

11-2004

**novJ2004**

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What other house I have  
is waiting, I mean I live in it  
also, as a Jew lives in Jerusalem  
next year inside this year  
the never-forever of the nonstop  
thing inside they call the heart.  
We know as long as it does  
and no more. Therefore the heart  
was called The Knower, and love  
was called the Knower of the Heart  
and the system made sense.

(But a system has no heart.  
I said to the girl whose body  
I was borrowing how long  
will I need it to experience  
the full of what she feels  
she smiled *ten minutes*,  
how quick she was at her  
work of being, how eager.  
She has the same to know me.)

(The faintly sinister club  
of Body Borrowers,  
the secret of how to do it  
I learned in sleep,  
borrow and be bad  
in the body of another,  
like kids alone in a museum,  
what doings, what done.)

(And do not think this body  
you know me in and by  
is not borrowed also,  
it is borrowed and I will  
give it back but not to you  
to whom other gifts  
of chemistry are due  
and come to shine  
among you in their hour.)

(I mean: Be a borrower.  
Treat the body of the other  
as your own.  
This is the esoteric  
golden rule: Inhabit  
the body of the beloved  
until it is yours.  
God so loved the world  
that he became it.  
Can we do less,  
fluid into fluid poured,  
the juices shared?)

(The doctor said  
about some food 'I wouldn't  
put that stuff into my body'  
and who was he  
I wondered, or where,  
standing outside his body  
and deciding what  
to shove through the bars  
for his body to eat,  
over there, apart from him,  
some Moloch  
needing to be gratified.)

So we are not impostors  
we are borrowers  
we stand apart  
from what we guess our own.

And only the body  
of the beloved  
lures us to come in—  
because technically  
we are nowhere,  
waiting, in some  
library for the body  
book we mean  
to be brought down  
to us from high-tech  
heaven where angels  
come to find their men.

28 November 2004

=====

In the night I dreamed:

*rocks teach me to dream.*

28/29 XI 04

## **SOLITAIRE**

The cards looked hopeless  
then interesting then possible  
then I lost. Never  
think you play this game alone.

## **ALONE**

It is not there anymore.  
Not since you started to listen.

You travel dream by dream  
into and out of the stone  
seeking solitude.

But every rock  
is a cathedral  
thronged with choristers  
with Japanese tourists  
ladies with rosaries  
who look at you  
gradually recalling  
who you are.

## **WHO YOU ARE**

is a permanent invitation  
to abuse  
the distances between  
one person and another

*close, close  
as if your body  
got there before you did*

and there were pictures on your skin  
of every sin

## **SIN**

is lovely, it sings  
now and tomorrow  
never stops raining  
shining remembering  
sin is remembering

## **REMEMBERING**

a dream is the best  
kind of remember,  
every detail  
grows stronger,

every word spoken  
becomes a real word  
full of meaning  
now and always  
not like all this  
pass the butter  
a morning's full of.

There you were talking,  
then you spoke names.

## **NAMES**

are holy as sin is,  
crying out loud,

or when I touched you  
the little gasp of pleasure

that slipped out so easy  
must have been my name

and since then  
I have no other.



## **OTHER**

than night  
you have no dream.

This sunlight  
loves you too  
for its own agenda.

When the dreams  
all intermesh  
they call it waking.  
You can't tell  
you from me,  
this house  
from that city,

you are walking  
as fast as driving,  
effortless the street  
carries you  
to the moment

endures the harsh  
infidelity called waking.

## WAKING

in another city  
is another city.  
The sun is brighter  
than it is,  
water boils fast  
and the vagrant wind  
has grasslands  
on it. I seem  
to be alone.

29 November 2004

*(Written after the dream of the woman of images in Paris)*

## **THE REVELATION**

These blues and blacks and roses  
you see as bruises

look close and see the discrete  
images they are

the original Tarots stored on her skin.

29 November 2004  
The Dream

## THE METAMBESEN REVELATION

Old ink I wait, I write I stand beneath

easy longitude close closer then the hiss  
of the bus's brakes applying slow.

Then the door opening then one person  
after another person descending—

a whole world of ings always going on  
the beautiful specifics that add up to God  
for those who endure that word,

the word

is always with us, good-bye, always,  
something always going on, surprise,  
the ings and all their inglings come to England  
and we are born speaking English,

these are the easy latitudes where no God  
smites us with the jawbone of the sky  
thunder and hail, Hegel, nowhere close,

Nagel, 'a nail' a nail hammered from the sky  
for eighty years with such pinpoint accuracy  
that when it strikes earth only one man is slain,

only one woman, and Job said *Hast thou  
made of me thy target, thy mark?*

Look down at the ocean, do you think  
Leviathan (the continent of Australia)  
will rise up even to my hook?

No one,

no one, no one. The cello answers  
all the other instruments with a word

none of the others knows how to say.

And Behemoth (the wheat fields of Russia,  
the cattle grazing lands of Central Asia  
my tears will irrigate) I have set aside  
for you and all the righteous to consume  
when the blue heron flies up from  
this little pond and time is done.

29 November 2004

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And I am given  
everything and everyone  
by asking in his name.

29 November 2004

*(that dream still: for one I wrote the name of Norlha, for the other  
Kalu)*

## CHECK OUT

The mastery of it, though,  
the sure-handed vacancy  
with which she stares  
right through me  
annihilating me and all like me

makes me a phantom,  
a Xerox of a man,  
a blueprint of a vast cathedral  
–Petersburg, red brick, Precious Blood–  
footprint of the sky.

And all I saw was her,  
her pale pure eyes  
uninvolved with seeing.

29 November 2004

## DOMESTICA

Creaking – of a house’s wood, a heat pipe stirs  
because solid is only seeming, in fact it’s all moving  
and we so slow – but comfort is just there – that some stand still.

Or is it our speed, onward toward a resting place  
that’s wormholed with oblivions – but all the rest  
chatters as this cedar does, feeling the enduring heat?

Don’t ask so many questions, miracle, you dream  
one night of bliss beginnings one night of legal stuff  
choose the alternative to evidence and sleep again –

for they were looking at my life with bank accounts and files  
and photos of half-breed ladies they said I  
“kept secluded in France” – they knew every penny I thought

and how my unacknowledged but well-cared for  
daughter smiled in kodak after kodak till I died –  
when I was not there to collect her laughter

the archive stopped. And none of this less real, more real  
than this morning light exploring the strong  
veins of my hands. Whipcord. Say I’m sorry. Live forever.

30 November 2004



=====

How long – or is it how much – do you have to survive  
before you become a survivor?

How many swastikas, how many atrocities you do to yourself  
before you suppose yourself  
safe on the other side of some difference?

When is it safe to be now?

30 November 2004

## **OPENING THE DOOR**

She opened the door. He was waiting on the inside. He was waiting as if he had been about to open the door if she had not done so. There is merit in being first. She was first. She looked at him with the semi-smile of someone who knows herself to be first. Her eyes expressed the kind of startled satisfaction we might expect to see in someone who has just won a contest in which she had not known she was engaged.

She opened the door. He was standing there. She held the door open behind her, by its handle, as if offering him the right to pass through it on the way to his own concerns. Duties, pleasures, remorse. He seemed to be leaving the room. Maybe he was on his way to church, or to his lover, or to take a late afternoon nap while the light sauntered out of the sky on its way home to the night.

She opened the door and thought: light lives in the dark. Things sleep in one another. Are you going out, she wondered, and the question made her look away from his face, to see this room he was perhaps leaving. His face had been blank anyhow, nothing to see, nothing to tell. He moved towards her, she moved quickly into the room.

The door was closing behind her now, and she let it. He reached out his hand and pressed the flat of his palm on the blank surface of the wood, and held. The door did not close. She moved away from the doorway and into the innocent room. He did not follow her with his eyes.

She sat down and looked up at him in the doorway still, across the room. Why was he standing there? Perhaps through the crack of the still partly opened door he could see someone coming for whom he was courteously disposed to open the door at his or her arrival. Perhaps though he was waiting for another reason. Perhaps he had forgotten something before leaving the room. Maybe it was something to do with her, something her entry had brought to mind. Something he still had to do.

30 November 2004

*[Ten minute story exercise from Lit 121]*

## **BOGATYR**

The heron in the lagoon  
waits for the train to pass,  
northbound on the trestle  
full of desire on its way  
to the capital under blue skies.

Russia, remember Russia.  
The people want heaven on earth  
and later earth in heaven.  
The warrior's blood  
becomes a river – everything  
rushes to board

the body of his bones.  
The ship finds its way  
right through the sea  
to the other water,  
the uneasy shore beyond the shore,  
gull-free moon-besotted sea.

30 November 2004