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1.

We can't let it happen  
just like this the slip  
flutters to the ground  
wind takes it we'll never  
know the word it said  
her phone number the key.  
*Everything you need  
is already in your hands.*

2.

To take hold  
of what you hold  
to have what you have  
and use it  
to make use  
the relationship  
the answer the garden.

3.

We fuss about the backside of the Moon  
but it's the Sun's behind we need to know  
her dark duality the cleft abyss

from which all that we call light comes fleeing.  
Is it not a flaming ball of hydrogen and helium?  
Is it not a woman facing us  
shouting at us something we can barely see?

4.

So it's in our eyes too.  
Wild geese at morning  
or yesterday's white-pinioned  
hawk over hope's  
green lawn orderly fading.

5.

Having what you need  
is halfway between bible and pornography.  
It's all right here. Have.  
You have. Hover.  
Pounce on the prayer.  
Say it with your skin.  
Go to the bank and  
explain it all away.

6.

In Harlem the hydrants were open  
that summer. Trickle down  
economics. We work for the state  
that exists to protect the rich from us.

How did it come to be?

We were frightened and they comforted  
they tend to leave us alone when they don't need us  
they explain to us that we are free.

7.

And after the disaster  
a glass of water.

8.

You forget her number  
but call her anyhow

stand on the hilltop  
and cry her name

she'll hear you  
somehow, or if her

name too blew away  
call out the name

of the goddess or god  
who inhabits her

and if you don't know  
any gods at all you

poor son of a bitch  
shout anything at all

the air won't hear you  
but the hill will understand.

9.

Or take another slip of paper  
and be Wittgenstein again.

Whatever we say  
fits on the smallest slip.

Write down the first thing  
that comes into your head.

It's not really your head  
where you hear it, it's habit,

it's mind but never mind,  
just write it down

and let it go, to fall

and blow away to where  
the other one is waiting

still, the lost word.

Listen, they all are.

10.

There's enough light in the pen  
to know right from wrong by.

It says something about the sun  
you can hardly see.  
Something about getting behind the obvious  
and still make love to the world.

11.

Nothing is permitted  
everything can be done.  
You stand beside some other  
and ask Are you mine  
my other own? The other  
reminds you of you.  
Sometimes they answer.

12.

But it's not so simple as to know.  
There is not much to be known.

Our hands are always empty  
and that's the tool, the secret method, the success.

Empty hands hold everything.  
And then think: there is no number

you can conceive of  
that keeps you from touching his hand.

23 October 2011

= = = = =

Coming near and coming again  
and all human fear is a kind of wool  
that protects us from something else,  
rough wool from an unknown animal  
you never knew we could put on.  
And the flowers of our mountains  
seem to have blossomed for you  
then faded when you didn't do  
something that makes things never change.  
And no one did either, or could—  
but I still blame you, only you  
because morning noon and night  
you sneer at me from the mirror.

23 October 2011

= = = = =

Walking the angel  
back home  
mine not hers

I think they need us  
for our skin  
touch, the terrifying

amazement of being  
able to touch  
one another.

Two angels have  
nothing they can touch.  
Only us.

We are properties, affect,  
Aristotle, symphony,  
slap your cheek, geography,

we are land and river  
oceans and mountains.  
They are maps.

24 October 2011



= = = = =

Everything harder than yesterday.

I see the whole thing now

the porter and the revelers

bringers of bad news

the Dutchman rued the day

the pastor rewed his wife of long ago

we belong to our children

the winter after the Rock Face fell

dfor I am north of any you

and old Hiems shivers in my ventricles.

Be part of me with a difference

lip-wrestle me till breath gives out

and I'll be your Athenian

your pink sweet long ago.

*Batn* means belly means within

the secret doctrine on the fleshy side

the East-O-Teric where the coffee's weak

come back as Spiderman and bind my wheat.

24 October 2011

= = = = =

The small world of the sentence  
inside the big world of language  
slays me. The Pequod, smashed,  
sinks. Nothing is left of the leaves  
but the tree. Only the oaks  
wear the summer shadows, nervous,  
rattle as you pass. You don't pass.  
I haven't set eyes on you in years.  
What can we do? Learn another language,  
translate one more epic. Thinking of you  
I find an arrowhead on Cruger's Island.  
I think of the deer's flank from which it felled.  
Or it missed. I think of animal grace  
and have not much of my own. Even with big  
feet a man falls down. I think of missing you  
and wonder about that expression—French says  
you are lacking to me, it's your fault.  
But we get all sentimental, I blame myself  
for the emotion when you're gone. I yearn  
to say Your furlough's over, come back  
where you belong, we have a secret war  
we're waging, I need your help  
to get from the sentence to the world.

25 October 2011

= = = = =

But you aren't the you I was talking to.  
And there were leaves on most of the trees.  
And the burning bush is beginning to blaze.  
It's not all wrong. It's not all you.  
This planet ('of ours' they say) still  
seems a strange place to me,  
a tourist destination where we got stuck.  
Or I did. Is there an exit visa?  
But where did I come from? Exile from where?  
It really is your fault, you like it here.  
bare toes in mud, skiing, having children,  
riding horses through the surf of innocent seas.  
It is beautiful here, true. Apart from the fear.

25 October 2011

= = = = =

In some ways a street  
or else a bat through the  
you know window  
a body with its own needs  
a pale disaster—  
could it be the sound  
of her voice that turned  
suddenly into matter,  
ordinary matter like steel  
or cellophane? Remember  
when we were no one?

26 October 2011

= = = = =

We were the thought of snow  
on a summer day, a door  
unknocked on, knob  
uncaressed. We were sad  
and didn't know it. Better off  
but didn't know that either.  
Eggs are smoother than hens—  
so also with relationships,  
at their best just before they begin.  
Or so I felt as I held  
your hand that night then let it go.

26 October 2011

## BEARING

Amorous fables, that's all.  
Swineherd's memories, milk  
on the table, hairs on the pillow.  
The unflushed toilet. Mahler  
still playing. Deliver me  
from this body of body. A page  
from an old book became  
your castle. Needs various,  
hopes few. A lion,  
passant, proper. And so soon.

26 October 2011

= = = = =

Let me have this last  
night with the cathedral  
its candles snuffed for me  
the cold dark nave  
remembers monotheism  
for me. And aspiration  
bravery loneliness—all  
the things I'm too busy to feel.  
No one knows what a man really  
means—and that's some comfort.  
But stone knows, and dark  
architecture and gravity,  
gravity. They know everything.

26 October 2011

## TO SAY THE FACE

1.

There are dark kinds of numbers  
 count the petals of no rose doesn't exhaust  
 the who of two the few  
 hands on her cheeks winter  
 no business but to give to take  
 pain away tenderness of grown men  
 don't trail off wit but no humor  
 a crow feather caught in your hair  
 and it's your face the map they gave.

2.

Or by going interrupt linear guesswork  
 of the emotional dimension mood-brane  
 running athwart the substrate of the actual  
*turn off the alien dimension* wake free.

3.

Size is most the carapace of thought  
 cortisone injected will differ the sea  
 enabling the smallest fish agreeable Kantian  
 we have had so much to say about saying  
 need distraction from distraction philosophers



endanger republics setting the wisest  
into terrorist sleep proving is wounding  
the groove of noon tired of counting  
welcome hats the oaks on our shoulder  
measure caress forgive.

27 October 2011

## ORACLE

There is a place on the body where the truth comes out. It looks, when you find it, like one side or aspect of a smaller ribcage. Or like the fingers and knucklebones of a small hand just beneath the skin. When you ask it a question, the ribs (or finger bones) seem to flutter and rearrange—some pressing up, out, against the skin as if they tried to break through and touch you, others drifting down out of sight. From the array that results when they settle down, you try to read the answer to your query. No more quandary. You know what to do.

Once when I was staring at the oracle place, I noticed a small round dark reddish-brown spot just above those fingers (or ribs). The size of a dime. smooth (undetected to my fingertips), visible by its color alone. I thought about this spot. Whenever I'm with somebody else's body, I look for the oracle place and when I find it, sure enough I find just above it that freckle, the spot. When I went online and looked up 'oracle spot' I found it right away, *Macula veritatis*, the 'stain of truth'. Evidently it is linked to the oracular structure in some way the researchers are not clear about yet. But it is always located seventeen degrees (taking the body as a sphere) above the proximal edge of the oracle bones. From its infallible appearance near the truth place, some scientists reason that all answers are already contained within that spot (as all numbers are contained in the very concept 'number'). There the answers are present, waiting only for the need or wit of the querent to release them.

28 October 2011

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Ice melts, slips off the eaves.  
As last night snow was, now rain/  
“We know our names”  
we have nothing else.  
A pot of cream  
to rub between our hands.

28 October 2011

