

8-2001

augE2001

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what is ridiculous is typing on a keyboard like this  
the keyboard should be as big as the keys on a grand piano  
as an organ, as the huge theater organ in Radio City full of pink light

I should be able to type with my elbows and arms  
I should be able to dance on the pedals like gay balding organists  
I should be able to slam my knee against stops  
Yank ivory knobs out of old wooden consoles  
Sing and jump around on my oaken bench  
And all of it mean something,

All of it come out as language! That's what I want,  
You fuckers at Microsoft, you miniaturists at Sony,  
I want an action console, I want a computer with belly and bones,

I want something that answers the mood of my body  
The moves of my body, and writes everything down as more or less words.

25 August 2001

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Tell take think word.  
Be bold of not meaning.  
Not what you say but.

O no not do. O yes what you  
let say itself despite you

using your word-ward, the copper  
pathways of your neuro-

logical syntax — this means you —  
the sex

of your intelligence.  
Let the world (i.e. language)

use you.  
Let language use you  
to say it.  
What?  
To say what it has to say.  
To say what there is to be said.

25 August 2001

PISS

26 August 2001

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As into this book deliver  
The old man and his daughter

Ferocious nerves. Ich bebe, ich zittre

The tremor at the gate of desire is not different from the tremor at the gates  
of death.

Love told me this. And William Blake, dusty but not old,  
rose out of the corner of the new room and explained it further.

Unaccountably nervous at eleven a.m. doctor as if I were afraid of myself.

But this self I fear, it is actually made up of others. Other people. You.  
This self of mine is actually you. What you are doing, what you have done.  
(*Was thust Du? Was thatest Du?*)

O to be alone with God as Christian mystics felt they were, unconcerned  
about the proximate Other[s].

And that *is* so, that is close, it is to be in Buddha mind, compassionating all,  
obsessed with none. Liberty begins with immensity. (I learned that first  
from Cortázar: “Liberty, or the immense world.”)

26 August 2001

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Our eyes are a mouth that speaks the biggest alphabet  
namely seeing all.

27 August 2001

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And if it were music that let me  
I would be a baron in Baltic pines  
a glum hedonist in many tongues

as if a trumpet softly snickered in a moonlit room  
it is, is it,  
all about believing.

Bluing makes white clothes whiter,  
be blue.  
Believe me, I am the same as desire.

27 August 2001

## ARABIAN NIGHTS

merciless because time

no other foeman                      *enemy*  
and yet it all depends                *hangs on, moves to*

according to which cycle            *wheel*  
we accept to live in

live on  
choose.

This is not the mother language of the world

but something deeper, edda.

*It takes as long to live as to hear this song*

It is not Sheherazade who would die at  
dawn if the story fails (if she fails the story)

but he would die, the king would die,  
that is the real story, he is kept alive by the story  
spun by the kindly woman his slave his bride *sa mère*

she sustains all living by her telling.

No one can outlive the story.  
When her story stops I am finished.

*I love you I love you tell me more lies.*

That is enough for us to know about us,  
you changed the whole story.

27 August 2001



## DREAM PLACE

leaves only slightest echo saying  
what moved there behind a just closed door  
just enough sound to let me know  
they're in there I was in there

strange duplications of a shallow guess.  
Why have I cut myself  
off from what I dreamed?

Or did they do it?  
A hundred thousand years on earth and still don't know  
if we dream or we are dreamed.

28 August 2001

## SPHINXES

1.

We want to come  
to an understanding

a parting  
of the ways

west into  
ignorance east into sleep

2.

Why does time  
that moves so fast  
make all it touches  
move so slow?

3.

old hard-drive old car old horse old man

29 August 2001

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## QUARRELS

(1)

All the measurements mean me  
he told her, that is the empiric  
love song, you are an instrument  
built for me, and I an ancient genesis  
of lives to learn to play you

or

I am that equation to which you are  
the only answer.

The only  
answer you've found yet, she says,

your heart is an unoccupied trapeze  
jiggling in the wind over an empty fairground.

30 August 2001

QUARRELS

(2)

Flower petal.  
Who?

30 August 2001

## QUARRELS

(3)

Waiting for the artiste  
to ride me  
into the next extravagance

love is mutual humiliation  
she kneels before me  
my heart at her feet

30 August 2001

## OUTDOORS, READING GAUTIER

Someone who doesn't want what  
I want or dream my own desires — he  
Will abrogate this bitter hour

Women and other religions  
I have spent my life  
Seeking greatness through devotion

Sun conjunct Venus, Mars  
On my ascendant. What can I do.  
And who would ever trust me to?

30 August 2001  
(fierce transits of this day)

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Confronted with breakfast  
a part of the natural world  
somehow assigned for me to  
take inside my body

how to get it there the mouth  
the teeth the reluctant  
gullet I have been doing this  
all my life what benefit

I am tired of eating  
tired of taking in  
where does it get a man  
a habit of morning

as in the boarding houses  
of Pike County Pennsylvania  
all morning exhausted  
people wait for lunch.

31 August 2001

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Now fix your eyes  
as well as you can  
on the trembling leaves  
of this little maple

(wind uneasy fast  
it will rain today

a maple's leaves  
are heavy

an octet of strings

it will rain) fix  
your eyes on this music

these sounds you can't hear  
through the car window

and what you must bear in mind  
(must: because I tell you,  
you disobedient child,  
you slut, you me)

bear in mind that every leaf  
has a word on it

(is that right, or is it  
every leaf a word?)

a word you have to learn to read,  
you frivolous daughter of Minos and Pasiphaë,



you tedious son of Belial.

And God said:

I have told my lies  
Into the wind  
And the trees listened.

31 August 2001  
Red Hook

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Reader, did any author  
ever tell you  
just how dull you are,  
what a burden you are,  
how maddeningly dense  
you are, thick,  
beautiful, thick and beautiful,  
we have to keep  
telling you over and over

the river and the mountain  
the angel and the loom  
refinery steel mill  
you, yes you, we have to keep  
telling you how things are

how beautiful you are  
you never listen  
why can't you see  
that you are the sun  
and the moon rises from your lap,

your beautiful bored indifferent face  
my only light  
o glory glory here  
I put the truth and beauty of you  
smug hot wet in your hand.

31 August 2001  
Red Hook

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Till we forget what we were doing when we came in  
But we were always here there are no stars further than your hand

I have examined the philosophers stretched out on their crosses  
I have tasted the blend of salt and blood and something else

A sad liquor that courses down their pale bruised bodies  
The dangling questions that torture them more than the flies

And I conclude that we have been here since the beginning  
Having come from the ground and bound somehow for heaven

But none of these words mean what they use them to mean  
And none of them mean the things we think

When we look at one another and begin to have the idea  
That this is someone I know even this is someone I have always known.

31 August 2001