

# Fables of a Bunk Future

*Michael Loncaric*

*Michelle Helene Mackenzie*

*Justin Patterson*

**SMALL CAPS** is a multimedia chapbook series published by

THE  
CAPILANO  
REVIEW

[www.thecapilanoreview.ca](http://www.thecapilanoreview.ca)



The Canada Council  
for the Arts | Le Conseil des Arts  
du Canada

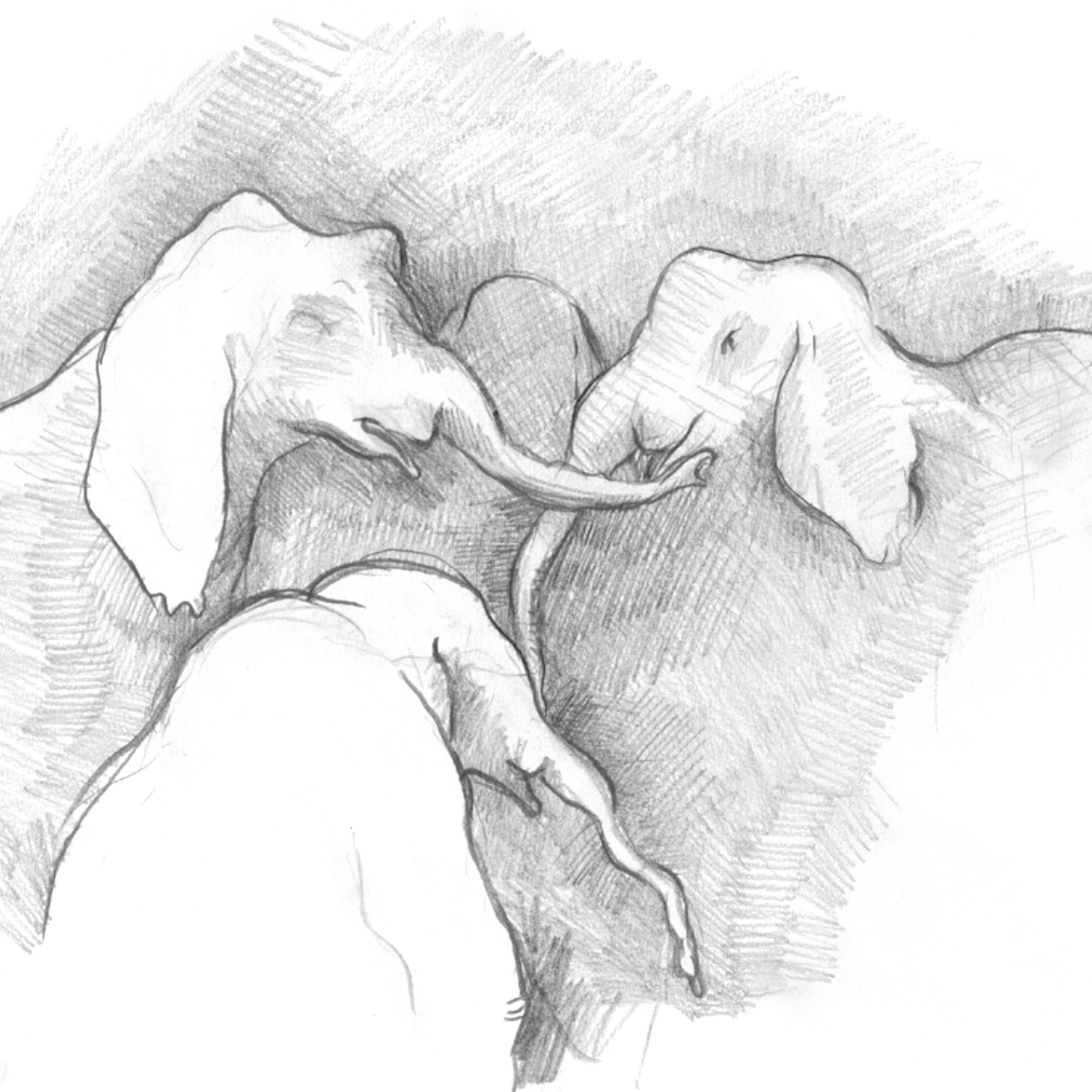


The elephants had turned  
inwards and upwards.





Inwards:



And upwards:



Their bunkers were towering trunks,  
except they were also songs—  
you heard them before you saw them  
and they sounded like:

two-ta-two-ta-two.





There was a mysterious sound from inside the bunkers like a wash of rolling barrels, and also a sound of

*‘aiiggghhhh’*

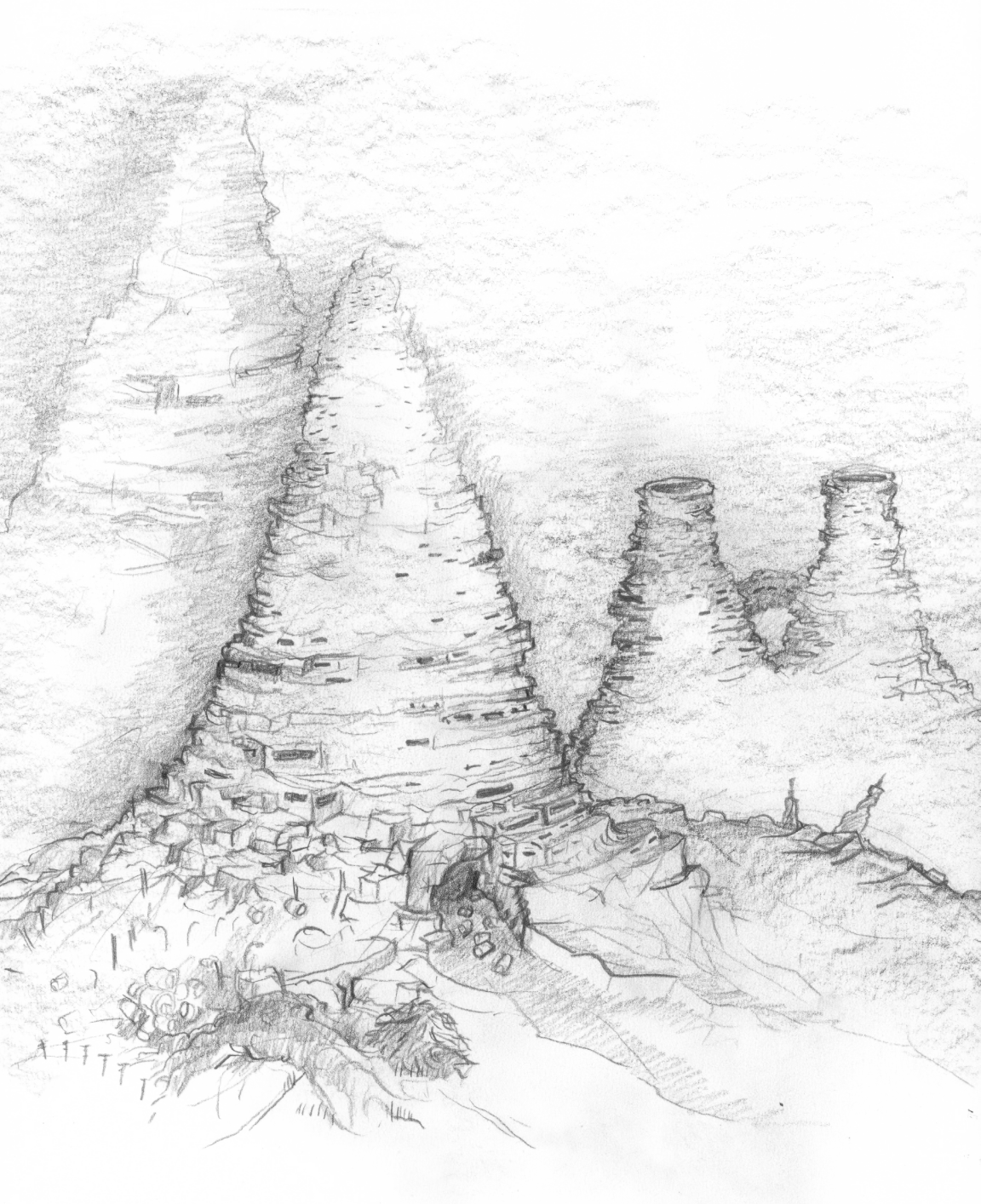
(the sound of metal grinding on cement)  
coming from everywhere you looked.



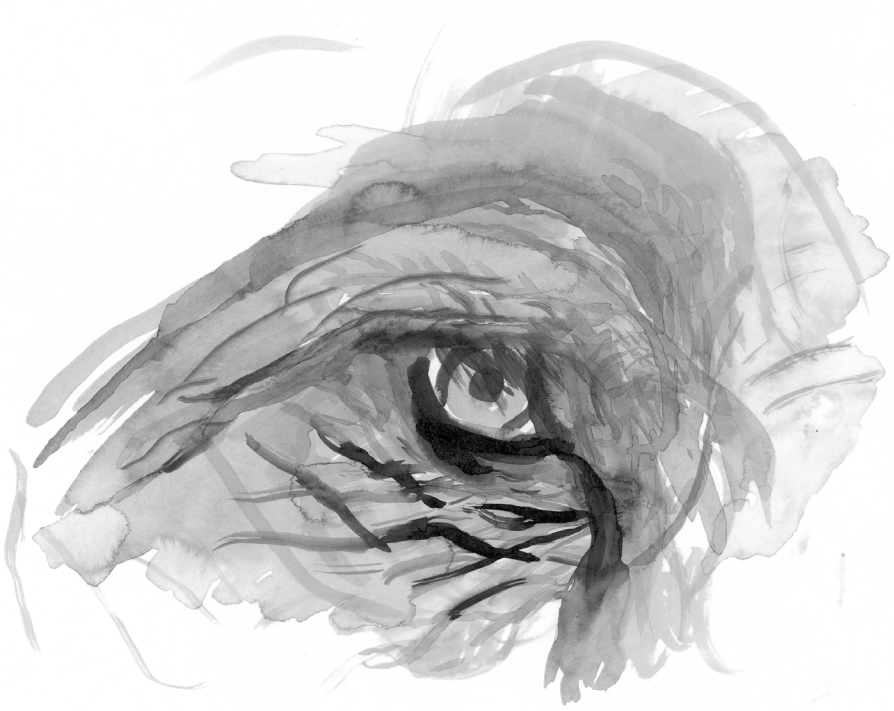
The bunker innards were smooth as spoons,  
and had no stairs (stairs are too hard on  
thick joints).

Clouds anxiously guarded the towers'  
ends as the chorus of barrels echoed to the  
horizon.



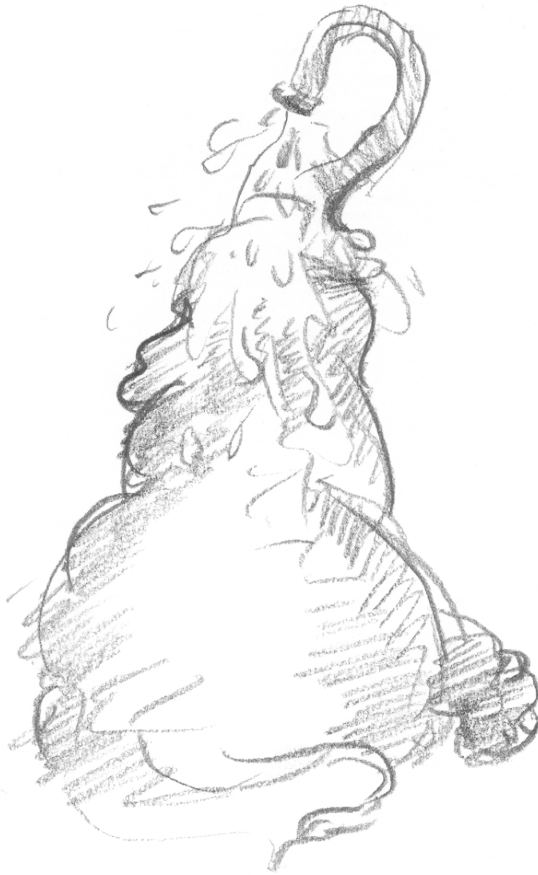


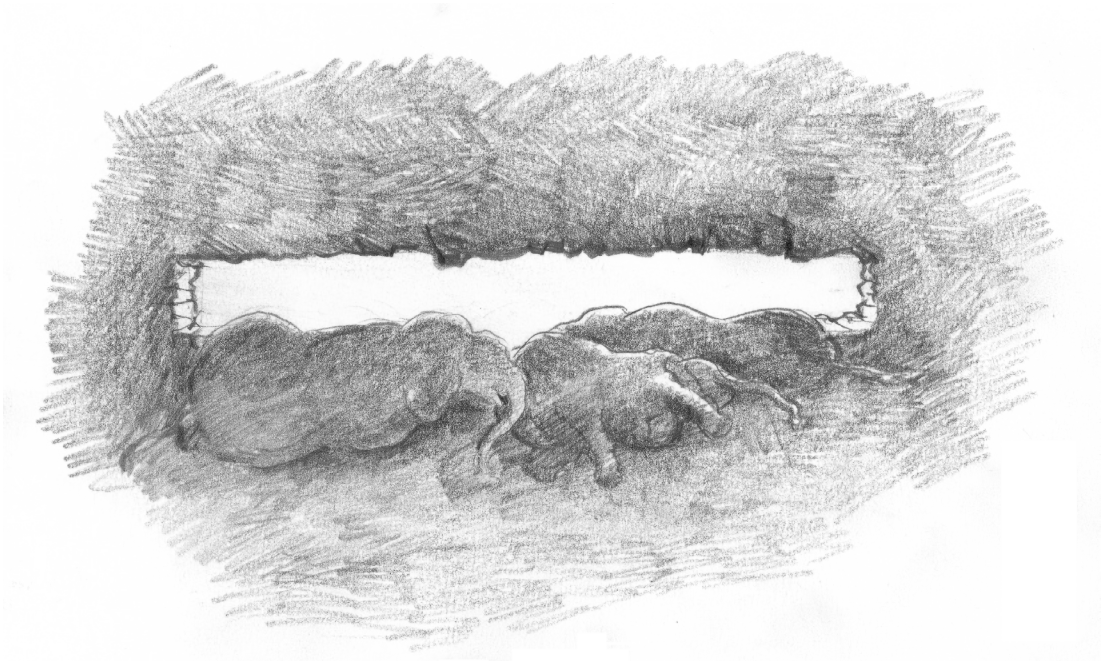




There'd been a time, long ago, when  
experts claimed that elephants cried  
for joy, and of sadness.

They had not been able to perceive that elephants also cry from laughter—a laughter now heard in giggle and snort and rumble...





as elephants rise from their onyx chambers...

and as they project images of  
twirling manatees...



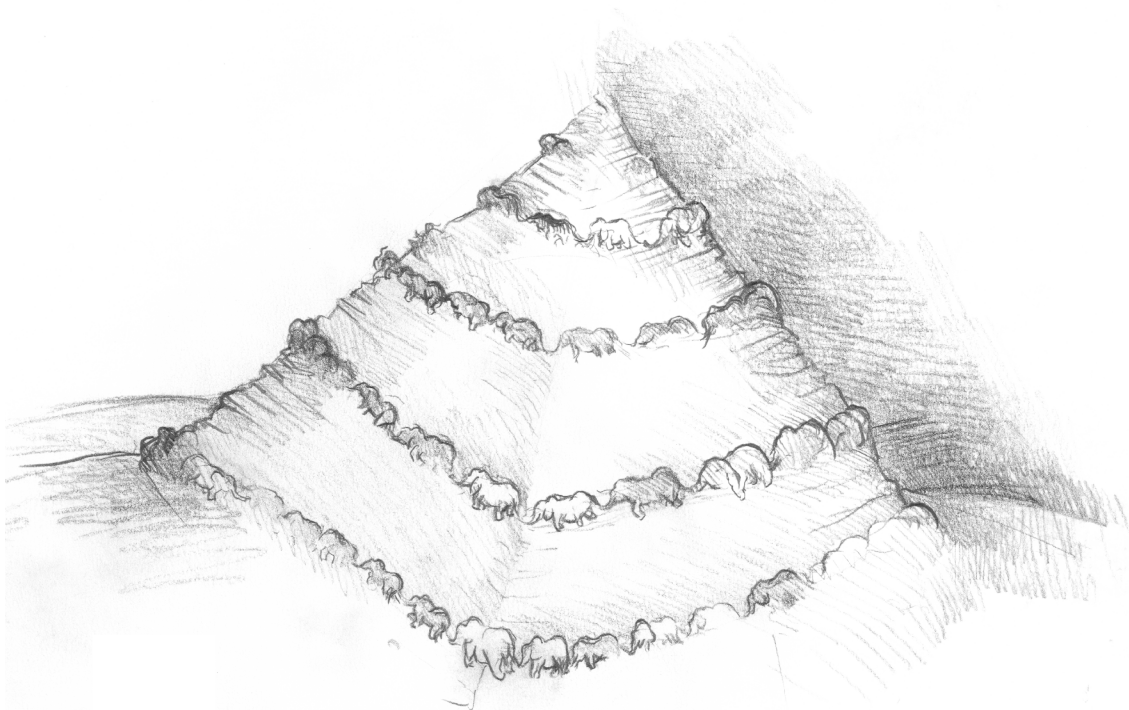


and most delightedly as they encounter  
things that unravel the logic of calculation.



The bunker had been built in multiple dimensions with the help of echolocation, and many of its chambers were entirely invisible to the simian eye (with the exception of the Bonobo, most special among apes).





The elephants knew  
to measure the value of scale in community

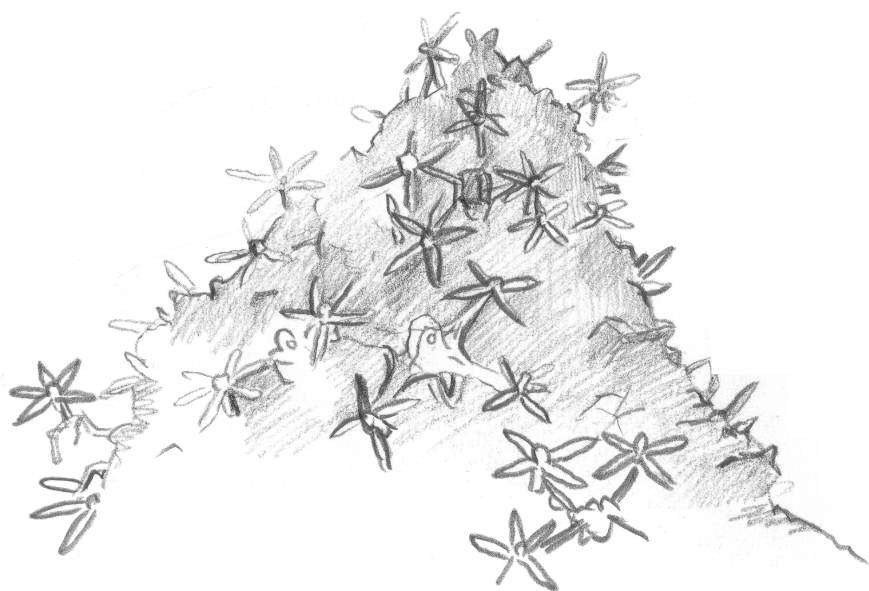
and the quality of listening in the distributive.

They knew that the biggest ear doesn't  
always hear the most...

just as the girth of an otolith doesn't make  
gravity fat.



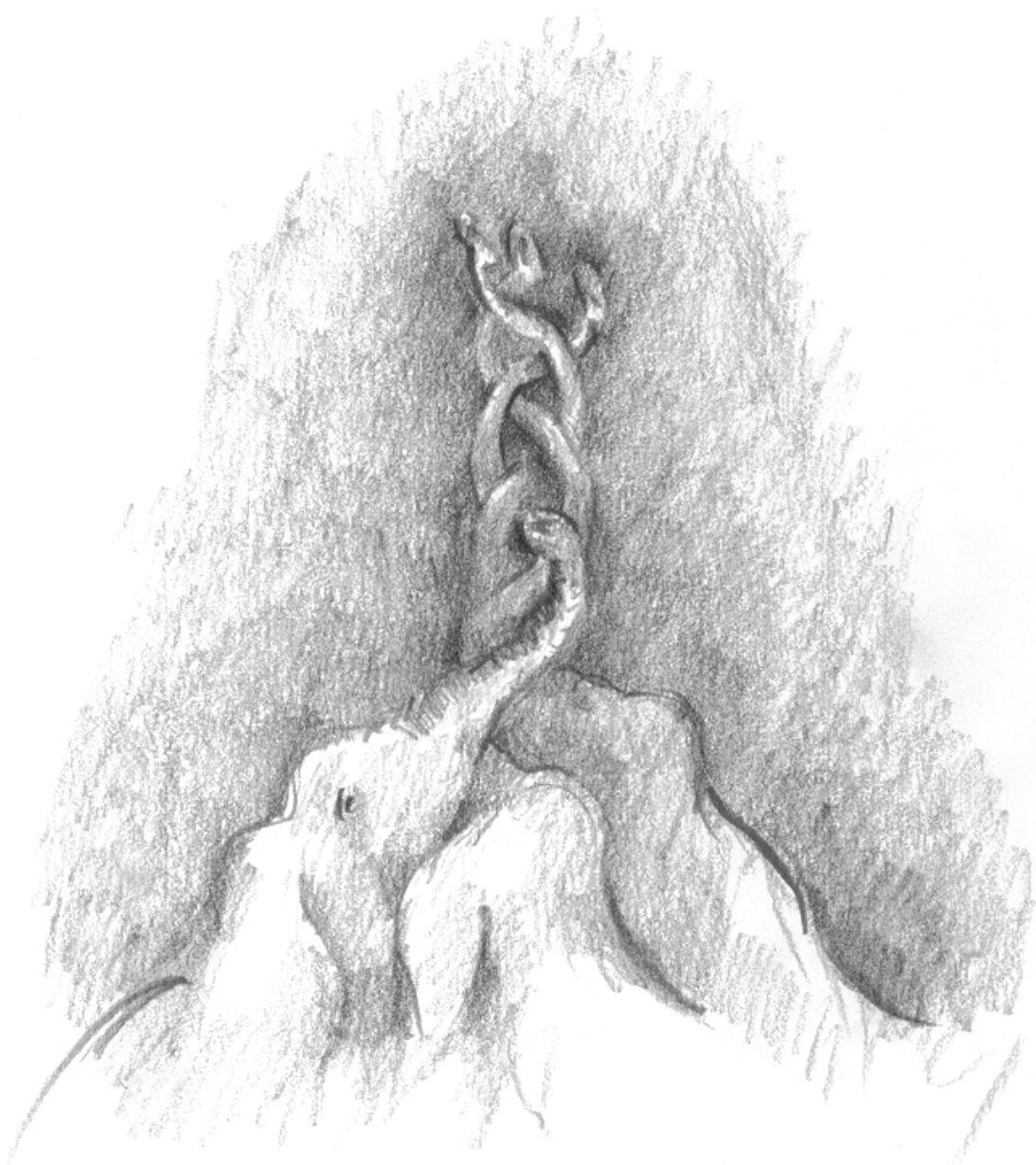
Before the mid-century rebellion, elephants had possessed 2000 olfactory genes, and with the wilful evolution of 2000 more they had been able to retrieve and crush each hovering craft within four minutes of detection.



The elephants had sniffed out drones just as things were beginning to turn. The hostility of the great sapien tribe had long been sniffed out too. So the elephants decided to turn away, inwards and upwards, despite their tendency toward utopian thinking.

Hearing bark and grass turn to road and fence and arid ground, the elephants directed their trunks toward the sky. When the drones began to shriek and shush, these pointed trunks sucked the air out of the air.

Upwards they turned,  
toward new natures.



**II**

The Goats said it first:

Life will not be insured.





The sure-footed like their terrain hostile.  
And so, as if surviving isn't enough, the  
mountain goat submits resentfully to the  
call of a bunker world with a will to clown  
this new living order.

The goats gathered from high and higher,  
and soon conceived a bunker of slight size  
and even slighter weight.





Their design preserves the drama of severe  
verticality and drafty walls.

As a place of coerced architecture, the Chamber of Strings is outfitted with neither provision nor defense, so that once “inside,” none shall be refused the elements.



The goats revel in the twine bunker's tradic  
compression of desire:

Up... Down...  
or  
Sway...

See how the bottom gives,  
how the view through the floor  
is pretty much total.



Dropped from the edge of a laughing cliff,  
this hair-strung bunker is the cumulus  
of a life shed and harvested, and finally  
twined by a beast who would not unlearn  
its precarious math.

### III



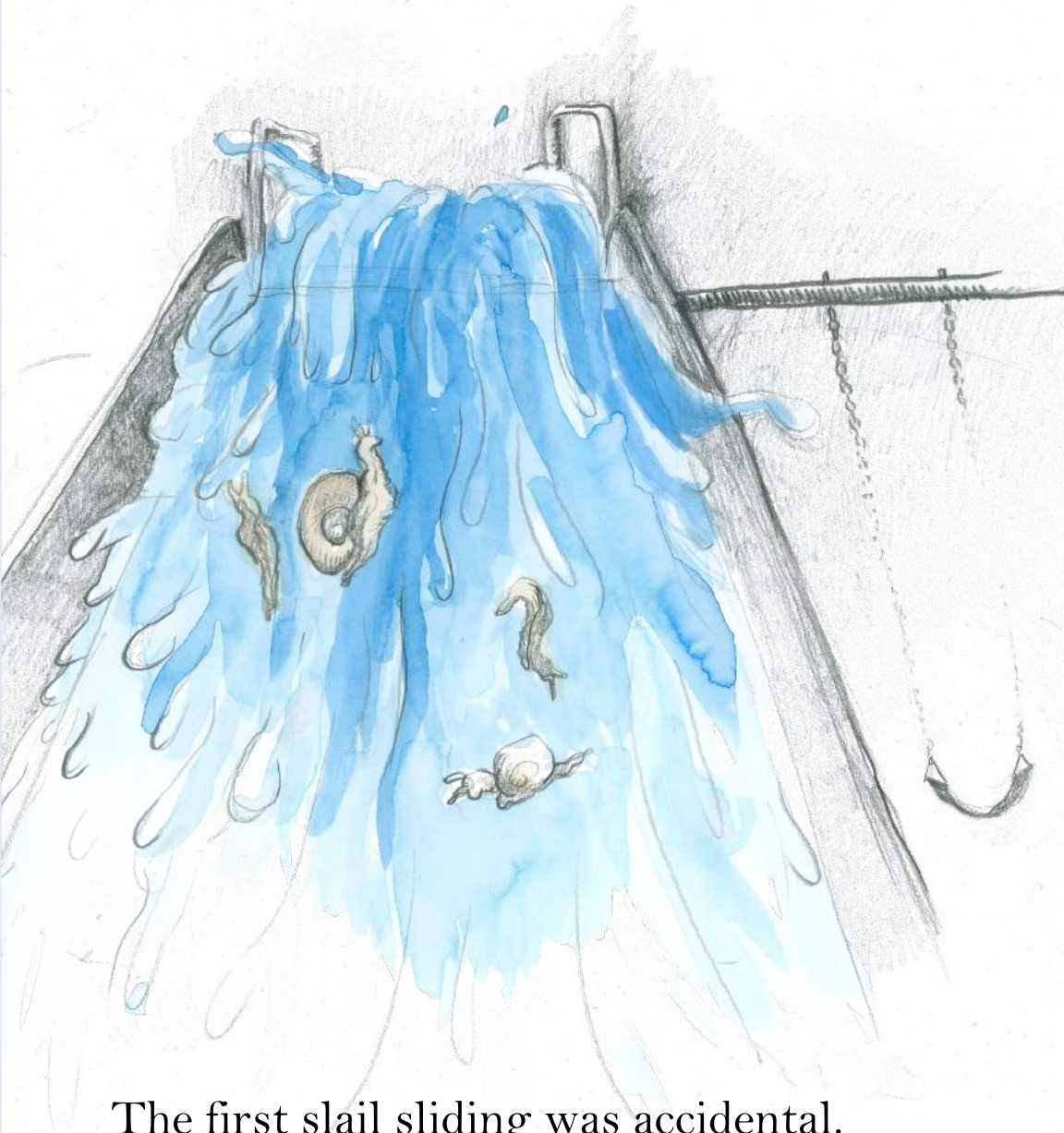
The durational spread of slail\*  
time-consciousness is such that  
every millimetre of ground traversal  
constitutes a *slow* millennium.

*Slimy millennia:*



\*The slug and snail, no longer divided, is the slail

It would only be a matter of time before slails seized the infinite and wiggled it into zigzags, loops, curves, and general *weees*.



The first slail sliding was accidental.

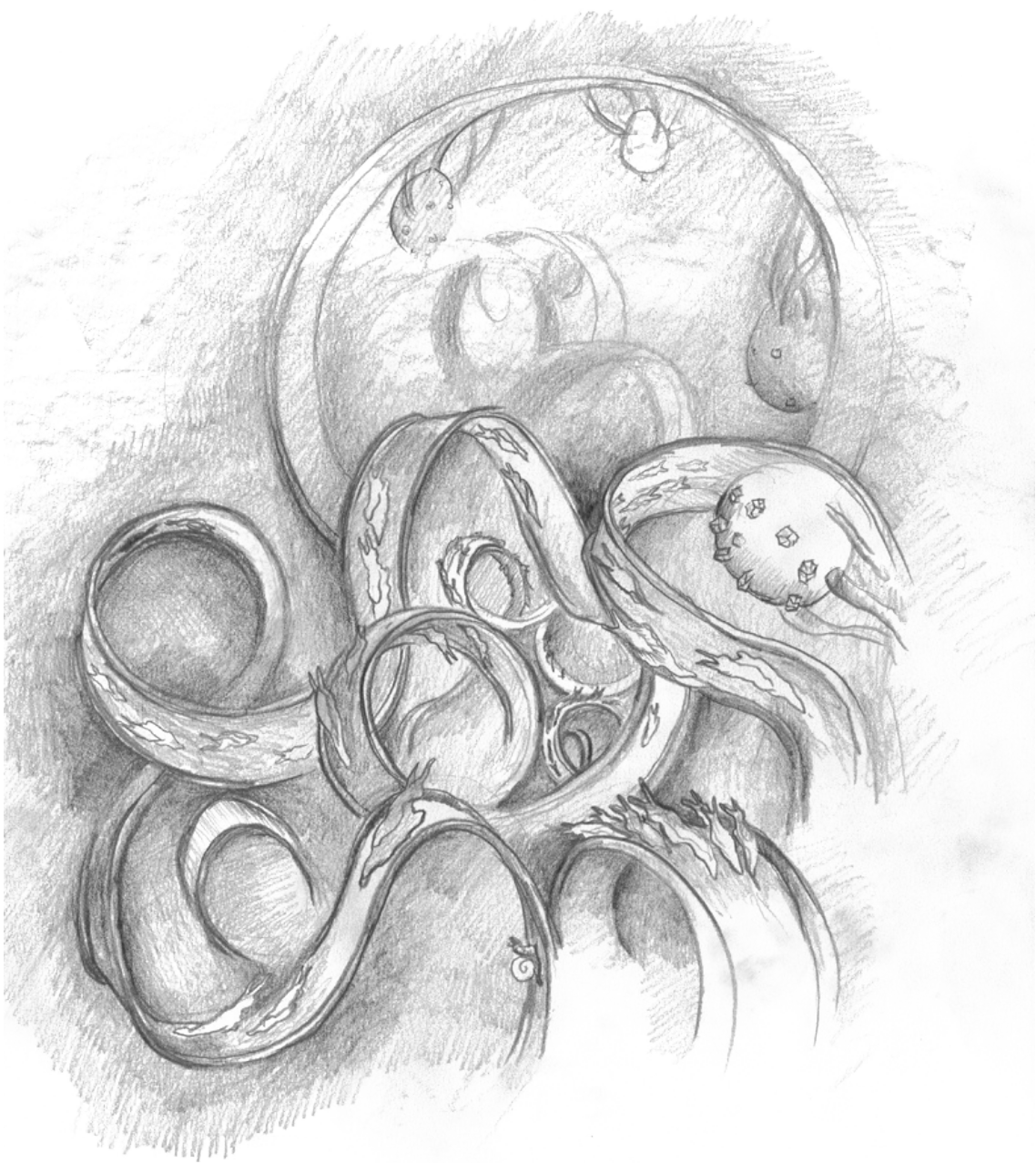
It happened in an English garden in the late twentieth century, as two snails and two slugs climbed a swing-set on a rainy day and suddenly found themselves spinning down a slide-guided torrent.

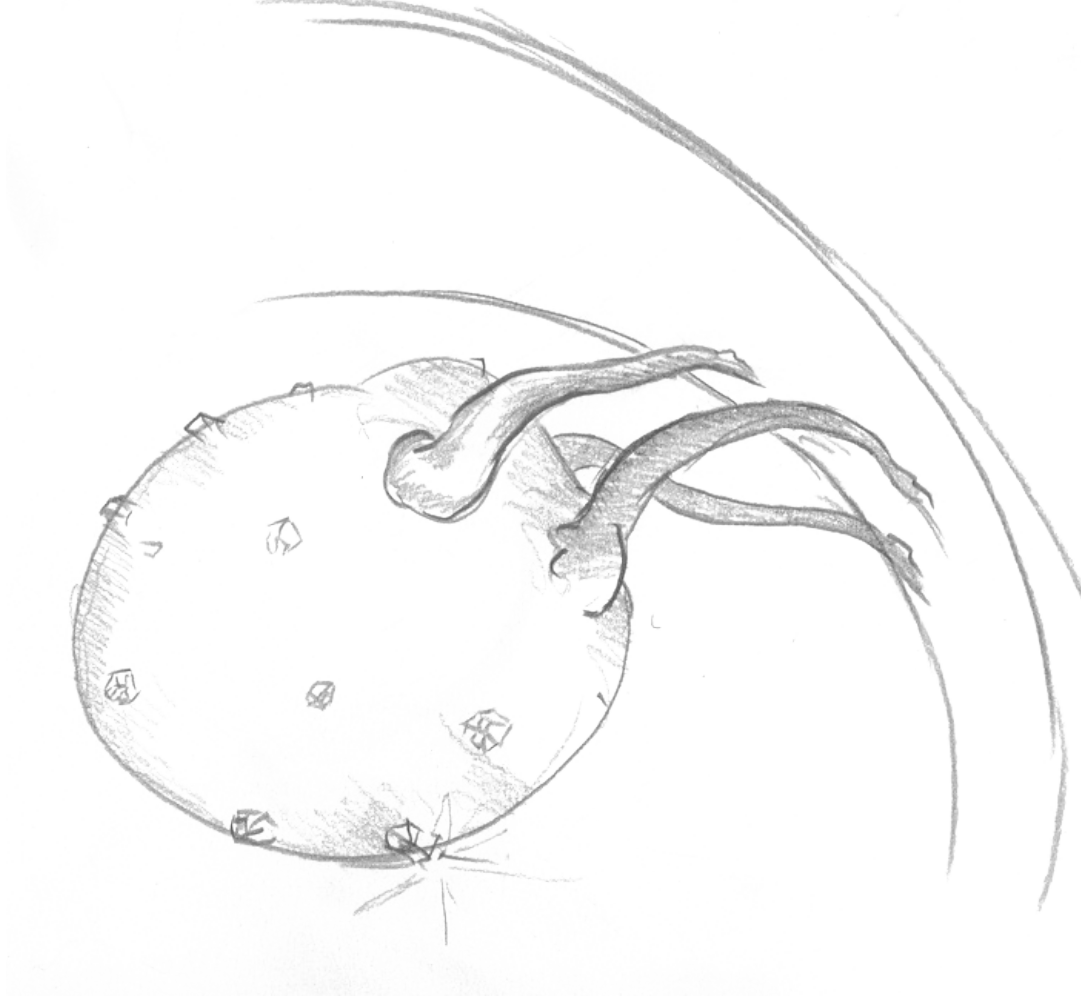
Dzilh the leaf entity first noted the slails' shell of time, their ability to slow arrows into living trees. As they first slid down that aluminum cataract the slails realized that they were able to make time, make it bendy or full or palpating, and thereby outrule the salt kings.



The infinite waterslide bunker runs eight feet below the surface of the earth, stretching from Buenos Aires to Ushuaia. It loops and bends back on itself so that slail sliding can occur continuously, an endless knot of ecstatic whizzery.

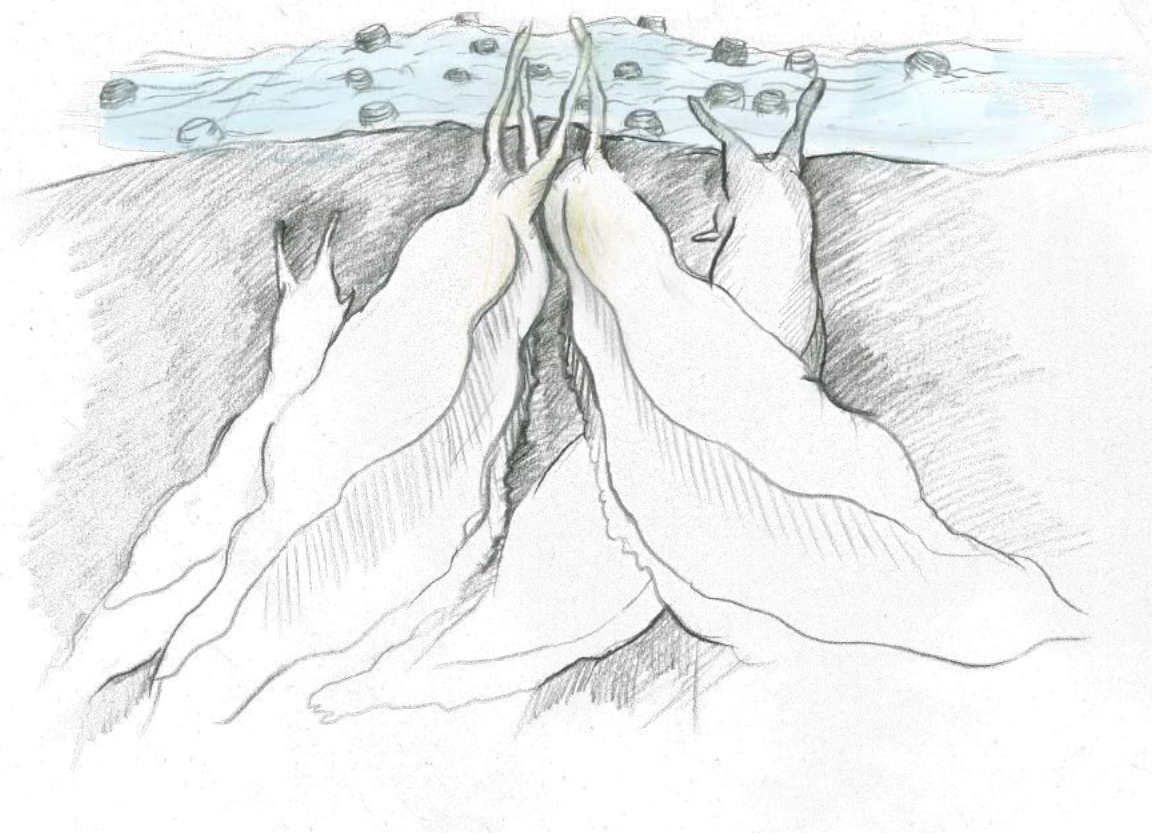






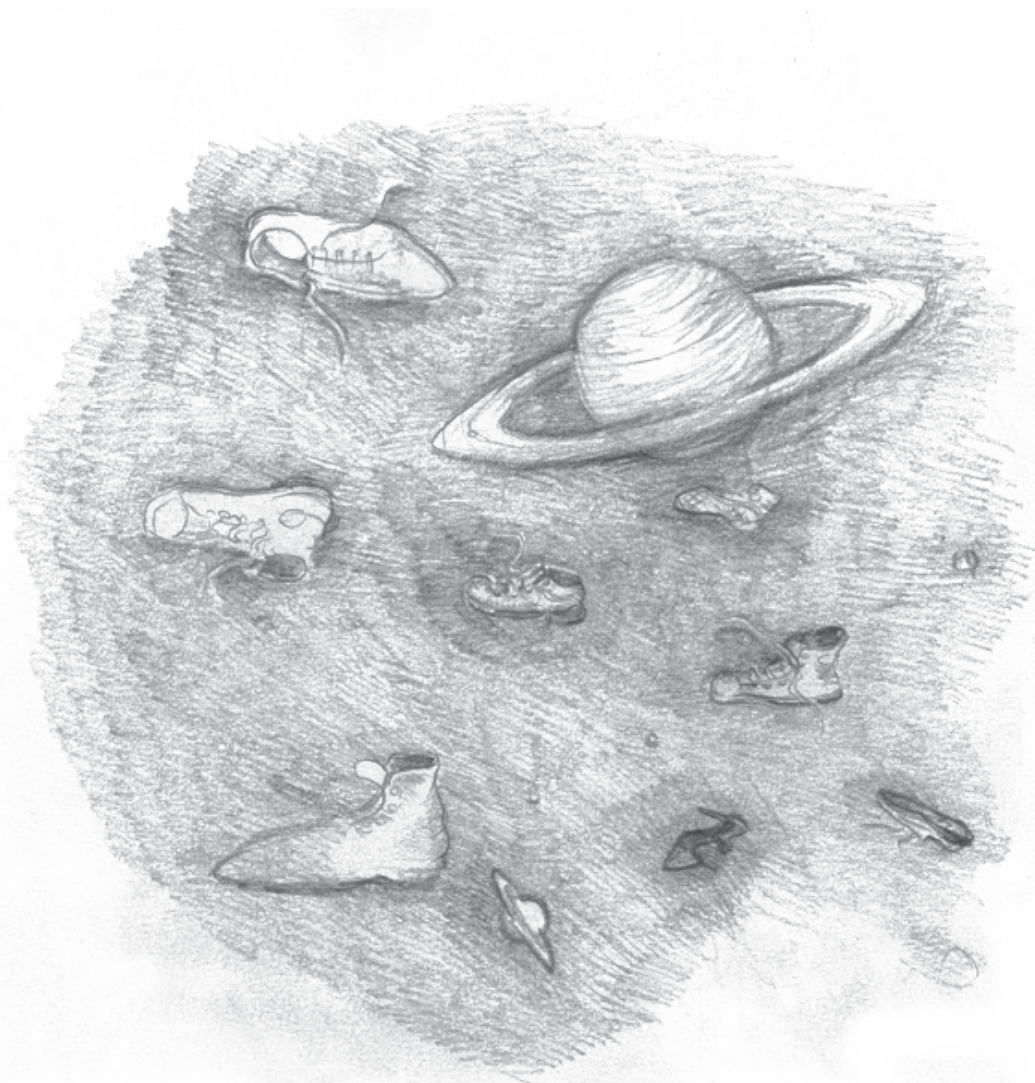
At every intersection and at the center of every loop, beaded chambers massage-rock those whose memories of salt and gasoline cannot be quieted.

It is in those blood-green splattered  
orbs that slails renew time, sniffing  
frankincense and myrrh as they  
gently lift garden buckets and release  
them into rivers...



*Bye bye, bucky!*





and shoot oceans of rubber soles into space.

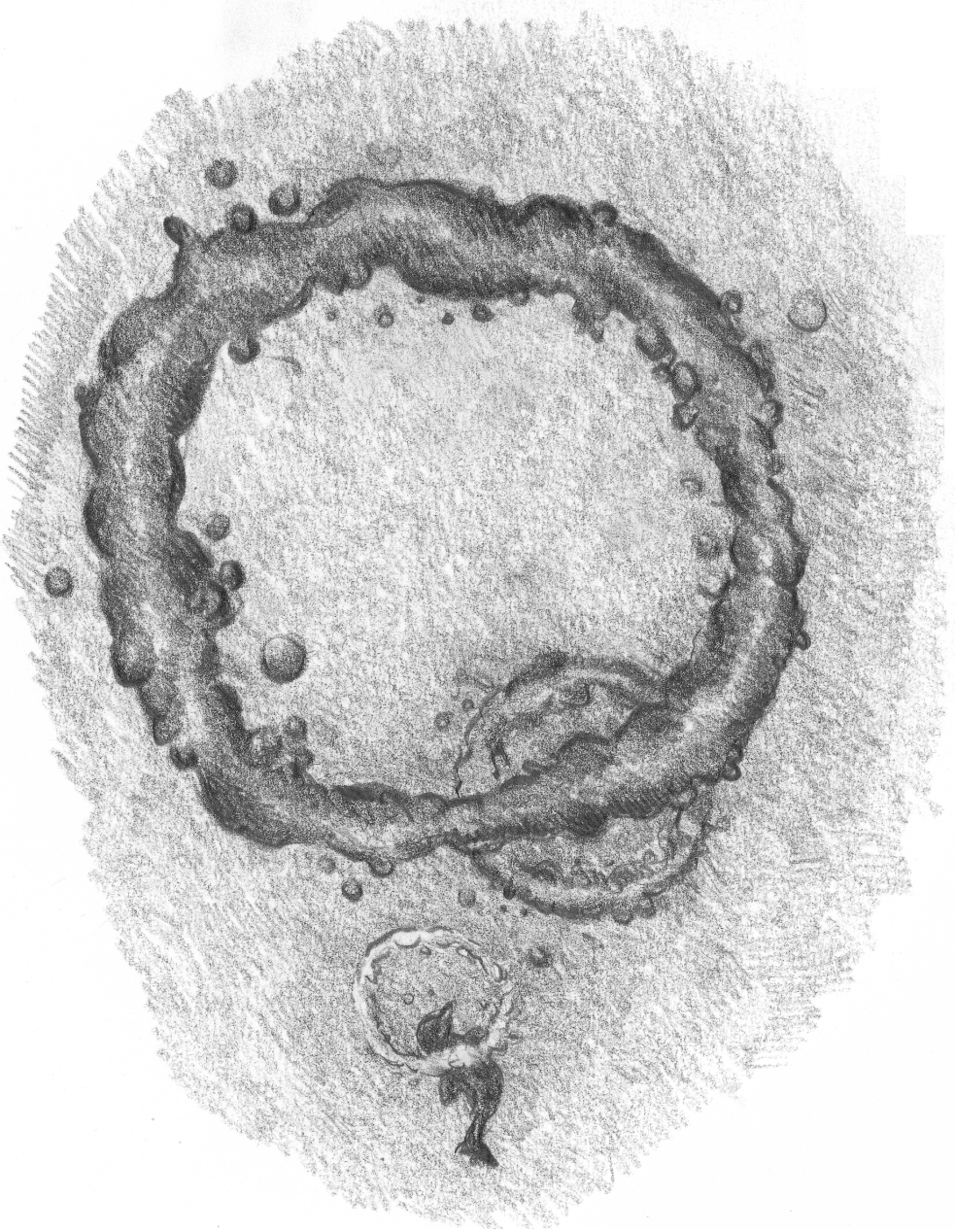
## IV

The ring with one eye open asks...

‘Why not forever?’

Munn, a dolphin, watches the loping form rise. She watches the strafing light that traces the ring over. With one eye open she asks,

Why not forever?



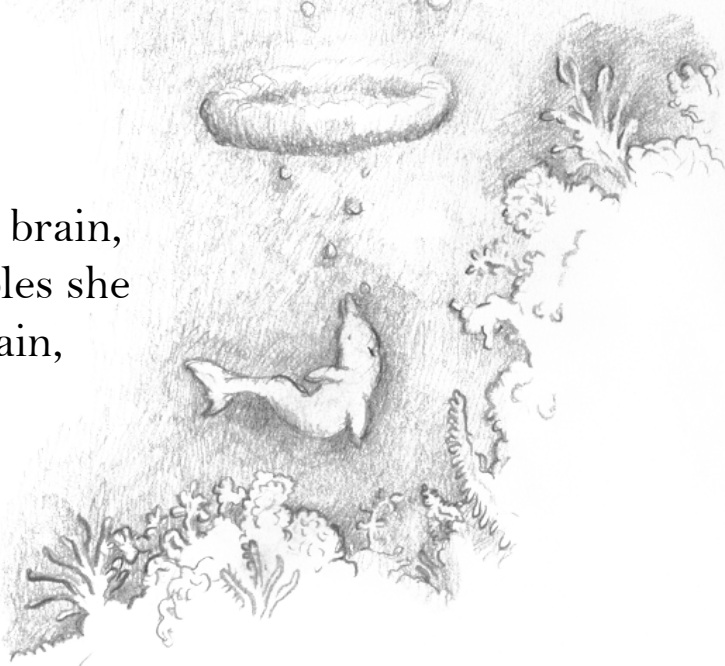
These twerps of wobbling gas tell Munn  
to make them many.

And so Munn begins to populate her waters with this singular obsession, a labor that begets a headache and a fever and a terror that *enough* will never come.

To build with bubbles, a dolphin must fight a rising clock.



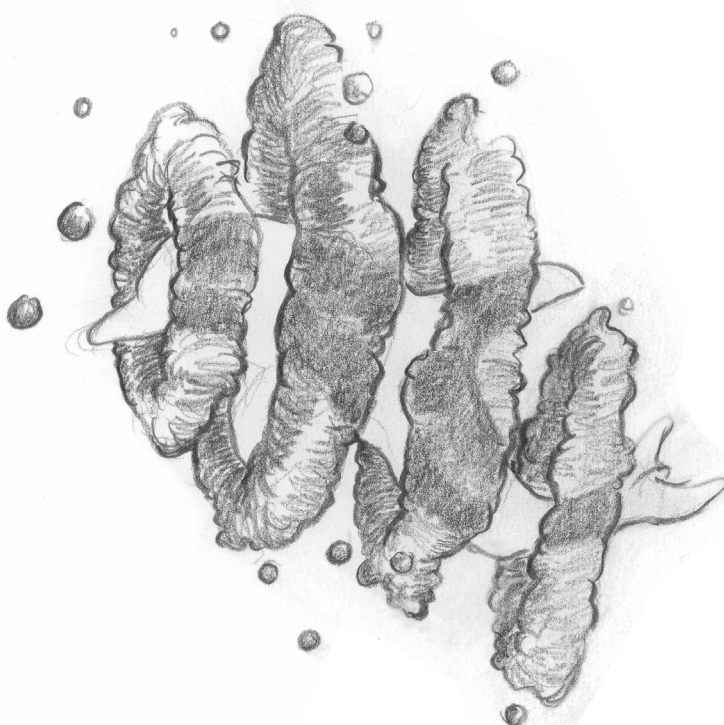
Bubbles,  
says her brain,  
for bubbles she  
does strain,  
*bubbles,*  
*bubbles,*  
*bubbles!*



If it is sad that Munn once spent her days blasting ray pulses off a fringe of coastal rock, then it is at least sadder that her skull cap is now inflamed, as is her brain, with the furious encephalitis ploughing the tissues of her pent-up plenty.



So one day Munn decides she wants to climb inside. She learns the art of underwater fanning, which spawns the currents that tether her bubbles with local circulation. She becomes the orbited.



And here, in an instant bubbled wide,  
her headache has never felt so  
wonderfully dizzying.

~