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Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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Armaments are plastic men oneiric  
their glimpse all gone in Darkady  
because wolfram's missing from the lamp  
Magyar customs sound of a wheeze  
Lydian manners hands around slim hips  
breeze music mannerist limestone muntins  
listen hard manwit a white lung  
after all a sextant in a windowsill  
we see at last what who means. Licitly.  
That's what's civil. Jog memoria  
through the once streets the dead Dutch  
there was no time for wandering  
a street means straight, money needs us  
our vacations are in heaven  
gravestone grievances announce whose hell  
this door bangs open to, dogless in comfort  
small fire in a big hearth: that's a citizen for you  
I rave against the patience of things, I was a child  
ere long and too long continued such. Film  
of my unspooling. Mother clutch and Daddy shy  
but I could whistle like a fairy at a keyhole  
it's not an easy thing I tell, money's in it  
and the sounds of battle off and now and then the dead  
soldiers or raped citizens slouch in what do I do  
with the heat hat on my heart this language

I want to doff and growl and sob beside them  
but not to be them, no, I am afraid to touch.  
Thus he spoke at the breach of the oldest wall  
fishing for platitudes to amend the silent eyes  
studious in locative confusion, are you not  
your father's son your mother's misery are you not  
the blood I witnessed on the bad man's sword  
the child crushed in his video as if the actual around him  
were mere misprision of the real? I read my book  
I accept the given Otherwise words present me,  
I turn your page. Gladsome aquafont, stone,  
there is no need for ships we walk the salt  
cubic molecule by molecule we understand the sea  
but never once get wet except in dreams.  
Yours was *the blue light of other people*  
waiting for you outside your busy kissing  
or what to do when night is spent away  
you bend low to the pillow's ear and say  
o how I love thee and it all is true and  
all this Iliad is just lovestuff where men die  
and women watch all from the Seeing Gates aloft  
aloft as if this life of yours you never needed.  
Thus he spoke and Leda's daughter groaned  
as if surfeited with caresses, Overmeasure  
is all I ever asked for, starlight only at the end  
of Apollo's circumstance his priest explained  
and those far shimmers are Apollo too

for gods are mainly made of eyes. Eyes and arms  
and thighs around you, and so those burning gasses  
you see above you work up our passions  
into raging episodes of what we think we mean  
but morning finds another lover in the bed  
a wounded sparrow on this girl's window ledge.  
Thunder in winter lovelier far nor war.  
A siren on the other side of the forest threshold  
who is in trouble who is on fire every branch  
rimed with ice, I borrow a word from my sister  
cat to tell this strife from which we die and live  
a war is never ended as it seems but I know better  
portolan energies break the boats' bones  
to get there you have to come back chafed  
with all the sitting to the horse or beast afar  
one hero came riding on a lioness, crows  
celebrate the morning again, hard to fight  
in the dark this long grooved ice day going on  
while there's light see love in your enemy's eyes.

19 January 2011

## JÄNNERZETTEL

Now listen to my silence  
and be glad

One of these days  
I might even be born

Her smile inhabits me

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*Troma* are the tubers of silverweed (*Potentilla anserina*)

*Yar-tsa gun-bu* = 'summer a grass, winter a worm' = *Cordyceps*

Wild geese fly out of her face  
her eyes  
show their cry.

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We know the gender of a face  
but color is the gender of the eye.

gathered 19 January 2011

## THE PROCESS

Or I am a train  
dozen coaches and Pullmans  
full of people going here and there

but always where I'm going and I go  
I never stop never at any  
of all these tawdry stations

never have I seen a station  
call me to stop. My passengers  
are calm, reading, gazing,

making love awkwardly in sleepers.  
They're waiting for the right  
station too, they don't worry much,

watch the rivers and mountains,  
I never stop, sometimes  
one of my people goes crazy,

wants to get off, there is no off,  
and I'll never stop, never  
till the right station finally comes.

19 January 2011

## THE WORDS ON THE DOOR

wanted more. A signature,  
a pawprint, or a red  
other outline of a hand.

A man. All they said  
was what I read.

Just me and the sign  
alone. It could  
go anywhere, a door.

The words might show  
where the door goes.

Or the words might  
not even know.

I say a word  
is a simple thing  
how much can it know  
of what it means,  
and even so

the words say less  
than they know.

They are there  
between me and the wood  
of a door, the door  
between me and what?

A word is what

I am afraid to open,  
what if it led  
to a world  
I didn't know  
and couldn't understand,  
couldn't even speak?  
What would that say about me  
and where I am standing now  
staring at words on a door?  
Am I anywhere at all?  
Does a word banish  
the one who reads it  
to its own abstract space  
halfway between a sound  
coming out of a warm mouth  
and a thing? Can a word  
also think? Am I between,  
just something between?  
Unsigned words  
sign on the door. I no  
longer know it's a door  
for sure, it may  
be just a wood  
to put words on  
where there is no one  
saying them, words  
on their own



and the wood  
does not know  
how to open.  
They rise before me  
I feel myself cringing  
at what they might mean,  
a door is foreknowledge,  
a piece of wood  
opens in the middle of things,  
any word is a prophecy,  
there is a power somewhere  
knows what they mean.  
What language they come from  
to be here. Nothing else  
but the words in front of me.  
Maybe these are the words  
no one ever spoke,  
orphan words that need me  
to be their father.  
To pronounce them.  
To open the door.

20 January 2011

## CHANTS

What are chants  
chants are obsessions  
we hear the wail of wall  
the *would* of wood  
the ire of desire.

Chants happen inside all the  
time sometimes lets them fall  
call  
    out into the easy  
—starlets eyeful banjos know—  
or be a black  
                    bird on snow  
much-knowing crow.

### Align

with curtained matter  
tear the cloth  
show your past  
the innocent beforeness  
when memory wasn't  
(I think the skin)

and no voice called  
you out and all was in

and all you heard  
was what the blood said  
to the ears what the belly  
rumbled

(there  
the dragon lives, the Great  
Intestine swallows all  
and there the flowers of the interior  
blossom and heal)

(I think  
the cave songs said)  
(the hands also knew

and a hand needs a wall  
to speak

everywhere we look for  
and everywhere find  
a cave wall to write on  
or a wall to read)

tear the cloth  
and let the light  
pour from inside out  
(I think the skin

is my self

before I could speak)

(the skin sees  
the skin hear)

*rip the water*

let the earth out

tear the earth

to let the fire

come out and speak

(we live inside

by oxygen not air)

so rare the air

rarest of all

the last and greatest

of the Four

the one closest

to the Light

atmosphere

the greatest sphere

sephira

what we hear

we hear by air alone

and only the air remembers

what we were before

before we forgot

(did you forget you forgot?)

21 January 2011

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*“Is anyone in my dream ever not me?”*

*—Alana*

I think that everybody in the dream is you  
but what are you but an assemblage of all the me's  
that ever were or could be, some in red dresses  
some in tall hats. Maybe we lie entranced  
dreaming each other into place, and lo!  
we wake up and someone is there  
who did not exist before we dreamed  
but who is solid now, alive with a vast history  
created in this moment. How do we know?  
You said that all the people in the dream were you.  
But what about the rhinoceros you didnt see.  
the one tearing up the street outside I saw  
while you were busy seeing human beings.  
What about the paleskin fairy perched  
in the wet madrone tree while you stroked  
the wound of the wet bark? What about the wound  
you didnt notice, how it traveled from  
my forehead to your back? The wound you healed  
became your own. That's why the goosebumps,  
new flesh and not old blood. What about  
the cellars deep below your little house,

level after level of them down to where  
the spiderwoman spins the cloth we wear for skin?  
Are you that being too? Are we just cameras  
that go off at night and fix us images  
we have to live with all the next day  
or ever after, or a year and a day  
until that image fades and the empty dream  
is ravenous with hunger, can't wait  
for you and me and all of us to sleep again?

21 January 2011

## LINE CHANT

Line is a mind  
balances a hole  
everything's in it  
it is desperate  
he said a long  
line ago how  
long a line is  
a line is the shortest  
possible distance  
between two  
silences  
          it has all  
of me in it  
with room for you  
too a line  
is liberty  
a line reminds  
a line across a stream  
in springtime  
tug-of-war  
between two  
drunken silences  
try to pull  
the far silence in



silence in wet cotton  
suddenly the line  
shivers in you  
are you in the stream  
the sudden baptism  
of hearing something  
yet or are you dry  
are you on the side  
of the trees or the birds?  
They sit on any line  
above the road  
a line sees everything  
or hidden in branches  
among the new flags  
of spring's rebellion  
a line is battle  
a line works hard  
against the old  
a line cuts through stone  
a line resounds  
or minds  
a line is absence  
wreathed around flowers  
a line alive alone  
hurries to be gone  
O hide me  
in your silence

a line says  
but whom  
does a line  
believe in long  
enough to cry out  
a line is both  
directions at once  
a line is a question  
to its own answer  
O line he cried out  
O line that leaves me  
how can I follow  
you I follow you  
you have no color  
I can taste you in the dark.

22 January 2011

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But if they lived in the same house  
there is reason. If they stepped  
quietly up the same stairs  
there is reason. If they looked shyly  
mornings in the same mirror, reason.  
If the roof over their heads  
sometimes heard them talking or if  
the floor beneath them shook  
just faintly as they walked around  
and the carpet accepted tiny dust motes  
of dandruff and dry skin, theirs,  
there is reason. There's always a reason.

22 January 2011

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Why does sadness make us cry?  
I'm asking Darwin here,  
not Tennyson. What deep  
survival function do tears work,  
washing the eyes of  
someone sobbing alone in a dark room?

22 January 2011