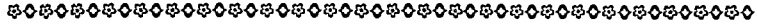


THE MAN  
WITH THE BLUE GUITAR



## THE MAN WITH THE BLUE GUITAR

### I

The man bent over his guitar,  
A shearsman of sorts. The day was green.

They said, "You have a blue guitar,  
You do not play things as they are."

The man replied, "Things as they are  
Are changed upon the blue guitar."

And they said then, "But play, you must,  
A tune beyond us, yet ourselves,

A tune upon the blue guitar  
Of things exactly as they are."

### II

I cannot bring a world quite round,  
Although I patch it as I can.

I sing a hero's head, large eye  
And bearded bronze, but not a man,

Although I patch him as I can  
And reach through him almost to man.

If to serenade almost to man  
Is to miss, by that, things as they are,

Say that it is the serenade  
Of a man that plays a blue guitar.

III

Ah, but to play man number one,  
To drive the dagger in his heart,

To lay his brain upon the board  
And pick the acrid colors out,

To nail his thought across the door,  
Its wings spread wide to rain and snow,

To strike his living hi and ho,  
To tick it, tock it, turn it true,

To bang it from a savage blue,  
Jangling the metal of the strings . . .

IV

So that's life, then: things as they are?  
It picks its way on the blue guitar.

A million people on one string?  
And all their manner in the thing,

And all their manner, right and wrong,  
And all their manner, weak and strong?

The feelings crazily, craftily call,  
Like a buzzing of flies in autumn air,

And that's life, then: things as they are,  
This buzzing of the blue guitar.

v

Do not speak to us of the greatness of poetry,  
Of the torches wispig in the underground,

Of the structure of vaults upon a point of light.  
There are no shadows in our sun,

Day is desire and night is sleep.  
There are no shadows anywhere.

The earth, for us, is flat and bare.  
There are no shadows. Poetry

Exceeding music must take the place  
Of empty heaven and its hymns,

Ourselves in poetry must take their place,  
Even in the chattering of your guitar.

vi

A tune beyond us as we are,  
Yet nothing changed by the blue guitar;

Ourselves in the tune as if in space,  
Yet nothing changed, except the place

Of things as they are and only the place  
As you play them, on the blue guitar,

Placed, so, beyond the compass of change,  
Perceived in a final atmosphere;

For a moment final, in the way  
The thinking of art seems final when

The thinking of god is smoky dew.  
The tune is space. The blue guitar

Becomes the place of things as they are,  
A composing of senses of the guitar.

vii

It is the sun that shares our works.  
The moon shares nothing. It is a sea.

When shall I come to say of the sun,  
It is a sea; it shares nothing;

The sun no longer shares our works  
And the earth is alive with creeping men,

Mechanical beetles never quite warm?  
And shall I then stand in the sun, as now

I stand in the moon, and call it good,  
The immaculate, the merciful good,

Detached from us, from things as they are?  
Not to be part of the sun? To stand

Remote and call it merciful?  
The strings are cold on the blue guitar.

VIII

The vivid, florid, turgid sky,  
The drenching thunder rolling by,

The morning deluged still by night,  
The clouds tumultuously bright

And the feeling heavy in cold chords  
Struggling toward impassioned choirs,

Crying among the clouds, enraged  
By gold antagonists in air—

I know my lazy, leaden twang  
Is like the reason in a storm;

And yet it brings the storm to bear.  
I twang it out and leave it there.

IX

And the color, the overcast blue  
Of the air, in which the blue guitar

Is a form, described but difficult,  
And I am merely a shadow hunched

Above the arrowy, still strings,  
The maker of a thing yet to be made;

The color like a thought that grows  
Out of a mood, the tragic robe

Of the actor, half his gesture, half  
His speech, the dress of his meaning, silk

Sodden with his melancholy words,  
The weather of his stage, himself.

x

Raise reddest columns. Toll a bell  
And clap the hollows full of tin.

Throw papers in the streets, the wills  
Of the dead, majestic in their seals.

And the beautiful trombones—behold  
The approach of him whom none believes,

Whom all believe that all believe,  
A pagan in a varnished car.

Roll a drum upon the blue guitar.  
Lean from the steeple. Cry aloud,

“Here am I, my adversary, that  
Confront you, hoo-ing the slick trombones,

Yet with a petty misery  
At heart, a petty misery,

Ever the prelude to your end,  
The touch that topples men and rock.”

xi

Slowly the ivy on the stones  
Becomes the stones. Women become

The cities, children become the fields  
And men in waves become the sea.

It is the chord that falsifies.  
The sea returns upon the men,

The fields entrap the children, brick  
Is a weed and all the flies are caught,

Wingless and withered, but living alive.  
The discord merely magnifies.

Deeper within the belly's dark  
Of time, time grows upon the rock.

xii

Tom-tom, c'est moi. The blue guitar  
And I are one. The orchestra

Fills the high hall with shuffling men  
High as the hall. The whirling noise

Of a multitude dwindles, all said,  
To his breath that lies awake at night.

I know that timid breathing. Where  
Do I begin and end? And where,

As I strum the thing, do I pick up  
That which momentarily declares

Itself not to be I and yet  
Must be. It could be nothing else.



xiii

The pale intrusions into blue  
Are corrupting pallors . . . ay di mi,

Blue buds or pitchy blooms. Be content—  
Expansions, diffusions—content to be

The unspotted imbecile revery,  
The heraldic center of the world

Of blue, blue sleek with a hundred chins,  
The amorist Adjective aflame . . .

xiv

First one beam, then another, then  
A thousand are radiant in the sky.

Each is both star and orb; and day  
Is the riches of their atmosphere.

The sea appends its tattery hues.  
The shores are banks of muffling mist.

One says a German chandelier—  
A candle is enough to light the world.

It makes it clear. Even at noon  
It glistens in essential dark.

At night, it lights the fruit and wine,  
The book and bread, things as they are,

In a chiaroscuro where  
One sits and plays the blue guitar.

xv

Is this picture of Picasso's, this "hoard  
Of destructions," a picture of ourselves,

Now, an image of our society?  
Do I sit, deformed, a naked egg,

Catching at Good-bye, harvest moon,  
Without seeing the harvest or the moon?

Things as they are have been destroyed.  
Have I? Am I a man that is dead

At a table on which the food is cold?  
Is my thought a memory, not alive?

Is the spot on the floor, there, wine or blood  
And whichever it may be, is it mine?

xvi

The earth is not earth but a stone,  
Not the mother that held men as they fell

But stone, but like a stone, no: not  
The mother, but an oppressor, but like

An oppressor that grudges them their death,  
As it grudges the living that they live.

To live in war, to live at war,  
To chop the sullen psaltery,

To improve the sewers in Jerusalem,  
To electrify the nimbuses—

Place honey on the altars and die,  
You lovers that are bitter at heart.

xvii

The person has a mould. But not  
Its animal. The angelic ones

Speak of the soul, the mind. It is  
An animal. The blue guitar—

On that its claws propound, its fangs  
Articulate its desert days.

The blue guitar a mould? That shell?  
Well, after all, the north wind blows

A horn, on which its victory  
Is a worm composing on a straw.

xviii

A dream (to call it a dream) in which  
I can believe, in face of the object,

A dream no longer a dream, a thing,  
Of things as they are, as the blue guitar

After long strumming on certain nights  
Gives the touch of the senses, not of the hand,

But the very senses as they touch  
The wind-gloss. Or as daylight comes,

Like light in a mirroring of cliffs,  
Rising upward from a sea of ex.

xix

That I may reduce the monster to  
Myself, and then may be myself

In face of the monster, be more than part  
Of it, more than the monstrous player of

One of its monstrous lutes, not be  
Alone, but reduce the monster and be,

Two things, the two together as one,  
And play of the monster and of myself,

Or better not of myself at all,  
But of that as its intelligence,

Being the lion in the lute  
Before the lion locked in stone.

xx

What is there in life except one's ideas,  
Good air, good friend, what is there in life?

Is it ideas that I believe?  
Good air, my only friend, believe,

Believe would be a brother full  
Of love, believe would be a friend,

Friendlier than my only friend,  
Good air. Poor pale, poor pale guitar . . .

xxi

A substitute for all the gods:  
This self, not that gold self aloft,

Alone, one's shadow magnified,  
Lord of the body, looking down,

As now and called most high,  
The shadow of Chocorua

In an immenser heaven, aloft,  
Alone, lord of the land and lord

Of the men that live in the land, high lord.  
One's self and the mountains of one's land,

Without shadows, without magnificence,  
The flesh, the bone, the dirt, the stone.

xxii

Poetry is the subject of the poem,  
From this the poem issues and

To this returns. Between the two,  
Between issue and return, there is

An absence in reality,  
Things as they are. Or so we say.

But are these separate? Is it  
An absence for the poem, which acquires

Its true appearances there, sun's green,  
Cloud's red, earth feeling, sky that thinks?

From these it takes. Perhaps it gives,  
In the universal intercourse.

XXIII

A few final solutions, like a duet  
With the undertaker: a voice in the clouds,

Another on earth, the one a voice  
Of ether, the other smelling of drink,

The voice of ether prevailing, the swell  
Of the undertaker's song in the snow

Apostrophizing wreaths, the voice  
In the clouds serene and final, next

The grunted breath serene and final,  
The imagined and the real, thought

And the truth, Dichtung und Wahrheit, all  
Confusion solved, as in a refrain

One keeps on playing year by year,  
Concerning the nature of things as they are.

XXIV

A poem like a missal found  
In the mud, a missal for that young man,

That scholar hungriest for that book,  
The very book, or, less, a page

Or, at the least, a phrase, that phrase,  
A hawk of life, that latined phrase:

To know; a missal for brooding-sight.  
To meet that hawk's eye and to flinch

Not at the eye but at the joy of it.  
I play. But this is what I think.

xxv

He held the world upon his nose  
And this-a-way he gave a fling.

His robes and symbols, ai-yi-yi—  
And that-a-way he twirled the thing.

Sombre as fir-trees, liquid cats  
Moved in the grass without a sound.

They did not know the grass went round.  
The cats had cats and the grass turned gray

And the world had worlds, ai, this-a-way:  
The grass turned green and the grass turned gray.

And the nose is eternal, that-a-way.  
Things as they were, things as they are,

Things as they will be by and by . . .  
A fat thumb beats out ai-yi-yi.

XXVI

The world washed in his imagination,  
The world was a shore, whether sound or form

Or light, the relic of farewells,  
Rock, of valedictory echoings,

To which his imagination returned,  
From which it sped, a bar in space,

Sand heaped in the clouds, giant that fought  
Against the murderous alphabet:

The swarm of thoughts, the swarm of dreams  
Of inaccessible Utopia.

A mountainous music always seemed  
To be falling and to be passing away.

XXVII

It is the sea that whitens the roof.  
The sea drifts through the winter air.

It is the sea that the north wind makes.  
The sea is in the falling snow.

This gloom is the darkness of the sea.  
Geographers and philosophers,

Regard. But for that salty cup,  
But for the icicles on the eaves—



The sea is a form of ridicule.  
The iceberg settings satirize

The demon that cannot be himself,  
That tours to shift the shifting scene.

XXVIII

I am a native in this world  
And think in it as a native thinks,

Gesu, not native of a mind  
Thinking the thoughts I call my own,

Native, a native in the world  
And like a native think in it.

It could not be a mind, the wave  
In which the watery grasses flow

And yet are fixed as a photograph,  
The wind in which the dead leaves blow.

Here I inhale profounder strength  
And as I am, I speak and move

And things are as I think they are  
And say they are on the blue guitar.

XXIX

In the cathedral, I sat there, and read,  
Alone, a lean Review and said,

“These degustations in the vaults  
Oppose the past and the festival,

What is beyond the cathedral, outside,  
Balances with nuptial song.

So it is to sit and to balance things  
To and to and to the point of still,

To say of one mask it is like,  
To say of another it is like,

To know that the balance does not quite rest,  
That the mask is strange, however like.”

The shapes are wrong and the sounds are false.  
The bells are the bellowing of bulls.

Yet Franciscan don was never more  
Himself than in this fertile glass.

xxx

From this I shall evolve a man.  
This is his essence: the old fantoche

Hanging his shawl upon the wind,  
Like something on the stage, puffed out,

His strutting studied through centuries.  
At last, in spite of his manner, his eye

A-cock at the cross-piece on a pole  
Supporting heavy cables, slung

Through Oxidia, banal suburb,  
One-half of all its installments paid.

Dew-dapper clapper-traps, blazing  
From crusty stacks above machines.

Ecce, Oxidia is the seed  
Dropped out of this amber-ember pod,

Oxidia is the soot of fire,  
Oxidia is Olympia.

XXXI

How long and late the pheasant sleeps . . .  
The employer and employee contend,

Combat, compose their droll affair.  
The bubbling sun will bubble up,

Spring sparkle and the cock-bird shriek.  
The employer and employee will hear

And continue their affair. The shriek  
Will rack the thickets. There is no place,

Here, for the lark fixed in the mind,  
In the museum of the sky. The cock

Will claw sleep. Morning is not sun,  
It is this posture of the nerves,

As if a blunted player clutched  
The nuances of the blue guitar.

It must be this rhapsody or none,  
The rhapsody of things as they are.

xxxii

Throw away the lights, the definitions,  
And say of what you see in the dark

That it is this or that it is that,  
But do not use the rotted names.

How should you walk in that space and know  
Nothing of the madness of space,

Nothing of its jocular procreations?  
Throw the lights away. Nothing must stand

Between you and the shapes you take  
When the crust of shape has been destroyed.

You as you are? You are yourself.  
The blue guitar surprises you.

xxxiii

That generation's dream, aviled  
In the mud, in Monday's dirty light,

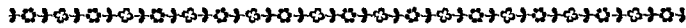
That's it, the only dream they knew,  
Time in its final block, not time

To come, a wrangling of two dreams.  
Here is the bread of time to come,

Here is its actual stone. The bread  
Will be our bread, the stone will be

Our bed and we shall sleep by night.  
We shall forget by day, except

The moments when we choose to play  
The imagined pine, the imagined jay.



## A THOUGHT REVOLVED

### I

#### *The Mechanical Optimist*

A lady dying of diabetes  
Listened to the radio,  
Catching the lesser dithyrambs.  
So heaven collects its bleating lambs.

Her useless bracelets fondly fluttered,  
Paddling the melodic swirls,  
The idea of god no longer sputtered  
At the roots of her indifferent curls.

The idea of the Alps grew large,  
Not yet, however, a thing to die in.  
It seemed serener just to die,  
To float off in the floweriest barge,