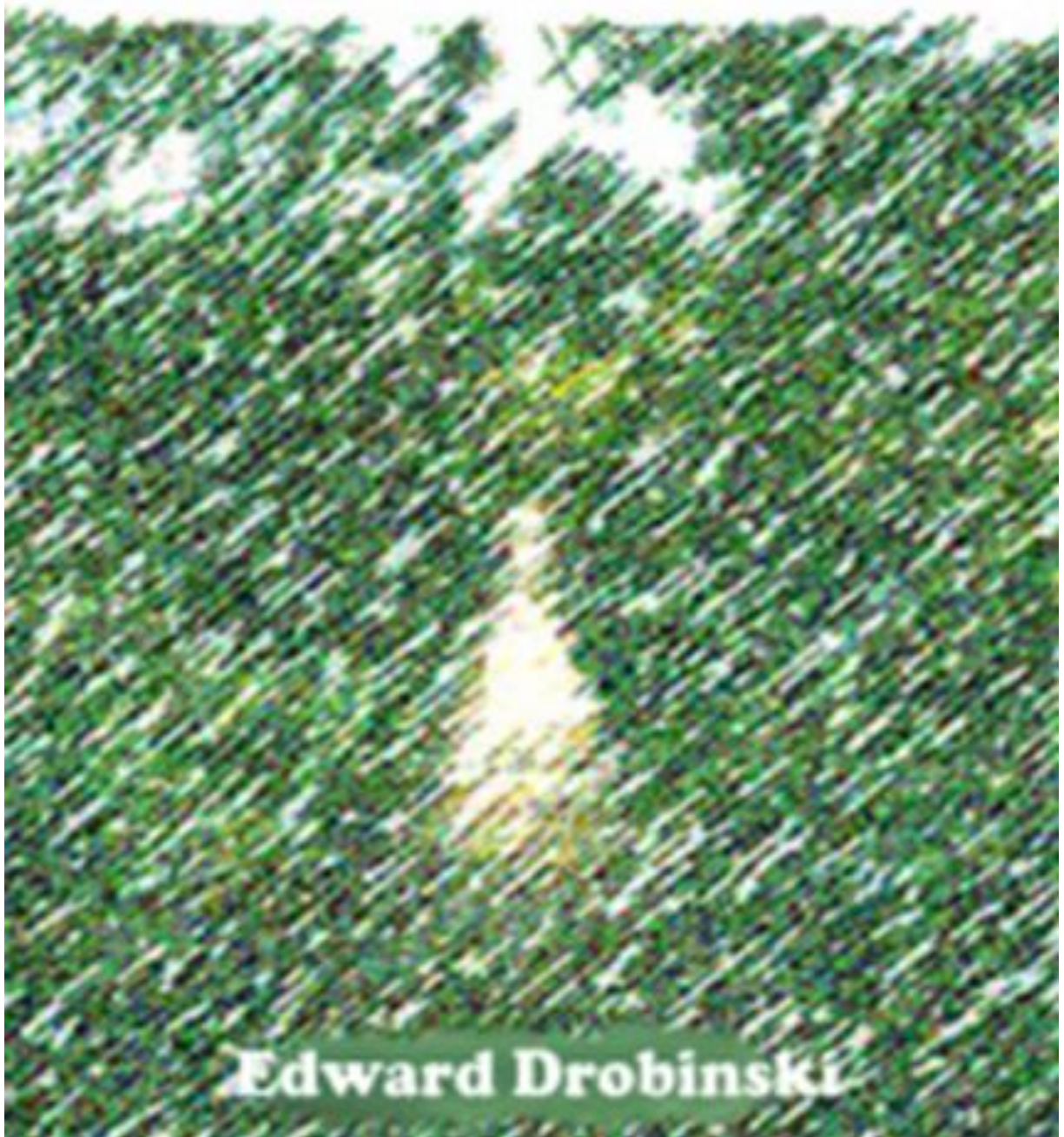


*Lovely Summer Smoke Deluged*

*(Poe's Occult Tempest)*



**Edward Drobinski**

# **LOVELY SUMMER SMOKE DELUGED**

(POSIE'S OCCULT TEMPEST)



**Edward Drobinski**

**LOVELY SUMMER SMOKE DELUGED  
(POSIE'S OCCULT TEMPEST)**



By Edward Drobinski

Copyright © 2013 by Edward M. Drobinski  
All rights reserved.



## Table of Contents

|            |     |
|------------|-----|
| Chapter 1  | 1   |
| Chapter 2  | 21  |
| Chapter 3  | 26  |
| Chapter 4  | 31  |
| Chapter 5  | 45  |
| Chapter 6  | 60  |
| Chapter 7  | 110 |
| Chapter 8  | 133 |
| Chapter 9  | 146 |
| Chapter 10 | 154 |
| Chapter 11 | 160 |
| Chapter 12 | 164 |
| Chapter 13 | 175 |
| Chapter 14 | 180 |
| Chapter 15 | 188 |
| Chapter 16 | 191 |
| Chapter 17 | 196 |
| Chapter 18 | 203 |
| Chapter 19 | 233 |
| Chapter 20 | 238 |
| Chapter 21 | 253 |
| Chapter 22 | 261 |
| Chapter 23 | 280 |
| Chapter 24 | 292 |
| Chapter 25 | 299 |

# Lovely Summer Smoke Deluged

## Page 1

### Chapter 1

"Twenty-first century.

No chivalry involved.

No Bushido."

Patti Smith, from the song "Radio Baghdad" on her 2004

"Trampin'" CD.

After attending the theatre, they went to her apartment for a nightcap. While drinking their second glasses of chardonnay they instinctively embraced.

He dryly said; "This was our third date, the usual time sex takes place."

Her soft body became stiff as his and she broke away, saying; "How utterly romantic. .... Are you trying to sweep me off my feet?"

His silence reflected his inability to deal with sarcasm not his own.

She still felt playful, but not in the same manner and said; "My mood has now changed to your lackluster rationalism. So, three is the correct number?"

"Oh, don't be difficult. That has been my experience."

"Charming. Tell me. Can the number ever be four?"

"....."

## Lovely Summer Smoke Deluged

### Page 2

"Or one? Or infinity? Or none of the above? Please enlighten me. It's only fair that I understand the rules of the game as you see it."

"Since you choose to get finicky; what on earth did you mean by 'mood'?"

Those who deserve the most sympathy are those who never request it. If the preceding conversation has piqued your interest, or if you're still enthralled by the banal, played out, double binds of conservatism I'd strongly suggest that you stop reading right here, as it has no relationship whatsoever to this book. In that regard suffice to say;

"Darkness at the break of noon  
Shadows even a silver spoon,  
A handmade blade, the child's balloon  
Eclipses both the sun and moon.  
But, understand you know too soon  
There's no sense in trying."

Bob Dylan, from the song "It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)"  
on the "Bringing It All Back Home" CD. Vinyl version first  
issued in 1965.

The brutal winter snow pelts the two north facing double-hung, floor to ceiling picture windows of my preferred writing

## Lovely Summer Smoke Deluged

### Page 3

room, but has thus far left the two facing east unscathed. Driven by a blustering northern wind the insistent tiny barrage of indifferent and unique shells melt against the heated glass, and the result runs in small irregular streams to the pane. There it patiently waits and slowly tries to work its way inside, doing its relentless worst to infest the warm safety of my long term sanctuary, attempting to gain my confidence by satirizing water. I hope for a return of the sun before the trickster achieves dubious glory through accomplishing the inevitable. I feel as if I am under attack by a camouflaged sky which one-sidedly offers no discernible target.

I sit on a mahogany Queen Anne armchair, comfortably leaning back, lost in my window view of the accumulated mountain snow, creating cold cream wreaths where purple proudly prevailed in warmer times. I have no idea what to type into the laptop which is motionless on a righted tilt-top table in front of me. I stare at what is already there, characterizing it like a critic devoid of vision. I have a vague feeling of word inadequacy. It doesn't seem to be saying what I thought when I eagerly put down the words. Yet it doesn't not say them either. Perhaps that is the nature of words. Perhaps words not in my vocabulary are required. Editing efforts only produce increased confusion. I can put down words, but that won't make them come.

## Lovely Summer Smoke Deluged

### Page 4

Only two weeks ago I thought it would be easy to tell my favorite story.

The two bookcases leaning against the white painted, stucco over stone, drafty walls provide my best defense against the harsh realities of winter. It prominently displays titles such as "Ada or Ardor: A Family Chronicle," "The Great Gatsby" (which I despise) and "Alice in Wonderland." In a corner the open kas exhibits my damaged stereo system and C-D's of Patti Smith, Bob Dylan, Jimi Hendrix and Bob Marley. But today is not one for music. It might ruin the mood. Maybe tomorrow. Today they perform surrealistically by acting as a silent shield which surrounds my head with a heartfelt glow which almost compensates for the chill slowly permeating the rest of my temporary, decaying, incarceration carcass, which must now rely on sweaters and multiple sets of trousers.

It's difficult for me to believe that the story is old, but my faulty sixty-five year old memory in consultation with the indisputable World Wildlife calendar insists on it. The oversized 2015 on top of the December leaf on veiled exhibit resides on the reverse side of an upper kitchen cabinet door. It looms over me more ominously than the nuzzling pair of snow leopards pictured. It scowls at me whenever I reach in for hot chocolate. Without having had the "benefit" of seeing the boxes and numbers I would be under the impression that the story took

## Lovely Summer Smoke Deluged

### Page 5

place yesterday or today, as everything exists in this moment in my mind. In my mind. I take the calendar off its rusted nail support and put it out the front door to battle the accumulated inch of snow. It seems fair.

So as not to appear demented to others I consider obtaining another calendar of a long past year which had the same date alignment. It couldn't be very expensive and being unaware of the precise month and day raises suspicions of Alzheimer's disease. I don't want to fall prey to a checklist-armed Social Worker's surprise visit and risk being declared unfit to take care of myself. I am not yet ready to sit in a wheelchair at a senior's facility and make cheery chit-chat with the med nurse, whose drugs make no one feel the least bit intoxicated, as I watch other fossils spit out their teeth while attempting to joke about Viagra. It's a very real dilemma, but I decide to gamble incarceration, rather than endure the possible tedious accusation of "descending into mere nostalgia," said to be a mortal sin for a writer, as if anything written, re-written, edited, re-edited, re-written, printed, advertised and distributed has one iota of "immediacy."

Its concealed prominence out of my house I try to think of my story. It haunts me in its demise, yet provides comfort in its thought. Perhaps making an account of it will shed light, or provide a new experience. I can't remember the sequence of the

## Lovely Summer Smoke Deluged

### Page 6

events, save the first, and wonder if they had any order at all. The subsequent, venomous disclosure and its resultant separation seem to have come from the undesirable aspect of chaos.

I realize that I persist in telling the long suffering reader another account of a writer's difficulty in doing his chosen profession. Why should they have any interest? Turning the tables it would fascinate me as much as enduring a technician telling me the difficulties he faces in repairing my engine. Just fix it if you can! Just write it if you know how!

I remember Kale Hallinger conveying his recollection of the summer morning he was driven to his "new" Washington (though Washington is the legal name, this Washington is most often referred to as Long Valley, to differentiate itself from the two other state Washingtons' residents consider to be of lesser quality), New Jersey home by a perfunctory, fiftyish, female social worker either with too many cases or with a secret desire to be in the races. As the beige, recent model SUV steamed up the gravel driveway Kale obtained his first view of the three story structure and thought it seemed most suitable for ghosts and demons. At the age of fourteen the long, light brown haired, tall and thin boy had a small collection of "mystery" comic books which told bizarre stories, one of which was fittingly titled "Forbidden Worlds." He was immediately certain that this

## Lovely Summer Smoke Deluged

### Page 7

freshly white painted structure was the artist's model, upon seeing the tower pierce the sky over the tri-level house. In an early demonstration of his fascination with the eclectic revivalism of the "Second Empire" style, he mumbled; "Very interesting," inaudible under the air conditioner's arctic wind. He wondered who or what lived on top.

Like a typical American teenager in 1964 he had no knowledge of or interest in economics. Consequently he was unaware that his step-parents-to-be chose this huge old house not thinking about anything "interesting" in its appearance, but rather functionally desiring to maximize the number of bedrooms. They wanted to adopt as many children as energy and space allowed, while the Social Service Department insisted that each child have their own bedroom. The third level was now an attic, which the owners intended to turn into bedrooms for more children.

The little family came out the front door and huddled on the pillared porch. As Kale exited the car, bags in hand, he saw Posie Conciesse (pronounced kon-chess-uh. Name left on a note with abandoned child, now known as Posie Collinaire, utilizing her step-parents surname.) for the first time. His eyes were drawn to her as she broke away from the group and leisurely descended the stairs, coming a few steps out of the shade. Keeping her head motionless, her brown eyes slowly moved up and

## Lovely Summer Smoke Deluged

### Page 8

down perusing the entirety of her new housemate. Just shy of mid-day, the sun's intensity, both from above and reflecting off the many driveway stones, coupled, causing Kale to perspire in the re-enforced heat. He put down his bags and wiped his forehead with the arm of his well-worn, white, short sleeved shirt while she continued her relaxed approach. The pale-skinned girl brushed an arm across her flimsy white lace, summer dress and used two fingers to wipe a dot of sweat from his cheek.

He cocked his head to the left side and gazed into her static brown eyes and a bead of moisture appeared over the left orb. He wiped it with a finger of his left hand, which he then placed to his lips. Kale felt a need to stretch out after his cramped car canter. He put one hand on his lower back, pushed it forward and her clever eyes followed his movements. She offered her port hand, pinky positioned at the pinnacle, and he carefully clasped and caressed her fingertips with both of his keen and curious hands. She closed her eyes and he admired her long, graceful neck, pointed chin and regal nose. As he leaned forward to sniff her long, vanilla-scented black hair a momentary, tiny zephyr blew some into his face. The world was forgotten and all he saw and sensed was her.

Rudely re-introducing the reality of the crowd, Mildred Martinet, the social over-worker, bustled her ample frame to them, took Kale by his upper arm and pulled him toward the

## Lovely Summer Smoke Deluged

### Page 9

waiting group. Posie silently laughed as off-balance-Kale's pupils shot to the sky and he shrugged his shoulders. Mildred efficiently commanded; "Come, come." She climbed the steps with him in tow, and said; "Mr. and Mrs. Collinaire, here is your new charge. Kale is sometimes called Smokey because of the color of his eyes. You have thirty days to decide if you want to keep him."

Patricia Collinaire, at times referred to as Bee, instinctively put her arms around Kale and gave him a gigantic hug, while her eyes set upon Mildred, and she said; "Oh, what a thing to say. Of course we want to keep him." She looked to her husband and added; "Don't we, Wellborn?"

Wellborn Collinaire (sometimes called Hi, predominately in private) stepped forward and put his hand on Kale's shoulder, looked sternly at Mildred and said; "We wouldn't have come this far if we didn't intend to go all the way."

Kale had a strange thought which he kept to himself. "So far it seems that I am here to be touched. Conversation is directed toward others."

Mildred said; "Good," and presented the Collinaire's with documentation which required their signatures, the boilerplate of which was based on the standard donkey lending agreement. Having had previous experience with this sort of paperwork they promptly signed. Mildred dashed to her SUV and rolled away so

## Lovely Summer Smoke Deluged

Page 10

rapidly it made Wellborn wonder if she now worked on a commission basis.

Patricia introduced herself to Kale saying that her other children referred to her as "Mom," and asked if he'd be comfortable with that. Kale said; "Yes," appropriately his first spoken word at his new home. The same process was undertaken with Wellborn, excepting the fortyish, tall and thin man's preference for the word "Dad."

Patricia introduced Amber, a short, slightly overweight girl of fifteen. Amber smiled, did a small curtsy and said; "Charmed." She giggled, drawing Patricia's attention. Kale's gaze alternated between the light brown-skirted girl and Mom, at any moment expecting an interjection. It didn't come and he slightly bowed his head and said; "Charmed," for the first time using the word he had previously heard in pre-1950 British movies.

Amber again giggled, prompting Mom to sharply say; "Amber, on your best behavior." Amber Hopschild, now known as Amber Collinaire, fell correctly in line. The daunting honey blond was born in Lexington, Kentucky and her gregarious, free-spirited, heavy drinking parents brought her north in a Mercury-powered, cross-country Exodus when she was ten. Their end came in a crash, legally determined to be the fault of Budweiser and their truck driver. While she was normally competent at burying

## Lovely Summer Smoke Deluged

### Page 11

that memory, watching the interaction of Kale and Posie, some sixth sense resurrected it.

Dad brought out a boy of about sixteen with a blonde Beatles 1964 mane, who seemed to prefer a poor attempt at hiding in the background. Patricia said; "Kale, meet Otis. Otis, this is Kale."

They exchanged handshakes and "Pleased to meet yous," but when Otis got a close view of the almost imperceptible lizard insignia (actually a chameleon doing a soiled white impersonation) on Kale's shirt pocket he added; "Far out, man."

Kale nodded, thinking that he sensed a brother, separate from that which was provided by law and answered; "Courir en liberte," (run wild), demonstrating the partial French fluency he had acquired growing up in Portland, Maine, where his biological father had manufactured whoopee pies, which became a household mainstay. He looked to Posie, who returned the approval question with a smile and brown eyes which found the house high tower.

Patricia thought it time to register her disapproval and chastisement. She opened her eyes widely, their shape approximating the contour of her roundish face, and said; "Kale, I want you to hear this, and Otis, you will re-hear. This house is one in which the first rule is that English is to be spoken properly. I will tolerate no other language, slang or

## Lovely Summer Smoke Deluged

### Page 12

corruption. As you age you will see that this is of the highest importance in faux classless America."

In an off-hand manner, Otis (formerly Westhaven, now Collinaire) said; "My apologies," possibly fulfilling the letter of the law, but not the intent. Kale considered the commentaries about returnable merchandise and said; "Please forgive me" with sincerity. Patricia and Wellborn nodded a mild approval and Patricia motioned for Posie to join the group. She said; "I have seen that you two already met, but now it is time to formally do so. Kale, meet Posie and Posie meet Kale (Hallinger, perhaps soon to be Collinaire). Their eyes locked like magnets set to the correct polarity. She curtseyed and slightly bowed to her left. Kale took her hand and moved it upward as if he was lifting her hand as a Queen's Knight might. Still holding her hand, he then performed a deeper bow, saying their first spoken words; "My lady." He rose and their eyes returned to their magnetically charged position.

Wellborn unnecessarily cleared his throat and delicately touched the chest area of his sprinkled blue work shirt, Kale amusedly noting what he considered a dichotomy. Wellborn said; "You will be meeting two more siblings," which Kale thought was an incorrect term, pointed more at trifling castigation than accuracy. "They are currently in summer school, not due to any deficiencies, mind you, but rather because they love to learn.

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

