

FLIES
BY DAY IN
SUNSHINE

SIÓN PARKINSON

The Fabulous Limb

the moth = a unitary community, and how?
reordering its molecules, folk flowing from
egg to caterpillar to pupa to goo
(and mellowing there for a while on goo —
such an enviable state is it)
'til bits start binding up, and out she comes
with wings, and wings she'll toast and fly on dust
by day in summer sun.

it don't stop there!

what's this?

she whistles out a mouth, recalling:

mouth was cunt and now is cock?

or

man-dibles for woman-dibles?

(whichever way you wan' gender it,

Jack!)

these suckers know no compulsion to change
for the sake of civility, like us.
unlike us,
their pressure is true, is felt, and it builds
with each suppurating wound of progress.
for soon more goo comes, ripe, presses inside
and splits her side and back out she steps, big —

bigger —

as star herniating from with in star,
pulsing with *new* goo...
and again and again it goes like this.

each fresh gradation = the Body broken;
the Body broken = a hierarchy of appendages,
like some splayed archaeological find
made whole only whence spaced out and set right
upon a bedsheet.

the moth cycle = the Body broken,
anatomy divvied up into chapters
until at last a batch of Larvae hatch,
first to witness its own end.

(its own end = the OVIPOSITOR)

detached from their Mother's belly and now
a memorial to maternal love,
flown.

but this, this dry organ erected here,
is, too, the promise of form,
of ornamentation:

a mighty prosthesis before their maggoty eyes,
it is a vision of the fabulous limb
(= the OVIPOSITOR)
the little, legless darlings might one day
bud.

there exists a moth, marvellous, yellow;
she makes the hillside smell of marzipan.

a song in increasingly rapid gulps of air:

*under cradle in Summer's faint light
rests a moth with wings made of meat
on morn, she'll fly south of the Island
to bring you back wonderful treats
to bring you back bittersweet almonds
to sleep tight, my Little One, sleep*

...upon which

eight or nine minutes later,
Little One dies of asphyxiation.

Flies By Day In Sunshine

first weekend of June every summer the people here host the FliesByDayInSunshine community parade, commemorates the discovery in '89 on the south face of the island of the DrupeMoth♥, a rare remarkably pretty yellow creature spotted with purple, that smells and tastes very strongly of almonds, during the weekend hundreds of these moths are eaten, usually raw and usually live

stalls sell glazed fingerbuns injected with some sickly-sweet rose paste; knitted Drupe♥ toys scented with almond oil; heavy glass bottles of cream soda; antihistamines; and on every stand, everywhere, there are bowls and bowls filled to the brim with multi-coloured dragées, sugared almonds, symbolic of the insects soon to be devoured in droves: THIS = the bitterness of life; THIS = the sweetness of love

hours the procession party takes shape round the memorial clock, the collective Body swelling with characters in homemade DrupeMoth♥ masks, dusty and embellished with scraps of cloth, and at its head, ScreamingMouth, a hooded figure ragged in oatmeal tweeds and strapped to her face coiled a leather proboscis firing eight foot straight via thumb-trigger linked to a tank of air slung over her shoulders like an exclamation

and when it does, when flexes her mouthpart, it is with horrible high-pitch of a saxophone reed, and met each with fervent cheer from her Body behind whom throw up an effluvia of sweet confetti to the dry-mouthed crowds lining their way, Body flanked by Legs, for the walk to where the DrupeMoth♥s emerge is cruel at points where hill flakes into scree and scree to sea and the Legs keep pace

route kept hush-hush so none may lead save ScreamingMouth, save, too, the Drupe♥ nests not disclosed ahead of time. before the heat they quieten, arrive to meet the mid-day sun upon basalt, lay out their hands and wait for to serve themselves up and walk upon open palms. when they do begins the eats. dusk the air an emulsion of spittle and scales escaped the swallowing and itching Body begins thinning to blue

small danger one might ingest too many and suffer dying. happened only twice. one (1) a dog and two (2) an infant girl, both deaths linked by poisoning. hydrogen cyanide. you see, this is the thing. turns out DrupeMoth♥ s larvae and adults release when attacked a kind of prussic acid, same as occurs in bitter almonds, which, is also true, when eaten in quantity, too, can cause respiratory paralysis and death

and so if you to eat just seven or eight, moth or almond, life very quickly becomes painful and disgusting, you become airhungry, blue and die, this government health agency and conservation groups' thrust when lobbying to halt FliesByDay, but on she goes, because rather than free-for-all, collecting and eating of DrupeMoth♥s become somewhat a sacrament. within it is the observance of BigNature, of Provenance

brand of tourist joined the flock: BigNature's johns, as locals call them: twitchers, rambler, whale-watchers — epicurians, at best; Romantics, artists, bastard bucolic poets at worst, all come seek delight in the DrupeMoth♥s and the wilds of the island, find in her mountains their god, spirit, water, air, meat, *entering not by eyes alone, but through flesh like radiant heat*, and now by mouth and by stomach. all come rejoice, eat, fuck BigNature

you from here? i mean, do you have a personal investment here? in us. how long? what brought you here? information tent, burger tent, teacake tent, onset delayed eight or nine minutes, and feeling better? feeling well? organs functioning? oxygen supply ok? breathing fine? blood ok? how's your blood? skin tone good? skin tone blue? you say. what's your name? tell me your name. can you say your name? your name? your name

repeat after me:

I have had enough.

I am going home.

I have had enough and I am going home.

goes home, fucking dies

*

rural folk, historically accused in the days of the Darkness and the Dawn of being deformed and deviant in their language, habits, diet, and now no wonder a mutant subspecies has become so emblematic of Wilderness and the urban-rural distinction! not so long ago did the countryside evoke the corrupt odors of animal excrement and meal. now round here it's said the hillsides smell of christmas cake

