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## decB2011

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## DER KUSS IM TRAUM

Exact height same slenderness  
feel of her ribs beneath the thin material  
first full kiss no stretch no bending  
tall woman in a crowded room pale cloth  
circumspect smile but articulate passion  
tongue telling tongue the silent things  
only the wet mouths of strangers know.

7 December 2011

=====

Truth of the matter.

A bird goes by.

Truth of matter.

7.XII.11

= = = = =

Having a chance to swap  
lyre for lute and lute for Gibson  
I balked. I baffled  
a whole century with my noise—  
I called it music, melodic,  
self-remembering, ear-worms  
to haunt you at breakfast  
when you should be alone  
with your dreams. My dreams  
instead. I wanted a new  
instrument, no strings  
and no wires, no controls,  
I wanted a roar from the world's  
wet throat, my throat, roar  
I could shape with my fingers  
my mind on something else.  
On you. You in your lakes  
and coasts and ill-lit theaters  
you in your heather and native calm.  
You smile and let it all go on.

7 December 2011

= = = = =

Living in thrall to last night's dream  
is that so different from tomorrow?

Are the images inside me inside me  
or are they contact phenomena

floaters stirred up in the actual air?

Wet roads. Mirrors.  
Coming from behind.  
Knowing nothing  
supposing everything.

7 December 2011

## LIMBIC VIOLET

phrase

from a text I was reading in my sleep  
leapt out at me and I woke  
troubled by how little I knew  
pain of not knowing.

2.

Now I know what I didn't know  
my heart beats faster  
this is the flower  
that gives pleasure

and pleasure takes the world away  
leaves you alone with itself  
the creaming throbbing satisfaction  
of satisfaction. Aquinas said  
in orgasm we lose God  
and in that intensity lose the other,  
lose even the lover in our arms.

3.

So violet—allure and danger.  
kiss me to start the pleasure  
(what can we know  
of what we don't know,

what can we know of the other  
Hafiz gazing with love's skeptic eye  
at the cup of wine, the server's smile).

4.

Are we already  
ready to be gone.  
Hold close inside  
tenderness too  
is pleasure I  
cannot know  
the other I can  
hold her till  
we finish feeling.  
Finish crying.

5.

In Olds' experiment mid 50s  
the rats kept pressing the switch  
stimulated an electrode  
planted in their pleasure,  
nucleus accumbens  
old limbic system, pressed it  
didn't eat or drink or breed,  
pressed it till they died.  
Men shook their heads, decided  
Pleasure's where Death hides.

6.

Truth in music, truth in love,  
no compassion in music—  
how much compassion in what we call love?

We sent the rats on ahead to find out.  
But how small it is, this flower,  
gives its name to a color  
but not all violets are violet,  
not all pleasure pleases.

The Shakespeare moment comes  
the lewd awakening, you realize  
the paper you thought a love letter from her  
is scribbled in an alien alphabet,  
she never wrote, never spoke,  
you never listened anyhow,  
how could you know if she ever spoke,  
how can you know how little you know,

you with your purple flowers  
your permanent springtime  
peasant aspirations, whining guitars,  
how can I know how little I know?



7.

Obedient to the dream I opened a book  
found out all about the limbic pleasures  
heartbeat, smell of jasmine, memory  
of Montreux at midnight, memory  
of anything, controversy, rats.  
Men find what they're looking for  
always. And always never know.

8 December 2011

=====

Maybe I was Max Reger  
maybe somebody passionate but dull  
how does that work out,  
Reger or Ludwig Spohr,  
full of fire and sex and puts you to sleep,  
how can I be and have been that  
and be again and wake you up at last?

8 December 2011

= = = = =

Looking forward to the lees  
where the good stuff hides  
they drank the magnum dutifully

then soak the bottom out  
attenuate potentize success  
following Hahemann's late méthode

two drunken scientists  
fumble to make love  
slurp elixir on their sloppy lips.

9 December 2011

= = = = =

Trees of conical habit  
aim at the sky  
other sorts leaf wide their canopies  
far as they can to touch their brothers  
or cover earth with their big shade—  
the hermit and the householder,  
two separate heavens.  
Which one is I?

9 December 2011

= = = = =

Knowing the time  
knot it to your wrist  
spoilsport numerals  
dog your waking.  
Limp into sunshine  
sore from yesterday.  
All of us are athletes,  
the whole business  
one dangerous game.

9 December 2011

= = = = =

Want to go back to England  
the home I never had.  
They used to know  
what matters there,  
the shape of time,  
comfortable anxieties of the dark,  
noisy ghosts, adulteries  
and settled mealtimes.  
All that's gone now.  
A home is what you have with you  
always. Home's what you can't leave.

9 December 2011

= = = = =

Gnomic and absurd  
a washboard  
a silversmith a big  
strawberry left on a plate.  
So many have died trying.  
The rest is up to you.

9 December 2011

## MONUMENT

A set of steps  
leading up the air.  
Nothing there

but you  
stand up there  
and everything's different

you're a statue now  
from the future  
after the revolution

made sense of doors  
stairs spoons spores  
colanders. *A hero*

*of the heart* it will say  
carved in your plinth,  
he never went to school

he stood above the fray  
and calmed it  
with his deep ignorance



he stood up there and made  
the air weigh down  
the foolish plans of men.

The heart's where nothing  
changes, the blood  
goes in and out

and music changes meanings.  
When you climb high enough  
everything makes peace.

9 December 2011

## **GNOMIKON**

Something you should know:  
study what you find  
and learn what you were looking for.

9 December 2011

= = = = =

Come walk with me at weather's shy command,  
there must be going to lock in all this seeing  
feeling, hawk in the head and rabbit scurries:  
systems welcome us and turn us outside in.  
*Systema kosmou*, order of the order of the world  
key without a lock lips without a secret.

They day invites heroic disposition—  
make love on a cloud lift up rivers from the earth  
and knot them into lakes, your love swims there,  
drink the cup of all her shadows, dear god,  
the intoxication of the obvious!  
Systems change, eyeshadow is no match for tears,

a beautiful lighthouse wanders in the woods  
dear god, the touch of anybody's hand.

10 December 2011

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Languorous liberty  
stories in the morning paper  
when there still were mornings.

10.XII.11

= = = = =

I love best before the beginning.  
Strong smells disturb the healing mind.  
Then the sun came out and changed the trees—  
have I been looking out the window too long?  
Just got up, still drinking last night's coffee.

10 December 2011

## SIN

Animal protest the sheep look up  
the crows fly away  
what have I done?  
I hid among women, I held the harp.

10 December 2011

= = = = =

Respect the opposition

listen to the wall

'you' give yourself to 'me'

effortless as air

that's what a picture shows

or why the eyes have mind.

10 December 2011

=====

*in all your crying you see a blue bird*

and it cries with you and cries for you but the cry like all blue things is love-cry—*tandaradei* the ancient erotic anthem, love cry of the old German poets who sang to Fru Minne, Lady Love, and they knew her best when they were wailing to nuzzle in her thighs or what you will, but wailing is wailing, it all counts. It all turns into things I need to tell you. What is need. Need is a creepy fire living charring along under the rug of my mind. What I think I need. What I think I tell. All thinking is about telling. All idea is about you. Telling every you. I'm out of breath with telling every thought to every you. Blue thoughts the bird carries, birdshit on statues of statesmen and admirals, guano islands off the coast of Chile. The stuff I find in what used to called my breast. Heart-box, word-hoard, house of feelings, where needs turn into lies I tell.

Is Minne mind? Is love just the tides and gulf streams of the mind, the drowsy toss and turn of waves lifting towards the object of thought? Our word 'think' in Old Tocharian was *tankw*, which meant love. They knew. The blue bird sang for them too. Love. Can we ever get rid of the word and just do it? No. Can we get rid of the bird and just have blue? Same answer. The color needs the bird to be.

Or fly to me from your tree. To anyone from any branch, there, in the desert of time, the shadow of a slender willow, and in that shade we take refuge from the



unrelenting sun of desire. And from the rest of the kleshas that break our vows for us and spoil our rest. Our breast.

Waiting for a better place to sleep we found the sky. The princess with the pea under the mattress disturbing her is the story of people who try to sleep under the open sky. There is in the sky a point, a point of invisible light sillier poets would call it, a point that presses down into you, whether you sleep on your back or your belly or your left side or your right, a point that presses subtly, not painfully, or a little, little pain, a pain that gradually you confuse with your identity. The princess can't sleep because the pea keeps reminding her that she is herself.

You can only sleep peacefully when you sleep as somebody else. Naïve lovers say Sleep with me, but what they really mean is, Sleep as me so I can finally get some sleep, I've been awake so long.

. . . 10 December 2011