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No more short lines. The world does not have emphysema yet.
Let the straggle of thought meet the choke of urgency
and desire stretch out its longest arms
like emigrants finally come back home to their own shore
you've all seen the movie you know how it feels,
the balcony above you is filled with people you don't know
but who are real as you are but invisible, you feel
feel feel only the shuffling of their mystery feet, only
the raptures of the arriviers on the screen up front,
you almost smell the sea. But never do.

The sea is too far away from the shore.

As the moon is too far away from the sky.

9 February 2006

=====

Cogent arms reach try. Try.

Dried pineapple slice

like rubber chew.

Keep

a digital recording of that thought that thought.

Then burn the paper you imagined.

Drink the gleam of sun on the surface of the mysterious fluid,

the cool meniscus of it reaching to your lower lip.

But meniscus means little moon, you say,

how can it hold the whole sun in?

Don't worry, swallow. Some light

is easy. Some light has to be chewed.

9 February 2006

fondly thus

keeps repeating
G&S, not much,
a kiss, the kind
you might in public even
give a friend but on the lips,

not much but thus
and thus, repeating till
the music makes a song of it
you thought was just a kiss.

And those two words stay in mind,
why, what avowal,
longs for me now,
in what operetta has my heart
now lost my way,
car out of gas
and a girl at the pump,
sometimes I think my heart
is just a cheap commercial for the world,

and still the words stay in mind,
why, what is a mind

that it keeps such archives
as if they'd help me wake
or help me sleep tonight
almost unafraid?

10 February 2006

=====

Repertory obvious. A bunch of songs
no one ever heard before.

How will you know it's music then?
Because the lights go on and the piano
rolls like Pasternak in winter and
the nice lady's voice yelps and yet
you like it you like it. You like it.

10 February 2006

TLAS

On this island we're allowed
to do what we want. In fact
we are compelled to do it.

The only freedom from satiety we have
is when the other person's want
intersects our own and changes both.

All liberty comes from such defeat.

10 February 2006

The smell of vanilla makes a baby breathe.

That's what they meant by being born—
come into a room with a big sly smell,
a brown smell, a sweet smell,

come into a brown room and begin to breathe.

It takes so long to catch your breath,
there are always so many words to be said

but not yet. They breathe the smell in
of vanilla, from the Latin *vaginilla*
a little sheath, from its shape,

we are born from its shape. Speak
what you smell. We smell of words
but that comes later, I smell who you are

by the words you say. Sometimes you smell of books,
or birds, sometimes I smell of streets. The baby
breathes in and goes to sleep.

And goes on breathing. That means vanilla.

10 February 2006

=====

Who thinks about whom?

Moon. What does he think?

Sun. And she thinks back.

This thought they exchange,
and is called Light.

Light

is made of remembering.

11 February 2006

MATTER

I read a book and recommended it.
Did it lose some of its meaning for me
in me? I lectured on it for an hour,
wrote a review. Now there is hardly
anything left for me in it, maybe
a character's name, or the photo
of the author on the back cover
showing the way she used to look.

11 February 2006

=====

Sunlight urgency on wooden sill.

Stone candle, a four-chaliced amaryllis.

So bright. So why. The world.

11 February 2006

AORIST

I want to went for a walk.

How you say walk a dog in French.

I want to walk a self, a me
out into the sunshine so my me
can fossick in thick fallen leaves
before the next snow comes.

I want to walk off the snow
the way he'd walk off a cramp
if he had one. He doesn't
have a dog. I keep calling
my me he, but who knows
what if any gender a self has,
Just sex and yes and fallen leaves.
Now how do you say that in English?

11 February 2006

=====

Much to forgive the weather and.
Weather too a moral agent seems.

You would like me if I rhaps'd less,
oded less, hum. I'd like you
if you sat on my toecaps and dreamed
about old lovers while.

I can bend over I can attend
to the dismal little woods where desires go
to get lost, those pronouns of biology.

Heart automat. I like you
when you're whom. You me
when I am her or him. A policy
of indistinction rules.

Downhill

girls ok but not to jump they say.
The rules. Rules rapture – one day
all the rules will just be gone.

Then what I say can mean anything
even the truth. Till then
the truth's too good for me.

Whom

you too. You prise. Out of the rock

silence. A glint or a remark.

A cube or a cat. A stroke or a strickle.

And there is no such word.

12 February 2006

End of Notebook 284

And day of the Blizzard of '06—
23" in Central Park, but only 4" here.

a tuneless text for Charles Ives to set in eternity

In callous androgyny
this evening world
forgets to satisfy the yen
for The Next One

yet doesn't forgive it either
into a calm of not-wanting.
No, the miracle
is to go again beyond the Form.

(from an old notebook scrap)

12 February 2006

THE DEATH OF GOLIATH

Making sure of it
where it isn't. Wars of religion.
She is the heroine in the wrong one.
Love is theology enough, she thinks,
staring down at the soldiers.
She is right, but it is snowing
and nothing lasts. Ink in water.

Later she gives you milk you call it blood,
she calls you hers you call her mother.

Another act of it begins,
measure by dying.
Christ,
this is starfish stuff,
left over biology from high school,
Darwin didn't mean *you*.

So it's a play
after all, no time for work,
the time is coming down outside,
sky to branch, branch to snow
the time is raining
till there's no time left up there.

Spiceman, spiceman
do your duty,
here is beauty
stretched out across the tree
and all you do is read:
the play begins.

Astarte:

You come for the back of me
make do with the front.

Goliath:

I was slain by sleight of air
and looked away
when I should have
been there, *Dasein*
was the death of me,
untimely speculation.
Now that it is now again
I come to you uneasy
to stitch my head back on,
improve my nerves
and sinter my senses sound.

Astarte:

don't talk like that or so much.
Everything I heal I heal by touch.

Is the play over then,
action silenced by language itself?

A rhyme tells you only
that language is.

Try something new,
the arrogant cartoon
where each blade of grass
is carefully another.
Mindful work is Buddha's mirth.

Too many people
try to salt their soup
after they've eaten it.
This is fatal, the disease
is called Remember.

Be wise: begin any play again.

Astarte:

I have always been here

(but she doesn't say where)

always within reach.

*(but she doesn't say to whose hands,
or how we get hands,*

hands are harder to find than faces)

Reach is me itself.

There was and is
no reason for you to suffer.

All flesh is glass,
all glass opaque, cold,
unremembering.

Thank me for each touch,
every touch breaks skin,
sends my virus in,
makes sense.

Goliath:

I still hold my head – such a big
head, even I'm surprised –
in my hands I fold it, it's dripping
blood and stuff all over your meadow,
heal it, hurry,
the carpets of your endless house.

Astarte:

I know no hurry,
no worry,
I am the sound of things
happening, music
is only the middle of me.

I am the touch
built into the air—
if that can't heal you, Harry,
you're better off dead.

Goliath:

You keep defining yourself
while I stand bleeding
how much longer can these lips of mine
bloodless now and bodiless
go on speaking? Stop telling me
about yourself, talk about me,
my needs are chronic,
this thing the world did to me
is astonishing, can't you see me,
my hands are holding my face
up to your face, my eyes
are trying to see myself in your eyes,
it is a terrible thing to come before the god
and find the god not good,
caress me. Was I so wrong
that no one will take hold of me?

Poor Goliath. Why are my sympathies always for the villain? For the dirty little
coward that shot Mister Howard, for Judas and Goliath, for Nebuchadnezzar on

his knees, I get down beside him and browse with the buster, I chew grass and share my cud with him, mouth to mouth imagination, and share with you, we live for each other, beast and man.

Was I so wrong? Was I the winter-bearer, and still feel bad for those who I laid low? Was I the little boy David, too much loved, managed to mangle with a trick stone, a flick of the mind or a snap of luck, a quick revenge against the grown-up world? For Goliath surely was nothing but a full-grown man, full of business and father of many – how could he not be brought low by the stone I offered him so quick, the precious jewel of my childish resentment against the grown-up world, the adulterated, of those vile values, drowsing their lives out on the other side of matter.

Whereas I am material man, Malkuth, the Kingdom, in love with flesh and wood and tar and tin, I make my mirrors from it to show my sin.

12 February 2006

(16 February 2006)