

12-2013

## decA2013

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Walking the dog  
when there is no dog  
is not so hard

putting on a great play  
though, when you have  
no theater and no script,  
no actors and no scenery,  
only yourself, you  
and your immense unspeakable  
energy to perform,

be out there

being something or someone  
other than you are,

to be the other,  
out loud

so everyone can  
hear you, come close  
and touch you with their  
fingertips, that

is the easiest of all.

1 December 2013

NUMBER

What if the number  
comes before the thing it counts?

Is there some magnet in it  
that summons

(action from a distance,

philosophy reborn)

just that  $n^{\text{th}}$  object

among all the world

to come and be

say, seven?

The seventh room

in the seventh house

where your seventh

wife is waiting

with seven teardrops on her cheek.

1 December 2014

= = = = =

But the wheel does not turn,  
the ship is frozen in the sea  
only one bird flies by,  
a crow a furlong far  
but he calls out as he goes

They often talk  
I seldom understand—  
God sent me in the world for that  
hearing, saying,  
not understanding,

for understanding, God sent  
a different animal  
one that looks like you.

1 December 2013

= = = = =

The favorite stories we forget to tell  
the ridge sets up the meadow  
the meadow lets the song

so many relations

to define

and when were done,

a white bird overhead.

2.

For this is logic,

Tristan's chemistry

we all are victims

The yetzer slings us from and to,

so many words

explode on contact with the mind.

A letter said the girl was waiting.

3.

Weeks before we were born  
an asteroid crashed into the moon —  
it bore the seeds of thought—

thinking, when it has grown up,  
becomes the means of traveling anywhere  
faster than light —  
but only those think can travel.

Of course that's why we're building  
machines that one day may be  
capable of thinking — and thus carrying  
themselves and us and stuff  
anywhere they or we can think.

I think this is superstition,  
that literalism of the imagination  
that fuels science and also holds it back.

We should perfect thinking —  
when we really learn to think  
we can go there and back  
and who knows what we'll been with us,  
images, ideas, pathogens of body and mind?

Hurry up with the thinking already.  
Think — but not about machines.  
Think your way there and back.

2 December 2015



## TETRAKTYS

*2 December 2013*

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When  
the first  
children came  
forward out of  
the dark beginning  
each one took my own name  
and called each one of them Me  
so I am left disconsolate, a lone wave  
without an ocean, without a shore, just a voice  
ridiculous and beautiful above the murmuring blood the quiet heart.

## SHADOW

casting an otherness

beside itself

a shape

consequent but not

by any means homomorphic

a love-child

surely, your great

or small homunculus

or Horus,

child of your body and the light.

But which one is the mother?

3 December 2013

= = = = =

Evidence abounds.

Mist in woods.

Be shelter on me in me,  
be the step that needs  
me to take.

You come to a cavern.  
The dark says  
more than your hold has —  
listening is a fence  
beyond the wild.  
Without walls no man can.

3 December 2013

= = = = =

Lifting the cellar door  
is more than a chore.

An adventure in going  
in without seeing.

Who knows what all  
may suddenly call?

And you'll have to hear  
being utterly there.

3 December 2013

## CONTRA CANTUM

The trouble with songs:  
the words are too obvious.

They haven't fully  
ripened yet it to music —

songs are hybrid beings,  
the self has to divide itself to listen —  
the song  
is a dualistic act,  
essentially bourgeois.

Greatness comes  
when one dies into the other  
and things get exciting —  
words die into music (opera).  
Music dies into words (poetry).

This is the *hieros gamos* —  
the sacred marriage of word and tone,  
each (as Heraclitus says)  
living the other's death,  
dying the other's life.

3 December 2013

notes for Tamzin Elliot



= = = = =

Strange morning.

I'm being didactic

as a tree —

have mercy on me.

3 December 2013



= = = = =

Some things are too  
normal to exist.

Give such

touch

to please,

keyword: Be

wood or weather—

into the mild mix of it

streaming west —

no Nile,

no busy necropolis —

in this narration

no one dies.

2.

Because the edge has been breached  
and gone beyond into over  
where the other  
is permanent and the wind knows.

3.

Any while is aftermath  
and grown-up sycamores  
flash their white limbs through  
almost blue.

There was a library  
with crossed eyes,  
a river with no water,  
a highway static with congestion —  
but quiet, quiet,  
like Vienna on a Christmas card.

4.

Was waiting to hear it happen

but it never said.

Even after the mist had dispersed

the air among the trees looks misty.

There is no meaning in what I meant.

3 December 2013

= = = = =

Is it entirely the opposite of writing?

Getting off the chest

instead of getting into the heart?

3 December 2013