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THE BLUE CUP

not visibly broken
dropped into the wastebasket
why? by whom?

Some dreams are dramas
meant to be spoken out
loud later
by friends, by pick-up
angels and afreets,
all your own sad voices.

2.

The ancient theater
began as attempts in sunlight
to act out and interpret
the actual dreams of sleeping people.

So I was here and you were there
and they said this—
and what does it mean,
Move in space
to show the meanings of the mind.
Make sounds that mime
the silences inside

that speak in color, blood and paper,
knives and cups. Cups.
Act like a cup.

3.
So what is a fine blue Cuttyhunk Market mug
doing in the garbage of the dream?
That's the only image I carried through the gate,

were you with me?
Did you put it there?
What did you mean
doing so if you did?
And who am I even
talking to now?

4.
Local psychologists concern themselves
with reaction times and skin responses—
how am I going to learn about
my blue cup from all that?
They have abandoned (superstitiously, I'd say,
rigorously, they'd say) all enterprise
towards a humanist psychology, a logic of the psyche.
A physiology of dream.

5.

And I'm not much better What I know: it seemed unbroken, this cup, so I was puzzled to find it in the trash, lying on its side in the northeast quadrant of a garbage step-lift can otherwise full of kitchen refuse. The only *knowing* (as apart from seeing) in the dream was that this was my house, my kitchen, and that it was not I who put the cup there. My cup, one of many, I liked it, not my favorite though, not at all.

6.

My poor blue cup!
Lost to me
it turns into a critique
a monument even
to the futility of academic
psychology, and by extension
of the whole apparatus of
learning about things,
things that have meaning.

A blue cup in the trash
acts like the sick man
young Prince Gautama saw
and fled his home—
something is wrong
with the whole system,
And some is also
wrong with how I see.

7.

Give a blue cup meaning.

Be a cup.

A cup in Runic

is the letter P.

A blue P

stands for what

for whom?

I have no blue friends,

no mysterious P

and now no cup.

Who do I want to throw away,

what once warm vessel

do I mean to jettison?

Maybe dreams do

what we wouldn't dream of doing—

sorry, it's how the thought came

maybe from the same place dreams come from.

Where the cup still lies

nestled really softly

a mild darkish blue

like the cerulean crayons of childhood,

the whole wax of it

but the pale mark it made.

8.

How long it takes to say I don't know,

say all I don't know,

sing my canticle of ignorance.

Forgive me.

Why throw away something that's not broken
that still holds the essences it's meant to hold?

A pressure like a thought

builds up in the almost waking mind to tell

me something, maybe something I don't want

to know, the dream

is sneaking it into me.

Who is the dreamer anyhow?

Who really threw away the cup?

25 January 2012

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And if his shadow falls on the page
do not read that book.
Her shadow. The one
who travels too much,
moves through the night time, writes,
writes letters home
and has no home. Or his
shadow, he sits in one place,
his own shadow falls
on the page he's reading.
Do not read her letter.
Do not read this book.

26 January 2012

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What he mostly wanted to do
was close his eyes.

The light is so much information,
provocation. The light
is a voice that keeps calling,
makes him open his eyes
again and again. Can't rest
with eyes closed. Eyes
keep opening. Nothing there.
Nobody there. Only the light.

26 January 2012

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Saying something
is a way of not hearing.
Writing it down
is a way of forgetting.
Writing is forgetting.
Forgiving.

26 January 2012

WEATHER TALK

This cloud cause slippery spots

—Weather Underground Email Service

So they say, the government
or whoever makes the weather,
or is it you and me, do we do it,
our mood makes matter,
our chill makes sleet slip down?

This cloud of theirs of
(of ours)

...26 I 12

IT MEANS

(A is a lecturer at a podium just stage right of midstage. To his left two folding chairs several feet apart, facing the podium. One of them is occupied by B.)

A:

Vitality or some rain

(pause, as if in doubt)

some sort of thorn

that flies all by itself

seeking its rose

it is a late word

a lax word

it is the rubber neck of what takes in

making grievous

antelope springs from subject to object

it edited it

and you just looked on

like a character in a play

or the audience of it

what is the difference

sensors in street lamps

it's the dark that turns on the light

and we sit here in the same dark

theater of the world.

[The lecturer steps down from the podium; B's eyes follow his movements. A stands as if in uncertainty...]

B.

Were you speaking to me?

A.

Move your chalice off the altar—
that stone is meant for me.

B.

Where do you think you are?

We have no such items here.

([A. sits down wearily on the other chair.]

A

Item is such a secular word, a merchant word.

B.

What's wrong with it? Secular
just means of the world, the big It.

What's wrong with that?

And what else is there but the world?

A.

That's what I'm trying to find out.

To find Out.

B.

What's the matter with In?

A.

Too many women. Too much truth.
Out is a place you have to lie to make up
or even carve a doorway to
a door in the middle of an open field
open and go through.

B.

Your Out is just one more it.

A.

Headlights skimming along a wet road!

B.

I agree with that.

A.

Why?

B.

Life is one long striptease—
headlights on a rainy street,
there's the glitzy music of unfolding.
The longer you live the more the world takes off.
The more you see what's underneath,
the underwear of politics, the shitstains of money.
Money built the road and bought your cars—
your problems aren't spiritual, they're economic.
Don't flee from the world—drive
money out of it instead.

A.

Impossible. Undesirable. Irrelevant.
Money has a human voice.

B.

If I felt that way, I'd be on the way Out too.
I'm not sure who's speaking now,
opinions change. Am I me or you?
Events distract us from the truth we know—

only depressed people have a glimpse of truth
but have no energy to act on what they see.
The facts are everywhere—but how to use them?

A.

We seem to share more ideas than disagree.

B.

Shows how much ideas are worth,
just some more weather.
And all your books and theories
useful as yesterday's weather report.

A.

You're speaking with my mouth—how dare you!

B.

You make it sound like a sexual thing—
but there's no sex here.
Only grammatical gender. If that.

A.

Isn't that enough?
Aren't there already too many people in the world?

B.

Never enough.

Never till all the souls incarnate all at once—
that's paradise.

A.

That's Armageddon.

B.

As long as there's room
to go for a walk in the rain,
the world is big enough.

A.

Why are we talking about the weather?

B.

I don't think we are.

A.

The girl used to rest her head on my shoulder.
Sometimes I would stroke her cheek.
No other tendresses, no other signs—
how peaceful—even Eros sleeps sometimes.

B.

And you?

A.

I'm looking for a shoulder to rest my head on,
nothing more, a silent shoulder.

B.

I assume the shoulder must have a person attached?

A.

Of course.

B.

I only ask because you appear to be
more at home with objects than with people.

A.

A person is only something language drives around in.
My words make me—
if they didn't speak I wouldn't know where I am.

B.

There are no chalices here, no altars,
roads, cars, lamps, no rain.
Men come home from the war confused.

A.

From work they come home confused,
dishes slide off the table.

B.

The refrigerator is full of old newspapers.

A.

The radio just hums, the computer blinks on and off.

B.

They remember all the boys and girls they killed.

A.

They remember all the times they died.

B.

The government does this...

A.

There is no government,
just old men
talking in the wilderness.

B.

But they have guns.

A.

They do have guns.

B.

They rule the world.

A.

Then who are we?

By what authority do we speak?

B. It happens by itself.

27 January 2012

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The call of voice on voice
against the obvious
is all the meaning matters

Let there be one little word
permanent as rain—

and we go to old books to dream—
what's wrong with the blank
blue slate of sleep?

Or cannot sleep

27 January 2012