

## Checkhov's Teacups

This isn't so much about Checkhov or teacups, except in an allegorical way

It's about one of those large batteries, the D-cell, those heavy mothers you thwunk one-at-a-time into the long tubes of large flashlights and which in a moment of rage, call it psycho-motor-epilepsy, I, a teen with a strong arm, had thrown the battery at my mother's face, missing her left ear by (holding fingers mere inches apart).

It's a talk within  
a rhythmic structure and that is why every now and  
then it is possible to have absolutely  
nothing: the possibility of nothing, while on the other hand life  
not the abstract thing but the blood-coursing thing,  
is a sort of experimental station in which one tries out  
the possibility of going on living

Genghis Kahn, for example, is rumored not only to have ridden a bull, but without pants. God should forgive the rumor mill for saying.

But in Samarkand, scholars were drinking tea from delicate porcelain teacups that rang pleasing musical tones when tapped with a spoon. Genghis Khan destroyed every single one of these teacups, along with the secret of their craftsmanship, forever. Of course, along the way, he destroyed a whole civilization.

As Suzuki says, while studying Zen, things become confused.

For many years after the D-cell had decided for unexplained reasons—like the random movement of photons in the quantum universe—to spare my own life, I had fainting spells—not the falling down kind, but I couldn't see; there were flocks of black spots everywhere I looked. I learned to find my way in that blindness to the parsonage where I'd ask for something to eat. Sitting alone in a repurposed pew, I'd come to.

So, it's a little about teacups.

It's also about the language of birds, which, in various esoteric traditions, is a code word for total knowledge. As Solomon exclaims in the Koran, "O mankind! Lo! We have been taught the language of birds and have been given abundance of all things."

The language of birds teaches us to suppress Time,  
so as to throw the grand material dimensions into relief  
against that blank, that blackness, is to have a masterly way  
with reality.

One puts it out of his mind by means of loud humming for 60 years or so, but even if it does some small justice to one's own splendid simplicities, such intrepid denial should not pretend to adequacy even to that scrap of the world it takes as its pretext.

Yet no meteors fell suddenly to earth, no dams burst forth  
nor clouds blocked the sun. But constellations appeared,  
if "constellation" names the so human need to be joining up  
those dots, leaping over the dark, stringing events into stories,  
stories into persons, persons into history, history with slow  
trailing edges petering out into points of suspension,  
constellations drifting out of shape.

Einstein wondered if travelers at the speed of light carrying a mirror  
would find themselves reflected in it. The dislocated clockwork bits of  
heaven ratcheting away, to no end, world without end. I'd give  
anything.

Just so, there are limitations of matter and spirit. I felt anticipatory nostalgia for my life  
moments before the attempted murder, and even for the life I was yet to know. But we grasp  
that every note, once sounded, curves around and leads us out of the gorgeous  
eccentricities of the garden, back into silent and harsher weather.

My mother moved off into the wings, lifting her hair off her neck with long staved-off weariness, released from the burden of being looked at.

And I, so that two thousand people can we'll do as regretfully what we study now not to not with that in it but before when I was determine where we go by where we'd like to go we are too aware of everywhere of course all the vines are gone that is woods for instance they're putting in a parking pleasing is that our tastes are can't then as a last resort any woods will do for my lot and a beach for swimming not limited the way there were wandering in them and say for instance that music hurt cautions past experience if they