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All the things it does tell me to do

are you. I go to water
the house plants, each
one a targum of your quiddity.

Go, look them up, I don't care
to be clearer than things are,
they're what came to mind
to say, and you

you are the *genesis* of mind, at least mine,
and *exodus* or way out of mind at last
and book of purity, *priests* and *numbers*
I can count and numbers nobody can count
stretching before me *in the wilderness*.

You are my law.
How can you be so irritable
sometimes like a sore fingertip
stroking ancient marble
beauty hurts.

11 February 2007

WAS HEISST DENKEN

Every one of us a half-breed.
Cro-Magnon consequences.
Dumb humility of being proud.
The excitement of red hair.

Scîn is most of the story—
the sheen of skin.
How we look each other real.

How we smell. I smell red.
Everything else
is time's deceiving,
unweaving.

 When we get down to it
a man at the mouth of a cave,
his back to all that

stares out at us. Ogles you.
He thinks: my darkness
was a private thing
each one must carry with him,

this is art and beauty,
this is called thinking.

But was I wrong to love the dark so much?

11 February 2007

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I came there and it was here
and I was waiting
as usual for a word
but this time it was a wood

a million-branched misprint
trudging towards me up the hill.

This is what comes to you
for waiting, this is the sin
of patience stretched
across the visible, anything
can take advantage of you,
anything can come.

It could be a flower
growing in your heart could kill.

11 February 2007

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1.

But there are those who hate me.
Who. Have. Their reasons.
Things I didn't. Do.
The unthings hurt. More.
More than done things. Doing.

2.

Wait. Want. There are some.
And then there are some.

3.

The ones who. Give. Us what.
We never knew. Not how.
Well they bring it. But what
they bring. And from.
Where. *What yonder chill arising*
sang. The ones. Who listen.

11 February 2007

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Sometimes arrogant spindle of light
forms it. The cello unfolds. Until.
It stands solidly hollow before us,
sounding. Somehow inattentive
still the hands play. Her mind
on something else. Where.
And where is the music's mind?

11 February 2007

SPAGYRICS, 1

A song could be as short as wait for me.
Daisies once upon a time for instance.
This cheesy oracle never fails. Flowers
always tell. Somebody always love me
somewhere or else I fade away before
I know it tells me we both are wrong.

11 February 2007

SPAGYRICS, 2

What do I know (*kennen*)
in the way of flowers?
Not just know by name but
have some on my way.

11 11 07

GINASTERA: *Pampeana No.2*

A bent tower. Where.
A crooked
lover. The river
is old, but it's only.

A quince tree
shade. Who
broke the moon?
Who let
the wolf light in?

11 February 2007

WHY IS WHO TALKING?

Mass nouns: *an amazement of Americans.*

We are perhaps Nietzsche's last man – we blink.

We carry our astonishment around
and sell it to one another:
entertainment, celebrity, sport, catastrophes

where *les sinistrés* are momentary celebrities

12 11 07

LARGO

Xerxes by his sycamore
refuged more or better
than by any shade before.

It's like getting a letter
mailed 300 years ago
by a renowned castrato

you never knew
but who knew you
better almost than you know yourself.

12 February 2007

NIGHT TRAFFIC

The strange thing is a comedy
a sentence left out overnight

a sentence finding its way home
a dream is so homosexual

everyone is better than somebody else
not just himself

thinking needs material that is not thought
a window opens mainly on the wall

what we see is ready
you can't walk there you listen

you're listening too hard
hearing is automatic

hence it is the hardest for art
domain

the whole body has to take itself away from the perceiving
a song

say is the map of a body
whose?

are you listening as me?
if someone else heard this right now

which of us would be me?
don't you ever get tired of being defined by your feelings

by your desires?
Alone in your sleep you city.
"How small Soho was last night
the streets too narrow almost to walk through

asked my way to Bloomsbury and the hotel
but how far Brooklyn is from this Bronx at night by cab

that far I had to go”
that far he fell.

13 February 2007

HEARING FELIX DRAESEKE FOR THE FIRST TIME

but not nearly knowing how to listen
or who is listening.

I smell ink.
No, I think: "I smell ink."

There should be a special written mark for what we think
like: he thought ##that woman looks like a bronze falcon##

But I still think "I smell ink"
though I don't think I smell ink.

That is as true as one simple sentence can make it.
Subordinate clauses are so sexual.

Syntax is heterosexual.
Notwithstanding.

2.
Lord Bacon stepped from his carriage.
Soon everything was empty.

There I go again,
a country across the dream.

He drew out a map and marked on it
the place where it was found.

Where did you touch her?
With my fingertips, where else?

They alone knew the sense of that encounter.

3.
Could it be a man sending up smoke signals to himself?
There is desperation here not far,

could it be a reader carried away on a sleigh?
Will the snow close the last door?

Why questions all of a sudden?
Raft on frozen river.

Ducks fly over low,
they look like wine bottles with wings, hurrying to be filled.

Sometimes I think musicians never get to hear music at all.
They're listening to something else, poor things, while we hear music.

I mean ever.
Ever after.

Beautiful andante ending now.
Slow means significant, I know, I've been there,

climbed the winding staircase to the belfry.
Significant means: room for you and me.

Mango left once on a bench I can't forget
"would the women let me like them?"

"they are not here to be liked"
the orchestra is always awake

the islands are fewer than before.

4.
The islands are fewer than before,
the sea must have something to do with it.

A walker with his cliff,
the last day of sunshine for a while

yes but what are you trying to say about it?
the page is broken,

stilldead invalids recover glad.

But what is life about after you've come back?

Is it senses?

Phantom soul I thought I had was real.

Acceleration louder why?

Hear for oneself the habit.

Touch the weathercock and turn the wind.

Be folk, and lore me.

Minus me.

It's tomorrow already before even noon was.

Is time the same as fear?

Waiting a dizzy moment light.

That's not a sentence yet.

No copulation thrives there yet.

Stative verb *sh^t*

to exist unidentically with anything.

Paste a picture of the one you love inside the lost locket
you'll soon find it again.

It is already at the door.

You hear the smell of it,

it tastes too bright,

you are afraid of it all over your skin.

I opened my hand and the house fell away.

Old forest I lick your youngest leaf.

13 February 2007

OF HUMAN WILL

Busy making my mind
make my hands make this and that

and one face looking in at that.

At me, making, being made.

An innocent republic
from which the president has fled.

13 February 2006

for Charlotte, at Saint Valentine's 2007

Who could I be
if not for you?
Is there any road
left you haven't
showed me?

Sometimes
I think you don't know
how much you know
and how much you tell me
silently, with a smile
here or a frown there,
and the day doesn't
begin till you wake.

I'm not praising
(though I praise you)
I'm telling the truth
the truth is so long
it doesn't end so easy,
like a Mahler symphony
always something
more to be said,

to be silenced
and understood.
Sunset kinds of things,
and dawns, and the burr
of Russian violins

waking us both.
You music, lover.

13 February 2007

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What a shock
that I'm actually
living in this world
with people,
not all alone,
but with real people
with forests and ideas
yes but with people
with hair and thighs
and wants and mistakes
I share, what a shock
that I'm actually here.

Commentary needed here. Now. What it means to discover at a certain age that you have been here all along and are here now, one of the crowd. That you are with people and affect them. That they move with respect to you, not just you with respect to them. The shock of reciprocity. The shock of being known. And all the rest.

14 February 2007

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1.

you are such a and then when I actually pick the words up in my arms and run my hands down the spine of them or you to where they turn soft what then is the supposed to be shape blocked out in the almost dark something coming on stage you're not supposed to see maybe a cute stagehand in all black to be invisible the cutest thing on the stage and never to be seen ever just a twist of gorgeousness lost on the dark and you can feel it from every seat in the house and can't touch.

(14 11 07)