
Robert Kelly Manuscripts

Robert Kelly Archive

11-7-2012

novB2012

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "novB2012" (2012). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 21.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/21

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

GNUTRITION

Clean as to mind a sign
no color name applied
isosceles like spruce like fire
choose the lock before you carve the door

the swans on the inlet at Oceanside
by the old people's homes
assisted living mother and father
fed the swans the swans geed us

something unimaginable but actual
gnostic nutrition shadow on water
so clean imagines everything
did she ever want to be a sailor

she who was descended from seals
I found her sealskin often in the house
took comfort as from no other skin
and all such dark wet weather

be quick about things so they go on
what time are you in trees instead
when the other folds back into the self
a crow in a bare tree its radical.

4 November 2012

=====

Description is half the problem
skylight bright of cracked glass
can love sneak down to steal a jewel
precious word hidden in the cheek

we come from far but who are we
many crossroads on the path to Rome
please don't take my elf-shine away
brittle old song like a dog asleep.

4 November 2012

COSMOGENESIS

It only matters if the heart's on fire
it's only matter when love
that fiercest ambiguity
makes it so by wanting it

wanting something so much
to touch and hold
to take shape out of dream or thinking
and be there, We call it world

when it's there, and have to deal with it
and only when the heart's on fire
can the other hand of love succeed
in making matter meaning and love us.

5 November 2012

= = = =

He thinks things
that mean to be
get born,
the namshe-traveler chooses
a mother who will not abort—

in all our wrangling
we forget the namshe-
travelers, the very
ones we are.

I am who came
through the river of my father
into the sea of my mother
to be born,

I am the namshe-traveler.

The cicadas of tinnitus in my local ear
are the hum also of the big machine.

5 November 2012

FOR THE DAY 10-IX, 10-TIGER

a good day to pray for land,
my land, and its *original inhabitants*—

who *had* this land
before any sense of ownership impinges—

the shock of ownership,
making things our own
when they are so deeply
their *own* own.

5.XI.12

= = = = =

To say it is to think again.

What is the sound I hear on the road
what is the distance from here to here?

How can we know the future
when we don't even know the past?

And this moment when I know so little
is an intersection point
on an immense portolan chart
of all spacetime's causes and effects
keen, intensely itself,
only for me it exists, yet by me
it's almost totally unknown,

but is there, arif, a knower in me
that knows this moment,

who knows the secret name of now?

5 November 2012

PROPRIO

one more other we could did learn off Olson
double modal

proprioception as poetics itself
knowing where things are
just put your hand out
without thought but with conscious *will*

reaches out to pick up a cup *it* knows is there

so language itself rises in us to attend
this part-obliterated intercourse of speech,

and we by will to sing or say
open our auto-mouths and speak.
Herewith the proprioception of word in history,
the language did it.

2.

Because a history book
is the worst kind of escape fiction
you think is fact,
books that give the infant mind of scholars
those molders of fecal masses
the thrill of feeling oceanic
as if they were in charge of what they think happened

in the world they winkle out of dates
letters documents and deaths
to feign the illusion of a storyline.
Gives the reader the sleepy confidence
of somehow being in control
or at least in contact with
what happens.

No,

it just happens.
History books are bedtime stories
written after the child's asleep.

6 November 2012

=====

Children waiting by the river
for the water
that never comes.

6.XI.12

= = = = =

Why use a self
to sledge a feeling
hard into morning?

Let the feeling
carry itself
no need for womanwit

or men to schlep it
out into the woods
where live things hide

and timidly
try to teach us
the good life

is not feeling
but responding.
Answer and be free.

6 November 2012

= = = = =

Weight of the oil truck
hauling up the hill
the weight of things on earth
the going, the going to work,

the hummingbirds have all flown south

if you want to know the old language
look inside
look up high
then look straight down: the shadow
of all you need to know
will play at your feet

You gave me your already self
it was a hero in your hip
a way of letting me be there
like your weather—
and that was enough:

I worshipped the as usual
licking the taste off the word.

6 November 2012

=====

You have to forget who you are
to be who you are.

Otherwise you'll spend your life
impersonating yourself.

6.XI.12

= = = = =

Even in winter some birds in the trees
I learned this from another language
was it the grammar of the north wind
it was a girl I think midnight by the river Hase.

6 November 2012

= = = = =

That strange dream called history
is happening again
 on both sides of sleep
same street, same faces
full of the same anxiety.
And sometimes a friend at one's side.

2.

Scattered wit no wider yours
no better mine, a friend
(long, dark-haired, unknown)
is the other pole of the magnet—
you know, that heart thing—
we say 'attractive' but the world
does that, it is a vulgar error
to think that anything actually moves.

3.

Or even stops moving.
There is no shae to what happens
and we are so in love with shape
we tell it a story and hope it listens,
what's happening, hope it holds

the shape we give it, we clutch
fearful the running water.

4.

masa de harina, coffee grounds,
some white flour for the highlights.
Vévé, a sacred 'written character'
the ritual finds written in itself
and then sings out to write on things,
sifting the grains down on the stream.
Oh water. Oh take.
Oh this. Oh image.
Oh into the heart of what happens.

5.

And then he remembered what he was trying to forget:

a) he is responsible for everything that happens in the world

1) he could things if he changed something in himself

2) or if he changed the way he's thinking

b) he is only an object in the world not a subject, he is one of trillions of parts of
what happens but not in charge of any of it.

c) his best option is to hide. Survive.

The three notions are evidently true, yet false.

He must understand that nothing he does has any bearing whatsoever on What
Goes On, but he must behave as if all his words thoughts and deeds have a vast,
decisive effect on everything else.

There is a reek of Pascal's wager about all this. It is hard to wake up and find yourself in a world where everything matters and nothing does.

He thinks about Schrödinger's cat. He is that cat. He thinks what a strange man Schrödinger must have been to come up with that heartless image for quantum reality.

Evidently no one — of those who rule the ways people talk about the world — seems to care about the cat. It's just a likeness, they say, a metaphor.

But by our emblems we are judged.

6.

And maybe the water does
carry the symbol intact
all the way to the sea,
or if not intact
then like some homeopathic dream
— intensification by delusion —

the isotopes of imagery
charge the water, charge the sea,
and the god sign

pervades all things that water reaches
and we also drink it in,
the scar of mind.

7 November 2012

= = = = =

No way by looking at the trees
to know who won the election.
Maybe some cars go by elated —
the trees don't tell.
The world looks the same.
That is its special trick,
illusion of continuity,
everything the seed of something else.
Will Love never take a hand?

7 November 2012

= = = = =

So get something said.

Credo. I believe

that what we say

especially say onto paper or magnetic trace or...

thus 'time-binding', that is right —

has an effect on the mind

which is the world.

Sway thinking and sway perceiving.

Sway perceiving and sway being.

Word itself is the clinamen, the swerve.

7 November 2012

= = = = =

No matter what Stalin said
language is politics too.

We believe what people say:
that is the deepest
paideuma, darkest problem,
our one hope.

7.XI.12

