Stonehenge, 1963

Blustery April day, rain squalls in my face shaking from cold, I view this paleolithic place. Massive pillars and lintels in round solstitial alignment honor the equinox. This day and year, only two of us are here to see. We feel the power, the age, the ghosts of those who erected this. We know not how or what they worshipped, other than light—sun, moon, stars—this day all invisible.

We study the inner circle while roiling black clouds from the right turn leaden midday into night. Weird views appear with each lightning strike. Through a driving rain, the stone circles seem to dance while Shakespeare’s witches prance. Within the rolling thunder I hear ancient druid chants. Prophetic gloom with incantations of impending doom.

Suddenly, a sunburst illuminates the stones. A vivid, solid, ageless beauty against the raging sky. Wonder, mystery, endurance, revelation of a plan, Ultimately, a monument to ascending man.

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