



[cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo]

What do you do?

*In May I sing night and day*

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 sixteenth of May 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 Cuckoo leaves a trail of violet saliva;

Between furrows; became pale flame/flickering-mass  
of green candles, moved like  
blades of grass.

Where Larks

In love

In song

Remember.

up, up, up

An all-night concert-

all-day

high above.

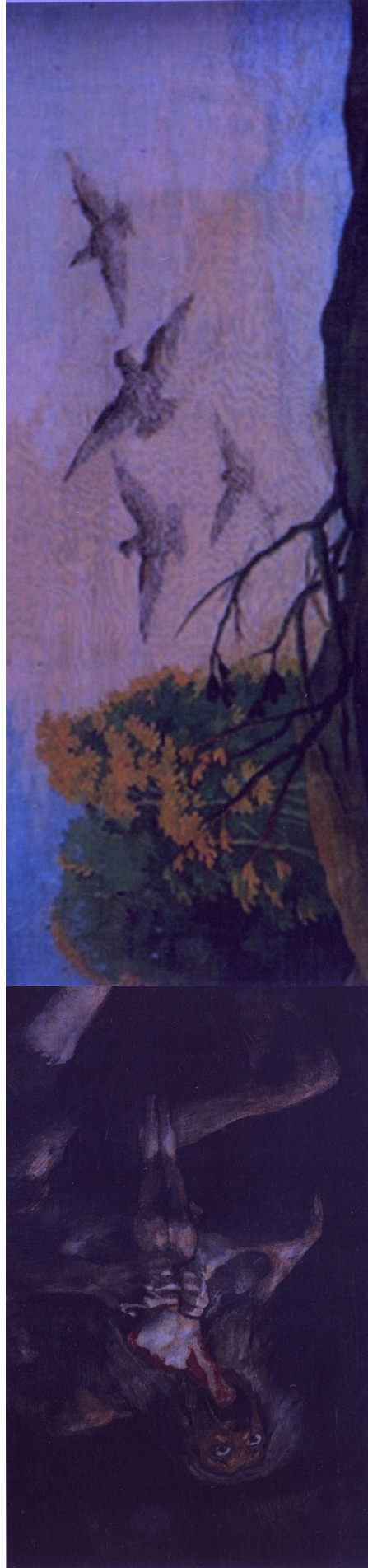
In love

We May.

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

Love without hope, as when the young bird-catcher  
swept off his tall hat to the squire's own daughter,  
so let the imprisoned larks escape and fly  
singing about her head, as she rode by.

Robert Graves, *Love Without Hope*, (1925). The first poem recited to me by M x



Francisco Goya, *Pájaros Volando* (*Birds Flying*) (1787)  
& *Saturno devorando a su hijo* (*Saturn Devouring His Son*) (1823)

fragment 30

night[

girls

all night long

might sing of the love between you and the bride

with violets in her lap

wake! and go call

the young men so that

no more than the bird with piercing voice

shall we sleep

fragment 103

]yes tell

]the bride with beautiful feet

]child of Kronos with violets in her lap

]setting aside anger the one with violets in her lap

]pure Graces and Pierian Muses

]whenever songs, the mind

]listening to a clear song

]bridegroom

]her hair placing the lyre

]Dawn with gold sandals

Sappho fragments (630–610 BCE)



Simeon Solomon, *Sappho and Erinna in a Garden at Mytilene*, (1864)

We were entangled inside the carcass of a skylark stomach slit open, not filled with kernels from the field, but with violet's petals: brown blue plume; was huge and thick as a bear.

Inside the lark's down heat we were intrusions of song, flitting in across our chamber as throat-al chorus spasmed remnants of blood's breath. Hairs Plucked. Wet and winking.

Laying there together in some koma, you noticed a tiny hole in a single thin rib, of the dead lark.

Reaching for it, your hand snapped it from the carcass - as if giving itself to you.

You, looked at me, through this tiny hole.

Saw silken screwworms contorting my flesh as pins. Smelt my body stiff and stagnant as a year's illness unrinsed. Where worms sunk-rose canker gummed welts, taught and swollen pressure a smack of yellow phlegm surfacing— from something foul and unseen; Inner perhaps as grief; as immediate as the Lark's carcass: carcass a word that comes after body. A B-C grasped in a child's burned and broken hand.

What remained of song sighed out violet on lime-white yellow striking; as this morning's light, cool, on a dried spring.

The chamber seemed expanded

The violets clapped like coined embers down from my lap, down from the lark's stomach slit-littering the floor; a constellation.

I was gathering the blue petals.

You, a distant star, growing inconceivable in daybreak.

I took the rib, I threaded its hole & began to sew. This time not mending but realising  
an image piercingly imagined; entirely new, a-  
wakening, laughter  
inside my laughing.



Violets lifting belly, (May'26)

I think not.

I think everything of you.

Lifting belly is rich.

Chickens are rich.

I cannot disguise nice.

Don't you need to.

I think not.

Lifting belly exactly.

Why can lifting belly please me.

Lifting belly can please me because it is  
an occupation I enjoy.

Rose is a rose is a rose is a rose.

In print on top.

What can you do.

Rose is a rose is a rose is a rose.

Gertrude Stein, *Lifting Belly*, (1917)

Violets are blue

Edmund Spenser, *The Faerie Queene*, (1590)

All shall be well, (...) shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well

Julian of Norwich, *Revelations Of Divine Love*. (14th-15th Century). As recited to me by L x



Holly Blue in the Hazel coop. (May'26)

I once dreamed a kiss that hadn't happened yet.

(...)

While sleep is an outwardly observable physical behaviour, dreaming is an invisible interior experience as mysterious as love – a mystery to which science has brought brain imaging technology to illuminate the inner landscape of the sleeping bird's mind.

(...)

A study of zebra finches – songbirds [as larks] whose repertoire is learned, not hard-wired – mapped particular notes of melodies sung in the daytime to neurons firing in the forebrain. Then, during REM, [rapid-eye movement dream state] the neurons fired in a similar order: the birds appeared to be rehearsing the songs in their dreams.

(...)

The most haunting intimation of the research on avian sleep is that without the dreams of birds, we too might be dreamless. No [lark], no kiss.

(...)

It may be that in REM, this gloaming between waking consciousness and the unconscious, we practice the possible into the real. It may be that the kiss in my dream was not nocturnal fantasy but, like the [lark's] dreams of flying, the practice of possibility. It may be that we evolved to dream ourselves into reality – a laboratory of consciousness that began in the bird brain.

Maria Popova, *Do Birds Dream?* (2024)

There's a story in an ancient play about birds called *The Birds*  
And it's a short story from before the world began  
From a time when there was no earth, no land  
Only air and birds everywhere

But the thing is there was no place to land  
Because there was no land  
So they just circled around and around  
Because this was before the world began

And the sound was deafening. Songbirds were everywhere  
Billions and billions and billions of birds

And one of these birds was a lark and one day her father died  
And this was really a big problem because what should they do with the body?  
There was no place to put the body because there was no earth

And finally the lark had a solution  
She decided to bury her father in the back of her own head  
And this was the beginning of memory  
Because before this no one could remember a thing  
They were just constantly flying in circles  
Constantly flying in huge circles

In this heart lies for you  
A lark born only for you  
Who sings only to you  
My love, my love, my love

I am waiting for you  
For only to adore you  
My heart is for you  
My love, my love, my love

This is my grief for you  
For only the loss of you  
The hurting of you  
My love, my love, my love

There are rays on the weather  
Soon these tears will have cried  
All loneliness have died  
My love, my love, my love

I will have you with me  
In my arms only  
For you are only  
My love, my love, my love

## Don't Bawl

I stopped caring what you wanted me to say; I stopped caring what you wanted me to do. I pulled back my hands but kept singing. Couldn't stop. What else would you have me do? Is my name Mercy or Maso-

chist? You'd call me either wouldn't you. I pulled back my hands and stopped. The night without Mercy you called it.

Do it for yourself, I said. I'm gonna remember or die. I'm sitting in the dark with my thousand arms folded. Humming. Singing. Eve Love's performing my song, on the drug, designer wormwood; doesn't know why these words pass into and out of her. The sharks keep up.

When did I start being nice? You're not loving me back. Change your shitty diaper, outside the church and grow up; I reject the theology I'm in, but I can't stop, can't stop, howling in the night without mercy, married to my species. How can I get out. A goddess can't die; I zoom

like a witch skittering over troublesome mountains. These are the hills of hell, my love: no love. No one loved Mercy back; that was the point. I never asked

for this. Have you gone crazy? Mercy has always been loved. I remember the first time I walked. Then you made me sit down. For forever.

Alice Notley, *Culture of One*, (2011)



Sunrise, Luxembourg (Feb'26)

In your aloneness you have watched with our days, and in your wakefulness you have listened to the weeping and the laughter of our sleep.

Now therefore disclose us to ourselves, and tell us all that has been shown you of that which is between birth and death.

And he answered:

People of Orphalese, of what can I speak save of that which is even now moving within your souls?

Then said Almitra, Speak to us of Love.

And he raised his head and looked upon the people, and there fell a stillness upon them. And with a great voice he said:

When love beckons to you, follow him,

Though his ways are hard and steep.

And when his wings enfold you yield to him,

Though the sword hidden among his pinions may wound you.

And when he speaks to you believe in him,

Though his voice may shatter your dreams as the north wind lays waste the garden.

For even as love crowns you so shall he crucify you. Even as he is for your growth so is he for your pruning.

Even as he ascends to your height and caresses your tenderest branches that quiver in the sun,

So shall he descend to your roots and shake them in their clinging to the earth.

Like sheaves of corn he gathers you unto himself.

He threshes you to make you naked.

He sifts you to free you from your husks.

He grinds you to whiteness.

He kneads you until you are pliant;

And then he assigns you to his sacred fire, that you may become sacred bread for God's sacred feast.

All these things shall love do unto you that you may know the secrets of your heart, and in that knowledge become a fragment of Life's heart.

But if in your fear you would seek only love's peace and love's pleasure,  
Then it is better for you that you cover your nakedness and pass out of love's threshing-floor,

Into the seasonless world where you shall laugh, but not all of your laughter, and weep, but not all of your tears.

Love gives naught but itself and takes naught but from itself.

Love possesses not nor would it be possessed;

For love is sufficient unto love.

When you love you should not say, < God is in my heart >, but rather, < I am in the heart of God >.

And think not you can direct the course of love, for love, if it finds you worthy, directs your course.

Love has no other desire but to fulfil itself.

But if you love and must needs have desires, let these be your desires:

To melt and be like a running brook that sings its melody to the night.

To know the pain of too much tenderness.

To be wounded by your own understanding of love;

And to bleed willingly and joyfully.

To wake at dawn with a winged heart and give thanks for another day of loving;

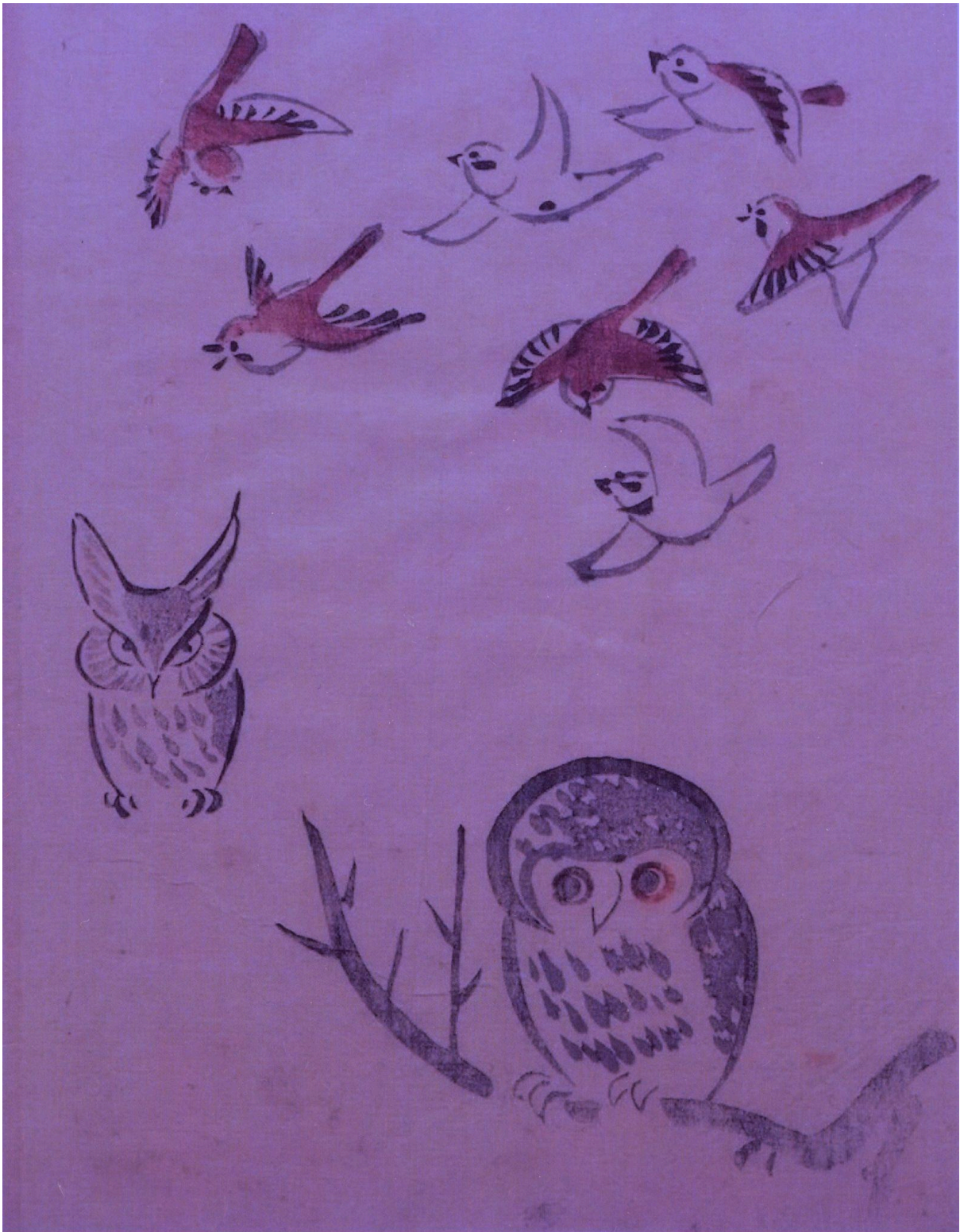
To rest at the noon hour and meditate love's ecstasy;

To return home at eventide with gratitude;

And then to sleep with a prayer for the beloved in your heart and a song of praise upon your lips.

Kahlil Gibran, *IL Profeta*, (1923)

A gift from R, (15 May'26) x



Larks and Owls on the first scroll of Chōjū-jinbutsu-giga, (12th & 13th Century)

2.

The forest moves in an anticlockwise fashion, then clockwise again. Imagine a plush material distended by a careless hand. The [song] of a [skylark] pressed flat against tall grass. Spikes of gelatine yellow where a leaf snapped off. Cuckoo-spit bubbling on the stem. Smudge of sun through violet clouds. To recall the second day is a memory beyond seasons. I knew I had to hide you. I knew I had to hide myself. The car?

She drove it into the thick part. We walked from there. A twig snapped. Glow-worms swarmed. A spiral has no augur. My mother kicked her sneakers off. To stand on the prickles of the earth. How else to experience the telluric drag of the clearing's force? I was in her arms. Was this the way? Your only job is to perish in deep love, said my mother, repeating the lines of a song she sang in her own mother's lap. Or had her mother sung to her?

Doesn't matter if your beloved doesn't give two hoots to your love.

4.

You can do this. You are not a fake lover. If you don't perish in love, it brings you fame. Come on. If you don't perish in love, you'll grieve a lot. Don't lose your efforts to love. And only love. It brings you fame. If you spend your life. Hovering around the light. Lovers don't die. Their love remains, sang my mother. Yes, you can do this, I said to my mother without words. The vibration of my mother's words entered my body through her back ribs. Taut against her back in the cotton sling, I felt no pain.

The lovers don't lie. Their love remains. Go on. Don't worry about the threats. This world gives you. Go on. Flow. In the ocean of love, sand my mother. Your job is to love and perish. Crazy lover. Go on loving forever.

The night made friends with us. Tiny lamps hovered above the branches; fluorescent snakes slipped before us on the dark path.

Imagine that in the middle of our little star is a triangular cave where a grizzly bear lives. If you open the door of his cave, the bear starts to eat the flowers that grow and curl above the threshold and on the ground. The flowers blossom all year round, sustaining the mother bear with his great red heart.

Bobbing on my mother's back, swaddled, was I writing? I, who had never seen a bear, had not yet reached. The story of the star. Or was this the stage before writing?

Your job is to love and perish.

Almost there.

Viola (Violets):

**Viola**, vi-o-la; the ancient Latin name for a violet (akin to Gr. *ion*, a violet).

small wild plant with purplish-blue flowers, c. 1300, from Old French *violete* (12c.), diminutive of *viole* "violet," from Latin *viola* "the violet, a violet color," cognate with Greek *ion* (see iodine), probably from a pre-Indo-European substrate Mediterranean language.

**Lark**<sup>1</sup> /la:k/ *n.* **1** a small bird of the family Alaudidae, with brown plumage, elongated hind claws, and a tuneful song, esp. the skylark. **2** any similar bird, such as the meadowlark. [OE *lāferce*, *læwerce*, of unkn. orig.]

**Lark**<sup>2</sup> /la:k/ *n.* & *v. colloq.* • *n.* **1** a frolic or spree; an amusing incident; a joke. **2** *Brit.* a type of activity, affair, etc. (*fed up with this digging lark*). • *v.intr.* (foll. by *about*) play tricks; frolic. □ **larky** *adj.* **larkiness** *n.* [19th c.: orig. uncert.]

The farmer's tracks make homes for skylarks who nest there, and can have as many as four litters a season! Nowadays, crop is generally too densely populated for them.

Cratægus (Hawthorn):

**Cratægus**, kra-te-gus; Gr. *krataigos*, a flowering thorn, believed to be derived from *kratos*, strength, alluding to the hardness of the wood. Shrubs and trees.

MONOGYNA, mon-o-jin-a, having a single pistil.

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What is dream?

What is love?

Hawthorn tea for your heart -

The blossom of Hawthorn is good for the emotional heart.

The berries of the Hawthorn are good for the physical heart.

Steep til taste, a few blooms or berries in boiling water, leaves too.

Honey or Rose blooms to sweeten.

Gather according to the honorable harvest, if not

Úath

Pan

Aos Sí

<3



Robin Wall Kimmerer, *Braiding Sweetgrass: Indigenous wisdom, Scientific Knowledge and the Teachings of plants*, (2013).

Crow Hawthorn, May (2026)

G & S, (16 May'26) x



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