



1: Genesis  
He created the heavens and the earth in six days-and his throne had been upon the water.<sup>1</sup>

21 Days in an Egg, a Documentary Report:

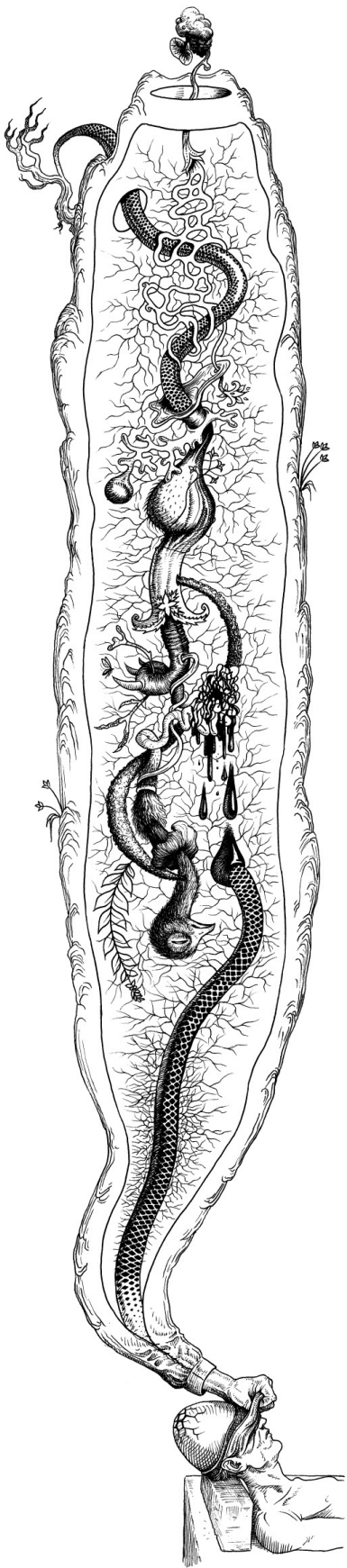
The First Day: Nothing  
The Second day: **Heart**  
The Third: Giving two long **Wings** to an infirm body  
The Fourth: **Tongue** blooms  
The Fifth: Signs of **Sex**  
**Bones** grow on the Sixth  
The Seventh: A little rest  
The Tenth: The **Beak** hardens  
The Thirteenth: All the body's covered by sparse **Feathers**  
The Seventeenth: **The head is between the knees**

Now, the Twentieth Day:

A carcass	on the water
Tranquil, free	
Days and days	on the water
Still water	Tame water
	Mirroring clouds and hills
	A rosy sunset
	Shining through the trees, all green

\*

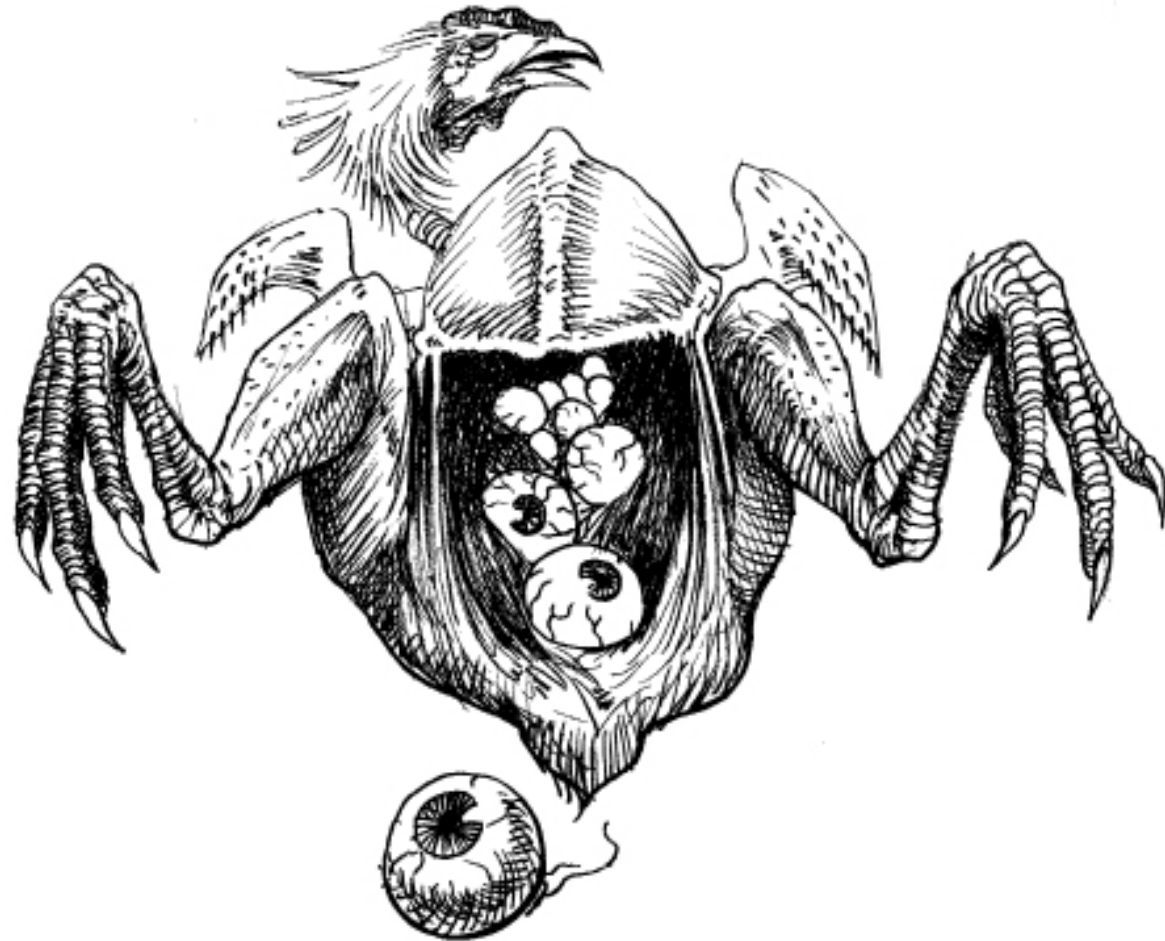
Unaware, opens his eyes  
And ripples flow on the water to eternity and beyond



## Hatching, the Twenty-First Day:

Thereafter,  
In the darkness of the ceiling,  
On the brittle skin of the night,  
A crack appeared

*- Push your fingers in, and tear up the stars!  
You have nowhere to evade your own eyes*



## 2: Language

And the LORD said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do.<sup>2</sup>

### Tower of Babel

Chirping, chirping, and chirping:  
Peep! Peep! Peep! Peep! Peep! Peep!

*Mummy! Mummy! Mummy!  
Mummy! Mummy! Mummy!*

(Mother tongue roots  
In the arid soil of the tongue)

Mountain with its glory and gems, springs and stems  
Is crumpled in the tiny canister of a mouth;

And by enunciating the *Tree*  
Loss fell upon the Tree  
Through this deficient single syllable: The  
*Tree*

### Tower of Babel (In the Classroom)

- Cattle in pastures? - *GRAZE!*
- Reptiles? - *CRAWL!*
- Predators? - *PREY!*
- And the birds?

[Silence]

**Wing: modified forelimb that bears large feathers and is used for flying<sup>3</sup>**

How futile!      Being a bird...

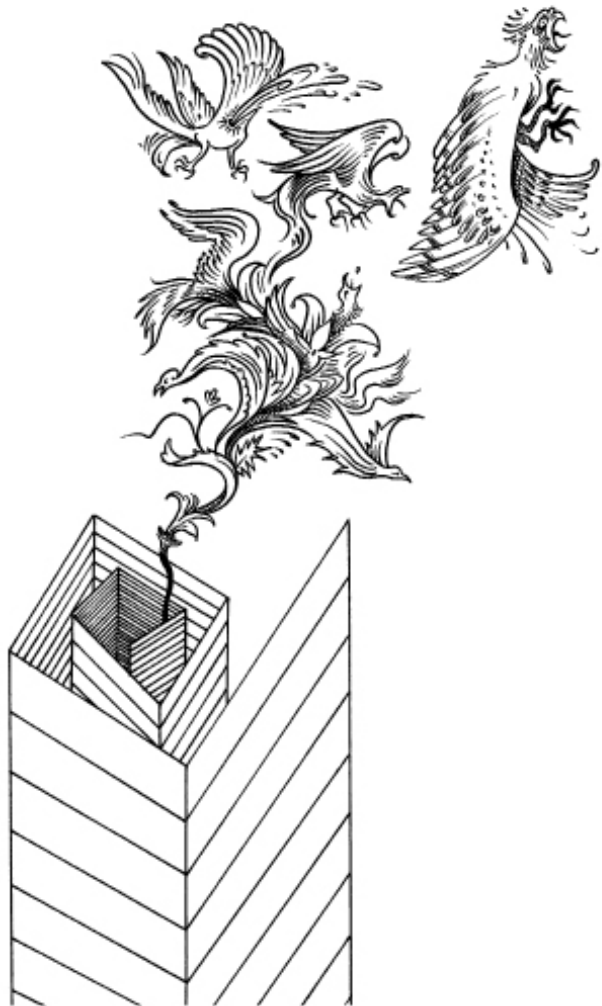
How futile!      Some weighty bones and bristly feathers,  
Neither let you fly

- But block the way                      to the vast sky -

Someone stood up, wistfully cried,  
For all those abandoned heights:

- What a torment!  
Looking up at the birds,  
Flying-birds...

Two barren wings  
Empty wings  
Two empty-of-blue-sky wings



### 3: Terror

#### Hide and Seek

One side of my face, towards your grace;  
Another side, fearing the world, all over uneasiness

Cover my eyes  
And make it dark  
Dark and dark  
To see you with both of my eyes

*- How would you see death?  
Tiptoeing under your eyes  
To cut off your breath*

#### Visiting the Butcher's Hook

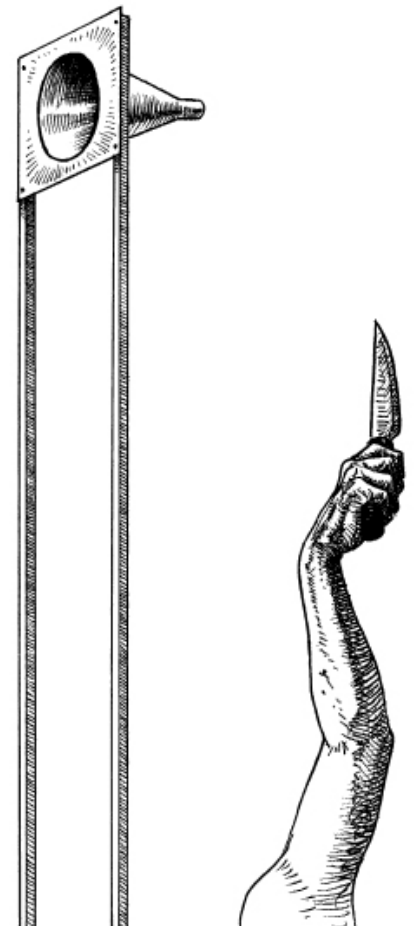
The cock wanted to get up whenever fell down on the ground... It was impossible with tied feet... A gospel song was played. The Cock became enlivened. Fluttered. Frolicked. Fell down, again, and fluttered, again. Took a breath, tried, and fell, again.<sup>4</sup>

*Standing on two fragile feet;  
Carrying the burden of life, on two fragile feet  
And before each dawn  
Climbing the night's ladder  
To pledge **the Sun**...*

*The Sun  
Which was a trope itself; if not,  
A day's rise and fall,  
Is unrelieved news, a vacuous word at all*

(Hanged by the feet

A bloody sunset  
Splatters the ground  
Leaked out of his last tweets)



*May you not die mother?  
May they not storm in, grab us, take us to another world?*

*May I touch your neck,  
Without crying out my heart?  
Without a flood of tears' break-out?*

*(I cherished your neck  
with the top of my head)*

*May I put my ear on your belly once more?  
To hear the galaxies' core*

*Warm me up Mummy! Warm me up!  
Take your son to an egg...  
And time to time, turn me as well,  
Otherwise,  
My skin will stick to the shell*

*May we not die mother?  
May I become your new seed?  
To sprout again  
In your body's heat*



## The Courtyard

The wind...  
May blossoms...

Winter's cold twinned with summer's heat, and thinned

And the noon's light  
Like bright holy wine  
Poured on our sight

(Something in the soil  
- A slug or a bug -  
Dissolving a gizzard's skin  
In his acid mug)

\*

...A torn feather pillow on a side



And the wind is blowing  
From the other side...

4: Nurture

Only ye shall not eat the blood; ye shall pour it upon the earth as water.<sup>6</sup>



Every morning, soaked soy or pilaf rice (no salt and oil)  
Evening: Ground wheat seeds  
Every second day: A few raw onions for detoxing the digestive system  
Chopped leek, three times a week  
For calcium: Fully baked and mashed drumstick bone, once a week

*What about his goblet?*

*Fill it right now!  
Fill it!*

12 Weeks (and 21 Days)

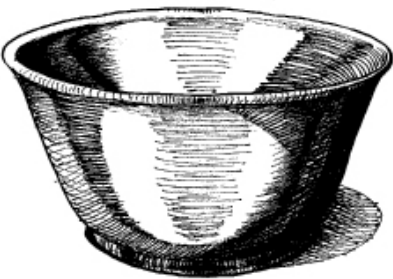
*Now it's your turn*

Maturity of your childish visage,  
there lies a vivid message:  
  
What is this tough look?  
What is there about to die,  
In those innocent eyes?

*Now it's your turn*

Thus death, this twining vine,  
twisting around the throat;  
As your neck lengthens,  
And your body grows

*Now it's your turn*



## A COCKEREL for Sale

Four-months old  
Warrior, combative  
Battle-tested  
Full-blooded  
Bully fighter  
White hackle  
Greenish black feathers

Real cockers CALL NOW

*Now it's your turn*



## The Day

O... O... O...  
*It's my turn fellows*  
*So, it's time to go*

O... *Days of wobbling in nest*  
O... *August of happiness*  
O... *Dear shimmer of light, in wavy water*  
*Reflected on the roof, in seven colors*

O... *Short summer*  
*Free manner*  
*Joy of being always unaware*

O...  
*Tall trees*  
*Took us closer to the blue,*  
*Made us desiring eyers,*  
*Wondrous observers*

*Goodbye my glorious delight*

*Why I left you behind in there?*  
*How I left you behind inside?*

**Farewell:**

*Wasn't I your brother?  
Your lad, your dreamer, silver-tongued singer... wasn't I?*

*Then... Fall of the knives  
He made fun of you all  
Then... He picked me up to put in a cage  
Hanged one of you... God! Laughed at you chickens:  
Roar of courage*

*Thirty frightened hens, thirty quailed men*



**You bowed your head**

**You bowed your head**

**You only bowed your head**

**5: Bondage**

Abandon hope all ye who enter here.<sup>7</sup>

Keep calm Coco! Keep calm!  
One month, alone, no light  
In your water: blood and gore

Keep calm Coco! Keep calm!  
Sorrow came to you stealthy:  
Your sister was infected;  
Her scars became filthy

Days passed... In the end:

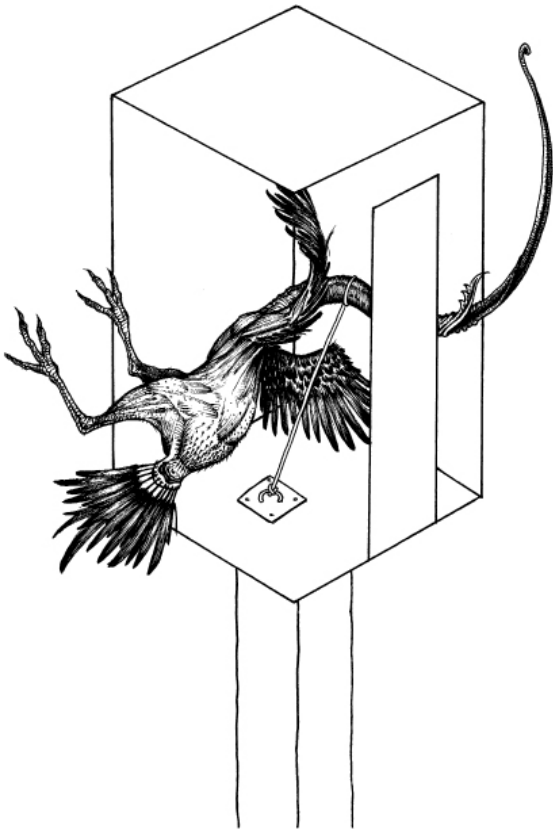
Pain exploded abruptly  
She died of smallpox, O! Sadly...

Now why are you this ruthless?  
Thank God, you had your luck

Beware Coco! Watch out!  
Some words are on the wall  
Do read them then, intently;  
Put your bill in the goblet, son  
Become poisoned decisively

Here is your cozy coop  
Is this what you ever assumed?  
This is time of plighted doom

You are alive Coco! ALIVE!  
You are honored to be captive





**Boot Camp:**

Make him run! Make him gasp!  
Make his breaths harsh and rasped!  
Make him soaked in sweat!  
Make him whacked!  
Just DO it! Aha! It's fact!

Make sure when it's his time,  
He's feral. A damned wild one

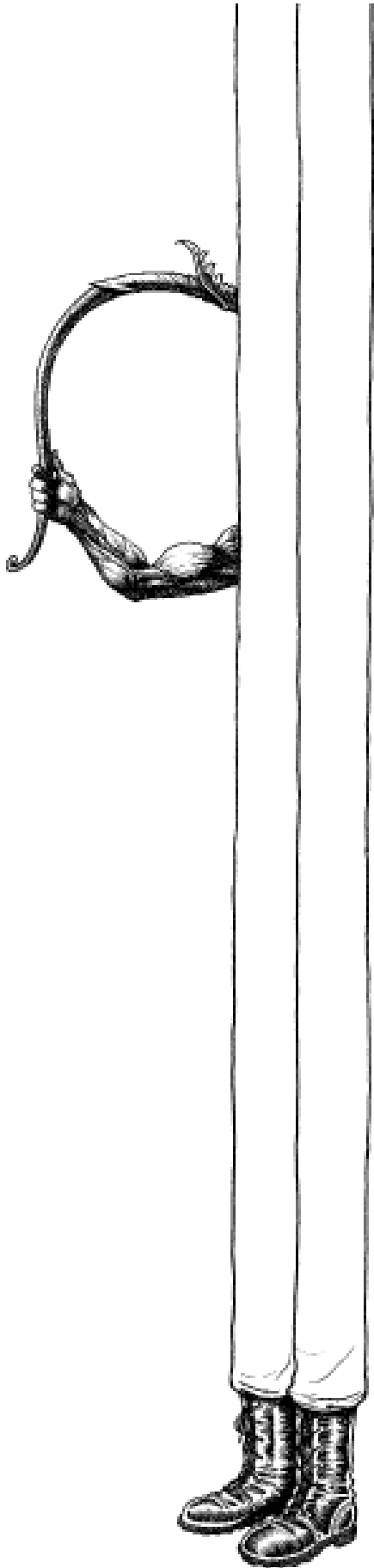
Look at this kick  
He should jump high  
- At the same moment -  
Stabbing these honed spurs,  
In his bastard rival's arse!

Take him! Let him go then  
Take him! Throw upward  
(It's a trick my friend, to make his legs' muscles rock hard)

Hold his back pals, press like this  
He may tremble, DO NOT fear  
Just push him  
Great  
That's it!

Now,  
Open his wings, put your hands under his armpits  
Pick him up and throw him down  
Drown him in his blood spits

**Make him a star**  
**Make him a killer**  
**Have you ever seen a winner?**  
**Make him a WINNER**



**Someone Called him:**

*FWEET! FWEET!  
FWEET! FWEET!*

*Look at me chick!  
I'm da **Buff!** Now listen to me:  
I'm wild a bit, gaffs on da heels  
Respect goofer  
Don't look in ma eyes, lunkhead loser  
wimpy weeder  
I'm gonna bring ya all on ya knees;  
Hold ya down;  
Power Bombs! Dropkicks!  
Don' raise your shitty voice at ma chitter  
Makes me killer  
Really wanna know how I'm bitter?  
I've seen blood! I've made ma move  
Holes on da puffy face, O! Make ya cool  
I shank ya ass! Try me ya sass!  
Ya ain't da fool!  
So sissy finch face, respect the rules*





**The Cocker:**

Winning...  
Being a winner...

Win Coco! Win

Win baby  
You know how to  
Win  
You'll be a big star  
Win my plucky boy

Win Coco!  
A rain of fame...

Win!  
- Pop that French Champagne!

Win!  
All eyes on your moves  
- I raise the bet! 10 BUCKS!

Win your pleasant food



**The Dream**

I saw a crowd of my comrades, put their heads and wings out of the bars, whereas they were getting ready to fly.<sup>8</sup>



Wake up Coco! Come out!  
Come on you dead! Come out!

You, mangled, wrecked and ripped  
You the little raped one  
You, boiled - in a pot of stew -  
Jump out of Chicken Plucker  
Wake up Coco! Wake up!

You butterfly! Come out!  
You the hormonal! Come out!

You broody! You! Come out!

When your vessels are cut,  
You have nowhere, you must come out,  
That time, you of course hear:  
Come out buddy! Come out!

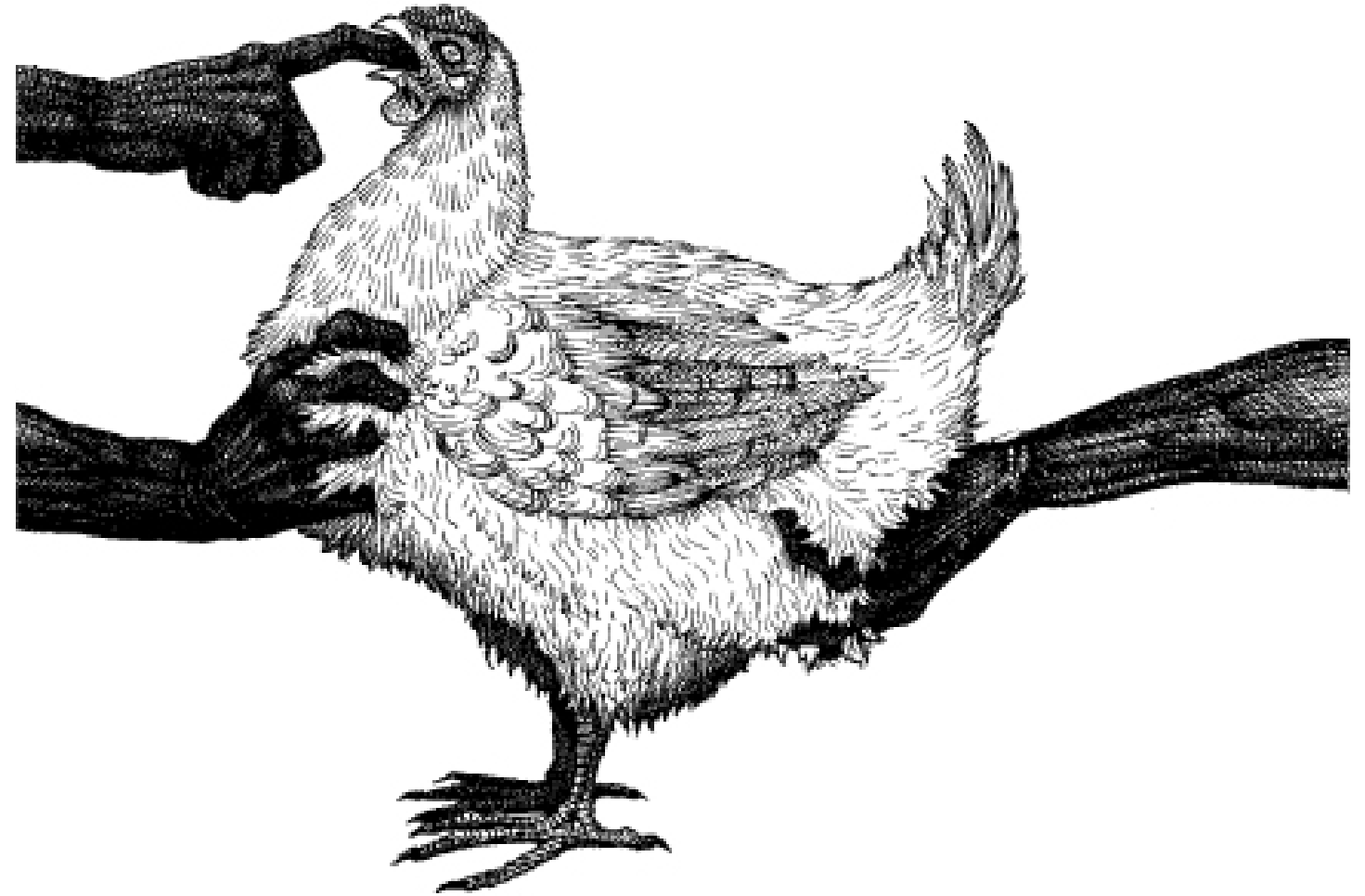
With your *de-embryonated* eggs  
With your tubercular sad chicks

- *May I slice the wings and breast?*

Leave the platter, son  
Wake up Coco! COME OUT!



## Interlude



Someone brought a blood-eyes cock to fight against the Buff. Cockers gathered and gambled. At the end, the Buff jumped and jabbed one of his blades in the enemy's gules eye. The cocker shouted out triumphantly: "It's time to celebrate this victory!" Then he brought three white chickens in a box, for the dinner feast. All were broiler: sad and gloomy, dejected and droopy.

Have you ever heard the story of Snowy?  
Which of you know  
of her round hips, clean body?

Have you ever seen a cotton-like farm of feathers?

Did you know that one day the Lord, manifested in the flesh?  
- With a black suit, red tie -  
Took her out of a cage, showed the guests:

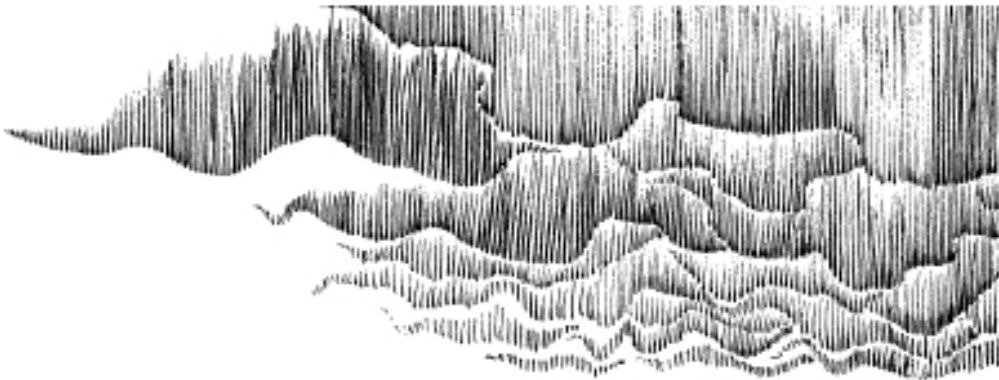
*Ladies and gentlemen!*  
*Please join me in welcoming The Miracle of Genetics!*

Then... CHEERS!  
(To charm and dance)

Then... - Like to try it ma'am?  
- Of course  
(I can't miss this chance)



**Have you ever seen a balloon, full of blood?  
Released to fall  
On a snow-paved marble ground**



- **What do you mean?**

- The big city  
Crowded and messy  
Enormous blowers  
Sawdust  
Straws  
Still  
Sterile  
Roofed sky  
No Moon  
Numerous suns  
Arranged meals  
Accurate sleeps  
Eugenics  
Copy machines  
Pensive flock  
Monitoring

Tractable, Domestic, Distressed

Suspended on the hook  
Hung,  
In the shambles

*Which of you've seen?*

**They lit a charcoal grill and took snowies away:**

I dreamed the hills...  
I felt the clouds...

I bit a piece of frost  
With the sweet juice of a herb

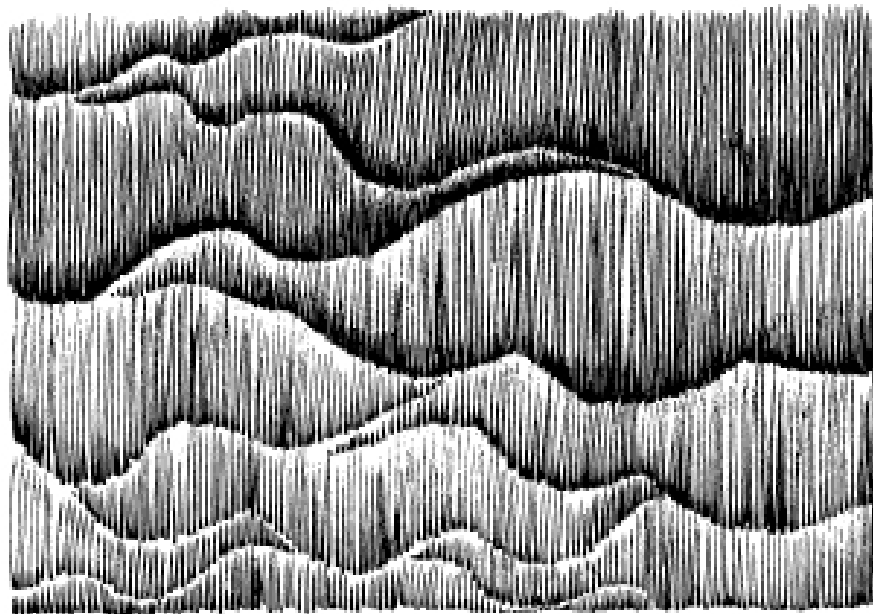
I'm that who knows  
The name of the breeze  
Blows in July  
In the swelled nape of a bird

I could call him  
I was laughing  
Somebody ran to call the rest:

***They've fled! They've fled!  
Look at them!  
They're flying!***

Just a wingprint  
In the bare sky

A wound is opening  
On a blued canvas



6: Fatigue

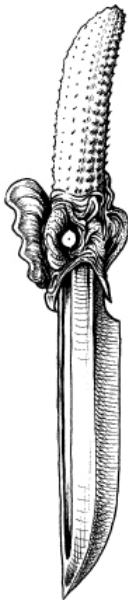
*Behind the wall... behind the wall...  
There is a way...  
We'll go away... One at a time...  
I mean tonight; we'll fly away...*

**Salt 'n Pepper!**  
*For the love of God, just tonight, for some  
minutes, Leave your nest, forget the eggs  
- They'll be collected and fried -  
Go to the Buff  
Untie the rope, Unlock the cage  
It's just enough!*

- Why me Coco?

*I know a way. Trust me hon! Not far away...*

- Give up Coco!  
*I've seen before, who said the same...  
We've seen blood... you've touched daggers... I've watched "The End"  
No way Coco! No way ever!*



**The Battle:**

*Hit him! Hit him!  
Hit him! Hit him!*

*Hit him Coco!  
Hit him! Hit him!*

*Blow him up! Hit in the head!  
Throw him down!  
Drop him with an Irish Whip!*

*Put up your ducks!  
Take him by comb!  
Twist your gaffs in his fresh meat!  
Break that chick!*

*HIT HIM RIGHT NOW!*  
*Hit him FIRST HOOK!*

*Crack his beak!*  
*Go on his tail!*  
*Kick in the neck!*  
*Sweep your foot!*  
*Coco!*  
*Jump and go up with him!*  
*Peck him at cheeks!*  
*Bash him!*  
*Knife him!*  
*Bury him!*  
*WIN!*



**The Long Count:**

*Is this the sun rising?*

Yes, darling  
Look at the naked light  
- Shrouded in black  
In dark -

*Where am I mum? Where are we now?*

Wake up Coco!  
Wake up my son  
Baptize your blinded eyes  
In a pot of the molten sun...

Wake up Coco!  
Get up and sing  
Here is your dawn  
Lay off yawning  
“Cock-a-doodle-doo” time

*Is this the Sun rising?*

It is, my son  
Wake up my wing-weary cute kid  
Wake up martyr  
Wake up...you’ll win...

**Wake up it’s... 10!**  
**Wake up it’s... 9!**

GET UP!  
(Countdown)



K.O.

A winner?

A star?

The most-liked one?

I'm not

I'm not

You know, I'm not

Nobody adores my songs, beholds my wings

Are you longing for a rich food?  
A larger coop?  
Real success?

I'm not

Who is thirsty to be caressed?  
Letting his neck to be kissed?  
Prevailing upon the cocks?

I'm not

I'm just a homeless bird  
I've lost my seven skies  
Your hero?  
Superstar?

Truly not

\*

When they brought me in,  
Chatters turned into a roaring mess;  
The gamblers threw their coins,  
Freely on the fight mattress

There were solely two bloodshot eyes - before my eyes -  
Two goblets full of red wine  
Should I have quaffed them?  
Fie!

Get up poor bird!  
Get up! You're drunk  
Get out! You're dead

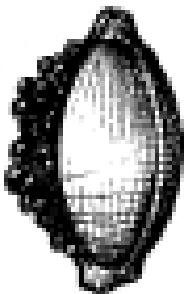
7: Freedom

Buffy! Peppy!  
Believe me guys  
I have a plan...  
Join me tonight

I asked: what does a dance do?  
[He] Said: when the spirit is determined to go high, alike a bird trying to unloose himself, the cage of body resists, but, the bird of the spirit strives and lifts up the body's cage at once<sup>9</sup>

A man whose eyes love opens risks his soul - His dancing breaks beyond the mind's control<sup>10</sup>

Abraham said, "My Lord, show me how you give life to the dead." [God] said, "Have you not believed?" He said, "Yes, but [I ask] only that my heart may be satisfied." [God] said, "Take four birds and commit them to yourself. Then [after slaughtering them] put on each hill a portion of them; then call them - they will come [flying] to you in haste"<sup>11</sup>





**They got the Buff back, whipped and battered; put him in the yard and went. The Buff: an innocent child, slept on his feathers’ bed. The head was tilted backward, his long neck: a question mark.**

*What remained of these two long wings  
in the blue sky...?*

*I could see but I didn’t discern  
I heard but I couldn’t listen  
I should have smelled, any time, I inhaled the air*

*No foot  
To walk back, to return  
No hand  
To open the doors of the chest,  
Going through the maze:*

*I remember that fog,  
The pitiless sleet of that jungle’s gloomy night;*

*And the wind  
Picked up a line from our bone-tired faces,  
Took it with his dizzy moves,  
To the frozen fields,  
To the sharp noses of the wolves*

\*

*Afterward,  
Way-worn and lost,  
We saw a distant light...*

*A man came by the door,  
Invited us into his snug hut*

*And we  
- Thirty-unsuspecting-fowls -  
Smiled and got in*



**Salt ‘n Pepper:**

*Smell me  
Feel me  
Look at me floating  
With both of your eyes  
On opposite sides*

*Look at me hon  
I’m gone,  
I’m that point, that kite  
- My blue tails  
Soar in the air -*

*Look at my throat:  
My voice doesn’t come out,  
Can’t be heard*

*It drops  
It’s red  
.  
.  
.  
Look at my voice*



And Coco, the Beheaded:

Mummy

Snowies

is on the way

are on the way

The Buff, Peppy, Martyrs

Dead eggs

are on the way

The bones

The heart

A beak

Came out of a fatal wound

are on the way

is on the way

is on the way

Hundreds of chopped wings,

Cut tongues,

And wet thighs,

The eyes

The dance

Hurrahs, cries and shouts

are one the way

are on the way

is on the way

are on the way

Thirty fallen mad birds, side by side:

The BIRD

is on the way

Tomorrow

That day you waited for

That day

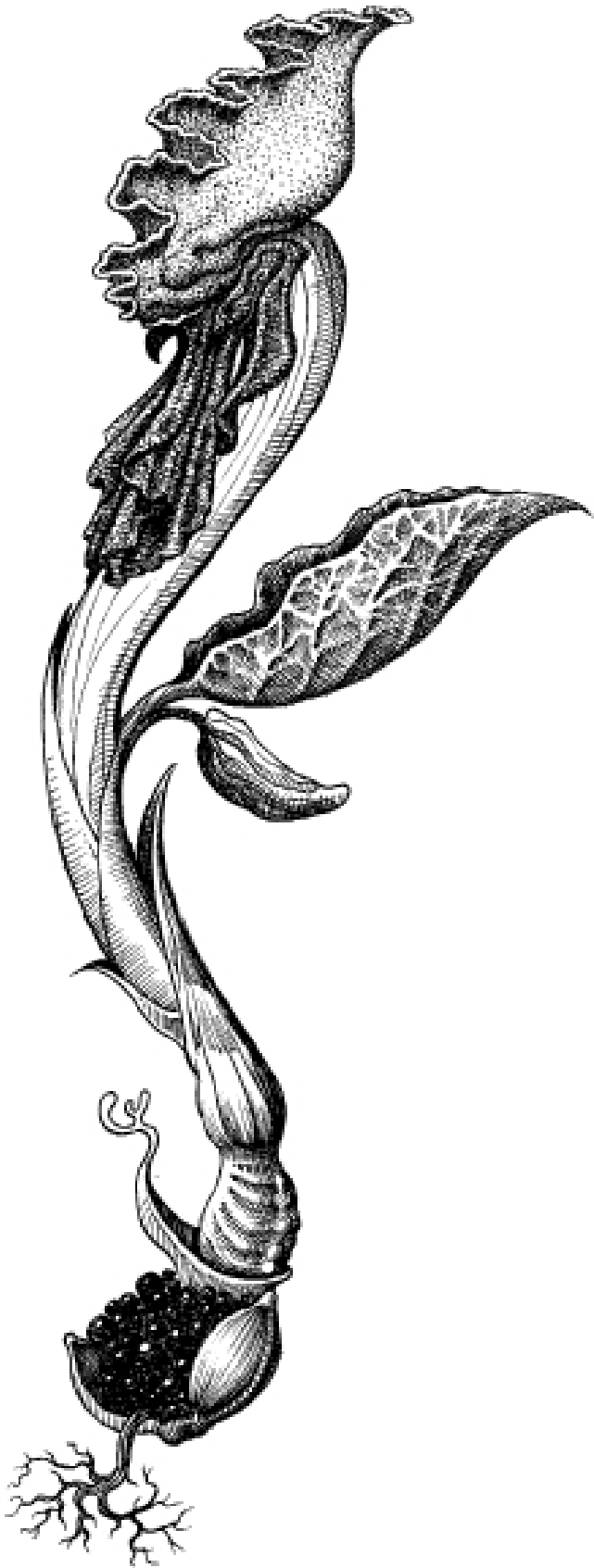
is on the way

is on the way

\*

You left your cocoon my son

A butterfly soared out



- 1 “Verse (11:7) English Translation.” *The Quranic Arabic Corpus*, Language Research Group, U of Leeds, <https://corpus.quran.com/translation.jsp?chapter=11&verse=7>.
- 2 “Genesis 11.” *Bible Hub*, Online Parallel Bible Project, <https://biblehub.com/kjv/genesis/11.htm>.
- 3 “Wing.” *Oxford University Press*, Lexico.com, <https://www.lexico.com/definition/wing>.
- 4 Golestan, Ebrahim. *The Rooster*. Rowzan, 1995.
- 5 The word مادر in Persian is pronounced just like "mother" and has the same meaning.
- 6 “Deuteronomy 12.” *Bible Hub*, Online Parallel Bible Project, <https://biblehub.com/kjv/deuteronomy/12.htm>.
- 7 “Abandon hope all ye who enter here.” *The Phrase Finder*, Gary Martin, <https://phrases.org.uk/meanings/abandon-hope-all-ye-who-enter-here.html>.
- 8 Avicenna (Abu Ali Sina). *An Ascent’s Epistle (Resalat al-Tair)*, 1010.
- 9 Suhrawardi, Shahab al-Din Yahya ibn Habash. *The Childhood Treatise*, 1180.
- 10 Attar, Farid ud-Din. *The Conference of Birds*. Translated by Afkham Darbandi and Dick Davis, Penguin Classics, 1984.
- 11 “Ayah al-Baqarah (The Cow) 2:260.” *Islam Awakened*, G. Waleed Kavalec, <https://www.islamawakened.com/quran/2/260/default.htm>.

# THE EMPEROR

