

ON THE FIRST DREAM EVER RECORDED

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‘This is the atmosphere homesickness *for anything* in this dimension that reigns in the first dream of which we have a record till-then *from the ever since* a dream told by a woman Addudūri, over seer of the palace of Mari in Mesopotamia, in a letter etched on clay tablets more than three-thousand years ago dragged back to measurable time’

In my dream
 monument is the desert
I had gone to the temple
 crypt the divinity
of the Goddess, *self-contained*
 radical block letters, if such were to exist,
Bēllit-ekallim, but the statue of Bēllit-ekallim
 radiant formulations fragments of eternity
wasn't there!
 jerky breathlessness knocking on some absence
Nor were the statues of the other divinities
 gravity of dogma pushing on something
that normally stand
 black polished mirror,
beside her.
 yet you grasped it
 the sight the vast shell of empty space
Faced with the sight of this theatre
I wept and wept.
 What will be when all the stars are dead?

Notes:

*Were the statues taken,
were they taking leave,
or did they leave of
their own accord,
like an escaper
climbing
out of the
window?*

Roberto Calasso, *Literature and the Gods*, pg 120, cites, J.-M. Durand's translation of the *Archives épistolaires de Mari*, in the *Recherche sur le civilisations*, Paris, 1998, vol. I/1, p. 478.

From the Encyclopedia of Ancient History: For 1,200 years, Mari served as a major centre of Northern Mesopotamia until it was destroyed by Hammurabi of Babylon between 1760 BCE and 1757 BCE and gradually eroded away from memory and quite literally - today only one-third of the city survives with the rest washed away by the Euphrates.

