

2-2004

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1.

Always cold but love the snow but who.  
Set up a system to patrol be sure  
every precinct of her means with her meaning  
so she controls the awkward weather of herself  
and never finds it speaking out some truth  
amazement strikes from her flint by accident  
truth shows so clearly in the total dark

2.

But I don't want to talk about that.  
I have an arrogant answer to all your questions:  
you should from the beginning have stayed with me.  
You knew it somewhere too, a dark telegram  
from an old-fashioned country you've looked for  
ever since, language after language, all those books  
when all the while your dirt is here, is me,  
waiting to feed you till you grow huge.  
You too have roots. You were meant  
for this design, but meaning also  
is a thing that changes and forgets.

3.

I'm the one who could be  
your mother and your father  
or the rat hurrying across the floor,  
wolf kisses, desperate theologies,  
avalanches of energies you  
could for a long time confuse with yourself.

4.

Why am I talking about that?  
The man who means these things  
is not the man I mean to be.  
We sever from each other before we meet.

5.

Isn't this the Persian way  
a grief that turns into god  
and worship absence  
because you taste the shadow  
of it everywhere,  
breath, breast of the oldest stone?

6.

Where is the one I thought I meant,  
the she embedded in the shade?  
The sun is a mirror of her light  
and shines alone when she is waking.  
But sometimes how long she sleeps?  
And sometimes not long enough,  
then a man like me is scorched with all her thinking.

1 February 2004

## ΦΟΜΕΗΚΟ

If we dissolve the gel of *time*  
*imagined* that holds these years together  
our sense of them at boast  
would shun coherence. Ah.  
Incoherent we would be infancy  
and free. To start again  
with actual now.

Jihad means “die before you die.”

2 February 2004

## **CANDLEMAS**

Too many suns for  
one small sky  
how can you fit  
so many words on one  
page listening east?

2 February 2004

=====

She knows things  
she keeps them  
hidden in her skin  
the thin  
layer of fat  
stores information  
that gives shape

2  
look at the body  
and remember

but inside your own  
be quiet in

3  
oracle  
in your bones  
the future says

the world your feeling.

2 February 2004

## **FERRY TO NOWHERE**

I should have known the difference  
nutmeg scattered on oatmeal  
the morning headache  
sunburst and wordless visions.

When there is too much  
there is suicide, the inefficient  
remedy. And after than  
the whole thing again but worse.

So that. It is required  
to discover a perpendicular  
to time, brighter than sleep,  
quicker than rush,  
calmer than coma.

Is it language?

Is it the memory of your mouth  
trying to find words in mine?

Is it animal, that word  
without a sentence?

Or with only one? No,  
it is the gravel of each step,  
the feel beneath your feet.

2 February 2004

=====  
There is no natural word for woman.  
Language is too restless to inscribe.  
Describe. Rustless. Poltergeist  
'tumult spirit.' Hegel-headed monster  
unsettling empery. Mere girl.  
Ta mère. Your gullet  
imaginaire. We are eaten  
finally by the mouth we kiss,  
cannibal language, afterlife  
of the afterlife. One touch of you  
usually lasts two or three days.  
But my whole life is an emergency  
and sometimes I need you suddenly  
my arm around your northern hips  
you stand beside me like a dentist  
intimately related with my pain  
but not feeling it. How could you  
find room for it in all your own?

2 February 2004



=====  
Is there any room for air?  
Spinning a yo-yo  
from the Philippines you say  
they call 'sleeping'  
at the limit of its line.  
Tagalog word. Ecstasy  
is never far. The *other*  
boundary though is hard.  
The stand inside. The mind.

2 February 2004

=====

By the time you smell it  
it's burnt. By the door  
a shadow falls, it moves

you call it a cat, a dog  
but it is none of these.  
It is a shadow on its own.

2 February 2004

=====

Be warn of  
off phone  
come if  
no then

nobody knows  
which sid eon  
or could  
the lightning

bolts be Z's  
yellow flash  
a hand holds  
in the old ad

actually talk?  
What would  
phones say  
nobody there?

Who there  
chattering  
in empty rooms  
some bones?

3 February 2004

=====

1.

The day unanswers  
not just the night  
quiet mostly waters on the Po  
won't you try at least remember  
*thoughtful scar of lucent telling:*  
this was a word  
me listening

2.

the houseplant dreams about the far-off moon  
which in its mind lives across the ocean  
where blue children play games with string  
  
now we are close enough to kiss  
your breathing rough all night, a cold  
passed down from book to book since Adam sneezed.

3 February 2004

**PORTUGUESE INDOLENCE** it said

but what do I know

there may be life left

yet in the peninsula

awkward Roman conversations

notwithstanding, a green

lizard on some marble steps,

that's all. That's what you mean?

And sun shining while a little rain

investigates your scalp,

makes you feel like Caesar?

Why are there cities anyhow?

4 February 2004

=====

(as long as you're sad lonely sorry  
for yourself and others  
you'll never lack for admirers  
worse off than yourself  
people who admire lepers  
people who dream of being paralyzed  
people hungering for catastrophe.  
readers of the world)

I'm so alone I don't know what you mean.

4 February 2004

=====

So many animals  
have crossed this snow  
I read their history  
tracks left like stars  
light-years of the fox.

4 February 2004

*Parvulum*

Sometimes something so small  
makes all the sense  
and I wonder will  
anyone ever get close enough to see?

Benjamin studying the *Shema*  
*Yisroel* someone had  
inscribed upon two grains of wheat.

4 February 2004



=====

by your bedside  
wishing you better

when we're well  
beds have no  
sides but in

4 February 2004

## THE TWO OF US

As if we could have children by it  
a tall afternoon

                  where one of us  
played you and one played me  
but there were so many roles left over

or do I mean there were so many of us  
left with no roles to play, how many  
of the two of us

                  left silent when the me  
who faced you is the smallest part of me

big as the event is when we focus around it  
and who were you?

                  So much is left out.

So much I don't ever get to know  
and that ignorance sort of slays me

if I never get to know you as you are  
alone,

                  when I can't taste the orange  
in your mouth, or feel your hands  
inside the supple goatskin gloves

you wear all winter, how will I ever get to know  
which one of us is me in all this knowing,  
how will I be able to endure  
my private knowledge of myself

and not share it all with you, all,  
before the vagrant populations in is  
lose interest in our limitations  
and go out from us when  
the lamps are being lit?

5 February 2004

## ADRIATIC

This spine  
is a message  
for you  
the fond body  
of brittle telling

but every morning  
must begin again  
aromatic and  
emmenagogue

lest one thing lead  
ever to another  
the blow of a flower  
sad recalling  
of a brittle sea  
where nameless  
colors crash  
dark under waves

such silences  
to hurt you so  
when one  
person swallows  
another's shadow  
it is called  
sunrise on peninsula  
and the white  
city goes on sleeping,

let down your  
lifeboats my body  
crashes into  
yours at last  
we are passengers  
passengers staring  
hard at the snows  
of Italy o sea  
what have you  
gone and done?

5 February 2004