

Now Violet stands upon the wall of Eyemouth harbour, as she stands looking out to the North Sea, past the rocks of Eyemouth harbour ~ Hinkar, Hurker, Brigs ~ Violet knew what she had to do. But if you asked her why she did what she did, she couldn't say ~ just that her dream seemed to coincide with something dreadful that had happened in another place not far away in time and space ~ but distant beyond measure nonetheless.

The image below shows the course of the Eye Water across the East Lothian and Berwickshire countryside from the Lammermuir Hills in the West-East to Ayton, where it turns North towards the Eyemouth. You'll maybe notice that in the foreground is a strange, white tree-like object between Lammermuir and the river ~ this is the road network leading to a wind farm on the hill where the river rises. But it also happens to be the form of amino acids important to the protein construction of neuron microtubules ~ where would be the soulful home of all emotion.



*That which makes my eyes water is emotion. Emotions are my primordial link to my ownmost singularity, and I get emotional by degree when the things I call 'Myself' coalesce with smooth coincidence or fall asunder with a roll of thunder. Who am I that has the affrontery to impose herself upon this narrative concerning Violet? I am a poet of coincidence, here, there & thenabouts, also known as St Æbbe the Younger ~ or St. Abb. And if you look hard at the aerial photograph above, you'll see my great, bulbous nose sticking out into the North Sea.*

*The little bit of land that juts out just below the word Eyemouth is known as St. Abbs head. But actually, that's just the tuft of hair at the top of my forehead. The whole of my head [I mean my profile] with its tuft of hair, its bulbous nose, its grim little down-turned mouth and its hairy chin, forms the greater part of the landmass between Eyemouth and Dunbar and inland to the Water of Eye. If you look very carefully indeed, you will see my circular eye ~ for it is with my eye that I look out, just as it is with my nose that I smell trouble approaching from the North Sea. But why is it that I look out to sea with what seems such grim expectation?*

*In the ninth century, like my mother before me, I was the abbess of Coldingham Priory, near Eyemouth, and in those days the people who lived on these islands were subject to rape and pillage by the Danes. But for nuns, to be raped is the worst possible sacrilege; and so, to make myself repulsive to the invaders, with a razor did I cut off my nose. And likewise did my sisters. And although this worked as a short-term measure against being raped, next year did the Danes return and burn the Priory, killing all my sisters and me. It is we who look out to sea, defiantly.*