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Do not think in numbers
lest they think back
and then where would the irises be
you hope by springtime
purple and a car?
Would it all be road and no go?

Count, but not in numbers.

4 December 2009

= = = = =

Calculus, a pebble. Liberal

a child born free.

Phallus something shiny

or gives light. Answer

what you'd swear to.

4.XII.09

HOROSCOPE

Angles of the chart
occupied by demons
brought from spacetime
by your mother's cries

This godly zoo
inhabits you
you think, not so—
they are the houses
you haunt.

4 December 2009

= = = = =

I'm writing with a pen
she brought from India
on the frontier with China
where the pen was made

why don't I tell you this
write it down here
because it's on my mind
and what else are pens

for or minds?

4 December 2009

τέμενος

when the building
is built right
encloses the right
shape of space
then ritual
works right

and only then
the building
shapes whatever
is spoken
inside it

space also speaks
to us through us
a word is said.

5 December 2009

= = = = =

Comfort ye
my peoples
the shape
of anything
is all you'll ever
take with you
into the dark

the shape
matters, form
the wise call it
as if it stood
apart from what
embodies it

not so, my
peoples, shape
is what your eyes
hold or hands
in the dark: that
is what I gave you
to comfort and heal.

5 December 2009

= = = = =

But are we sure

 this is the end of

 what we meant to say?

A car door

 gently slams

 the peace

of morning caressed

 is sleep finished,

 is what I see

there for me

 or have I brought it

 stumbling projections from a night

that does not want to end?

 I wait for a sign

 not given

a snowflake

 too soon, a crow,

 a passing car.

5 December 2009

Is a man sitting alone in a room

actually alone?

How can we tell
what alone means if we are never alone—
how can 'we' ever be a single solitary,

so we know nothing of this man
famous already as an example
a man alone in a room.

If he is sitting (he is said to be sitting)
he must have a chair,
give him a chair, somebody,
or a sofa, a fauteuil, a folding chair, a tall stool,
a box at least, an ottoman, a heap of cushions
on the floor where he wallows
like Edmond Dantès eating hashish paste with a silver spoon.

Assume a chair.

A man on a hard ordinary Irish wooden chair
sitting alone in a room
saying nothing, what is there to say,
mute as a man, mute he sits,
can alone talk to the alone,
a man alone with his chair.

On his chair.

A man with or on something,

can such a man be said
or said to be alone?

Can a man in a prepositional relationship
of any kind at all be alone?

I was sitting by myself
he later reported,
assuming he survived being alone, survived the chair,
the room, the emptiness all round,
but why do we think
the room was empty, was it empty?

assuming
there was a next day he said I was sitting by myself
and aha! we say, you weren't alone you were with yourself
or some self you claim to be your own—
if there were nothing there there'd be nothing to claim.
So this poor middle-aged skinny Croatian
(as it happens) can never be alone.

It has come
to a sad pass if a man or a woman even
can't event be alone in an empty room
thinking of nothing.

A door but no window.
Walls and floor and ceiling and a door.
And a man.
But no way on earth for him to be alone.

5 December 2009

= = = = =

Pointing through the maze
the wolf felt meat.
It was there, it is always
there, at the core
of all our designs,
the flesh.

Flesh just
like mine in another's
form, a shape
exalted by difference
from my own.

The wolf
knows, he is in love
with all that can be
known.

The mind
has teeth of its own.

5 December 2009

AFTER THE DAY

After the day
tries to understand
itself and the light
fails what should we do
we who are stubborn
and need to ride
the rail of pure will—

we think we're alone
but who knows?
Maybe the will that moves
me rhymes with something
that moves the world
and maybe these two
wills are even one?
And nothing is ever lost?

Tape stretches, the music
is dragged out of time
but the tones are there still,
the intervals still fall
from the sky

so I know
there is a church in Saxony

with snow on its roof,
I know there is a man inside
reading the wrong Bible.

It isn't much to know
but it takes me by the hand
and leads me to bed.

5 December 2009

= = = = =

Bed without a candle!
And in the back of my mind
a tenor singing a fierce
high almost desperate canticle
he means of love.
But the theater is empty.
The stairs creak beneath my feet.

5 December 2009

THE MAZE

Oregon laurel
to wall the way

you can see
center from anywhere—

in that sense this
diminishes anxiety

but increases appetite
the God of this system.

A maze is everywhere to hide.
The marvel of it, all inference and no outcome.
Dead leaves settled on an empty plinth.
Strange word, strange place.
Shiver in the wind.

5 December 2009

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Alternatives to compasses—

a stick falls out of the campfire
and shows the way.

By flame.

A crow calls warning.

You turn
back, you apologize to the tree.

5 December 2009

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The veil of mist
comes over the pond
so full of reeds now
I recall all clear water
and watching the beaver
lodges at the southern tip
under the hillside
where braceros live in fall
among the pear trees,
beehive on the hill crest.
I am bewildered by variety—
the whole deck of cards
sprawls onto the table
and I have to read them all at once.
Black duck steaming through reeds.

6 December 2009

= = = = =

I have to keep waiting for the other thing—
snow fills the woods at last, time
has caught up with itself, men who live
where there is no weather soon lose their minds.
Whereas in the city of ever-recurrent joy
they take the air on fire escapes. And even
out the window they can lead prosthetic lives.

6.XII.09

= = = = =

Wavering towards it,
almost there—

glint

of an idea

we all are, all we are,
animals

in the cave of our habits

hungering onward

but just hanging around,

no goal but to get.

But what?

6 December 2009

MONKEYS

Writing poetry is monkey work,
preening an unknown animal's fur.

6.XII.09

LANGUAGE

A pen for each personality
one ink for all.

6.XII.09