

At the end of 2020, I was invited to contribute to Care Where? Zine magazine's issue [\*POOetry\*](#). At the time, I was struggling with my research on color Blue that didn't seem to take wind under its wings, didn't take root, moving there where I was not. With what was happening worldwide, I was wondering if to research an unstable color while being in an unstable situation, was the right thing to do or not. I was on the edge of giving up and moving to other subjects.

Upon receiving the invitation to basically contribute anything from the passed hardening, yet softening, year. I did my last attempt to gather myself with my research, writing 'Diary Blue'. And luckily, I did, as the text aided me into my current research on Empathy in Movement.

*"GIVE IN TO SHITTY POEMS AND YOUR GUT FEELINGS.*

*2020 has not been lighthearted. For this we as you to send us what was left, the poems that didn't work, the thoughts that weren't finished, the broken words, the traces of confusion, the punk reactions, the songs left unsung, the emotional floods, the humour or irony, the banal, ordinary, discarded, left behind, unappreciated, forgettable, the not worth it...the shitty.*

*All these strange objects, in any form, funny or dramatic, that passed through our cognitive lousiness. As in theatre before a performance starts, "merde" is said as a wish of good luck among performers: "Merde to our upcoming new year!"*

– the invitation from the editorial team of Care Where? Zine

This piece is a re-constructed and re-eradicated edit of both the author's diary notes and of the author's research on Blue through-out autumn 2020, the selected diary notes follow a linear unfolding whereas the selected notes on Blue follow a game of chance (Cunningham).

Dedicated to Bandi

### Diary, autumn 2020

[When you close your eyes, you see Blue.]

I like how pottery has similarity to poetry as a word.

[There's the gap.]

Acknowledgment is a sister of receptiveness.

[talk about blue.]

Every tension is telling a story which wants to be heard.

[Blue equals nothingness.]

To live in a cottage inside a rock. That is a forgiving space.

[Blue veins]

Failing is easy. To see the success in failing requires morelessness.

[We move with water.]

Purple skylies.

[The virtuosity of Blue.]

Cold rainbow light.

[“I don't know what to do.”]

Where do I speak from?

[Softness]

The language is in the with.

Art is in the with.

We are together.

[“When I speak of Blue...”]

Green poetry

[I wanted to...]

Where us nowhere?

[Blue]

I love how plants invite such tactility. I want to be a plant.

[Rhythms of Blue]

We are broken.

[I want to drink wine]

I am torn as I cannot differentiate between the stories of others and the stories of mine.

Does any of this matter?

[Colors are impersonal.]

The power of invitation.

[....

in the midst.]

I am often amazed by the fact that we created language. Or that language was created.

[The body needs to talk.]

Communication with others is always about the act of removing.

It is about hearing the content.

[Subtle sounds]

Wit/c/h-craft is embodied

physical

practices.

[I think I need to take a shower.]

Art is selfish.

because we are.

[I always want to drink wine.]

Walking always requires time.

[Blue ovaries cascading (into nothingness.)]

just look around

what to do?

[The thin of the tin leads to a silver she tree.]

The natural causality of the desire and attempt to control always leads, through oppression to a retaliation.





