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**Imagine an organ  
playing inside you—  
your hymn is who**

**you only are.**

**The four humors the signs  
of the Beastway, your  
DNA, all our superstitions**

**the way things are.**

**2.**

**But you *hear*  
yourself thinking  
so you go out and do.**

**This is the Lincoln  
moment peace or  
war, this is Mahler**

**the money of the soul  
wept away  
*the blue distances***

**the flock of particulars  
ambitions make you go  
I want you to stay**

**I teach the stillness  
called forgiveness,  
eleven grown men**

**on a green field  
hungry for a ball to kick  
past other men**

**we wander in cities  
they have stolen the ball  
they have taken the grass away.**

**3.**

**It could be random.  
It could even be true.  
Night is a time of color**

**it comes out from to us then  
to parse the glum world.  
The invisible beings**

**our distant relations  
come out then too  
and dance in our slow feet.**

**4.**

**Believe nothing, do everything—  
what more can I tell you,  
here's a piece of bread**

**all the rest is up to you.**

**24 October 2013**

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**Agreement is the secret vice of science.**

**A fact is just a fiction**

**with a powerful godfather.**

**Most facts are mere concurrences of agreement,**

**no one dissenting.**

**But look at a thing and do what it tells you—there fact might one day begin.**

**24 October 2013**

=====

**Can I write a thing  
that saves the me  
from all the I-ing?**

**Takes us easy to Hawai'i  
where the vowels matter  
and there are no consonants**

**I lie before you in every way  
a gladsome sleeper on the sand  
Trungpa Rinpoche reminds us is**

**just the sea's name for dirt.  
Lie there with me and count  
the waves until the last one comes.**

**24 October 2013**

=====

**Blue whiskers on the kind of catfish  
Büchner wrote about before he came to himself  
and scattered what he found onto the stage  
by way of words and words by themselves,  
Woyzeck, Lenz, Danton. Shakespeare watch out.  
I think they were blue. We saw a cat tonight  
so that got into the picture the way they do,  
the way it is with things we see that say themselves  
out loud an hour after. I didn't mean it,  
I just saw these fishy blue whiskers floating  
towards me in the cold night, and said so.  
Do you really blame me? I want something here,  
not just the syntactic framework but a thing,  
alive if I can make it so, warm, furry or scaly,  
something I leave to you to decide. Which  
end of the word is the one that really means?**

**24 October 2013**

## **DYADS**

**Things regularly rapt  
remain as shadows**

**A child's mind  
knows all**

**Blue is not a color  
blue is an answer**

**Nobody ever knows  
who is speaking**

**Random numbers  
have a secret rule of their own**

**Strangeness is so easy  
so hard to find**



**Watch how our shadows mingle  
fearsome atonement**

**A door must be closed  
before it can open**

**Silence the world  
till it begins to speak**

**Count backwards  
till there are no numbers left**

**Name them long enough  
they'll tell you their true names**

**I don't know how far I've come  
because I don't know where this is**

**We call it autumn  
but time is nothing but ceremony.**

**25 October 2013**

## BEYOND IDENTITY

1.

Beginning

the clusters of

and then we will

be spirit too

noxious fumes of identity

spread from your smile my hands reaching out

o we're a fine pair

the wind and the air

2.

what would it mean to begin

another, don't you know

what I mean already

why should I keep mentioning

moanin' low the meaning

I mean to find in you

is this some stupid kind of love

**a sparrow and his seed  
cracked on the noisy dawn**

**are you really the other  
my own personal other  
so far away I can't breathe**

**o my hopes and fears  
my oats and marmots  
and every stone alive alive?**

**3.**

**Or if it were someone else  
waiting inside the door  
so that either in or out  
I'd have to be him**

**or even her would it be  
someone else enough  
to justify the deep estrangement  
from what I used to think  
when I was me the first time  
before all the movies ended  
and we had to go outside  
late afternoon hot sun**

not even California not even  
history just the sensory  
entanglements of light, who  
knew that all colors came from?

4.

Slowly the last symphony  
tells all it can  
the numbers are always ahead of us  
but not so far we can't see  
their white tails sporting over

the horizon of the knowable  
which is uncountable  
and the music takes us by the hands  
we're adolescents we're ashamed  
to be babied but that's what music is

can you doubt it even now  
the embrace of the lower air  
the bronze basin in your loins  
all full of kindling heaped  
and this sly tune to spark you

you're there and you're on fire  
just as it's always been

**from even before the father  
pretended the mother needed him  
in order the begin**

**so every beginning is a lie  
because we've always been  
and there is nothing around us  
older than we are dear  
friend dear animal dear xenolith.**

**25 October 2013, Shafer**

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**And all the fire  
meeting in the hand  
with one small bead  
of quicksilver, quick,  
before it burns, discover  
the alchemical apart  
and withdraw there,  
leaving the elements to work it out  
while you pray to that  
beautiful young woman  
you call your father.**

**2.**

**For this is heaven  
and there is no other,  
her skirts the clouds  
her flesh the meaning of your mind.**

**3.**

**And now come out again  
out from the secret cenacle  
and watch what the mercury  
has become. A golden shimmer,**

**and on the radio a dead man's voice**

**vibrant and young.**

**This is your mother.**

**26 October 2013.**

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## **PROUST**

**to live without obligations  
except to your own whim.**

**Velleity, as path.  
Refined by fear,  
he can stare at anything  
and calibrate the distances.**

**For everything is loss.**

**26 October 2013.**



**1.**

**It should be joyous as island  
but mind needs seed**

**that info from the pleroma  
no broadcast says**

**yet we use we use  
the scraps of information**

**to build this house  
this only house.**

2.

**For there are leopards in the forest  
you heard one cough in Kangra,  
she saw them crouching in Botswana —**

**I think it is the same beast every time  
we carry him with us**

**the world I think is just scenery  
for our terrible history.**

3.

**Or admire me sometime  
for all I haven't done**

**I've left a little bit for you  
to do, and what else should a gift  
be but a capacity  
to do something more?**

**Here is what I'm not  
at last, every image incomplete.**

**But how can I pry  
"I" out of these confessions,**

**confusions, the dome of St. Peter's  
has swallowed the sky.**

**4.**

**Despondent sunlight**

**like a wave that rises and will not fall—**

**after a certain age**

**the ocean's a man's only mother**

**tragedy only goes so far**

**then you run into the mirror,**

**such a cold, smooth thing,**

**no friction, no smell, no forgiveness.**

5.

**I was in the attic  
of the house I don't own**

**have gone in and out all my life  
as if I knew the owner's daughter**

**or my prettiest aunt  
welcomed me to cinnamon buns and tea**

**every afternoon a baptism,  
whispered discoveries, the news on TV.**

**No. All that as-if stuff  
is gone away with radio.**

**It's just the attic, a few  
early words remembered,**

**there are no stairs  
that lead down from such a place.**

**27 October 2013.**

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**But the music's far away.**

**The painter sweating in front of her canvas  
ordinary space is always warm,  
hot even, clothes cling**

**but see the image she has made  
something never seen before  
on earth or heaven**

**a new one  
indifferent to heat or cold or time for me.**

**27 October 2013**

=====

**In case I lose count**

*mind me anew*

**that's the Easter every day**

*in the renewal of mind*

**change from the scatter**

*word over rooftop*

**flex the left knee**

**to pump the heart**

**so that it speaks.**

**Physiology**

**meant not men but beasts—**

**now be me.**

**Tell what the skin**

**remembers and the mind forgets**

**We are between**

**and never there yet**

**and always there**

*the there that is here*

**We act our witness only**

**we wet the sky.**

**27 October 2013**