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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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**Catching the words where they tumble
from the year-grit that smoothes them
to our need, our greedy tongues
always in one another's mouth,
your ear, the landing strip
where everything comes down.**

2.

**Call this linguistics, our last
science, I mean
the last thing we have to learn
something true about, why
we say what we say, these
words slip into the wet
alarm of our mouths, to speak
before we even think them.**

3.

**So there is a lord, a lady
of such utterance, brisk Mavors,
tuneful Saraswati, who command**

**an inner music hidden in the words
we hear so that we speak.**

4.

**Spill. The emergence.
Tell the doctor
what you think you mean.**

5.

**So after all there is a role
for you to play
in all this conversation,
tongues of fire lit in heaven
hover over your heads so we can grasp
some of what these noises really mean.
We've been down under the weight of what is said
like pine trees bending under the snow.**

16 February 2014.

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**Compassion needs us
as a stone needs gravity.
We need to body it.**

**It bells. Even Vienna
on Sunday mornings
doesn't bong louder.**

**The hillsides look down
deaf to the sound
but seeing our souls**

**shimmer over rooftops —
no wonder the holiest
ghost, a white finger.**

**lifted, glass
of fruit juice in the park,
life among men.**

17 February 2014.

(towards a statement on Space)

Turn the page and remember.

The essence of time

is imprisonment - prisons

embody time,

the 'sentence' set.

Space is the only escape

— *dérive* — from demon time.

When you're in full space,

openness,

time does not exist.

meditation moves there

towards openness

all dimensions at once

no time between them,

no time at all

17 February 2014

SPACE

What I've been thinking:

Space

is primary. Space exists.

It is the real existent.

Time does not exist as such.

Time is the human enterprise

**of unpacking space,
using space, finding space,
defining space.**

Spaces within space.

**Hence I can say: time belongs to us,
we don't belong to time.**

**We do *whenwhere* we want—
art is the location of space.**

**So poetry is the projection of language into space,
a shaped space we can move with,**

projecting language

**along a trajectory we follow, walk or dance with, run ahead of,
falter, come back.**

Because language come to its glory as written language

language lets us *gback*

reread a few pages, a few lines—

because language is the exploration of space,

as architecture is giving body to space.

Finding the body in space

that matches, dances with, accommodates our bodies.

2.

To be caught in time is to be in prison.

What is a prison?

A building that inhibits or prevents the human use of space.

A prison is a place without space.

Prison is a null-space measured by time.

people are sent to prison for *times*: months or years or for life.

This is called a 'sentence'.

**But being released is to be on parole, *parole* means speech,
to be let out on your word:
to be on your word is to be restored to language,
restored to space.**

**Space is the only escape —*dérive*— from demon Time.
Can the drift of language set us free?**

**When you're in full space
(what meditators call openness)
time can't exist.**

**Often we use eternal ('Eternal Rome') to mean long-lasting
when it means 'outside of time'. Isn't Pyramid or Pergamon or
Ely really something projected from [its] time out of time into
pure space? Space lasts forever.**

**In Tibet one name for the timeless realm is the Copper
Mountain—a great mountain crowned with a great palace,
a celestial palace (*shalyekang*).**

**To such palaces meditators travel, being inside and outside at
once, seeing all sides from all sides and top and bottom, to find**

**at the center of an infinity of rooms and hallways a deity
enthroned. And before you know it, you are that deity.**

**All the rooms, walls, roofs, halls, all the directions *with no time
between them.***

**Art begins with architecture—a house is built as a refuge from
time, time and weather, to *free us into space* by shaping the
space around us. That's why the greatest architecture grows as
if from the inside out, from the person inside who reaches out
into a meaningful shaping of space.**

And what else are the great monuments but space embodied?

**The nave of any little Gothic chapel
is the ship of space
that bears us everywhere *at once.***

**Eternity is at once,
dome, vault, ceiling of the child's bedroom,
the banking hall off Hanson Place.**

16/17 February 2014

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**There should be a way
of clarity
so the eye can read
what the hand writes**

**or wrote a season back
some worldly hour
heavy snow
whiting out the branches.**

18 February 2014

=====

**Worrying what is
and let the never
answer itself**

**a weird hat
a shoe hardly any
foot could fit,**

**an awkward business
this being,
this is.**

18 February 2014

=====

**Shovel hand shakes to write
blue light flickers in the eye
alone,
 our senses are alone
in the world,
 they take hold
of what is not there, never
was, always will,
 human
senses, noises in the cellar,
something dreadful walking
slow the hallways of the mind.**

18 February 2014

POMEGRANATES

1.

Clench a pomegranate

(another verb was what was meant)

a purple one with satin

shadows or the feathers

of a cock-pheasant's tail

have you come from China

just to be beautiful in snow?

No more pheasants these days

here, rife as they were fifty

years ago but now the vultures

circle, wild turkeys stroll, here

and there a bear, but a bear

is no kind of bird, not a single

feather to his pelt, nothing

easy for me to wear

while you queen it in burgundy

like the empress in Holy

Wisdom even more years back,

before pheasants came from China
or Irishmen came here
looking for a quiet woodlot to sit
down in and say their prayers,
you need so much silence to pave
your way to *hid Divinitie*,
whose voice might be your own.

2.

Recur to pomegranate.
Rich smooth thick rough
all at once rind around
a sweet and bitter fruit,
corpuscles inside it,
jeweled with crimson
get in your teeth. Here
I am remembering, more
time at stake, when
I was a child saw them
in the A&P, were called
Chinese Apples and I wanted.

3.

**I still want. Don't you?
And want you. The one
whose color and texture
tell me you are, on the scale
of my entitlements, the one
who is permanent. And we
don't even know what time
means, or if there is any of it
left and if not, what else
space has up its sleeve,
that purply satin channel
dark as the bruised skin
of a pomegranate the man
who fills the fruit bins
almost on purpose dropped.**

4.

**To see what would happen.
Would we crack or roll,
spill or sulk quietly inside
turning ever redder really.**

**what will happen. Whenever
and whatever and forever,
as no song says. Revive
music while you're at it.
Take all the money away.
Even that might not work—
the flab is in the fiber now,
a noise that says only hey
you hear me, and that alone
might be enough, now that love
is a silly name for what we
can't help having to do.**

18 February 2014

IN THE DINER AND NO DEER

**the drifts too high — both wind
sculpted and snowplow mounded —
head-high beside these
narrowed roads.**

**I worry
about the deer.**

**In town
the glorious burnt
smell of the coffee roaster
just before the diner.
And who am I today?**

2.

**More specifically, a road.
A goad. A goal.
We turn loyal
to what we think
we know.**

**Knowledge
is opium,**

**Aristides, there is
no episteme
beyond the seem.**

**Or so it seems —
this too is winter music.**

19 February 2014, Red Hook

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**Magic is weary and practice
like any other ritual
meant to work your will
on the *outside*
of everything**

**but when it sings
by itself and the star
lights up inside,
then you know everything.
Then is peace.**

20 February 2014

PLEASURE

**Early death and simple music
that's what they bargain for—**

**the deepest characteristic and most pervasive of contemporary
society is the criminalization or devaluation
of any human pleasure
that does not cost money,
that does not involve the exchange of value.**

The implicit rule is: every pleasure is commodity.

Every pleasure not paid for is wrong.

**Sexual pleasure is locked in an intricate
mesh of religion, prostitution, adornment, impression-making,
dating, forced marriage, down to the the simple buying each
other presents. We have to dress up take each other out eat out
buy cars drive around, go places, go,**

never just be.

**When simple presence to each other is the greatest pleasure —
the society does everything it can to take that away, uses every**

law and every church to prevent that simple presence of one person to another, or one person to himself, to herself, standing under the sky, smiling thereat.

So let us have PLEASURE

the new society —

making music, art, poetry,

without the purchase of equipment instruments anything

is to enroll yourself in the eternity of art

as it was in the beginning and ever will be

the mind wielding world. Amen.

All the material is at hand,

at tongue.

20 February 2014

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**Who am
to say
what it should say?**

**I say only
what it did
say. The rest
is you.**

2.

The best is you.

The song

lives in the hearer.

The forest

walks away from its trees.

3.

That's where the poetry

**began, when men
song rocks playing
in the meadow
while women hummed.
Some set words
to them and then
the rocks slowed down.
Even now you rarely
see them dance.**

20 February 2014