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Answer questions before they're asked.

Sunrise.

I woke late today

lingered in dreamland

where there are other storms.

Arms.

29.X.12

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To be peaceful at the earth
in earth, the elements
compose their quiet prayer

only four. Only ever four
and then the fifth.
That lives in us.

So speak to the rain
in your heart and the sun
will rise there too

“heart” being an old word
for whatever is in you
that is not afraid.

29 October 2012

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To go into a building
and after a few minutes begin
to think you know it,
know it not from now but from before,
other eyes and other words
and you are a shadow
moving among shadows.
Ancestors of what you think
ancestors of your very act of thinking.
Santa Maria Formosa. Saint Sulpice.
Ambulamus in umbra verborum
and even in the newest found land
I look around me and say “new” or
“wilderness” or “I will give this to my queen.”

30 October 2012

BAD GIRLS

Suppose only the sky is a permission.

1.

Imagine broken bottles on a wall
and strange girls behind it playing
teasing you to come in. Bad
girls they told you, put away
behind those brick walls, broken
bottles on the top. Ralph Avenue
Brooklyn. The shock of what I heard
sank down into bitterness and loss
and yearning. What had they done?
What does it mean to be bad?

2.

What did it mean
to me to hear
those words,
those punishments
for what crimes?
What did it mean
to hear?

3.

It would be a permission to remember
things that hurt me to hear. Not the mockery of strangers or
hard truths from friends but casual
third party conversations overheard,
sly or coarse reportage
of what people did. Had done to them.
He came downstairs in women's clothes.
Did the Dutch act. Her head in the oven.

4.

Because when you're looking at the sky
you're alone enough to be anybody
hence in a way safe, safe
from the specifics of your own memory.
What else could hurt me? What shame
greater than having no shame?

30 October 2012

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No one knows
how far away anything is.
Hydrangeas up the hill,
or a little boy
with a blue penknife
sharpening a yellow pencil.
There are moments when I wake
and realize or think I do
I am not Sir Christopher Wren,
this doughty church around me
is built of guess.

Yellow green of spicebush in the woods
who goes there? Flirtation of light
with shadow, is it an it
or is it a me, someone
like enough me to move?
Motus animae by movement
of the soul we want or won't.
The wind picks up again,
there is a logic of not getting things,
neutral template of all desires.
Sunshine casts shadows,

oh music music

who will play the silence in my mind?

30 October 2012

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Exhibition once meant
the compounding and administration
of a remedy — what you see
when you hold the beaker
up to the light and inspect
how well your simples
have blended in the menstruum —
this inspection becomes
you looking around a Chelsea
gallery to determine
if all this stuff you see
makes the sort of sense
that cures the soul —
object with image with array —
the medicine, the miracle.

31 October 2012

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The bright longeth to the eye
somewhere in Nebraska
someone is perched on a rail fence
waiting for dawn.

The earth is under.

There are stars to look at
and not much else.

Wood is hard to come by
in the prairie. We know
enough to wait for what we need.

31 October 2012

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The imperfections of the obvious
break in the weave
when you walk out in the morning
and it's all wrong, then right,
then usual again. That gap
is where the new mind might rise
from the drug-soaked pentacle we call the earth.
You don't see it — it
shows itself to you.

31 October 2012

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Someday the phone will ring
it will mean there are phones,
signals, networks, power grids,
someone or something calling,
ears, perception, life on earth.
Until then you are the morning
and not sure. The sky
is sure. Ask the sky.

31.X.12

DER RING

It is not gold it is what comes from gold
the Power that money bought but cannot wield,
the *will* of presidents and kings —
industry vs. government. Alberich and Wotan.
And Loge the intelligentsia,
the Kissinger, the always loser.

31.X.12

PE, 'FACE'

The punnim of street talk —
each one who walks with us in the crowd
is a letter of the alphabet. But which? There are 22
kinds of people you could be.
When I see you with your friends
I begin to see the words you spell.
And at each table in the luncheonette
a word was sitting,
laughing, looking at me or away,
pronouncing judgment. I learned
to read to be forgiven. No bird could say me that.

31 October 2012

A HINT TO MY BIOGRAPHERS

I never lived on Earth.*

*The way some young men live for years with “undescended” testicles, I feel I lived and perhaps still live with undescended soul — why can’t I like things that everybody likes?

Maybe they don’t like them either — maybe all pleasures and desires are sham, mediated by the local archons.

For all my mass, I float.

The three-dimensional world is a strange burden —
too little and too much at once.

Where is my multiplex dimension?

31 October 2012

