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Now that people are coming to eat in the garden  
the sky makes cool  
light, a lively  
company called the wind  
keeps the trees guessing

whereas geraniums  
shortlived as they are  
have heard it all before.

1 August 2000  
Hannover  
restaurant of the Hotel Körner

---

A time is coming  
when time is coming  
will touch you with its feather  
(time namely is a bird)

to tell you it has come  
and the feather (beyond tickling)  
will leave a faint trace  
(track) on your skin

feels wet (isn't wet) and looks  
like the Danube delta  
splaying into the Black Sea  
every future you ever have

swimming downstream fast.  
And only your desire  
breasts the current (swims upstream)  
gasping for breath

in love with all this flood (flux) that ruins him.

1 August 2000  
Hannover

## ODE TO HANNOVER

*Ordnung gegen Ordnung*

—Kurt Schwitters

It has to be like this here  
in so beautifully ruly a place  
a thrust to disturb  
and make wild things happen  
must itself arise from orderly  
principles, weighty theory.

Dada. Oulipo. You  
can't just break a glass,

a glass

needs a reason for shattering  
more persuasive than Newtonian  
physics, impact, fragility,  
pain.

Flowers are no different,  
they insist on making colors.  
Biologists absurdly reason that these  
lure bees and other useful propagators  
(teleology is not dead in the sciences,  
just disguised as evolution)

we know better. Colors  
(look at the pansies, for Christ's sake)  
for their own sake arise  
to make the world magniloquent  
that's usually so glum with rock.

So now we need a theory that embraces  
color, explosions, spoonerisms, hyperbaton, puns  
and scribbling with chalk all over the sidewalk.

So I am writing an ode called **?O**  
the sound of the mouth before words.

Words try one at a time to recover  
the silence they abrogated  
and we try to abrogate words by writing them down.

1 August 2000  
Hannover

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Let me invent a face  
will content itself with being seen

no more yearning for more knowledge  
no more restless yen to go  
back before the picture to the real

No more real. Just this face.  
A face that heals and stills and needs  
nothing more than to be seen

And seeing leaves nothing to be desired.

1 August 2000  
Hannover, Sprengel Museum

---

seemly, at the fair

after walking around all afternoon with Schwitters  
stuff in Schwitters town these giant  
commodious inconvenient edifices  
of Expo 2,0,0,0 seem tame

agreeable enough  
but without contradiction  
nothing really works

streams need hard channels  
birds need skies

and if I hadn't been looking at Kurt Schwitters  
all afternoon who wanted  
nothing and made everything  
I would start wondering what I need

Here the only contradictions  
are other people

and everything is a museum  
giant walls and giant windows  
and the sun tearing through  
lighting up the bad and good

being in the world is like being on a movie  
set without a camera

just us and our eternal script.

1 August 2000  
Hannover, am Matschsee

---

Persons enduring other persons midday need  
Organize everybody this could be algorithm  
Angry purchasers of debentures rallying  
Lebedewers really are going up and up  
Frantic impositions of dysgraphia the beads  
Of Lithuanian amber pursue linked destinies  
My touched affinities me by you Landesgalerie  
Lower Saxony a precious specimen of the Great Auk  
Sesquicentennially extinct the pain of loss  
Bleeds us white the hair et cetera the pain  
The point of it would be to vary us  
Demarche in petit point cactus for the blind  
Blindman's buff among the cacti German TV  
Unspeakable syllables of a future language  
Farseeing zygotes on the coast of come.

2 August 2000  
Hannover



---

Cost by language?

Immediate.

Any middle reaches on.

Permit the air-inspired art stuff sculpture sp

“shocky gaudy and toy colored kitschy forms Iskender Yediler this yearning  
after lost-gone nature”

(it deflates and then deflates until it droops and dies and is flat,  
then it inflates some more, the air pump a deal of the apparatus

you hear it breathing)

slowly deflating the ithec processes fall down.

It is sad to watch the tumescence of a concept

Clearly.

Losing gas.

Nature namely yielding.

Produced from PVC that's ok.

2 August 2000, Hannover  
[after Iskender Yediler's garden at the Sprengel Museum]

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How different the thunder sounds here.  
How can that be?  
How can I say that when just now  
a peal of thunder rattled just like home.  
How perverse things are! I thought  
how different the thunder sounded  
last night and this morning  
I could have taken it for cannons  
or furniture at play. But it sounds  
just now just home. I want to think  
the thunder is my home,  
clouds and stuff taking care of themselves  
and me like King Solomon arrayed  
in the gorgeous raiment of automatic Time,  
the weather and the wonder,  
watching silver raindrops pelt my little leaves.

2 August 2000  
Hannover

---

The constraint becomes the content

Meaning is what leaks through  
the bluster of formal contrivance

2 August 2000  
Hannover

---

Cloud bristle  
make lists of  
lots of little words

the shapes of wonder  
by omega

the aftertaste of God.

2 August 2000  
Hannover

---

Because of how they look to love them  
No, don't talk to it

Build a house a **Bau** and they will come  
come to it

my problem, judge, is that I want to be a garden for them

whenas the sad truth is  
I have to build one for them,

not me, not me, they will not walk and lie down in me,

must build a baroque thing, a garden walled, with curving  
interwoven lines for them to go,

whereas I want them to want me  
copious me, I say,

come to me and give nothing away.  
I am far enough from the sea.

2 August 2000  
Hannover

---

Anything that is written or said is saying  
Something but to whom?

Grammar is a proof of the existence of God.  
Since things are spoken to be heard  
There must exist someone who hears  
Everything that is said.  
Who can that be?

It is who. Call him or her who.  
Are silent men atheists?  
Not necessarily.  
Monks of La Trappe do not need to test God's hearing  
By speaking to him out loud.  
They know he knows,  
So speech is beside the point for them.

If you know, there's no point in saying.  
So language is always anxiety, always ignorance, always demand.  
Language is always asking.

2 August 2000  
Hannover

---

Fill up a page with savage indignation, then learn you just want to smile at the girl across the street. You liked the way her bare arm felt when you said goodnight. You liked the way the camel knelt down to take you on. You like the way things work. You like the way the moon is drowning at this minute in the little pond, but al the people came out safely, and are home now, in bed, and dry, and thinking of nothing at all.

2 August 2000  
Hannover

---

Nobody can translate poetry.

So if you want to translate poetry  
You have to become nobody.

Only language can help you do this.

2 August 2000

Hannover

(impromptu, at the start of my reading at Expo 2000, Deutscher Pavillon)



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Empty feel on payday  
I heard a meadow  
gay weather as namely  
swelled on horizon  
waiting for the train

so many  
have chosen the alternate timestyle  
the highway with hackles,  
the no-history, the hood

best can I so  
after all among them a tree.

This is my sonnet for you,  
written in a year to come.

3 August 2000  
Hannover

---

To be in one's last youth

(first age) a boundary  
tender frontier  
you name it to be rocked  
in those hips  
one needs to be younger and younger  
until only the womb is proper.

3 August 2000  
Hannover

---

I need new language.  
Come to the door.  
Be outside and breathe.  
Be simple and try to remember.

*Blue tapestry chair*

It could be Proust  
The certainty  
Frosted glass ceiling light fixtures

Names count

And what do numbers do?

I am postulating a zone  
Between signifiers  
Into which all effort strives

(urlaut, primal sound,  
“primary colors”  
urklänge)

but incessantly drags with its striving  
traces — or truck loads —  
of its own signifying powers

With the result that the signifier-free zone (SFZ)  
Is constantly shrinking  
Under the assault of art  
(not to speak of commerce, entertainment  
and the other branches of government)

you walk into a building  
and the place is gone,  
lost  
into its (real or false, trite or visionary)  
signification —

visiting the SFZ  
is like playing with the Sun —  
immensely candid powerful

finally veiled in its own intensity.

3 August 2000  
Hannover

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Ich bin vielleicht einer der Menschen die Menschen haßen und Städte lieben.  
Ich bin aber ein Mensch der Menschen die Menschen nicht gern haben und  
Städte lieben. Ich bin vielleicht ein Kunsthistoriker einer Kunst, eine Kunst so  
anerkannte daß niemand sie sehen kann. Die genaue, gemeine, geheime Kunst  
der Städte, die einzige Kunst die Menschen liebt. Diese Kunst liebt die  
Menschen sehr, weil die Menschen und nur Menschen sie gestalten können.

3August 2000

Hannover

At Expo 2000, Deutscher Pavillon