearin' for his life.

Then he ran all the way to town screamin' "It came out of the sky!"

Well, a crowd gathered round and a scientist said it was marsh gas.

Spiro came and made a speech about raising the Mars tax.

The Vatican said, woe, the Lord has come.

Hollywood rushed out an epic film.

And Ronnie the Popular said it was a communist plot.



Lightning x 2,
Double bolts, hardly from the blue.

Oh, the newspapers came and made Jody a national hero.
Walter and Eric said they'd put him on a network TV show.
The White House said, put the thing in the blue room.
The Vatican said, no, it belongs to Rome.
And Jody said, it's mine and you can have it for seventeen million.

Oh, it came out of the sky, landed just a little south of Moline.

Jody fell out of his tractor, couldn't believe what he'd seen.

Laid on the ground a shakin', fearin' for his life.

Then he ran all the way to town screamin' "it came out of the sky!"

Sang Creedence, back in the day.

And still, both ways, the Hudson flows.

It doesn't get any anyer than this: an improvised epic poem swinging on the commie sutras.

Axis mundi, bold as love.

And it's only Sunday.

Kunlun.

Orogeny.

The O and I of things.

And thou.

Endaoment.

And how!





This is your sky on solstice.