

1-2002

## janE2002

Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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Woke up talking to you might as well go on

did you leave this pen under my door  
did you leave the sun over my porch

and the fox that ran across the lawn last night  
and made the sensor light come on, did you?

16 January 2002

## u (pnoo&mpoj

Who was the light  
that ran across the lawn  
blocking the black pathway

along which the serenity  
of absence had come  
to caress me

dark glance by glance?

sometimes I know  
someone is there

and someone else too  
the one I am so busy talking

All story tries to go to sleep

that story's best that leads  
living into the house of dream

free children of the night  
safe inside the portal of the word.

16 January 2002

(from Birgit Richard)

The superficial coverings of the even

you wear networks incoming  
goods wear clothes  
PUT on jewelry  
sit on chairs, and mill on carpets

all share the same profound failing  
they,

acres blindly, deaf and very dumb.  
Cuff left don't in fact,  
left with anything else.

Fabrics look pretty,  
but should have brain, too.  
Glasses help sight,  
but they don't lake.

Your shoes retrieve the day's news from the carpet  
before you even have time

take off your coat.

16 January 2002

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the glass you give me  
the orange  
juice comes in a chalice

the chalice is transparent  
I can see right through  
your body

the sky is of the nature of intellect  
an essai of Montaigne  
reads out of the cloud

the old and middle-aged wood  
of country towns  
builds all around transparency

come, get into my car  
any self will carry you  
beyond the world

you trust me  
with the knowledge of you  
a gift like no other

given to me  
you fill my hands  
with understanding.

16 January 2002

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only marry a mechanic  
if you really think you're a car

marry a writer  
turn into a book

marry a soldier  
you are an enemy country

his boots know you.

16 January 2002

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snow writing

all over the trees'  
araby a good  
day for telling the truth

Truth is hard  
it begins  
by saying the name  
of everything

when you're finished  
with that  
you're in a quiet  
something  
beyond anything

else. That is the truth.

There must be  
some other way  
to say it

snow  
melt  
fall  
from the branch  
indecipherable  
cufic.

Truth is what is gone.

17 January 2002



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Who is the mind that writes such man

brook-bellied hurry source  
room never enough  
of need

    a telephone  
    in deep space

breaks the mirror  
is a barrier

two green men check your luggage  
and you are married  
more than you know

a dream fills up with merchandise  
the mosques and chapels of Jerusalem  
and hardly anywhere a house of prayer

no place to burn a dove today

the greatness of the Jews began  
when the old tribe of Hebrews  
stopped animal sacrifice

and the west began  
civilization is a Greek wound  
healed by Jews

weeks and weeks

the actual entrainment of the mind in practice

here and there  
white letters  
are falling  
out of the scripture of the trees

you think I'm talking metaphors I'm  
just trying to read

before the text erases itself.

17 January 2002

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Memory is a wolf who howls around the heart  
the fire of whatever burns in there  
the bright and thought  
attracts her to everything she's known  
in her own hunger stalking the elusive real

I am afraid to sleep, knowing what she will uncover  
scrabbling with her exquisitely beautiful paws.

17 January 2002

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It's almost the day when the waking stops  
then walking (that long sleep)  
begins.

Caption. Box on the page. Crawl.

That's how the poet should also subsist,  
ceaseless crawl at the foot of the screen

of your whole life

(can't tell  
with his poemry where  
one ends and another

takes over the family business.

Sell a palm tree to the czar  
sell a woman the dress she's wearing

sell a sparrow a piece of the air.

Who are you  
who hates such simple lucid things,

I am you, the prankster  
in the sailor suit,

who will not let you sign a lease

or wrap your democratic mother's bones in some harsh flag.

18 January 2002

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Curse of the name  
they gave you

                  a blessing  
up to you  
                  to solve.

I'm too busy with the blue  
jay any minutes flaps away

a chip of sky  
cracked off

and if I don't run the weather who will  
and if I don't call your name who will

and if you don't call me back I'll cry  
I'll blame language, that ancient telephone

calls me all the time why won't I listen.

18 January 2002

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No one here but the smell on my hands

Monad. Parsed *einsamkeit*,  
man by tractor and no earth.

Loneliness is one-some-hood  
but One is breakless,

a glass  
built round emptiness,

all the orange juice on earth  
can't annihilate yearning

like the father in love with his beautiful daughter.

That word again,  
the invisible marriage,  
open secret,  
he wants her  
for himself.

Seamless, the generations.  
The god Ptah is said to have spat in his hand.

Workmen, onions, breakfast, the breath  
of so many so close to me, I swoon  
into the breath of travelers,

your breath, fresh as ever, excitement  
built into the morning,

I smell your breath I can't smell my own –  
father in love with daughter

behold the broken music of the world.  
Get this. It's rich—  
all her suitors gladly are beheaded.

The last thing any lover needs is  
that irritable intelligence of identity,

nobody needs faces. The headless corpses  
that embrace her, and all  
she wants is some decent conversation,

your word or two of flesh inside her.

2.

He swoons on your breath, morning lady,  
be his subway, carry him far below

the bellezza or beauty  
of the subway is  
going fast and never  
knowing where you are

going as in a dream  
through everlasting tunneling  
like a molecule in space  
with strangers

you move with strangers  
you wake with strangers  
through an unknowable  
darkness underneath

to some familiar place  
that money takes you  
yours again

called into question  
by your way of coming

3.

loud shuddering night journey

you made with a stranger you'll never see again

but who was for a little hour  
closer to you than your own breath

the smell of her mouth  
will always mean something you don't understand

you who are in love with all your daughters  
you are the wicked king of Antioch  
and you watch her body

subtly dance for you  
                                she stands at the sink  
clearing the dishes of food  
you barely tasted  
                                star struck  
as you were by your own gaze  
locked on her hips

veil of her dish towel  
swaying

                                and now she looks at you  
speaks  
                                with the mouth you gave her.

19 January 2002



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all right it all  
comes down to this  
the fucking snow  
is beautiful or  
beauty-ful the way the  
old men said it in New York  
my own Sibelius  
ranting in the air

the creatures that lived before us  
still live here  
they still are there

the city full of them they hurry around us  
through us

I have felt a ten thousand year old faun move through my arms

19 January 2002

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To be sure of.

Be clear about it,  
[ming<sup>2</sup>] as Pound used to say,

a word from the dictionary  
to start any day.

You can see the sense you used to make from here  
by repeating all your endearments  
to an appropriate-gendered stranger  
beside you by chance on the bus

but “Chance is the fool’s name for fate”  
as the other American master said,  
the Movies.

Pound and the movies,  
they were the whole century.  
I mean the movies form a common text,  
in fact a Bible

where Ecclesiasticus lies down with Job  
and Ruth stands among the lepers in Leviticus  
all images fertummelt  
in one endless text  
although as it happens a text of light.

2.

Listen to what the snow says or  
sun crystallizing along it towards me

the world is writing it again.

3.

The thing about movies we love



familiar solicitation  
to attend  
in mind or body  
the embrace  
of the contours of  
that other  
you have come to feel  
by chance it seems  
is more important  
than your own breath,

the pattern on your chessboard:  
in her or him you move

7.

But chance is the fool's word for ice skate  
where she falls and your heart's the ice  
that feels the pressure of her body

or she leaps and you catch her, who,  
by what the fools call chance  
is actually the water in your glass

you crystallize with all your heavy looking

her blood pumping in your veins  
the erythrocytes on pilgrimage  
to their Mecca in your heart

which is the fool's name for your bloody meat

sun in the sky sister on high  
the spaced-out brother comes home late

your car careens, we are the hospital of love,  
we mend your nouns

and from the ever-crackling cellphones  
give you news of the night.

8.

Remember something you saw in the movies

the remembering feels the same

always

    this  
is the canonic reference,

                                    all the books  
are written by one writer,

                                    all the movies  
you ever saw spilled clumsy beautiful  
from one same eye machine

*chelovek s kino apparatom*

the world changed, human  
with movie camera

an apparatus to make the world move.

9.

is this a lecture I'm giving  
a slyboots David Antin talk piece  
a paltering heteroclite sermonette  
a rant

    at morning to inebriate the eyes  
again,

    to celebrate  
all the secret Masses of the night  
we wake blessed from  
into the confusions of the actual

sister sun on mother snow

and a red head

at the feeder

woodpecker           *Melanerpes*

god of the new year

10.

old tools in the eternal garage  
greasy hammer ball peen  
word-down sander and a band-saw blade

I love

the landscape of scatter  
the screwdriver's whole body  
pressed into wet cement  
to form the human testament  
of Simon Rodia

with this thing that is a word I write my Word

I leave a shadow  
on the text  
of my tools  
not my desire

for this was generous  
μιξ, as Pound forgot to say  
same pronunciation

name of a man.

All these quotations  
search you

[ming<sup>2</sup>], brightness = picture of the sun and moon shining together,  
'clarity'

*chelovek s kino apparatom* = *Man With Movie Camera*, Vertov's film, = the  
book of Genesis in our bible.

μιξ, *ming* again, Tibetan this time, the name for 'name.'

Simon Rodia, the generous hand who built Watts Towers

Job, Ruth, Leviticus, etc. = parts of an old book.

woodpecker, a bird outside my window  
the so-called red-bellied woodpecker, not  
the smallest, with a red poll

and busy when I saw him  
plucking oil seed from the feeder  
meant for him and others of his kingdom.

first person I saw this morning  
why wasn't it you,

and now you know, know who you are —  
whether or not the dream recites you  
all I wake with from dream is your name.

20 January 2002