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raudulent Friends  
fix my goal. You never  
and I didn't either.  
F But each of us knows  
really, really. And wouldn't  
if we could. But we care.  
I will help you only  
if it doesn't make you  
happier than me. We help  
to keep a measure of control,  
I feel good about myself  
when I see you come to grief  
a little, no big catastrophe,  
just having troubles I don't have,  
yeasts or evil bones or friends  
even worse than me.  
You are my little pocket  
mirror that doesn't fit my shirt,  
sometimes you don't answer  
your phone either, what are you  
then, who are you with  
and what are you doing  
and how dare they be  
more interesting than me.  
Than me is how you are,  
you and your contraband  
pleasures, your tragic  
phonecalls I adore.

23 January 2003

ard handshake  
a day gives  
H you must believe everything I say  
not because I know  
but because I'm all you have  
unless you count the fox outside  
huddled in her den it's so cold  
but it doesn't help to count on foxes  
you surround the visible  
with meaningful desires  
*snatch change from pleasure:*  
that's my calculus all day long  
sunrise like a bullet  
to be on the seacoast and have so sea  
mingling gulls with lesser girls  
like a cliché all blue and yellow  
of a boardwalk in a shoebox  
everybody has a world  
isn't that probably the whole trouble  
lost connections violate the surf  
it's starting to look like Florida  
mouse in the pantry  
we dream each other's absences  
the keys of Méxique  
and the cold is the only language.

24 January 2003

## MEANINGS

Code Black ~ hurricane earthquake tornado

Code White ~ employee or customer is hurt

Code Adam ~ a child is lost

Code Red ~ we're on fire

Code Brown ~ someone is shooting

but up in the hospital the word

Code alone means death.

24 January 2003

Kingston

## THE SHAMAN

The shaman sitting in his cave  
grows old but not like other men  
you don't get older sitting still  
or flying up the hallways of the heart

that's what he knows  
he knows that talk  
will send you down the sluice  
but words will feed you

the problem slices him in half  
every day so every day  
he is more a woman more a man  
he listens without speaking

he answers by sitting there  
and letting the shadows talk  
that's when the eagle  
happens to a house

behold that darkness  
flapping at the cave mouth  
sortie of images  
come to torture him

too much sensuous recall  
who is a shaman?  
one who goes  
inside to find the way home

across the surly stars  
one who fords the beautiful  
river that isn't there  
he's always in some town

the canteen is full of noise  
he sits there taking down  
the miraculous dictation  
from the lips of silence

hang around and you will hear  
all the things he knows  
but how will you get inside  
his skin, how will you be sure?

24 January 2003

## **CHILDHOOD**

Things that go on in the cellar  
are curious machines your mother fears  
and your father can't fix.  
It is like all the rest of your life,  
you have to do it or  
they will come out and look at you again.  
The eyes under women's skirts  
the hand big boys hide in their pants  
thank god for clothing but nothing fits.

24 January 2003



## APPROACHING ALPHABET

Abut	Emerge	Intimate	Mission
Buttress	Force	Jar	Near
Come	Gain	Know	Overtake
Depend	Home	Land	Push

Quest	Unite	Yearn
Reach	Verge	Zone
Settle	Want	
Touch	X	

There are alphabets for all desires, grasps, weapons, tools you use, people who use you, reflections, moods, minds, chreodes, duresses, blisses, bodes and banes.

And every word is a verb and also a noun

How many moments are there in the world?

The God who died and left a book behind

And then the great God who left language behind.

shadow of her passing,

*achorei* = human language, the shadow of her, the ghost of God.

Language is never one

is always two

you and me

against the dark

And then there is the phrase you've always heard and never known,  
the Holy Ghost

They saw or thought they saw  
rams and Dākiṇis and angel men  
in bushes that seemed to be on fire

they saw or thought they saw  
fingers out of heaven scratch a king's wall  
and crimson drunkenness flush through pure water

but what they had was language ever after  
that held their madness in a lucid place

All language is prophecy

All the letters of it  
resolve your doubt

pronounce them one by one  
one by one fitting them together

everything is there  
everything believes you

listen

read until the light goes out.

When language stops  
you are no one

you know.

25 January 2003

## A DREAM OF LOGIC

Catch a glint of it  
marvel  
at the wood's corner

the music warms up  
the polished sky

How can a horse run faster than a horse?  
Next I will demonstrate horses run no faster than stones.

Then you'll love me at last.

25 January 2003

## THE POINT OF TIME

It's not a day that broke the world  
but this small peach  
what I remember of it  
from a lewd summer  
has another shape  
her gown in *Gilda*  
defined something at the pump  
it seems it was always waiting to go  
it seems it is never tomorrow  
deiknumi I point to what is not me  
*deiknumi* the world depends on that,  
folklore of elephants and girl shampoo  
so little is reliable except the shimmer  
between things, even this sad sky  
don't pray for what you do not have  
it will come to you my hands around it  
pray as if you have it already  
thank the Mercy for it, the Listeners  
are everywhere and they love you too,  
commit yourself to narrative  
it begins with a story but  
maybe this isn't about beginnings.

26 January 2003

## **THE TREASURE**

Go to your priest and ask him for money  
belief in a transcendental deity seems to imply  
local gossip and social reassurance, why?

There is a net that holds us, but is it His net?  
Or is He as you call him on the other side,  
the Unwoven Explicate Reality  
that nothing has to hold in place?

Who is spoken in your churches?  
I know that someone's there, is it you?  
a huge not-me anyhow, I feel its breath  
make the crimson votive lamps

flicker in wordless interiors, they always havem  
no one lights them  
even when I see my own fingers  
lift a flame from one candle to another  
as if it were some news I passed along

and can't remember where I heard it or who  
was kind enough to let me know.

26 January 2003

## **RADISHES**

*for Sharon*

peeling daikon last night  
a big one eighteen  
inches long how sleek  
the skin comes off  
“the sacrificial radishes”  
I thought there is no  
temple but the kitchen  
I mean the bathroom  
wherever water  
answers my hands.

26 January 2003

## THINGS THAT SUPPORT ONE ANOTHER

Kara is a pale blonde icy Irish waitress at Isabelle's in Dedham.

Kara means black in the Turkic languages.

The Hancock. The Pru.

But it's the Pru that's circumcised,  
the rim beneath the sky glans most clear.

I-90 runs through to Logan now.

Something is finished.

Local priests, local griefs.

If this is as it used to be thought the most repressed city in America  
and it's winter  
we should not be surprised that the Priest Thing surfaced here first.

I really want to see the ocean

I content myself with a seagull over Roche Bros new market  
by the commuter line off Centre Street

Belgrade Street

People few in the streets: Superbowl Sunday, Feast of Saint Replay.

Few in the restaurant only old women aside from us



how old does it make us  
not to be watching  
or to be watching  
these few old women eat  
and Kara saunter by

*The Pianist* is playing next door a police car goes by

this is the town where Sacco and Vanzetti were tried and condemned to die

Who were the real holdup men? Ask around and find out,  
somebody knows,  
everybody knows

every stone remembers

till back home on Anawan  
under Bellevue Hill, under Monterey,  
old names surround me and I sleep

all this crime forever unsolved.

26 January 2003

Boston

**M**argin mind  
a rentier in his palace fat  
on the swink of distant  
ordinary people  
our aesthete or 'me' the ball  
of cheese that bowls along the lawn  
for me and all my me's  
a crow eat it in his tree  
as the Master of the Fountain tells  
there is no original language  
everything exists only in translation  
not even cheese crows balls bowls  
Super or common Sunday or any  
a thing is a shadow of a feeling  
someone had once  
so strong it stuck to the world  
was it me? scarcely  
I sit here in my chateau  
playing with your thoughts  
and they say that art is at the margin!  
Faux! Art is the axle on a spinning wheel  
no! the other way round, you wind, me still,  
art clings to the edge of the bowl  
inside which the world churns,  
art is sleep, art wakes up  
from dreams of all too specific persons  
saying things into my ear I'll never forget

I am the wall of your room  
you read your shadows  
on my blameless surface and you understand  
there is only one sea gull there is only one sky.

27 January 2003

Boston

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intimate with source I don't know  
the other side of somebody I do

switch body for mind, words for hearts  
a dream happens between two breaths

a hand inside you dreaming different

27 January 2003

Boston

## **ABSOLUTE**

means unfettered untied released let loose set free  
but from what

we need a one syllable word for 'philosopher'  
how about 'bard?'

philosophers hate poets the way Wagner hated Jews  
suspecting he actually was one

we dread the self beneath the self that speaks  
we speak to silence it

### *SPEECH SILENCES SELF*

a headline full of contradictions  
like everything I say.

27 January 2003

Boston