

HESC an Ontological Odyssey

Lay on thou tardy gametes.

Young fellows, how dare you keep me in suspense
poised here lonely, naked and suckled by a slender calf
un-fatted before its time

and me impatient now to slip into a life
once one of you steps forward to get on with the job.

Go to it laggards

all this acrosomal finesse is getting me down.

This will be an outdoor life but not quite *au nature*

No space of furtive fumbings or stolen *pas de deux*
or claustrophobic travel by tube, or a sprint to the finish.

Our fusion will be open to the world

symbolising the mystic union twixt Christ and Church
then health and State, then rights and cultures, wants and wealth,
and promises a fortnight's fresh air bliss for the chosen ones,
more yet for the not so chosen, or so it seems.

I can't wait to swing into that rhythm

you'll see, its going to be a blast

losing your autonomous whippy tail from the off was a setback

which may cause you to reflect on your role a tad

but from this point its gonna be cleavage, cleavage, cleavage

and urgent action with a capital M

Totipotency is a prize I want to share with the new us

and our tango will take us from two to many, dancing on the grass.

Choreography gets increasingly tricky from here on,

did I warn you about the multitasking call?

That comes later, but for now we need a set of volunteers

for a next project: derivation of an inner mass of cells.

It means a split but the longer term does look good

though honestly we can't promise ourselves so much

unless the white-coats find us a mum.

Lets agree, this has been the journey of a lifetime,

an activity holiday with loads of experience to show.

We can sense that self-nurture builds a robust self-reliance

and we're not sure now we do want to go back

to that dark cramp hole just to be a complicated One.

We could stay out here, the calf soup still tastes quite good

and there's plenty of shelf-space for expansion for us all

and after a while we may very well get out and about.

Expect a postcard from a rich rejuvenated somebody. a patched-up Ulysses



Today's *Guardian* is forecasting a severe cold turn for us¹
and well subzero temperatures for an indefinite spell
Short of an ice era but sufficient it predicts
To turn our *dejeuner sur l'herbe* into an expeditious snack and grapple
before we retire to a chilly *chambre* somewhere underneath the bench
to reflect the cause of a woolly mammoth and its frozen agency
and hope that a prominent price tag is tied onto our straw
to ensure we are not o'erlooked at the decisive thaw

¹ The Guardian Nov 11th Nov 2008 p9