

1-2010

## JanE2010

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As if to say: Have done with miracles.  
Who would ever give up the hope  
of magic with no Oz behind the drapes?

That we can think such things  
must make them so  
since we think with the same instruments

by which we know the actual  
grey elephants and black seals.

All that processes us in in

processes our environment.

Just get enough of us to think  
the same thought at the same time

and lions with blue wings  
will stand above every church  
daring worshippers to come to terms

with the new uniform of God.

7 January 2010

= = = = =

Walking backward  
to meet  
the sound of myself  
what I was thinking

when there was more of me  
to do my wanting  
and less to have  
than now complete

demanding silence.

7 January 2010

= = = = =

Nothing said enough  
to win silence

the compulsion to more  
mans me

I've confessed enough  
now let me judge you

the verdict  
life listening

without parole.  
Without speaking.

7 January 2010

= = = = =

In the old abbey wall  
you found a brick  
with my name in it,  
proof enough I  
had built all the places  
where you wander  
as you did mine  
street by tree by  
skin, everything  
is your own.  
The world thinks  
continually of you  
in me. We  
have signed each other,  
the document in question  
stretches out all round us.  
Everything archive.

7 January 2010

**(POSTCARDS)**

Lead time, the *around*  
of anything. Cut it deep,  
cuneic in the caul of dream  
a slit lets through  
sudden the actual\*. Day.

\* Thing that has been acted on my others.

Not just you. Not just the masked  
stranger you are to yourself  
not just in dreams.

The *around*  
matters, and your words *about*.  
The whole new art of waking up  
pencil in the sky,  
travelers see  
your world stranger than it is,  
they go *about* it, they walk *around*,  
on small cards with pictures of trees or waves  
they write home *about* it  
and send them, friends, see,  
there are trees in this place, waves in this sea.

Marvel with me at the mystery.

Whereas you arise

undeclined by waking,

a root noun,

waiting for nexus. That's be the day.

The links cawing from the pine trees,

the impossible Wittgenstein aspirations

towards certainty

stumble your feet like vines.

You make things transitive, you poor victim,

you man.

After all this time

you still make things happen you.

Happen them for Christ's sakes, and be a god.

8 January 2010

## **CAMPAIGN FOR CATALONIAN INDEPENDEENCE**

1.

Catalonia or the corridor  
from one house's thatch  
to another's stone wall  
from middle sea to ocean  
is all that Europe was  
before it became anymore

2.

a well with stars in it,  
fish in quick streams quicker  
still to make their way  
through the resounding  
of otherness time we call  
foolishly of years. Dream

3.

after dream a church  
seeps like blood into the earth  
where bulls are slain  
for that antic liquidity  
from which the king's  
seed takes good counsel



4.

and arise, bowmen of mind,  
launch your ill-aimed darts  
into the heart of some poor  
living thing that but for you  
would be living still, leave  
ignorance at peace below

(8 January 2010)

5.

but the kachinas come dancing  
in at this season not a dance  
as we know dance (a muscle  
meant to music) no but this  
is dynamo standing in a place  
made into what it is by standing

6.

all power from the people all  
power from the place the two  
potencies unite the sun and moon  
a hawk cries in a silver screele  
red rock tumbles down the cliff  
we learn to dance like stones

7.

our senses are our actual bones  
don't weave by word a screen  
past which human feeling fails—  
ethical is the enemy of moral—  
because a person dies alone  
death has no ethics but to go

8.

if that is going and there goes  
a going to a place to be gone to  
but only this is here and this  
is there don't weave a chainlink  
fence to keep demanding off  
dogs scream there all night long

(8 January 2010)

## COSMOLOGY

*for Charles*

Cosmology  
is not what you say  
but what is so

nobody said it  
you thought  
you heard it  
seeds rattling  
in a dry old gourd

the shaman's hand  
turns out to be your own  
our pals make  
music from such sound  
dry seeds  
will they e'er be bone  
again anew  
to whistle down

take seeds  
musk from deer  
the Lama's father  
sold such essences

traveled through the west  
Kingdom of Nangchen  
and the barren  
hills where cordyceps  
half-plant half-animal  
did those days grow

we know all seeds  
are living all clocks  
tell the right time  
honey of the tombs

illicit lariats  
hauling teenage  
archeologists  
out of ancient  
subways, hoist  
them from the movies  
lift their astonished  
faces into the rubble  
all round us  
of the actual light

you listened  
to the radio  
you knew  
you must have known

conjugal bliss  
sustained  
between the eyelid  
and the eye  
the blur of light  
empties the pockets  
of your suppose

see, the stars of winter  
wait still for us  
above the dead poets

Taconic 1960  
here o city  
dweller here  
are the Pleiades  
I give them to you  
Blackburn said  
I knew them  
in Mallorca  
I slept with them there  
each one  
of the six, the seventh  
would not show herself  
not even in this pure  
country of the sky

you have here,  
little boy, here,  
they can be  
your sisters too

or do you want  
another wife  
aloft, all look  
and no squeeze,  
like the chiseled  
fleshless lines  
in Renaissance woodcuts  
of Wisdom of Polia  
of the Only Beloved  
her outline no different  
in its *matter*  
from the outline of trees,

burning, Bruno burning  
like any adolescent,  
at the stake of  
whose own desire

the self is the one  
who has your dream  
for you, bad  
ones where you wake

afraid or happy,  
the best is none

they say who have too many  
but cosmology  
is not what they say  
either, it is a way  
of being elsewhere  
with a window  
of your very own  
to carry with you  
a glimpse of what is so,

a peephole  
outside the door  
of the room  
inside which you  
also are

or it is one more  
dream in the factory  
of them but this  
you'll say (do  
you say) is cosmos  
too but not I say  
the logos of it  
just the disease

itself of our delight  
and no cure

there is no one  
walking by that railroad  
track this morning  
the gravel ice slick  
and yester snow

how cold the rails  
must be hence true  
relative to things  
that topple  
towards their meaning  
crookshanked  
like a museum  
or cemeteries  
corralling dead poets

I can write  
these letters  
to the parliament  
the birds will carry  
I petition the government

for the right to speak  
in your first person



singular as if  
I were speaking  
when no one is  
or language is  
waiting for their answer.

8 / 9 January 2010

## **AK'ABAL**

And I am wake  
at *ak'abal* the dark  
before dawn of it  
where the Waiting  
turns visible  
and it's breathless  
you are watching  
the augment light  
steals down on the snow  
as if it not I were waking.

9 January 2010

## NEUROSIS

Neurosis comes from too many, the old man said, people in one house. The main cause of the sickness of society he said is apartment houses. Think about it. there were none before the decadence began. Every man his own home I say, he said.

I listening asked But how could many people have houses of their own there wouldn't be room in a city for all its people, how could you have nine million separate houses in New York for example there wouldn't be room.

There wouldn't be cities you mean or they wouldn't be the way they are now I mean, he said, everything would be beautiful, just houses and trees for miles and miles everywhere, just houses and trees forever, every family in its own house and there would be no neurosis, neurosis is produced by weird vibrations from strangers in your ceilings or sick minds mumbling below your bed.

But how could that even work? The government, he said, it's the government's job to see to all that, that's what they're for, these politicians and aldermen and kings, just build houses for everyone stage one then stage two build roads by the houses and through the trees and no more war. No more war, he said. Just houses and roads and trees and for Jesus' sake just leave people alone.

9 January 2010

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When light is right  
the birds do come  
the man I met  
could name each one  
his wife he said  
knew even more  
so only so many  
birds could come now  
as he had names for

where was his wife  
I wanted to know  
ah she is standing  
in another light  
to which the birds  
have not yet in all  
these years won access  
I tell you she is sleeping.

9 January 2010

= = = = =

Dawn now and no difference

I'm still here

testing my benevolence

on the empty field

the bare trees.

*Looking quiet—*

what I'm always trying for,

the morning before the world.

9 January 2010