



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.*

John I. Coe, M.D.

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