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THINGS AS THEY ARE

From a church subtract pews.

An old goldfish bowl

or it could be a tank

sometimes even to me

the shape doesn't matter.

Who could be interested in furniture?

Smell of a body not your own.

Smell of oil. Skill.

Tell.

History of a mattress

confessions of a counterpane

comforter armchair.

Forest clearing, In the bushes behind the temple.

Cigarettes. The dangerous

cherry tree

he cut it down to save us from its toxic leaves.

Washington. The ancestor.

Great beings beget the souls of future citizens.

Somewhere in Otherspace they persist

their dream affect the germ plasm

of women and men in the throes of love—

sperm and ovum charged by specific

intensities of wisdom and compassion

from the waking will of those everlasting wills.

29 November 2012

OF AN OLD WOMAN I KNOW

It isn't what she said
that mattered
it was what she was

in herself, all
the way through, beyond
intention, beyond opinion
just being there.

29 November 2012

CHEIRONOMY

The business at hand

is the hand

the hammer

and the hug

who really knows

the far edge of what we do

a nail is a clue

an arm around your shoulders

comforts, warms, protects, alarms,

depending.

Depending on what.

The business of the hand

the five-fingered habit of the human mind

each planet articulated

flexible

around the sun of palm

where the characters are writ.

2.

You'd think I could play a piano the way I talk.

Not so. I can barely handle a spoon.

Or a pen. Barely stroke a kitten

or a friend. Because a hand

is hard to have,

has a mind

of its own,

a destiny,

leaves you in the dust.

It does

everything for you,

speaking only of me.

3.

Problems in the history of art.

How many crows does a cornfield hold.

How many stars in the Virgin's robe.

Iconography of the sky.

Everywhere

is where the terror begins,

the capacity of aesthetics

to remind,

reify lines of light or force or desire

you thought were only in your mind

chest eye palm of your hand.

30 November 2012

THEOLOGY

Breast Chinese hip Liverpool
a Pauline fog over the city
Ephesus my ruin now
why isn't love the only sacrament

can't get to heaven without getting born
sing it for yourself in this]
pink cartoon of la vie humaine
the stairs are meant for falling down

theology never lets you go
it's like the opposite of color-blind
you see God everywhere
lyric eloquence the snarl of steel

the sun dazzles the stars are weary
of being gazed at all these years
birds know when you're watching them
in the woods all bets are off

the grey day makes men afraid
strap the moon to the roof of the car
the children of light will try
to understand the dead deer

winter coming and theology
is the science of what we want
of each other want to ask
and want to do just ask me

I being you ask the question
I need to hear before I can
even begin to begin
it tastes like wine they say

the minute you think
it has a name it changes
and changes you
the world outside is atheist

your eyes know how to close
a boat rocks you gently there
you wake up nowhere then
a beautiful atheist summoned by god.

30 November 2012

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But maybe after all
the sun is rising

who could this be
this time at the door

the light increases
far off behind the cloud

the egg is hatching
soon the young cock

will clear his throat.

30 November 2012

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Who is looking for me
and why?

When people think
of other people
lines of *something* stretch out
from the hearth of thinking
and reach.

What do they reach?
Do they meet
the one thought about?
And is that one thinking too?

Map this, how the lines
intersect each other
and from each nexus
other lines run out
and tinge the world with longing.

Portolan of desire, neural map of space—
if we could see the whole picture
we would finally
belong to the earth.

30 November 2012

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[sGom.na]

I stood behind myself
and saw that what I thought of as me
was just one of the trillions of forms
the play of mind can take.
And once you see that
the other seems precisely as important
as the self. As any possible me.
Meditation entrains compassion.

30 November 2012