

5-2008

## mayE2008

Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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Altogether enterprise whistlestop dreadnaught calculator  
fits together digits ransomed anywhere by light and sold  
to us as rational, anything you can count is inauthentic  
though, only the innumerable amounts to anything you can  
actually be, why the roads have grown shorter as I age  
and mountains don't mind kneeling down like camels  
to ticket-bearing infants at the children's zoo, mothers  
pay to have their sprouts uplifted, so many ways to keep  
them from thinking. So many ways to count to zero.

21 May 2008

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What goes on in the brain  
is the whole story.  
Encouraging the brain to look outside  
—or what it thinks is outside—  
is just a vicious distraction from  
its proper work, which is play.

That is the fright of our condition:  
too many games, too little play.  
Gamers persuade children that the stiff  
mechanic repetition that they undergo  
is play. No.

No rules. Play has no rules.  
All children like play, all people  
love to play. Play is any.  
Play is any you alone or any others  
in a field or room or river or woods.  
Play is where it is always coming from.  
Where this is coming from now,  
unruly, messy, loving you, free.

21 May 2008

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*Visual Education:*

How to gaze at the girl in the picture  
Without seeing the boy at her side.

21 May 2008  
End of Notebook 305

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I didn't know I could write English till I tried  
and even then I'm never sure if you, the reader,  
are not just humoring me by pretending I make sense.  
Who, me? I never did, I never will, sense  
makes itself of all of us, sense is everything that's  
already at your fingertits, forgive a Freudian slit  
through which a blade of sunlight sneaks its way  
to bathe us all, brethren, in real significance.  
Sense is what comes at you from the world—  
I just keep you awake by mumbling in my sleep.

21 May 2008

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There are customs in this country  
louder than butter, Happy houseboys  
congregate round midnight kiosks  
boasting of their domestic wounds.  
Indifferent masters, tacky furniture,  
modern art. We have buses that go there  
and street musicians serenade alighting  
passengers with money in their pants.  
Don't worry, no hurry, and so on.  
Ouds and piccolos and a thing like a bassoon.  
Who knew? Somehow Yiddish keeps  
cropping up, it's the Sanskrit of ordinary  
human life. As if I understood it!  
Or could communicate. But nothing  
is further than the truth. Liminal  
splendors (reflected light) in which we  
(choose to) live. *Leben? Oder sterben?*  
Translate "Hamlet" into space, space  
into music, the whole sacred rigmarole  
of art. A street lamp blazing in desert noon.  
All alone. I asked then what this light  
was meant to show. They said it shows  
you where light can be found, even  
in the middle of daylight some can see.  
And what a narrow meekish thing light is  
among all the raging parishes of the dark.

21 May 2008

## I GET TIRED OF IT TOO

*for Hakim Bey*

Antidisestablishmentarianistically  
inclined as I am, nonetheless Experience  
swades me to confess that Religion  
established or disestablished or just dissed  
is a mighty pain in the bosom, with the tuchas  
waiting its turn. For Pain. Have done  
with flamens! Levant, ye aldermen of the soul!  
Domestic prelates of prayer, protonotaries  
of intolerable sermonry, Loudmouths begone!  
Wearers of moth-nibbled soutanes, caftans,  
glistening chasubles with orphreys obscene,  
birettas, shtreimls, crowns and funny hats!  
Leave me to my solitary spiritual soul,  
my animal *nefesh*, my breath divine inside,  
the gorgeous silences of the Outernet,  
my souilly spirit, my silly brain, my coupling  
and uncoupling of *todos* with *todas*,  
my secret addiction to everything, my green  
incalculable heart. I polytheize! I amortize  
death by experience, I anesthetize pain itself  
in the curious pleasures of mere apprehension.  
*Sapientia!* *Voluptas!* Wisdom is pleasure!

21 May 2008  
Sun in the Twins

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I am of that nationality that understands the rain.  
You not. You of the air breathers, you know best  
the silence underneath the wind, me not. On me  
a glisten of remembering drips down. I understand  
that we have been here always. There is no end.

22 May 2008



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The other kind. The doors  
that go up and down  
until you get there.

Both directions, must take both  
directions to get to the place  
you mean to be,

when you are down here  
they say it's up there,  
up there they say down here

but that's just talk.  
The place you mean  
is everywhere but here.

22 May 2008





play chess with my hair. Or is it yours.

23 May 2008

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But it was water. The moist and cold  
among elements.  
By the sense of it  
beseeching our commitment to  
the athanor of Lies.

Dissolve me.

We will master identity  
and shut it off. We will swim  
across the ocean of  
and still be here.

23 May 2008

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The alternatives are obvious.  
Sea drift. Fire escape,  
pushcarts on Blake Avenue  
in winter even. I climbed  
down the iron ladder of my dream,  
climbing into a bus is coming home  
to the unknown personage  
who rules the mind then.  
In adolescent haze, noon time glare  
between the legs. This  
is what a city's for. The interminable  
preoccupation. The provocation.  
Things to buy. The shortest words.

23 May 2008

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Marry every door.  
My coat of arms  
shows a window with no doors  
a tower with three roofs.

In the outwash plain a swamp  
and a stick stuck upright in it  
and someone sets fire to the stick:  
this is the image of the meek  
eternities of hunger and thirst.

No, never. Blue buildings  
all around craters. The skin  
bruised where thoughts had touched.

Then it was years away and in the woods  
staring in from the edge, afraid of course,  
to see what happens to the light by wood.

A discoloration, a stain on the hand,  
whose, shaped like an old god,  
Moghrebi princess on the verge of dance.

23 May 2008

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Is it the final trumpet or just the news,  
the race is over, I have studied Bach  
until I mastered the purpose of the fugue:

to flee from obsession into structures,  
to let lust loose inside geometry  
and fight its way out loud

until the Carolina wren sings its own song at twilight  
and there's a counterpoint to silence too,  
dark whispering to darkness in the dark.

23 May 2008



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Imaginary entities.  
Me, for starters.  
And you.  
Hippogriffs  
are way back in the line.

23 May 2008

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Everything crowds in.  
Makes real estate a sin.

Why can't we live in space  
without all the things I seem

to carry with me to say I am?

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Listen lightly if you have to hear at all.  
The bird is in your ribs already  
the afterimage of a dolphin leaping  
lingers in the dirty mosaic flooring—

wash your house. I am your father,  
I give you advice I carved from stone  
when I could, then as I grew old used wood,  
now words at last. Soft words.

Don't listen to me. The words are busy  
in you all night long, changing,  
getting washed, putting on new faces.  
They'll tell you when it's time to let them out.

24 May 2008