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## A WEEKDAY SERMON OF FATHER RABAT-JOIE

The things we love to live with kill us  
seems

cat on the staircase  
deadly swimming pool.

All pleasure  
(sing it like King Pleasure,  
*play-zhur*)

all pleasure is a little bit of suicide.  
Aspirin takes the pain away but leaves the sin—  
Thou Shalt Not Kill also means yourself  
even bit by bit,

all pleasure is compulsion  
all compulsion kills.

3 January 2013

= = = = =

Get one dumb idea  
and drive it through the wall

the birds soar through  
come peck out your whys—

our morbid science turning  
mind to money

don't trust any vision you can buy  
come listen to me and learn free

the innate psychedelia of the waking mind—  
every word in your vocabulary

backfires, explodes, tries  
to blow you to the places—

sink into the danger and suddenly see.

3 January 2013

= = = = =

1.

Because of what eyes  
surmise makes you special  
so born on Jupiter where  
the moons grow grass  
that down here you have to  
teach the czarina's ocarina  
to soothe cooing tutors  
fed on organ meats

I understand best  
by looking in whose eyes  
now going to embarrass  
both we are crocodiles  
in the same ancient Nile  
we are born in mud  
and live in music  
let me lick your wound  
that permanent displacement  
in the rhetoric of signs.

...

(3 January 2013)

## THE OMICRON

the little o  
happens on the way home  
neurological,  
starts  
in the pain receptors of the skin  
  
and causes pleasure.

The omicron  
likes to decide: you do it,  
you say the touch is wound or healing,  
you call the meet of skin with skin  
casual, inappropriate, offensive, calming,  
exciting, you say ll the words you know

but skin abides, the raw fact  
of being trapped in a body, of reaching out  
and what happens,  
the hurt or hap of that,  
as if language only came  
into being to tell  
about the skin  
and what it in itself so silently knows.

You are me like anybody  
nobody's business, the omicron

rolls along this spoken skin  
tickling, teasing, teaching  
healing your life  
is this little letter  
the nice thing about the alphabet there is no waiting  
the omicron is there  
as soon as you round your lips

and for a long time or a little time  
it sounds in the room  
such breath makes  
and something in you remembers.

4 January 2013

## CLEARING THE WHY

the deficit

after feeling.

O busy dream

men call the morning

but women are still sleeping

wise.

Being clear is also caring.

Touch.

And then let go.

No one knows

which counts more.

The deficit is feeling

what's left after human interaction.

Haptics.

But the touch is only part of it,

the skin thing,

the whore-house piano roll,

the sleeping dog.

2.

You get over these things  
but never get over the deficit  
you get over things  
but things never get over you—

they cling,

they inhabit

your attention,

thing-music

makes you dance.

Dance means to take  
your body for a ride  
take yourself into space  
and let the place decide.

3.

Alors, the dance-floor makes the dance.

No Answer Required

you did it already

just by watching.

Or is it that we lose things

by seeing them?



Is the knife  
too light in the carver's hand?

Or the rational  
enfeebles us  
leaves us ill-prepared  
for The Contingency,  
whereas the drunkard is always ready,  
the lunatic needs nothing but the moon.

4.

A grey car shows less dirt. Dirt less.  
The words fox you,  
                                  the girl flees the city  
                                  no longer young,  
the job is waiting but will they  
remember how close she is to her skin,  
will they know that's all that matters,  
will they have a meter by the door  
that tells someday we each will be alone?

Sad employers longing for caresses  
using humans as resources  
what does that mean, all the sad words,

all the sad o's,  
orgasms, ocelots howling in the rain forest,  
owls and stained glass  
ogival energies of the merest church—  
o collect all this  
                    and send it to heave.  
give the light back to God.

4 January 2013

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*I am the light you can't turn on.*

—Alana Siegel

Since childhood I have dreamt you  
sometimes even the bulb warm in my hand  
but no light comes

and the room  
when is perfectly dark is very large  
might not be a room at all  
or room is space, goes on forever,  
when the light won't turn the dark goes on forever  
everywhere

but when there's a teasing mocking glimmer  
a dusky yellow amber almost fading  
then there is a room and fills with shapes  
and sometimes the shapes are moving

again and again I pull your chain  
snap your plastic switch up and down up and down  
and nothing of you happens.

This is the dream  
of going blind. Of losing sight  
in a world full of shapes,

and always the sound of them moving.

I'm not trying to deceive you

this is the way the dream is

year after year,

way the world is

a vast blind space with glimmers here and there

that might be you,

shadows of shadows, shadows

thrown on the walls and the walls are moving,

and when there is a little light it shows the terror.

You are a part of me, Your silence

belongs to my fear,

and maybe you're afraid in me too,

are you afraid I might be brighter than you?

But I am dark,

maybe you're afraid even all your light

couldn't light up the darkness I am.

Maybe you're afraid of me, afraid to try,

So even if you one day came on

what would your light show?

Are you afraid to see who I really am?

4 January 2013

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Legitimate as a hand  
holding a banana  
in a northern land  
of a man dreaming  
southerly all day long  
and who is his mother?

4 January 2013  
(improvviso on Google+)

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Let the yen dissever from the dollar  
And the scarlet birds of Indonesia  
Flock to my friend's yard and squawk  
Pleasantly till the neighbor's goat..  
Hides his six horns in the compost  
Hoping for love. Barbara, does your  
Lady next door even have a goat.  
Is love on the loose in Bali, is the  
Afternoon longer than the night.  
Spät spät croak the little toads  
Who hide in the rafters, hear them,  
They look at you with eyes like mine.

4 January 2013

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Let me risk an answer  
to those eyes. The crime  
of fovea slays me to the spot.  
they laud inm they haul  
half-reluctant suitors to,  
leafwise tremble arbor.

Ardor of that cool observe.  
She brings her forest with her  
silent murmur of her glance  
the old book says no one can read.

5 January 2013

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A car is friction  
a road is always open  
use a broken flashlight  
to spell my other name  
the one you know

and so few do, the said  
of my hand saying  
the lucky misery  
of knowing me. Bricks  
to build bookshelves, books  
to hold what's left of us.

Look for false notes  
in my old champagne,  
wait for a few *cents*  
blurry off my low F—  
we priests sing down  
there where we live  
the lowest place of all  
holy beneath her chair—  
even below the shrill  
sound of joiner's work  
but only if you listen.

5 January 2013



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Is the sprinkling of snow we had  
also a snowkling of spring?

Are all weathers  
enwrapped together?

Explain to me Emily  
you classicist with earnest  
eyes so easy to surprise  
with Attic innuendo

am I secretly your brother  
too, so we live for one another  
no more separate than snow  
flakes in he drifts at Borodino?

Are we the same? As if name  
color and all those accidents  
just counterfeit a difference?  
Are these words themselves now  
  
really coming out of your mouth?

6 January 2013

## ELEGY FOR SIN

Bees are our ancestors  
living all at the same time hiving together.  
Ajmac. Day of the penitent  
kneeling in the snow  
a vulture overhead.

What snow?

What sin do I confess?

All of them.

To live

is to take life.

So apologize

and go on living.

2.

In the past dozen years or so  
vultures have become common in this region.  
I first saw one here in the apple orchard 1990  
but only later came many.  
We remember these things,  
we are the ancestors, we take stock  
and bear things in mind and get confused.

We are always apologizing  
so apologize to us too.  
And most of all, apologize to things,  
things are so beautiful, chaste, remote—  
it's an ecstasy to pick up a piece of wood.

3.

The distance moves.  
Crow on rooftop eating snow  
we drink where we can  
we run on water and on air  
most of which is everywhere.

Apologize for telling lies  
those cognitive adulteries.  
Apologize for eating meat  
which is a part of what you are.

All food is human flesh  
and every restaurant cannibal.

4.

He carries me in his beak  
he means me  
he is a crow, he carries  
what I think is me  
something fragmentary raw and cold

he brings me to his house  
hidden in the air  
and feeds me to his vulture friends  
then I tomb my way  
soaring into heaven  
where I rule alone  
limitless blue emptiness  
my sins are forgiven.

6 January 2013

Day 7 Ajmac