

12-2010

decB2010

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "decB2010" (2010). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 282.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/282

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

= = = = =

Children come
to see

the bird in me
mutely ascend

but when he or she
achieves invisibility

then from emptiness
on high sends

down on them
to hear and be heard

it must be music
or the end of me.

4 December 2010

=====

Now I really must begin talking to you and telling you what sentences are going on to change the color and thus the destiny of this paper. Once upon a time there were dragons in every forest, some of them more crowded than others. In this forest, the one that grows larger and darker and woodier every moment as I speak, there are still many dragons. We don't always notice them though, just as a child is unlikely to notice a molecule of nitrogen even though he inhales trillions of them all his life long. We don't always notice what we use, or what uses us.

4.XII.10

[Dreamt into waking:]

The beadle of the everyday
sweeps all her fantasies away
but the instrument she
had been writing with
left evidence enough behind
to show where she'd been sailing.

5.XII.10

= = = = =

Sometimes just to hold the link
quietly in mind before applying
cunning fingers to the work of knowing
as the thought of slipping my hand
between your chest and upper arm reveals
more and meaningful than the doing would.
It's not all about what happens, is it?

5 December 2010

= = = = =

Shadows in winter don't move around much,
windy mornings a sapling quivers
on my page. I came here for the weather
to ride with women in an open throat
while the newborn sun hammers on a cloud.
Everything is speaking, every word is heard.

5 December 2010

=====

How long
does anything
have to be?

How long does
anything have
to be?

How long does anything have to be?

5.XII.10

= = = = =

Chatter by the memor-web:
a spilled hurdle and a lost child.

I see you running even now
sweat in your hair your eyes on fire

because winning is the same as being
and you must.

2.
so you sat on my knee
and your hand walked
along my jaw and down my chest—
you sailed up into me
your Viking tongue
invaded.

Big silent word.

5 December 2010

[Dreamt:]

*Reporters and writers
went on board
in Portland.
Down the river
then they cruised north
maybe as far as Vancouver Island.
Went ashore in Canada
and of course there were bears.
They sat at long rustic tables
writing everything down.*

6 December 2010

(Italics indicate verbatim in dream, the few other words explain an unspoken sense in the dream.)

= = = = =

Nobody is named that anymore

now the names they give have no meaning.

Today three ice-bears walked up as far as the meadow

so her child will be called Bear. Or Meadow. Or Three.

But what does three mean? And what is a bear?

I dreamed of a dragon, I will name my son Orm.

6 December 2010

= = = = =

I'm trying to find my way to something.

Emigrate when the time comes.

I put most of me in writing

but they will read only as much of it

as fits their consumer ethics—

ethnography is the last aesthetics.

6 December 2010

WINTERLJUS

It seems to be language
dwindles with the light

Lucia! Eyeglasses scare
children close

I say your name
a name is a gift from God

nomen numen
or there is no god but the Name

I say your name again
believe in the light and it will come back.

6 December 2010

LEAVE ALONE

Let the director have it his own way.
I'm here only to see what happens
to what I said. To insist on what I saw
in mind when I wrote things down
is a sin against the dialectic.
I'm not the only one in these words
I happened to write down. You're
here too. And by letting the director
do what he wants, I'm letting
the words rule him, heart and mind.

6 December 2010

= = = = =

Telemann then a pop tenor
tends to noon. Nobody home.
The culture doesn't work.
The frightened citizens of Humilitas
stave in their longboats. For years
the scuttle fleet bothers the beaches.
Junk. Lost music. Drowned radios,

fish dart among the old glass tubes.
Sun eats the clouds. Never till
the soil gives back our anguished seed
unchanged can we go home.
That is, when the earth
no longer takes notice of us, forgets
that we ever came, forgets we're here.
Then we can forget it too, and go.

6 December 2010

=====

The good time better in the gaunt Eden
 a boy with a saw saw a shadow a girl squeeze
 pears out of the air *maidens were weeping*
 to claim a color saint nobody lift a little
 snow fire no in Lac Lemman saw looking north
 saw a candle burning under water he reached in
 and lifted out it burned in air gave it to his wife
 hands full temporary money one gasp gathers
 newborn care imagine it came to life
 without any me will be born Sicilian Muses
 a child with no I more singular keep listening
 your knuckle soft against along her jaw
 a hand smiles Lausanne across a lake so plain
 where do lakes come from everything is so old a bone
 ivory insert the lubricant no one will ever
 understand her dream how her body presses
 on his mind o read your mail your feet sink in
 go slow by mine the same candle leads the way
 a whole city down there waiting ready for us who
 call her name if you confuse your fixed
 with your fleeting where shall the god go
 to find you there is frost on all our little going
 on the grassland of your home *maidens* the god
 wants you also over there clatter up the shore
 bones of the horse into the French-speaking regions

the Aramaic shade why do I have hands if not
to touch you deep in the skin of your song
you know the wood by nail the tree by the house
the linden one still lingers the bees of June
bones here there is no measure but your need.

7 December 2010

BOYKPANION

But then I thought about the *boukranion*
all over Crete and those secret islands
I saw once on my way far into the east
east of all my words I went

the bull skull that is an altar
its horns an antenna lifted
to catch the words of the invisible
citizens of our crowded space

Between the horns of the bull
the moon might settle to rest
or the sun come up
and slip her hips against the smooth

and look again on her day's work.
Lift any hollow bone to the flank
of your face and you will hear
horn by bone the hum of news.

The cow and her bull have hollow
horns, best cups they are
to drink sound from, those sounds
you hear but can't understand

but you know everything!
You hear with the inner eye!

Between Greece and Egypt
an island that is both of them and neither

and all this you hold in your hand,
a hollow horn is speaking.

7 December 2010

= = = = =

When a hand wavers it becomes
a heart it listens it is hard
who shakes the heart habit
of not knowing crossroads in fields
everywhere why are roads why are roads
and there is no going a way it sounds
inside you hear yourself feeling
tachycardia too many steps flights
too quick the breath holds your whole dream.

8 December 2010

AMBIX

Caps or elicit my land another language
 heard as own that angels speak
 always the other always we hear as our own
capsit elixir? unhear your vocabulary
 “did this to me” idiolect there is no
 own in language your feet hurt your words can’t
 only the other damage from what you think
 your own cap set at some other
 old illicit ode hungering for you
 at night your shadow darkens the wit
 of the desirer takes it uncaps
 the elixir illicit to insume
 whither we be travellers tenseless
 mood embed the verb always now in this
 precinct cops wear caps verbs nouns
 hear the bone beseeching mosaic
 before faith a religion of nothing but
 shadows of experience it is not right
 to name this this yet we do moon
 moons years catafalque the dead
 pontiffs in state the princess weeps
 their job this grief this stone my cenotaph.

2.

give the water scope to remember
 it was everywhere it filled every cranny
 molecular memory nothing it doesn't even now
 you taste the shape of where it's been
 mosaic musivary choose
 the river drink the city shade
 dome of the Parliament someday I'll touch

3.

a new religion begins
 with you always saying doffing my cap
 thitherwards you stand seeingly
 intact in every weather you say
 nothing but what beholding you makes
 rise in me or any other to be spoken
 a long pause a ship sinking in the music
 after every word to let the sense
 of it find you reverberate
 among and from the contours of we suppose
 the body of the other to be
 coterminous with history as if even here
 there could be no other place no market
 dome embracing any other space
 where this word you didn't even say it sounds.

9 December 2010