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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