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**He wonders what he has to say—
broken clouds revealed the mystery —
each cloud the city with a quick people inside —**

**running on the roads, whither? Why?
Can you view yourself as a machine
and practice it? When you make
the body work it won't talk.
Or you train yourself not to hear it.
Less work, less food, less exercise, less and drink —**

**lie there and breathe a little,
listen as hard as you can —
this is your real work.**

6 October 2013.

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**Maybe's sickness is a form of listening.
When before there was too much noise
for me to hear what my not-self is saying.**

6 October 2013

TARNOPOL

The playoffs in Oakland last night
I watched the stadium,
filled with tier after tier of people,
40 or 50,000 of them,
they seemed immeasurable,
so many people, so many people.
A sea of faces as they say.
Then I remembered that if you took
fifty of these stadiums
every seat filled, standees everywhere,
they would not even then hold all the Jews
killed by the Nazis.
Tarnopol would have been one of them,
in the Polish Ukraine,
and the laughing faces I see on the screen
joyous at the rookie out-dueling Verlander,
turned into the Jews of Tarnopol
and something happens to my eyes,
the picture blurs, I turn away.
Maybe it's an autumn cold.
We survive by thinking of
numbers, not the faces.
Not all those happy faces.

6 October 2015

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Some of them are tired of the old
ways of taking language from the head
through the metabolism onto the page.
They want to let the language
talk by itself — always
the language, not language.
For language to escape from *the* language
it needs to runs through someone
before the reader gets it
or it gets to the reader.

My father told me that running
water purifies itself in a hundred feet.
I hope you're not saying
my father was wrong.
Language purifies itself
by passing through actual mouths.

6 October 2013

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Being broad

like a sea

is to be.

A fountain rides

up and down itself,

selfish, proud —

no wonder fountains

come from the Renaissance,

all the sprezzatura

of the old aristos,

water playing with itself

in the air.

While a river

feeds

and the sea breeds.

Be broad, be sea.

7 October 2013

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Come back and cry again.

**Wait till it lights up—
someday the keys will sing
as they lead you to the door.**

**Queequeg's arm athwart your chest—
sweating together**

rapture of wrong.

7 October 2013

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**The meat of mountain,
Arjuna is Diomedes,
the goddess drives the chariot,
she who invented the wheel**

**a thing the proud Inka did not know
pride walks, wisdom rides —**

**the horses of King Josiah
where are they, where the bones
of that King**

**who thought wisdom
was an old wife
to send**

off into the desert?

**Music stems, stands,
from the unlikeliest spaces.
The axle comes to your chariot,
the horse you have to find yourself,
here, sit on this and travel.**

7 October 2013

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**The other side of history is ancient whether,
what we carry with us in our lives,**

**the ones we remember,
the old names who stand clear in the mind.**

7 October 2013

SACRED ERASER TAB CENTER

flashed across my doze.

Erasers made of stone.

How much do I mean

to the girl around the corner

or the man in the moon?

That smile, this sky,

the ripe posterity.

To erase the sacred with the stone?

An eraser that wipes away the stone?

Analytic languages

depend on plausibility.

No case endings, no certainty.

Sacred eraser wipes away the stone.

Wipes away the center.

Can there be a circle with no center?

Can there be a sacred without a circle?

7 October 2013

GLARE

**The glare remembers
eyes that stared into it
looking for fish swarms to rise
or enemy aircraft, the enemy
always comes out of the sun.**

**How come the sun can sometimes
balance at the top of the street
uphill, St. George, St. Francis,
how can light hurt to hear,
how can light hide so well?**

**All my life I have written into the glare
hoping to find, and found, you there.**

8 October 2013

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**They do a new thing now.
They send a picture to the back of your mind.
No prose essay on iconoclasm can dislodge it.
It is stuck inside you, an image,
many images clustered around one, they nest
in the back of your mind.**

**Fasting and prayer do not avail.
Sometimes you can see right through them
and that's a relief — are they
made of the same light
you and I are made from?**

**What a relief it would be
not to see them but see through them.**

**I remember a woman once
who walked across the sea
and gave me back myself
but all I saw was sea.**

8 October 2013

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Arousal's statement.

**A course of energies
spent into the Knowdom.**

**Where it breeds, chains, spools,
wreathes, comes again**

**and links to the mind of another,
many another.**

**So to feel anything keenly
is to speak into the Knowdom.**

8 October 2013

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**What midnight teaches
oft dawn forgets.
Don't let that white-out
blank your page.**

8 October 2013

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**Meaning also that the sense of sin
lives outside of time
where guilt reigns
clueless and irrational
stained with all the childhoods
defiled in us by the law,**

**whereas there is no law
there is only what we do
among each other —**

**harming others is the only wrong.
Weird cults invent imaginary others
to be harmed by our
thoughts and words and deeds
whereas: no real other is injured,
no misdeed. This is Eden still.**

9 October 2013

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**Blake's Angels are the girls across the street
shimmer on a glass of water's
surface, the bow of Eros its meniscus raised,
opsis, for what we see invigorates
old Adam and young Eve—**

the sight of you

restores me to my senses —

to grasp by eye

the nearby other

who is the teacher best

of my own difference

where glory is approximate

in everlasting cloud,

the leaping word of the day.

9 October 2013

THE TEACHER

**It poured from his hands like money,
he spent his thoughts on all the young
who sat beside him,**

**he vomraded them with his palaver,
his insights their confusion.**

**He spent. And by night
(and it is always night where he is)
there was no thought left**

but only thinking.

9 October 2013

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**Can speak again inside the glare
to say your black turns brown
your blue dissociates itself from fancy dances
and stays there in heaven licking its fingers —**

**October's vibrant fading time — you too —
I left you at the altar of Venus it sounded like
a sacrifice of love for love's sake, weird magic
only lovers misdiscover
— nothing works.**

**Flowers happen and unhappen — syntax is all.
How it fits together. The women in the choir
dubious of the organist, above his topmost
keyboard a mirror shows the nave below —**

**music flowing backwards through the boring service
and the women huddle together, admiring
their bodices and their bottom notes —
not all sopranos can get down there
where the animal at last begins to growl.
Enough of churches. Our business is with weather.
Our far the children wander towards the cliff.
All my life waiting for the rain to start.**

10 October 2013

IN MY SICKNESSE

**Pepend sad delirium —
not sick enough for that —
imageless the mind's bewilderment,
a whirring with words in it
and nothing seen — I give you
honest cloth, the moths
do all the lacy work
the light shines through
in a code I'm too feeble to read**

10 October 2013

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All I have to do is this.

**Emaho! The word leaves me alone
with my wonder. I sift
mist through the trees –
 this
 is called understanding the place.
Because to be here is to be everywhere.
Quiet anonymity of space — as if we moved
but earthspin does all the work.**

**I am here again again ready to be gone—
I will depart into this place.**

10 October 2013

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**Not to do more —
kettle on the stove
the long anxiety that runs the mind
let the opioid of cloud and tree release.**

**To ease the pain of always
needing to do more.
To have done with doing.**

10 October 2013