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Getting to know everything
Better than Vienna
To know all the juice
In the driest fruit

Can suck book.

12 August 2001

Finding the rain
A girl like you

Metamorphosis of journey
Into a white cup

You fill with honeyed tea
A foreign country a lime pie

12 August 2001

What do I know about birds, stars, sea?
Zero. I know that all I want
Is somehow interlocked in you.
Untying that knot is gnosis enough for me.

12 August 2001

Your life is given to you to give to other people.
When you use it up they will give you another.

12 August 2001

LUCE

Knowing everything again.
Came home at fourteen
Cherishing the secret of eternal manhood
You slipped me last night at dawn
When you touched my root.
Fifty years pass. Are you still
In South America? Greek
Statues still have that weird smile.

13 August 2001

(remembering Claire De Paron Hecht Butler, *dite* Luce)

I could tell you, could open a door
but there is no wall to put a door in
just open field, just sky that huge tit,

horizon and no where to go, freedom
is unaccountable, pathless, no frame
to fit your shoulders in and go,

I could tell
you everything but there are too many words.

2.
That's why I need your questions,
questions are the gateway into a sudden castle

sorry history of what just happens, sorry,
I mean a question is the only door you have.

13 August 2001

The storm comes
We shelter in a cave

Where our Fate is waiting
And that too comes

Upon us. Fate
Is what is written.

In our case what is written
Is a book, Book Four of the *Aeneid*.

Some people's fates
Are newspapers, scenarios, shooting scripts,

It is written and it comes
To find them

Where they shelter from the real.
So hide in plain sight,

Hide in the marketplace
Where no one reads

And your fate will never dare to come.

13 August 2001

Kindness of rain, a path
through quiet woods
where no wind moves

no wind at all

 I stood
for a long time looking at a glade
before it dawned on me
that no leaf moved

 not one

as if my eyes kept them rigid by my gaze
as if our seeing
annihilated movement in the world

An image never moves

Only between one image and the next
that ghost called moving moves.

13 August 2001

I wish I were a mediaeval Arab mathematician
Then a young woman in the modern woods
Would look me up in a book
And write my name down, full of apostrophes and z's,
And send it to a friend.

Then I would be a word spoken between people
A friend of everyone at last
Not just a man who got eyestrain studying the stars
And told people when it was safe to get married
And went to sleep thinking *I, only I, discovered the function of Zero.*

14 August 2001

To know the thing
and easy to do

What we held back
was the private thing we thought

because feeling *is* thinking

First thing
and it was what we meant

the me of me

And in love I share it with you
held in so long, let free

The inside of the body is
the only private place the rich child has.

14 August 2001

VISION FROM THE BACK OF THE HEAD

Panels in the Necessary Museum

Panels with poems on them —
any poem dialed up from the catalogue

but these panels are the walls of heaven,
that is, these are air

on which the words are
summoned to stand
all the words of the poem
hologram in actual space,

or hologram of hologram, words really there,
words we can walk through

on our way to where they make us go.

2.
couloirs, miroirs,

project the archive
of everything we wrote

long corridors
to walk through the streets of poems

the intersections: words around us,

words abounding
to the deftest of sinners

3.

a poem performs itself in time

time art. But space
is the only persuasive way we have
to make time real to us,

a clock has a 'movement.'

Space unpacks time. Time unpacks space.

so to apprehend the time-work of the poem
we walk through it

interminable corridor of sense.

14 August 2001
Omega-Boiberik

Things really are measurable
come on streets, cast shadows
sometimes you can sit on them
stop standing all by yourself on the heavy earth

a rock or chair or edge of a table
you sit there and permit the day
to do its circumjacent work,
you fool. Because all this beauty

is madness, fatal sunshine, ink.
There is not a single cloud in the sky,
the audience is applauding tepidly
and the sound engineer fades the music out.

15 August 2001

not about this about the shoe
slip off to touch the grass along
your other hand

isn't that a species of desire to
to know the feel of what you knew
only as a principle

a dreary little word?
so now you know
the tickle of the actual

you stumble forward
your mouth is open
your empty shoes

dangle from your ordinary hand.

16 August 2001

Through the footsteps of the piano
I seem to hear a woman's voice I knew
before I was born. She is my own,
I press my face against her belly
whenever I need to get born
again and again into her world.
I call her the Countess though
no one knows how high her
numbers reach or if she ever sleeps.
I clutch the horns of her hips
and stare into the pale dawn
she presses to meet me
until I know my name.

16 August 2001

Birthday of a world
builds out of you
the strong hands of your attention

hold the image
faithful to the movement in it

because everything moves.
I am astonished
at how much you make

how much you declare
using a language nobody spoke before you
and slowly every body comes to understand

and even sometimes you let someone
take all this in his arms

as if he could take care of the world.
By knowing you.
Then you cast the next meaning hard against the sky.

17 August 2001

Now that you are more Demeter than Persephone
It is interesting to see how disobedient vegetables
Still are, still come up with their roots screaming
And a man like a dolphin of earth coming out of the earth.

17 August 2001

Understanding standing
not to touch
or else the persephontic flower
breaks the earth

the mortal flower fatal when you pluck.
Who's you? A painter or a panther
gaia pelle, anyone I know

or guess beyond by windows.

17 August 2001

Open the window and whistle.

That's enough
art for one day.

It takes strong teeth to smile.

17 August 2001

Suddenly remember the first time I loved rain
It was grey and cool in the big trees
Bronx Park I had just walked into the zoo
teenager and I saw their cool releasement
in the rich green of tall — maples,
beeches, oaks? — trees and I knew
a sudden opening in me, a beauty
I could not have imagined in that boring
thing called weather. Something
in the tree that changed the way I live.

17 August 2001

emerald shoes
fly over my head
someone is a bird
who isn't

someone looks at me
from where nobody
usually is watching
an instinct

wakes me
to look up
and there they are
green shoes

like the sun's last light.

17 August 2001

SIGNIFER

Examine faces, a face
should be as simple as a flag.

17 August 2001