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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

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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

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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

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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

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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