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*je suis l'inconnu*

the unknown bird  
you saw on the moors  
white rump umber wings  
and gone before you knew it

how could it be  
a flicker  
the Swedish word for girl

but here I am again  
writing you a letter  
the wind will carry  
maybe to you maybe  
to our common mother  
we knew him and loved him, the big one  
all arms and legs,

the man in the moon.

12 October 2002

Cuttyhunk

## WHY EVER OTHER BE THAN NOW

other is two syllables  
the rest of us is one

that tells you something  
about the distant weather  
across the room  
where only eyes can touch

and in between the vast bland Limpopo flows  
full of cautious crocodiles  
I'll never get there  
that's all right

islandmen can never swim  
hostages to wet Natura

people in fixes people in traps  
gangs hideout  
other side of the moon  
where they speak bad French

but not so bad as I do,  
domino theory  
eventually  
everybody falls down

my heart in your lap again  
your triple syllables  
surrounding my poor one

all of you  
wickedly other  
glossy as sugar cubes

as if a tongue were just to taste and never tell.

13 October 2002

Cuttyhunk

## WHITE THINGS

now and again  
a last white rose  
big fellow  
on the beach path  
rugosa  
they plant themselves  
I wish we did  
that to ourselves  
I wish we  
simply knew

and now I remember  
we sometime did  
we entered this condition  
little galley slaves  
leaping overboard  
in sign of an evidently  
unlandlorded island

but once you've groveled  
once you've spent  
your sweat in sulfur mines  
and once you've knelt  
patiently waiting your sentence  
you grow a taste  
for burrowing, for low things  
for adoration

as the snake adores the nesting dove.

13 October 2002, Cuttyhunk

## THE CHOSEN

There are too many images  
to tell  
you what I mean  
God makes  
me choose  
one of them  
again and again  
I see in my mind's  
eye so often  
it must be where  
the shadow  
of truth falls,  
my right hand  
running quietly  
down your flank  
you look at me  
equally quietly  
if that doesn't tell  
what it means  
nothing can be told.

13 October 2002

Cuttyhunk

(finished 17 X 02)

## **SPECIOUS LATITUDES**

no one can live here  
we are spared  
only contradiction  
is a bridge  
silences rivers  
without crossing them  
no one has moved  
since the beginning  
of time tomorrow

you can find us on the map  
but there's nobody home

13 October 2002

Cuttyhunk

[continuation of *The Language of Eden*, after page 28 of the typewriter pages]

Other things worry me  
there is a kind of gnawing  
at the root  
other problems  
besides sexual identity  
but those have experts of their own  
handling them my broker  
my dentist my gynecologist  
and you beside me in the wilderness  
a joke you know the poem  
I want to fuck them back  
that's what I think about  
no matter what I say or do  
when I'm with them  
I want to rip them open with my hips  
hammer them the way they hammer me  
so those two things are happening together  
the body moves and the mind's reciprocal  
and when I come I hardly notice  
what he's doing to me I'm so focused  
on what I do to him, plunging and being  
plunged at once, otherwise I couldn't bear it  
but as it is I'm nice enough in bed  
even docile sometimes smug around my secret  
so naturally I dream of screwing you too  
how could I not if I feel attracted  
or even interested and that way also  
I don't have to look at their faces  
and I love to fuck experts like you  
because of how armored your bodies are



with fat or muscle it doesn't matter  
armored and rigid with self-protection  
I guess you have to, you're with lunatics all day  
but there's a special pleasure to crack you open  
drive into that touch scared meat of them  
and split them open with my phantom phallus  
slow rise and fall of all their conversation  
and I pass my body through them through all their words  
the sad beautiful language of Eden  
when all my lovers and attempted lovers and ex-lovers  
think the words they mumble describe real actions  
think that talking changes anything  
think that truth is in their reach  
like the scarlet poison oleander sacred flower  
when all that happens is my body  
drives through their bodies drive through mine  
o god if I could only reach you  
and you could know me  
knowing you, knowing you all the way through  
so a word could be  
sacred as the mouth that speaks it  
against my ear, wet on my cheek  
in the bushes by the country station  
when I overhear the foolish plans of travelers  
who think there is a going and a coming  
something to be done and a report to be made  
the sad sweet destiny of talking men  
in a universe where no one listens  
of course language changes nothing  
of course you're sick as your patients  
but you comfort and lighten a little  
the long burden of seeming to be someone

it doesn't help but it helps  
it doesn't answer  
but it keeps talking  
its ears are deaf but its eyes are tender  
it almost has no body left  
only the sense of caring cares  
the sense of being heard finally hears  
I could talk to you forever  
a dream about a dream about a dream.

13 October 2002

Cuttyhunk

## ORGANDY

To call out in such a way I think you hear  
my curtains billowing with sleep  
so that at least we'd get to listen  
sitting among the ashes on the sofa  
answering the young man from Russia  
and the other one born of opportunity and Ethiopia  
bronze with scandal

there is so much listening to be done  
and only me it seems to do it  
everybody else so busy with inventions  
such a haughty thing to say  
I do not regret it, au contraire,  
bring me all your daughters –

I am the authority on everlasting,  
the book of Babel  
deftly translated  
into every human touch  
there beside you when you wake  
dreaming of towers that talk to you  
soft towers drowsy on the plain.

13 October 2002

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In Kafka's Penal Colony  
the accurate machine  
finally convinces the body, that least  
persuadable of all our members.  
Write it on the skin the heart will copy.

13 October 2002

## SONGS FOR ABRAM

1.

Sarah in my arms

I look down the slope of her back

to see what she's been writing

I squeeze her void

loins and wonder

thousands of years

2.

a little shame

a little answer

she blushes easy

my eyes too

seeing her

3.

Sarah, turning Sarah red

tanning her hide

to take her in

probing her

to find the desert in her

in all her lush

fertility to find

the unfruitful the cold

water is a stone

to know her backwards

breeding orphan Ishmael.

## THE METHOD

say more about everything  
and leave room

what more can Sophocles  
do or Racine

be beautiful  
and lie in wait

till the word  
understands you

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## THE RED KINGDOM

constitutional anarchy

be beloved go ahead

spiritual disciplines

mortification of the flesh

who asks for wine

let her beat bread

be kneaded in the trough of night

spill something on the sky

turns out to be dawn

but who?

and after all he did to you

can you remember his name?

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Cuttyhunk

## **LODI-BACKWARDS HOLINESS**

it dreamed. reading of Islam  
thinking California, everything  
flows back to beast desire

hands on haunch, a bite  
to test reality, this soft gold  
know this coin by rapture

then spend it till you're kind  
only after seizure harvest home  
and this a star, our staunch gate.

14 October 2002

Cuttyhunk



## MINUIT RAPTURE

the airlines personnel suddenly personal  
the phone call that actually calls

you will be coming to see me and  
Kafka stumbles on his shoelace

the sun rolls down the hill  
for a week I've dreamed my hand

steady on the shape of you  
like a conquistador of geometry

Coronado of the hidden flesh  
safe in the future

dreams take me there  
but waking stays me.

14 October 2002

Cuttyhunk

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Le savant sachant  
less than he knows  
whereas the thinking man  
knows more than suppose.

14 X 02, Cuttyhunk

## PRATERSTERN

But that's the problem  
let me tell you  
what can I do  
you are my last doctor  
the last one I want to be in love with

eternal flame Tomb of the Unknown Other  
under the Arch of Will  
where identity begins

we know cities only through each other

we turn our backs on the Giant Wheel  
and hurry past the Admiral's statue  
up her dark stairs

children learning Russian in the hall  
and she took me into a room with no windows  
with a gold cross on the wall

gilded wood  
in the light of the door

the difference between thinking and feeling is who.

14 October 2002

Cuttyhunk

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Call back from Rumî the sense that man I love  
loves me in a comparable

singularity

physics of the thing, tumescent waking  
old fascist morning glory the blue sky  
with that glorioso sun

generalissimo of the sky

barking be happy be happy down on us

but because we are who we are  
we really love better in the dark..

14 October 2002

Cuttyhunk

## **VERJUICE**

wine of the Sabbath  
becomes the redeeming blood  
only by way of the sour wine  
sopping the sponge they  
lifted to him on the cross

otherwise wine is wine  
and we wake from it sober and alone.

14 October 2002

Cuttyhunk