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The bones of beginning

the bones of being near a beginning

the heart of a fire hydrant

trying to be clear

wet everybody

splash them all

with all I have

there is no discretion in discretion

I come from under the earth,

cave wolf or I am stone

himself come walking down your sleep.

I am heavier than you will ever kiss.

Because water is a stone that runs,

water is the darkest Gypsy

and I steal from your dry apart

once a year I soak your shadow in the sea.

19 February 2002

THE MODALITIES OF BEING SURE ABOUT THE ONE, THE ONE WHO'S WITH
YOU, THE ONLY ONE, THE ONE

How to make love

glasses on
eyes closed
in the dark

19 February 2002

SAVE A DAY

reborn from maps
until we actually
get our bodies
into the shape proposed

a map of looking

last will and testament of being seen

apart from the glass
this is me

 though I
have heat and fragrance
this also is me

you read me in the paper
you got up early to walk over my hill.

20 February 2002

The easter fire
blesses emptiness
with light

if there were any body
there it would burn

but as it is
it snaps off the flint
it sizzles to be sung

20 February 2002

I bought a ticket on the train
I had to remember where I got on

where I was going was still open
it was like rain or any thing

I just want to sit here where I am
until the bird begins to sing

a man's whole life is hide and seek.

20 February 2002

Trying on the truth. Trying out truth.

Put on the whiskers of the logical

the long purple Magi robe of what you think you meant—

forget the actual skin of what you did

then stand there by the candle footlights

and swear on sacred Language that you

tell everything language lets you spill.

Of course we'll believe you. We're here for the show.

20 February 2002

HUMAN IT

I estimate at nil
the Heideggerian velocity
of this curriculum
towards a commodious
sense of life as meaning

When you use sacred numbers
just to count or measure
you leave us to our lies.

20 February 2002

NUMEROLOGY

Do you know the strange relationship
between seven and sunshine?

And what do you think 7
can do to the night?

Begin with leftovers,
i.e., what you're thinking
at this very moment

before I get my hands on you
and we both shriek and let go.

20 February 2002

Someday

I'll forget everything else.

20 II 02

It took so many years to learn to be touched
then there came a terrible dream
to flee from pleasure not out of guilt but desire
love cares whose fingers

20 II 02

NUMEROLOGY (Σ)

- 3** Did you know it was a bow
1 bent to send unity
0 far off into the heart of what is seen?
- 4** Lay the one onto the buzzing
string of the other and use your better
arm to draw the latter. Pull taut till
- 5** the animal runs from you
7 but the arrow and its shadow
streak across the sunshone places
- 8** at infinity they meet
6 after the sun rolls down
- 9** it will rise again
tomorrow
- 2** while your head is dreaming on your hand.

20 February 2002

If we don't trust the shape of the woman
how will we know mother from a tree?

Do you think I want to grow up wood?

I want to move across the wind and get there
where the air belongs, inside your mouth,

to be in sync with your breathing, or be
whatever it means to be you until I'm me.

20 February 2002

Superior fog as if has music in it
arielated from the wings the wings
are everywhere the stage is nowhere
nonetheless it is a Play the truck goes away

her little fingers nibbling on his sleeve
calling the day's attention to the crescent light
what if music spilled out of words
the time of day they like to call crepuscule

naked violins trapped inside the alphabet
and a heart —it could be mine— beating
in between your epaulettes, bring logs
to build a suttee fire for each perception

on which this widowed thought is burned
this last of all, this word? The spoken
never signifies. It is one more symptom
of the love disease, this everlasting listening.

21 February 2002

Count more.

A rapt
immigration
brought her
confidence
to speak.

All I had
on the other hand
was wonder.

Between us
we made a raft
coasted north
into the absences
we borrowed
from the map
next door

somewhere
somebody understands
I wonder if that
is good enough for us

to sail so many
borrowed rivers?
We don't need source
we need risk

to see where language
takes me
when I am nothing
but it speaking

and I let it
understand.
The prestige
of abstract rigor
whites out
what it really
wants to say
I could live
in your mouth

except the brightness
hides us
and there would never
be room
for what you mean

only space time
for who you are

animal of the abstract
word wolf
your throat straight up
to suck the easy moon.

21 February 2002

CREDESCENCE

Trust language.
Men lie language
always tells
the truth.

The point of it
is that language
—listened to hard
and soft at once,

all logic all
gelaßenheit—
language cannot lie.
Language can't lie.

2.

It always postulated a conceivable
relation. It's up to me to conceive it

test it against the *world* (arrangement
of things, fold upon fold) it proposes

in terms of the world I presuppose,
the sum of my experiences it renews.

21 February 2002

NEW MATH

What is this L that makes
a word into the world?

Solve for X no longer,
amigo, solve for L.

Could I be a sort of extra father
a traveler might need along the way
interesting as landscape, easy to leave,
a tear or two and then you're free of me.

21 February 2002

It had a different name then
but the same wood
we sat by the same table
and you admitted we had married
and raised a family without my knowledge

astonishing what a man can't see
dazzled by the eyes of the particular
never seeing what those eyes see

and there we were in the badlands of the actual
heading for a radical departure
your eyes full of astonishing tears and mine
dazzled by that unborn son of ours I'd just met
running through the sun glare on the polished wood
towards me in our Soho loft, light folded in light

while a flirty waiter tried to ground us with dessert.

21 February 2002

Telling the stones

21 II 02