

11-2001

## novE2001

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Dreamless calm

as if the moon had gone.

Woke at 6:16 the trees were full of mist they were walking towards me  
down the hill slept again and woke at 8 my hand had forgotten how to draw  
the Moon

*Natural Religion:*

If people spent their whole life in one room  
They would worship the window and the electric socket in the wall  
They would make offerings to the door.

When I was a child we were taught to capitalize the Moon.

And gaze at photos of the wounds

A close-up of even the healthiest young skin looks scary  
an accident of dermatology, a flag of leprosy,  
pictures make a wound look worse

as thinking about pain brings out the agonizing features of it

o the abstract the Abstract is a sad protection  
but it is protection, we call it *a pain* and bundle it  
small as we can in one word, one mass of misery  
hiding the component parts in shudder blur

whereas the old dark red apples in the bowl  
got soft while we were away  
and look like plums now  
shrinking in the morning light.

26 November 2010

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Strident, a lute  
played too fast

I lived like that  
loved you  
too loud

26 November 2001

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So close to where nothing waits I wander  
timeless for five minutes lost from the clock  
a word lost between words that sets me free

calendar cannibal we feed on what we are  
*a body is the shape of time elapsing*  
that's what makes your hips so smooth

26 November 2001

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Old apple  
it begins  
to haunt  
space

not by scent  
the color of it  
darkens  
curves

sunlight round it  
trapping  
the way a flower does  
without those alluring

moist declivities  
into which the light  
and all the rest  
of us fall.

27 November 2001

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Some time in the early  
a thing  
or a thing

the otherhood  
lingers in the telling

why am I thinking  
you in the morning

couldn't get you  
out of my head  
bird back to feeder  
it couldn't not

a place where you were actual

this erotic tension between  
subject and object  
can not be healed  
by some deft sleaze

we belong to what we want

another way

wanting you all night  
the whimper of it

the pagan thinks god comes from the world  
or is the world  
comes from this very field,  
this hill

god is a place  
we can stand  
barefoot

hips rub on rock

comes from what is seen  
the sacred Otherhood of God.

28 November 2001



## BONFIRE

*for Jerusha*

so I was trying to learn Egyptian  
and the angel of fire said Try learning English first  
I said What can you teach me?  
The angel said bonfire means good fire the fire of good  
burning the breakage and chaff of all your forgotten intentions

a bonfire is good motivation it cares about the world  
Give me some matches I said He said You don't do it with matches  
With what then? I wanted to know and he said You

You do it with you.

28 November 2001

## NO DONKEY INSEMINATION AT BREAKFAST

*for Kim*

We have to be careful what we're talking about  
especially at breakfast, Lacan is always listening,  
Anubis is always running around the desert scouring the wind  
looking for the death of words, that happens  
when we have nothing to say and we fall silent

whereas a mouth with nothing to say is the heart  
of language as the sun flames out of a perfectly empty sky.  
Interpretation comes later. A heart is a shape  
to keep feelings in, a kind of kennel where love  
snuffles or howls interminably until we hearken  
as the old books say and take it out dancing.  
A fist in fact is sort of like a heart, clenched  
certainly, and hard in the core of things, Duncan  
talked about a serpent coiled in the heart,  
it just about would fit, a small one, the kind  
Cleopatra is represented as taking to her breast  
alexipharmakon o Death best medicine of all  
and all that gloom. I am trying to explain this  
to myself. The unconscious is determined  
by the effects of language on the subject  
from the subject's earliest life. An ear.  
A child is an ear. I am trying to explain  
what I forgot I ever heard. Language means  
everything that people ever said to you  
before you have the sense not to listen  
and barely manage to forget. Keep silent,  
chalky little kid inside your head, keep silent,  
fontanelle, language means speech and all  
too often you try to answer, reluctantly  
but you do. You means you. Be quiet  
as the inside of a fist. The subject  
also means you. Everything means you.  
It is breakfast after lunch, we've got to watch

what we say, there are so many subjects  
that are not subjects at all, so many neglected  
writers who are the only ones who count,  
so many lovers you never knew you married  
but there they are. The right one come along  
at last. You became what you heard,  
the old man's casual remark became your name.

28 November 2001

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Bronze for the wall  
stones for the blind to see  
water to kiss the dead —

Daphne as she 'leaves  
the human world'  
has something to say

sounds like the wind  
soft in autumn sunlight  
afternoon, going away

28 November 2001

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*for Charlotte*

Could we have come to that part of the flower  
where light is crucified between sugars and pollen  
where time changes and something slips away  
and we are who we really are again

I think so it's hard to be sure but the taste  
I knew is there and the sound the wind takes on  
when it walks down the staircase into the chalice  
of course a flower this orange lily from San Diego  
for instance any flower is a mask  
but who wears it? have you come back to me again  
the way your fingers pressed against my brow  
taking possession of my bone the way it felt  
as we take measure of some unknown thing  
and by the numbers make it ours you touched me

I still understand I still trip over sunbeams  
an idiot in love trying to take the mask off everything  
so every face will be the same as you  
breathing on my ashes so that I seem to live again  
a naked face among the masks and you another.

29 November 2001

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To sit in sensation and be lord of all the lower cakras!

What's a chockrer?

It's a wheel inside you  
that makes you go

Actually I don't think sensation is the problem

It's not a problem it's solution isn't it mainly a pleasure

The real problem is conception concepts thinking instead of feeling

Darkening of the middle cakras you mean?

I don't know what I mean I mean I feel  
something is good in feeling I mean feeling  
with the skin and like that and something  
not so good about feeling I mean feeling  
with emotions even if the feeling is feeling  
good you know what I mean?

I think that's what I meant when I began

Is that just thinking?

What else could it be?

We are two fools in the morning

feeling.

30 November 2001

## OPERA

What does begin mean?

You have an answer  
and hope that someone  
with a question hears you  
and draws near

everything is the beginning of a different play  
a play that goes out perpendicular from  
everything else that keeps going on

the play stretches to infinity  
where it meets its parallels again

infinity, that famous place  
that down at heels one time glitzy spa  
where all the old comedians hang out  
kept alive by reminiscence and massage

telling the same jokes over and over

what is this, an essay

each time a little different  
our loss of control is the biggest joke

and the girls we read about who do it deliberately

deliberate loss of control

as much as anything can be free in  
Wired Circuit City

That's arcane

a cross-bow aimed at the moon?

where are you now?

A pool of ink  
in a medium's palm

he's looking for me  
deep in what he sees

talk to me though

though?

I mean away from what you're thinking

What am I thinking?

I don't know  
Just be with me

It's in a submarine  
where we are  
out of control  
I don't know how deep we go  
and if we ever come back  
up there

you see the light above you all the time

or maybe not deep at all  
and all that light is just the sky  
traditionally empty

this is the weather men sing for  
November and the opera begins  
hunters go out killing  
what is the meaning that holds  
these ideas in association?

a dying deer is not an idea



but they all do die, isn't it,  
November is the time of dying  
And opera is to art as death is to living  
the capstone and testament and final meaning

was it Sophocles who said Let  
no man call  
himself happy  
before the opera's over?

Sophocles was a thousand years before opera

Nobody was.  
Opera is always  
Every word is full of operas

You mean dying?

I mean music that makes sense of living

You're a Boy Scout deep down  
aren't you?

try to be civil  
it's the only virtue  
of which you might be capable

not you, evidently

no, the mage is still looking for the man  
all the ink does is stain the young boy's hand

30 November 2001

## MILD NIGHT

How could it be

the way music is  
deaths come in threes

Berlioz Nerval  
all the streetlamps of the world

can't light up that street  
or darken it with all their failures

'had to give up his death  
to be immortal' Orphée

o the sacred literal poet  
duckpond where only ducks can swim

2.

it is how could it be  
three hours till December  
and the warm rain eases down through Berlioz

name of a condition  
a town, fence around it  
to keep love out

that Lego master of our little bricks  
every word built up

to make a story  
every story a torture

every torture a letter from you too.

30 November 2001

(DREAMWORK)

All afternoon I was reading Assyrian dreams. They are like a huge but finite alphabet our waking lives pronounce.

They are the truth behind the lies our bodies tell.

I used to think a thing could happen only once, so a dream I dreamed couldn't happen again outside of sleep.

But then I learned that each condition is only a shadow of the other. *Nachtsreste* to go with *Tagesreste* — and indeed things do happen only once. But the event splays out and touches every side of waking. And there may be another beside waking and sleeping — and what happens there may take our lives away.

30 November 2001

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rain because rain  
red because blue  
you because you  
me too because you

we are not much  
else but weather

and midnight knows all the answers  
but sometimes it slips by between one word and the next

like missing your subway stop  
and being carried under the river all the way to Brooklyn

as if you had to be born all over again.

30 November 2001