

2-2012

febC2012

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "febC2012" (2012). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 324.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/324

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.

=====

Homiletics the art of
out loud theology
performed by those
who think God is listening
and might learn a thing or two.

10 February 2012

= = = = =

The mind has room for every error
the sheep look up from grazing then back down to grass

nothing wrong nothing right

Mr. Inbetween has come to stay
cars bring out the worst in drivers did horses do that too

there is a better use for sex than sex
the tree told me We embrace from afar

we speak our infants
out into the nurturing air

painless we propagate
my seed is a little me

falls lazy from my green hands
and no two trees the same.

10 February 2012

= = = = =

The alchemist stumbled
dropped his glittering crucible
and the sky began.

10 February 2012

= = = = =

It seems some nights the stars look at me
I shiver under their inspection
I hurry indoors half-frightened
weary of their interrogation.

10 February 2012

STARS

Suppose they are just like me
same elements same psyche
they scare me the can see
me before I was me
earth before it was free.

10 February 2012

A FLASH OF YOU

or what to call it when
suddenly a friend or one
not actually present
is actually present

shape and sense of him
the smell of her
suddenly with me
right there then gone

suddenly actually
actually suddenly
try to tell you
what you do
when you're not here
you're here

what am I telling you
by all of a sudden being actual
here when you're away
only a moment
maybe but all of you
and I'm not alone?
And the actual lasts longer than the real?

11 February 2012

THIS BECOMES THAT

1.

Wish more alive

bone matter

a woman prone to be examined

the man with the dog always stops at the same place

2.

wither petal

stone rapture

hearfelt habits of ornery life

peasants at daybreak determine their weather

3.

at last move on

man jogging

dog beside him turns into woman

creatures of eyesight lubricate the machine

4.

watch them transform

mute terror

no one would believe what I have seen

I saw nothing the trees looked away I saw.

11 February 2012

[NOTATIONS]

how can a line have mass?

Matisse.

how can a sharp edge be sensuous flesh?

Matisse

knew the questions a black line asks

charcoal sumi-e graphite silver

a line lets on

follow it to answer it

a line is an answer.

So when the black begins I ride with it, I stow it in my car, on the back seat with my gloves I should put on because it's winter and the road map for a state to which I am not going and in which I am not now. Back there the black. I feel you behind me, dark mother of all colors. When I was a child, black Americans were called colored people. They were colors. We were pale and they were colored, and we all know what it means to have no color. Like a shabby old Philco tv thrown out alongside the highway forty years ago when color came in. Now we have colors. I see people moving in the dark Your dark, so they must be your people, mother of color who fishes all colors out of black.

(thinking towards Nathalie's recent small piece given today 11 February 2012)

BEING IMPOSSIBLE

It's always in the north
trees always point that way

I was trying to be grass
to be now and useful at your feet

but I was proud too
like a wound

and the blood runs north too
you forget that every place is center

everything is in the middle
there are no directions there is only north

a brown animal between you and the sky
you taste some honey

dripped from its sticky greedy paws
the snow tastes like honey

and there is no snow only north
where you slept with your fists between your knees

whatever I tried to do or to be
the north was always watching.

12 February 2012

= = = = =

Humility of the lover
wounds of the lover

dread of the lover
trembling before love

wound and blood and mute stupidity
love builds cities
to try to escape from them

o let down your hair
the streets that free you
chain you down

you only care what others think
you only think what others will

to walk down the street
is to be crucified
you can't live without it
no road through the woods has it
no matter how many animals
no matter how much fear

there is fear in the street
a fear you need

you walk pierced by glance and stung
slung this way and that by your own will
wishing at other or running away

love dread pastoral
I am made of outrage and of truth

To walk to the will
and let will be a wall

it hurts you and it helps
it keeps whom out
and holds whom in

you can never tell the difference
so walk can be your will

the wall walks in you
how hard the street how soft the eyes

everyone is there

you graze upon their glances

you are available to their whys—

everything interrogates
do you have a body yet

you try to prove it
by trigonometry your knees your pubic bone
by triangulation by knowing
something about numbers maybe about music

but do you have a body

it takes a long time to be
on the earth that bore you
earth is not an easy place
earth is not easy

you try to be here by knowing
you try by music
there is a cloud in the sky
a little cloud no bigger than a woman's hand

in it your body is hiding
your body is coming to you from the sky
but you have to stand it up from the ground

one day you will be thrown flat on the ground
and the sky will press down on you
and between them you will have a body
but not yet a body of your own

nobody has

it has to come
it takes so much dread
so much desire
for a body to be

not an easy planet
not an easy place

tie a yellow string
around your forehead
let the loose ends
dangle in front of your eyes
let the knot press against your brow

let your eyes follow
the shimmering movements of the string,
dance of loose ends,
let them lead where yellow goes

let them teach you to sing
again, this time to your body
if you run fast enough and far
you'll catch up with your body
your new body at last
gasping for breath you'll be right here.

12 February 2012

= = = = =

Casting around for comfort
as a man tosses crumbs to fish

they nibble near the surface
they exist

that is the important thing
that there are after all mouths to be fed

even in Berlin
cities are just excuses for rivers

please love me
that's what I was trying to say.

12 February 2012

= = = = =

Not that I was care for her
or marble crumbs beneath a Sabbath wall
some scree descends
all the way “to Italy” he’d claim
who left his temple in the Dolomites
to fetch whom home?

You read a sea and write it down

My Staff

hath put out green Leaves, the Pope himself relenteth

the poet is permitted,
allowed to step
out of his poem
into the actual and go home?

And who is this dread who lived him?

In the hill that was a fortress
love was safe,

what kind of love
the songs kept saying,

harp if you have to but have me—

I am your house

come with you anywhere

don't read the news

the news is old

only I am young ever

a random bird is me

song at your dusty window.

13 February 2012

= = = = =

I am a monster
with eyes in my hands
I come at you from underneath
I can't see your maquillage

your face is water
and I do drink
I can't be fooled by your disguise
I know your body and only the body knows.

13 February 2012

= = = = =

Lovemaking

is a grammar lesson

parsing your silences

adjectives agree with their nouns

but love is all verb.

When you finish verbing you sleep.

13 February 2012

= = = = =

Don't get up early
don't tell me the truth

that's too hard
for a man like me

I've outgrown the obvious
but still have not found

the faraway accurate
the hidden way

the crystal with the rose inside.

13 February 2012

= = = = =

Here the signified
becomes the signifier

We sleep in the sign.

13 February 2012