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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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Of course we don't know what the weather knows,
who does, not even the ones who make it (weathermakers,
weathermen), the radicals at the heart of the Event

which is why things change and happen and come bright
eyed to visit us from the changeless dark of where *is* that place
where nothing happens? So all of this that comes at us

— hail and sleet and rain and tidal wave and sun and snow—
is just an alphabet that some weird gospel writes
we are hardwired to read but not to understand.

Sleet cuts cheeks. Your eyelashes are glamorous with snowflakes.
The road is hard. Something is coming over the hill.
Everything is shouting at me. When will I wake up?

6 March 2001

Patch the sky with it, gutta percha you remember
classrooms where they tossed a ball of it around
you got to squeeze, raw rubber, felt like jungles,
smelt like all the hands that squeezed it, like skin
after skin has known it, this little wobbly ball
is the body of everybody you ever loved, you fool.
She said. She said you needed women. She said
you couldn't do without their *attention*, she said,
that's what she called it, the strange animal of their eyes
looking vaguely at you, waiting for you (willing you,
you think) to do your tricks. How angry she sounded.
Especially the words she didn't say. The savage
insights, the fierce love of hers that felt like glass.
And God forgive you this very anger that she showed
was that attention given, the thing you wanted.
You waited for more, disguised as a piece of rubber.

6 March 2001

We understand each other precisely in order to quiet the clamor arising from language itself.

Jacques-Alain Miller

That place where there is nothing there
Inside which another other
Contemplates the almost remembered face of the same
Who is missing from the beginning
And there at the ending where there is no end

The same me tiring ourselves out with the needing.

7 March 2001

Your snow means to be about something
dirty two day old snow
nasty heaps of glib pong of the guitar
always cornball riffs et cetera

means to tell Relax this is a dream
interpretation comes later
that long mistake

green bottle of ginger beer
two girls leaving a café.

Don't you *feel* the anxiety
isn't that what constant music's present for
eternal AM dawn over Napster
to give a counterpoint to resident anxiety

give the trembling biting little
rats something to dance to
(guitar like a dentist stuffing
cotton wadding between your tongue and your cheek)

8 March 2001

Rhinebeck

Mercury for you a man the wings the gleam
of his wires naked copper
void of all sheathing bare wire bare
information breaking the sky

to tell you who to be. Be me.
Be Hermes so I can vanish quick
and be other, be all others everywhere,
I am as fast as thought can be
and only desire is quicker than I am,

only desire weaves me to this world.

8 March 2001

THE MAN WITH TWO SUPEREGOS

Or three or who

Can tell how many he must have

One in every woman that he sees

Makes him behave

And then at midnight who is he?

And his own superego (there is

No such thing as a superego, jerk)

Tells him to go to sleep.

9 March 2001

everybody's lonely everybody's scared and lonely
and lonely and scared like everybody else
everybody's scared and lonely and if they don't
have anything else to be scared about they're scared
about being lonely, lonely and scared till the day they die
lonely and lonely and scared and dying lonely
it must be terrible to be lonely when you die
when you're only supposed to be finally being alone.

9 March 2001

SKIN

infantile patterns of adoration

what is left to pray to

but what is here,

the beauty

of the remnant, the orphan image

left when the mind is almost gone

into the umber of its despair

and this one thing gleams

9 March 2001

TWO DEER

Of course I want to tell you the blue
Shadows the naked trees put on the snow
For their own inscrutable education
Pointing this way and that, what are they,
Alphabets? From the beginning to now.
To tell everything. All the boring exactitudes,
The predictable blushes and confusions
Too dear to risk offending by the truth
That meager locker room I keep
Charging out from to find you, a hunter
Without breakfast, a pathologist
Without a corpse, a movie theater
Without a candy stand, what can I make up
To tell you true? It is two deer
Standing in the woods. One nuzzles
Gently the rump of the other, thinking
I will adore this person, thinking if I
Were a wolf I would bite this person
But since I'm what I am I will love.
It is the only natural religion.
I wanted to tell you about my fears
As if they could touch you. The deer
Are still standing there on duty
Waiting for their metaphor to close.

9 March 2001

(In Jacques-Alain Miller's lecture on the bizarre, he discusses the impulse to tell everything, calling it the *tout-dire*, and says it is at the heart of psychoanalysis and at the same time most called into question by psychoanalysis.)

But I was close enough to know all that,
the curious whistling sound that was a rock
with a time hole in it, dawn did it, Petra,
ghosts, calendars. Afreets. I fear
the shapes my desires cast against the light
become bodies of a sort, hurry to meet me,
a canoe in the sky coming from the sun
filled with dusty broken old dolls
life size — but how big is that
after the fairies get done with you
at the Bridge of No More Crying in Donegal
that some translate as Cry all you want
it will do you no good, you're still leaving,
you'll still never see him again.

9 March 2001

Look at what is left,
a gleam of lipstick
pale random stains

and the point is guesswork, a gamble
falling out of the cards

what you remember after lights out
is an image
it may have been the card it may have been
the face across the table

a face worth believing
high Brazil in the bones.

10 March 2001

Read the oracle: an elephant
Gave his face to a young boy.
The boy went to market
To buy batteries and some broccoli.
The townspeople knelt down and prayed to him.
The boy said: if you pray to me,
Imagine what you should do
If someone came along with a human face.

10 March 2001

could it be as simple as oxygen the sharp
insinuator of change (life) into the sprawl
of thingly venture that surrounds
these dispassionate volunteers

the newborn squallers
a me that can be only by the measure of
by the fur and measure of the animal
who is some who. That a thing spreads open

oysterishly rare, a tongue without a word
say or a cantor without a congregation or a god
but my god he has a song, a song and a soul or
something, what is it, what makes it sing?

10 March 2001

found this tea
on the moon

come home
in a cartoon

things hurt
they way they are

11 March 2001

[dreamt just so, around seven in the morning]

Too many of too few
the rabbits
you claimed were everywhere
the moon's enough for me
you said the syllables
how many sardines in a can
what do you mean skinless
priests hesitate their hands
steps of concrete the fans
sunstruck on Blake
avenue amateur once
dream mildew dream

11 March 2001

OPUS 59, N° 1.

1.

String or striving. Strain or *stumm*, strummed.

Silver or sieve. Summon or thumb in, a strewn denial.

Cleave to me, as glue (or glee). Grain or greed.

Grace. Green answer (antler)

woodpecker, small duchy in Burgundy or brown.

You love him for his weathercock.

2.

Pebble weather at the end of time

Windsock at Floyd Bennett

to remember every cloud that ever passed

climb or calm, temporo-mandibular elegance

or eloquence and sweet lips.

Or lapse. His fall distributed

in so many laps.

Eros or arrowroot, how

early lust deconstructs to child care

public library legitimates adultery

or anniversary is it

dear love you were (are)

born today.

3.

Allegro or all ego
or allergy, histamine
responds to *objet a*

music makes them itch
scriptural commentator
or assassin

knowing your face I somehow know your shape as well
this is what music really means
from your eyes I can infer your hips.

4.

words that sound too alike
at least are friends
and are building a nice new bungalow in my brain
for them and me to settle in

be my friend, scarecrow or Lemaze,
citizen or patent leather shoe.
You think I'm arbitrary I think I'm the same as you.

5.

Small. Sin all. Sinople, that ancient green
green as shadow of a pale woman's face
earth-green underpainting *ai nostri monti*
also green where the opera never stops
serene in aid of madness, prisoner's song,
come visit me in my terrible opacity.

6.

A grief or grievous calling or the sun
calling from the sky, dirt calling from
under your fingernails

calling,

 salmon swimming veins of silver
under you.

11 March 2001

LATER SUPPLIED LAST MOVEMENT OF OPUS 130.

Scarce as grass
happens in January
bluishness at the edge
you frame my mind
and send me to jail

trapped in an image
there is no lawyer
help me
only the holy
saints of intercession

saintesses save me
from love
save me from love
out of a winter sky
a blue zone

images itself behind the bare elm tree
sharing a cumulus
scarce as love
or goal you grill me
I strike back

or strike your back
knowing a thing is the same as touching it
knowing you want me is the same as making love to you
so keep me from knowing
keep me always from being sure.

11 March 2001

OPUS 130

I.

So much to ask for.
Lubricity inspires geography.
Across the tundra go
in search of what means you.

Scraps of snow, 12000 feet, are you ready
for me yet, I will never be
less than this now
will give you all you require desire

wapiti down there in shadow
they feed on moss
we feed on shadow

(2)

So forgiving music is
even no one listening
sun in cloud shade in snow
there are animals in every environment we know
no doubt they live in me
tumbleweed inhabitants
heart-happy those old
pensioners in the park, the Feelings.
Three on a match
and the cello puffs it out.

(3)

Shoelaces trip occasional else-witted travelers
carrying (say) paint chips from Sears to show mother
I want the world to be this color
I weary of this wall

I want this color
to be my prayer
roll this color up and shove it in

stick your prayer inside the cleft.

II.

The presto went by too quick for anyone to talk to it.

III.

The song. Odette settles down on Charles's knees
wiggles gently and the song begins

Every melody means us

he says portentously

But this one (she yields
to her anxiety and asks, reassured a little bit
by his bony knee at home in her butt), this one, dear?

You're right, chérie, this one is special, he plucks
your spine deliberately, this Beethoven.

Spine, dear? Highway up your heart.

(2)

Every girl that ever was here gives herself to him.

Lonely as a church beneath its stupid prayers,

lonely as a leaf, lonely as a cigarette,
pay attention to him, this is the moment when they all
come to him, his heart is broken
and from the crack in it
they all come out, full-scale amateurs in his little world,
this world, they come to him because he is broken,
and only the broken do they know how to make whole.

III/IV

Climb this ivy-cluttered wall
loose an owl from the Midrash
look in my window tonight and scare me
because you are the only music that knows how to see

climb this glass of milk and taste my hand
learn where I go to come up with these imperatives
all the love I tell you to do
do, do what pleases
you best my dear you are my only music.

Cavatina? The last mile
every dance a rehearsal
for that inelegant departure
every touch is easter
I have come back from the never
I will try to stay
tight in the endless vocabulary of being here
the way you make it all a question.

11 March 2001