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Holiest things in closest looking found

transformed by touching you
a touch knows everything
a moment knows eternity
glad touch

split the stick and there I am
crack the stone and find me
or in the water drop reflected
all your mind can see

(so glad touched you)
so you touch back
I am the bright red thing
made black against the morning snow
a shaft of light

each color is a touch

every garment is protection and provocation

else why the luster of the human eye
soft focus when you wake first up
a child with his knuckles

rubs his waking eyes:

creates what he sees

for I was human once before the fall

before the touch

Ash Wednesday. Confused noises.

A crowd out of sight in a nearby street.

Square. Fountain. Still glad.

And from the broken night a dawn.

18 February 2011

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We still want it simple
to study till it blooms
into galactic complexities
of touch and letting go.

18 February 2011

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Kingdoms totter now around the east
men grow tired of the same old jailors
spectacular assassinations

hold my hand
for we have cracked the midnight open

there is no light inside a star
light is the urgency arising
from rushing from and coming towards

or speed *is* light

the solar flare of February
ignited January's revolutions
light hurrying to catch up with what we mean.

18 February 2011

MATHEMATICS

Math is a mixture of shit and roses, bull's blood and sawdust caked on the chopping block of the mind. When you think *seven* you know all too much about intercourse. When you say *five* the knife is in your hand. Functions try to drink the sap of thought. Relationships between values are fantasies. The old-time counting numbers whoop it up around town. Any equation is a circus trick. A smiling girl in spangles topples through the air from trapeze to trapeze. Now will you listen to me? There is no safety net. Sit quiet beside me, close, close, until the space between us approaches zero. You will and I will never understand.

18 February 2011

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Marching to it never stopping

the words on the wall
come down at night and become your skin
to read is to touch
the far person who spoke so nearly
naked words the lonely skin
I can find you anywhere
you're like air,
 you're not special anymore,
you're god.

*

A stance, a holy stance
of maybe, maybe apart
maybe in your lap,
a demon station where
you park your little car—
hear it right the first time
anything I say—
at the railroad crossing
the winking red lights the swing-down arm
diesel horn loud kiss at three a.m.

tree I am

the gulp of speed when all stands still
wake up and touch

the bus took me to a strange city
elegant restaurants in redneck country
slept with the bus driver, her little kid
slept under the fluffiest mound of blankets

but when I woke up you were there again,
logical, contained,
you are the mirror my reflection fills, no,
you are the doorway that thrusts me out, no,
in, no, no movement of any kind,

the dream barge stuck in the ice.
but you were there, a vexation,
curvaceous but annoying,
you comma when I wanted a full stop.

*

so slope stroking the sleek curve
got me here, my GPS is buried in your meat
whither thou goest I am compulsion
a thousand times a day in front of you

I wash my hands before the marble doors

*

bagchak, habit patterns

acorns crack these

in wood ash lye delete asperity

I want you in the dark

but slew the dark by mistake

instead of rebooting the desire

*

so stand at the middle of yourself
and read the wall. Wherever on it
your shadow falls, just those words
are what you mean right now

and what the world is busy doing with you
even now in my hands
miles away the shadow of your body
falls on my breath

and all the other words you don't quite see
are past and future indifferently
you can choose the words
times places people mountain ranges seas

you can close your eyes

*

you're out of town now
no-grass plain not the least romantic
not like a desert
a big fort is all that's there
a big grey fort on a dusty field
nothing in the distance
not a single flag on the tower

the fort is built out of cardboard
the walls shiver in the wind. Quiver.
Tremble. What do walls do
in the wind? No words on these walls.

Inside the fort are horses, real horses,
cavalry steeds brown and chestnut and bay,
they could easy trample those soft walls down
but they don't. They don't. They respect
the lines on which the walls are built.

The design. The design is what holds them.
Special lines. Even animals
know when things are special. We are held
in place by some design.

Break the teapot, stain the rug,
thrill of disobedience, how dare you
be deity? Stop smoking, I see you,
you know I can see right through the wall,
the words, reahorses and they obey
the mind of the wall because a wall
distinguishes, a wall blesses and humiliates,
a wall decides.

I hear those harps now
you keep strumming, you can't fool me,
music comes out of our bodies
and only later finds a wind or string to say it,
a bird to write it down perched on those phonelines
stretched across the dusty plain—
why do horses need a telephone?

There are no people here, not even men,
the horses can't read the walls,
they need people to read,
horses learn human language from
human butts and thighs that squeeze them,
horses hear and learn, they hear by spine,
poor personless horses trapped in a flimsy house.
Like them, we are total prisoners
of what we think. Of the words we can't read.

*

So blame Parmenides and not for the first time.
You see him on his tarot card, piloting his chariot
endlessly foxed by duality and foxing us.
There were no horses before Parmenides.

Women stayed home in their opulent palazzos
and men schlepped along their carts
or shoved them onward
loaded with acorns and bricks and ripe melons
like a thousand years ago when I was young,
the pushcarts on Blake Avenue.

*

You don't reincarnate as only one new
being necessarily. The more complex
the habitual patterns you set up in this life
the more incarnations will be needed
to accommodate the problems that you are.
Or the magnitude of your perfections.
A great man might be reborn as dozens
of children all over the world when his *namshe*
goes nuclear, his consciousness makes theirs.
No wonder the population keeps increasing
as each existent consciousness grows complex.
You will be reborn as many. Already your

habitual patterns for good and ill
“embrace multitudes.” What Whitman
maybe didn’t even know he meant.

19 February 2011

*our sun is dark inside
and lights your way*

*to joy inside yourself
deep as Pisgah on a rainy day.*

20 February 2011

= = = = =

There are alternatives to everything.

Wind. Wind comes from hawk wings
beating in vain at the gates of heaven.

Music of the stars. We won't let
raptors in, too delicate
the eggs of light.

We look
out at the starry skies on clear nights
the way a beetle surveys a cornfield
incomprehensibly large and everything right here
right in our claws
that mysterious light

and we break it with our bodies, and we say
those are our shadows, they belong to us and no one else.

Tiny squeal of big hawks and eagles—
infants banished from the mother's breast,
the milk they yearn for hides in the highest places
where the thin air won't lift even their wings—

we are battered by our little reach.

We beetle along in the furrows of splendor

guessing hard and never knowing,

wink the blue light in, mother, lure me inside
where there is no limit to my becoming.

20 February 2011

Dear Thinking

I am drinking
from your cup and thinking
about your lips all ways
so generous in adversity
of not having you to think

and Chinese characters all over
the world as the academician says
gets weirder every minute
what do those banners in
Benghazi really signify

who can read the people
of a language or the birds
who bring heaven so nearby
nearly the whole sky
fits on my backyard

sure as the coffee in the cup
fresh ground from the Afric horn
where poetry first sounded
and men praised gods and long
horned cattle and their wives

so great Thinking could drink me dry.

21 February 2011

TRIGONOMETRY

It comes out smut today

as if the almost dozen monkeys of the day

11 ba'ts'

were fed up with all this purity

snow and snow forth and peaky skies

and want some excitation,

une unzaine de singes

each with a window of his own, a snapshot,

his hands full of fingers,

the way for instance

the sun looks when it first

breaks through this cloud, a rough smudge,

a battered rose, red welt, a wound of color

bruising the eye.

Bad stuff, natural stuff.

Enough of the natural and the fitting and the measured.

We want to run around

be difficult and creepy, sly even.

Hurt but never harm.

Only the natural kills.

21 February 2011

= = = = =

Everything is white.
Even the dark
wood paneling
gives off light.
Winter sheen.
If it gets any softer
this will turn into Chinese.

21 February 2011

= = = = =

What does 'world' mean?

Everything is on time.

Pale distances.

Snow on hillside

over stream.

A phone rings

only to remind.

Voices in the snow.

The Buddha's head

and shoulders over it.

3 August 2015

VANDALS COMING FROM AFAR

But if a day is your body
I am at your lips now
listening to what I taste.

And only if.
My eyes want to close
but even more they want to know—

how can I choose
the news? Paleface manners,
feel entitled to everything.

I am Sheherezade come back to life
not a sultan in sight
just you to make me write.

21 February 2011