

1406



S M U
S T
G A



[cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo]

What do you do?

In June I change my tune

In these pages the Cuckoo is a clock, a pendulum; only irregular, wild, responsive: a *visitor* - as we all are dear reader, and we must not forget.

It is the fourteenth of June in the year two thousand and twenty six CE.

The night sky is moonless & black with stars, black as the hare Bipalium's eyes; dark as the future.

The chorus is ever abundant
as the Summer coming to full standstill.

Come Shag,
for your metaphor;
a cormorant
lit cruelly
in all of us.

Tell me of your
internal heaven;

When you transform
Where do you locate your intention?
& To what or whom or how do you dedicate
this celebration?

The future is dark, which is the best thing the future can be, I think", Virginia Woolf (1915)

The Festival of Summer has begun.

Do you believe? Do you accept the festival, the city, the joy? No? Then let me describe one more thing.

In a basement under one of the beautiful public buildings of Omelas, or perhaps in the cellar of one of its spacious private homes, there is a room. It has one locked door, and no window. A little light seeps in dustily between cracks in the boards, secondhand from a cobwebbed window somewhere across the cellar. In one corner of the little room a couple of mops, with stiff, clotted, foul-smelling heads, stand near a rusty bucket. The floor is dirt, a little damp to the touch, as cellar dirt usually is.

...

I'm glad it died; I pulled apart the rotting months. I'm glad rubber gets brittle and snaps and can no longer reinforce clothed rims of otherwise retting. I'm glad the mould was glaucous, cause that was a word from A in the blue of July, and here I am again yearning, greedily - pyg!

The kitchen buzzes with glad, I have eaten all I can from the selves, not even stars away. I am glad to feel so gratitude!

To you, my hope reduced to you and I as dates; *Mejhoul*, the largest I had seen. Packed in a box from the Italian pantry shop on that stolen street in Luxembourg.

The lady knew what I was doing, lady had to hope, lady has to know a lady; curtsy - swan; be one! Lady smiled me in the eye and handed me the parcel touching skin on mine. Lady Large Heart of Hope!

You and I reduced to two packaged Mehjoul dates, the largest I've seen!

Stash them at the front of my citylite sack where I keep peanuts for the crows.

Did some hope omen mix in transit the next evening? No! Shaln't! Cause I got into my room all pas de bourrée couru! Flic-flac! I set to fixing the space as Goldilocks or Jesus: JUST RIGHT!

First I placed us dates automatically on a lower shelf – eye line – led in bed, by the four shelled peanuts, and one cracked open a half - like a canoe - with two pockets; a less-hopeful, more over-cast I and you.

I placed us dates by the five false acacia pods I had plucked on my initial walk up to Mudam that Monday morning. At the time any recognition would split me open, so I gathered five points of a crown - in these seed pods - I found; two rubied and three gold, pointed in the great arched window stain of the Notre Dame; the holy hand of mercy with three fingers raised: us as two fingers bowing to mercy, us-a trinity of children, cloved staff, pointed inward to heaven; the Sun, the Earth, its Moon.

& what is a moon but a shadow shape, a spirit that cycles through; pulling and letting

pulling and letting

If not

If not

Us dates were overcrowded in plain sight. I was feeling the tingling giving one to you.
Moved you up, up, up, to the plastic life-look sperm whale C bought me in the
Majorca thrift.

&

*What is the great globe itself but a Loose-Fish? And what are you, reader, but a
Loose-Fish and a Fast-Fish too?*

- Moby Dick

Strange Angel hope! Us dates packaged before the toy sperm whale, still imagining
stiffness - seizing up, giving one to you.

Us, dead

Large, dates

Packed up in a container before loosening world, We Worlds, globed-tingling-fast the
stiffness, in looseness, in hope, in - u s dead large dates, a packaged curtsey to
a large crown, with five points, large enough for two, three more; the trinity dancing
with mudra hand gestures - that convulse; in response; to your loosening groans.
Turn the great head of the fish-mouth fountain to catch sunlight, *h o t p i n k*, in
translucent jaws - the mouths pulling apart in your five members, pulling, letting -
glaucous, as July's thin day lit in learning a word; a name; a world; Great-Globe
Loose-Fish: You! & I large dates from the palm this morning. I walk away from my
writing. I am present. I have a secret.

Smile at the cuss of you, the scolded tea, green.

Think of all the shelves' sacrament; rows of teeth or lips-open loose kisses-sacrilege in fast sequence,, as in many,, but time being loosened - slow - taste - of you-rolled and sucked my own tongue on the view, sucked and rolled my own date. Done waiting. It is us dates I fetched and plucked in hope in hope disgusting Large-Time being shrink, being wasted; you fast and loosely finally you are alone and you know it.



Print found in Holborn Market, London, (March, 2026)

Cruelty had taken charge of the rocking below Shag's heart. Ate a hole. A hole in the sea. A hole, erogenous hole. A wall smashed with a fist. Better than a face. Or an unimagined image coming into view. There is a hole in his vision. The optician's chart is full of deranged words, and he'll hiss or lure them as an adder caught in a stare.

And still, his heart is a bird's, his heart is past and broken, it has a hole and won't last like the other hearts. It is a spiral: the heart's convulsion. It is an instrument, responding to every present element; only He is no musician; He is a hole; a hole in my mind with the face of a man inside. A shot, a single berry, to satiety; to stuff himself until even the flesh of the fruit will not pass this bill.

Shag confabulates his internal urgency, with scarcity, a dearth place. rocking, tapping, taken charge - emetic rat-tat-torium - beneath the seesaw upwards earthworms writhe, or a scythe heads of grain grasses gone most mind gone suckled thought never missed beats mad mad consistency consistent madness a seismic neurosis not the kind you flicker or flutter, nor a breath breaks nor stilled dreams impossible dreams this purge is like no other. The song changes to dry heave sheafs, imagined, and yet they take the moisture from the air below his braying snout.

He feels they are cut from this rock-ing, this blade with no body just a clock frowning. Just a seesaw, but he's always on top and doesn't get the orgasmic tremor, the jouissance giving, and in presence doesn't hear a word when he wants to, wants, he wants and wants like a child wants, but starved of innocence and all experience be now damned! Each splintered sheaf he spews gives rise to this no-faced driver rocking back and forth, back and forth in his esophagus; a tapping -----

Shag spews his own heart into the world's blue waters.

Shag's heart gags in the water then turns upside-down as a dying fish.

The dying heart fish convulses into a large brown trout.

Shag stared at this creature's gold scales and luminous pink 'neath gills, accordion breath, luminous pink spotting up this fish side with fins strange, elegant as fine weeds in the water.

Without/with calculated hesitation Shag snaps at Trout with his greed beak.

A fatal wound livestreamed bleeding out to all who'll bear witness.

Shag flies off, unable and unwilling to associate with his own heart as a trout, in the shallow, in involuntary convulsion. Stillness. Convulsion. Gills balloon surface; to slap back down a drifted back and forth skimming the world's watery depths.

Would I eat you?

Put you out your misery?

Would I skin you?

Desire you?

Would I sit and breathe with you your last breath?

Your body yellowing

Hold you just below the water's surface

Cheek against rising fish chest

Tell you I'll write about you

An oath to no more stolen flesh

Passing these lips

Nothing stolen

You calm in my hands although you don't know me -

Trust in the face of death

Drowned fear

Body yellowing in the yellow sun

only one awake in a room full of sunrise through shuttered cracks, of sleeping bodies

It is getting time to leave

Shag flies in to swallow his prize!

Dead now; the trout is eaten. and

Shag cannot metabolise. Shag feels once more the tapping. Drouth hunger. Insatiable, suckled thought. Mind gone - the braying heads knocked off! Omitted. History neglects, now, tapping. This heart is another shape, another tune, only yesterday.

Reader beware: Cruel hearts turned deeds done in greed become fish that want to live!



GAUNT: With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder;
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

Chuang Tzu and Hui Tzu were walking beside a weir on the River Hao, when Chuang Tzu said, "Do you see how the fish are coming to the surface and swimming around as they please? That's what fish really enjoy."

"You're not a fish," replied Hui Tzu, "so how can you say you know what fish enjoy?"

Chuang Tzu said: "You are not me, so how can you know I don't know what fish enjoy?"

Hui Tzu said: "I am not you, so I definitely don't know what it is you know. However, you are most definitely not a fish and that proves that you don't know what fish really enjoy."

Chuang Tzu said: "Ah, but let's return to the original question you raised, if you don't mind. You asked me how I could know what it is that fish really enjoy. Therefore, you already knew I knew it when you asked the question. And I know it by being here on the edge of the River Hao."

Lord,

when you send the rain
think about it, please,
a little?

Do

not get carried away
by the sound of falling water,
the marvelous light
on the falling water.

I

am beneath that water.
It falls with great force
and the light

Blinds

me to the light.

Date Palm (*Phoenix dactylifera*)

Phoenix, *fe*-niks; the Greek name for the Date Palm, used by Theophrastus.

Greenhouse and room palms.

DACTYLIFERA, dak-til-*if*-er-a, date-bearing. The Date Palm.

Mejhoul is derived from the Arabic word *Jahila* (جَاهِلَة) and means 'unknown'. Its name originates in Morocco, Tafilalet.

Cormorant (*Phalacrocorax carbo*)

"large, black swimming and diving bird," early 14c., *cormeraunt*, from Old French *cormarenc* (12c., Modern French *cormoran*), from Late Latin *corvus marinus* "sea raven" + Germanic suffix *-enc*, *-ing*. See corvine + marine (adj.).

The unetymological *-t* probably is by influence of words in *-ent* (compare ancient). The birds are proverbially voracious, hence the word was applied to greedy or gluttonous persons (1530s).

shag¹ / læg / n. **1 a** a rough growth or mass of hair etc. b (*attrib.*) (of a carpet) with a long rough pile. c (*attrib.*) (of a pile) long and rough. **2** a coarse kind of cut tobacco. **3** a cormorant, esp. *Phalacrocorax aristotelis* of Europe and North Africa, with greenish-black plumage and a curly crest. [OE *sceacga*, rel. to ON *skegg* beard. OE *sceaga* coppice]

shag² / læg / v. & n. coarse sl. • v.tr. (**shagged, shagging**) **1** have sexual intercourse with. **2** (usu. in *passive*; often foll. by *out*) exhaust; tire out. • n. an act of sexual intercourse. [18th c.: orig. unkn.]

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What if?

What if racism, colonialism, and all other forms of toxic, contagious divisions are preventable social diseases?

What if the texts, education, and forms of organisation we revere have carried and spread the disease, but also contain latent parts of the medicine that can heal it?

What if learning to activate this medicine requires coming to terms with our violent histories (as painful as that may be); learning to see the world through the eyes of others (as impossible as that sounds); and facing humanity (in our own selves first) in its full complexity, affliction, and imperfection?

What if the purging prompted by this medicine leads us to confront our traumas and learn to let go of fears of scarcity, loneliness, worthlessness, guilt, and shame?

What if the motivation to survive alongside one another in a finite planet in dynamic balance (without written agreements, coercive enforcements, or assurances) will come through being taught collectively by the disease itself?

What if collective healing will be made possible precisely by facing—together—the end of the world as we know it?



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