

12-2004

decl2004

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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The riches of remembering who she is
when she was someone else

and her city was close as a grape
in the lips of a man eating grapes
and she was not so afraid.

But then fear came and impoverished her situation,
And when a person is afraid
the other is too, or the others are,
and before we knew it we were done,

running as if from winter
but winter is always waiting.
Why are you so afraid?

30 December 2004

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So many blue jays.
And one red woodpecker.
And snow.
America might be real after all.

30 XII 04

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What have I done?
I made the future happen
before the past was done.

It is next week's newspaper
already in print
rustling in the dry hands of

old men on their way to the track,
o buses full of old men
the sad triumphant habits

that get him through all those years
still convinced he's himself
whereas he's nobody.

Any horse at Belmont could tell him that.

30 December 2004

U

Aurochs, ur-ox, Ur, the first
particular, wedge,

wedge of city
sharp into the elbow of sleeping time,

phallus, probe.

Intimate history – we live a planet of insertions.
Ur, the ox.

First came the herd, though, group-cattle,
f and then the ox stands out of the herd

Nietzsche: Birth of Tragedy out of the Spirit of Music.
The soloist. Ur.
The urmensch
firstman
stands
out of the chorus
and is the god.

The firstling
(but Nietzsche will write about
the last man, the last man blinks)
does not blink

for all the splendor
he sees it clear
brave,
 he looks about him,
and becomes the one of whom the song told,
he is the one that every music prophesies,

Dionysus, Digenes,
the twice-born,

once from earth and once from woman
once from sky and once from the herd

into the particular. Me.

Me is the god. The horns on his head.

The horns of the bull stretch out over the Middle Sea,
over Bosphorus – Ox Ford –
over Texas and Kansas, who,

who is this horned fellow,
two legs then four legs, who
is Cernunnos under Notre-Dame,
Quasimodo hornless on the tower,

the horn loves you,

the penetrant, the love, the digger of caves,
the burrower
that love is,

horn gore, the groaning matador bleeds into his shadow.

From the soaked shadow in the sand
the bull stands up. Apis.
The market surges, the bull has so many wives.
The male has his fe-male, his feoh, his cattle, his money.

A wife is money,
blonde cows and brown eyed heifers,

I love Leah,

Ur. Because the bull came before the ram
there are no sheep north of the mountains,

just wolves and vampires, blazing Christmas trees
with nothing but red lights,
horned Santa Clauses with their dusky sidekicks
Black Peters edging through the crowd

they too came from the sea
from the unimaginable homeland

that east from which the north began,
the oxen of Amsterdam
shambling up the frozen Prince's Canal

we eat our god.

30 December 2004

T

a prick on a stick

a *thorn*

a simple thorn on a stem

rose stem
such as the thorn
on Rilke's rose
that pricked his lip
poisoning him
—or letting
all the resident
poisons of the air
pour in,

all the thoughts
gone straying in the world,
a poet has no need of thoughts,
they wound or slay him,
all he needs is to be thinking,

all he needs is thinking,
making a poem is called thinking,

summer thunder
that the lovers hear
hiding in the boat house
to be with each other
far from nosy parties,
far from roses,

the thorn that killed Scriabin too,
two musics on one rose slain,

thorn, no wonder, it's the spear of Thor,
the war of flowers against men,

the rage of nature against mind.

Revenge. The rose is revenge.

Thunder in autumn.
Think thunder.

To think of someone
is to love at them
from and with the *far mind*
where we really live.

The far mind is Thor. Loving is thinking.

30 December 2004

a

A, as, open. Open.
God is an open mouth,
the gods. All the gods.
All the openings.
Æsir. As, a god.

Ace, ace of mouths,
speaking.

(You opened your coat
and tucked beneath your left breast
was a playing card,
blue bicycle back.
You moved your body, shoulders, arms
in such a way I knew
I was meant to pick this card,
interpret it.

I took it
and held it to my face.
The ace of mouths.
And the mouth on the card
was your mouth.
And the mouth began to speak,

close as a kiss, speaking
into my mouth.)

The compass does not point east.
That is the usual mistake we make,
that is the terror of our situation,
the glory. **a** the arrow
points north, north
is where the East comes from,
where our where comes from,

our is is there, our why and when.
Go north, women,
you are the star that will bring the only light

and such reflections
diamond-blue
are better than babies,

no babies in the north, sparks
will be your children.

The mouth is open.

This is the aleph moment
the glottis constricting
opening to say a word.

In our alphabet the A comes third. Our god is triplex, and casts its form on the god of the Hebrews– so we taught the Christians to call the Sacred Unity the Blessed Trinity. First came the power of god, its wealth in cattle, its capacity to be. Then came its ox who wandered in from the mountains and gored somebody, and from somebody's blood the world began. God opened its mouth then, the glottis constricting, releasing breath into the creative word. (This is where the Hebrews started counting, at our second letter, our vowel U, you, thou, thee, my love.) And then the A sound itself came, and we named that God, the A-sayer, Asir, three down from the top and close enough to what-would-be-us for

the creating stuff to happen, and happen to us. That night we got made. And we supposed we were begotten or beGodded, but be that as it may, we were. A is the sign of our consent. That is why we don't begin our Futhark with A, we withhold our consent, we take our beginning not in begotten but in the divine getting, in interaction. Existence is exchange. We start with our fee, we pay and are paid, the exchange begins, begins us. The interdependency – what we mean by beginning everything with a herd of cattle aimlessly mooing about on a meadow before dawn. The exchanges begin.

30-31 December 2004

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Waiting for the absolute
a child, a child is not it
though a photograph
(of sunflowers, almost autumn)
comes close.

Or a red brick half sunk in grass,
everything complete,
Mohenjo-Daro and Nineveh
and Nash's Crescent all intact

(everything but a sunflower,
its proud Fibonacci array
seed wheel, *Rota Tarot Torah*
spinning. The absolute
also is waiting.

Dream for it. Walk
under it, Venice soaking,
Twenty-nine Palms drought.
Be a book – that's a good bet,
a lot of us tried that.
(The only absolute is sleep.)

30 December 2004

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A green Buddha in Nagasaki
eighteen meters tall
to honor those who worked
as fishermen and died at sea

and also the donor's mother—
all mothers are fishermen,
all mothers are lost at sea.
We flounder after,

trying to make sense
of all they gave and all we lost.
Even a statue is too short to say this.

31 December 2004

=====

diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt

spill the taste of living
that's what they ask
when on New Years Eve
the ball goes down upon them

that they should make rise
instead, until it firms
a point of light alone
in sky so far away

it draws us with it
to ascend into the powers
of absolute desire
whose sudden kiss

unseals the broken world.

31 December 2004

=====

Asking for the necessities
is father. Asking
is mother. A blue
bird on a green feeder

How little we know.
Samothrace as its cult
of mysterious Καβειροι.
Who am I

now? Someone in love
with fifty years from now
when we'll be together
halfway to Alpha again.

31 December 2004

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If I had said everything twice
it would have taken half as long.

Don't you think the wind is always waiting?
What *is* a stone cup, or the blue measure?

The fairy tale never explained that,
or what happened to her lap

when the girl who milked the cows stood up
and laughed at me and ran out of the barn.

Everything is hidden when we move,
safe and hidden like the Grail in the sky—

every bird knows that, we just have to listen,
keep moving, listen, move. The holy Well

thou seekest is the stone cup itself. Its water
is the wind, drink it from your hand.

When she stands up her lap is all round you.
The blue measure means you'll never get out.

Love with all its listening holds you to this place.

31 December 2004