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julE2004

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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πυροτεχνικά

midnight fireworks

the river sees

the foxes cower

behind the summerhouse

even the owls

pause in their investigations

the flashes work like strobes

flash behind the skeleton

of the almost dead locust tree

that catches lightning

on the common

the bones of the trees

hurt against the sudden sky.

17 July 2004

=====

In a leaf

or on a chip

of air

suspended

the couple

coupling

who make us be

blue sky animals

conceiving us.

(dreamt as such about 6am)

18 July 2004

=====
What you need is
a gold hem
fluttered up and
a long slow word
spoken all around you—
I will give you this
the morning said.

18 July 2004

TO ΩN

All the necessary connections have been made.

The wind is slow.

I don't know what to think about

and I don't have time to wait.

I don't have time to want.

Influence of the alphabet.

Write about anything but thinking is hard.

More words, more withdrawals.

More words more windows.

Is that the *Mehr Licht!* I'll call for on my deathbed,

more words for me to say them?

No time to think. Must say now.

Tò Ων is a neuter word, that tells us plenty.

How that neuter, being divided, distributed, emanated,

fractioned off, generates or becomes or animates beings—

sentients who have some never clear relationship with Being.

But all these reflections are, like mirrors, strictly but

perversely tautological.

A being is something that has some part of Being.

But being (Tò Ων) *isn't*.

There is no one there to exist.

To do the existing.

The difference between existence and existence-as-such.

Vital Tibetan sagacity: of entities

One doesn't speak of being or existence

(as, Does x exist?) but rather, is the entity

(that is, really, the referent in this discourse),

is the referent established as such?

To be established (all the variants of the verb *grub*)

established as such in discourse – that is as much as sanity

permits by way of ontological certainty.

Do more words want me to say them

than I want to say?

Is fiction ultimately (however mundane its concerns)

ultimately more mystical, cosmological, more *generous* than poetry

because it (almost by definition) creates and

brings new Persons into the world?

Poetry is so caught up in the music of what is here.

Why are religious people seldom generous?

Does it have to do with anxiety about ontology,
about the existence of cosmic celebrities?

Religious faith should be immensely generous,
open every door, explore every instinct, trust
god's presence in the palpable.

Is Shakespeare our greatest poet because he made so many
masks to music through?

Gave us *new persons* who endure after the music's echo fades.

Milton (except in *Comus*, his greatest poem)

gave us only persons we already knew—

even if he put scarlet and sinople magnificence in their discourse.

We remember Falstaff, not his 'real' Prince.

And Lear is realer than Caesar,

line by line and hope by hope.

The story giveth and the music dwelleth.

These two are our weapons against hitman Time.

None of me amounts to much.

Curtain of a sailor pulled
Quick to shut out the sea.

Let my people in!

Sometimes it works.

Sometimes it stands
like Lincoln in the Capitol
wondering what his hand
will think of next.

Midnight, marble hush,
everybody worrying about terrorists,
the terrorists themselves
at home playing video games.

Lincoln stands, a man stands
on the street corner, at
any moment you have a choice,
“oh God,” he cries, “so many

choices you give me that I have none,
feast is famine, which way to turn.”

The streetlights calmly change from red to green
but nothing goes. There is an amber
in his heart than holds him back.

Caution. Dawn cancels darkness,
dusk cancels day. Nothing lasts
except indecision. You’ll never know
if what you chose was right.

We are statues, he thinks, or else
we are chessmen, kings or pawns,
doesn’t matter, the only way we move
is when someone moves us.

That woman carved Lincoln in the Capitol
to look like a man letting go of an idea
unsure of what could come of it.

Nada. No coming, no going. A man stands.
Tibetans call living beings dro-wa, ‘goers’ –
we call men those who stand still
and let the world hurry by.

When you stand still long enough

everybody knows your name.

This is what some call Love

or alchemists call Burning the material to fine ash.

I am in the way of things, I think,

me with my voice always

ready to sing.

Robert, an opera in 90 years.

Or Robert the Devil, by Meyerbeer,

I read about when I was six

and finally heard last week.

Plenty of time for morning,

Plenty of time to be confused with no time at all.

18 July 2004

=====

But certainty is a word I like to say—
why do I like its vowel cores its nasal its three almost
equally placed syllables, trimacer.
do I actually like what it means?

It means be sure this is my hand holding you now.
It means the grass is greener in rain,
it means the horse and carriage, bonfire at Halloween,
the corpse in repose at the cemetery chapel
waiting for the music. It means I am pompous
as a maple tree and full of Spain.

18 July 2004

ARROGANCE

<late:>

As if an arrogance understood me
like a zeppelin over a stadium
observing what is less interesting than itself,
a silver simplicity in the sky
to which everything below is a contrast.
messy aboriginal and dark.

A thing in the sky is a stranger,
like the Moon, our resident alien,
pearl or crystal, chalice of seed,
chalice of steel, chalice of ash,
shadow of somewhere else.

Takes care of us. Arrogant as (also) the sun.

18 July 2004

EVIDENCE

When your godson is old enough to steal from you
you know you're a man.

When the sevens have mustaches you know you're in France.

When the clouds come down the mountain
you know heaven is at hand.

It always is.

These things around you

Moses's broken stones.

19 July 2004

=====

O to be able to reconstruct
the first law! Was it
more Chesed or more Gevurah?
Read the stones around my feet and see.

19 July 2004

EAVESDROPPER

Those leaves are always calling
and sometimes I listen,
confuse myself with the beloved
I hear them always talking to

and for a little breeze of time
I think I'm the one they mean.
Then I grow ashamed of overhearing
and close my ears with usual thinking.

19 July 2004

VOIX D'ENFANTS

over there. Over
the fence and over the garden
in the other
garden

the children
talk, calm yelping
like little birds
beasts

bearers of tidings
I almost remember.
At daybreak
everybody is the same age

spilled rudely out of dream
here, just here
and needing to tell.

By now

they are too far away to hear,
too young for me to understand.

19 July 2004

=====
It keeps coming back to me.

That's why we need theology

to explain who this *me* is

to which it all returns.

I turn out to be the door

through which a great one

chooses to come in

or that you can open

to go there, to that one,

leaving me where I think I am.

When you get there

send me word

of where you are

and what is said there

among the others

so that I too can overheard

the reason for me
being where I am
with nothing to remember
but to open at your touch.

19 July 2004

=====
Your ideas get in your way
your taste gets in your way
your appetites and preferences
likes and dislikes attitudes and sentiments
all get in your way.

And your love gets in your way
and your hope gets in your way
so what are you going to do?

You can't get rid of everything,
even your face gets in your way.

What will you do?

Jump over your shadow
and see over the wall,
let him help you see,
a shadow is a man without a face.

19 July 2004