

Mother of Cups

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Abstract—I feel like the moment when lightning struck the algae sea and life began.

Index Terms—over, whelmed

I. BLUEJAY (PRELUDE)

What is my earliest memory? I've recently been struggling with this. Well maybe not struggling, but turning about in my hands, expecting a weight to be there but feeling nothing substantial. The analytic part of me is troubled because in the fog of reflection I have no surefire way to definitively say if a memory, should I conjure one, is in fact my earliest. This is a fool's way of thinking of memory, though, especially distant memory, which is subject to re-interpretation and which has been misconstrued by time (sometimes beautifully, sometimes tragically).

There's a time (now) though that I'd like to say, (for now), that I've chosen my earliest memory. This way of putting it is essential. I don't really know if this is my earliest memory, and I really don't care. There is a time (now) when I simply must say *fuck it* and choose. Not because I feel pressured to, but because this particular memory feels special and is early enough to exist in that regime of *sure, this could be my earliest formative memory*. I choose this simply because I want to. I also make the "formative" distinction here, which feels equally essential. Other memory contenders didn't have the same gravity as this one. And maybe I'm just forcing this memory to be formative to conform to some narrative about how I grew up and what that looked like. Perhaps. Perhaps not. *Fuck it*. Every memory can be formative if you have the lens for it.

II. BLUEJAY

Blue is the color that falls the quickest. I know this because I remember the way the bluejay fell from the tree against the backdrop of winter. Or maybe it was autumn. Either way, I remember how the bluejay fell. A silhouette of blue on spring's green or winter's white or autumn's orange or summer's red. And does summer have a color?

I shot the bluejay with a bb-gun during the springtime or maybe during the winter. See, it had this habit of flying up to the kitchen window and curiously pecking against the glass. This was an issue for some reason. Many other birds took the easy way out and flew full-speed into the kitchen window and **THUNK**. They would collect at the base of the wall on the deck, dead as can be. But not this bluejay.

Or, maybe it was my dad who shot the bluejay with a bb-gun during the springtime or maybe during the winter. I remember him complaining about the curious bluejay pecking and pecking against the kitchen window. He lined up the shot one afternoon or maybe morning and after the quick *thwip*

of the gun the bird plummeted from its branch to the ground below. Problem solved. No more curious *peck, peck, pecking* at the kitchen window.

Anyways, I shot the bird or maybe my dad shot the bird but we both watched it fall from its branch. Did I cry and mourn the death of the bluejay? Did I run over to the bird and sob *why! why? why!?* Did I say a prayer and dig a grave? Did I shout triumphantly from my post, gun in hand, mission accomplished? Maybe I thought to myself *finally, enough with that fucking pecking* or maybe I thought *what have I done?* I can't remember. And in this primordial memory soup I am both a murderer and a grief-stricken bystander. I can't remember and that haunts me.