

8-2000

augD2000

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "augD2000" (2000). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 1078.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/1078

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Shas' spiritual leader: 6 million were reincarnated souls of sinners

(IsraelWire-8/6/2000) In his weekly Saturday night address, Rabbi Ovadia Yosef, the spiritual leader of the ultra-Orthodox Shas Party, stated the six million Jews killed in the Holocaust were the reincarnated souls of sinners being cleansed. The rabbi stated the victims were paying for their previous sins.

And what are we doing while they're dying
What sins were ours they also paid for, the debts
They paid off, the suffering in hell, the hell of hunger
The hell of anger?

For anger is the worm that never dies,
Always has someone to bite, some one
Who must be wrong.

(15 August 2000)

haka band dsulu
g'aspa na dsiddik
h'lalbigat tsej

your work is done
the elephant's braying
walks through the autumn yellowed grasses

vi k'uud dama?

and why not?

15 August 2000

Elegant hardware of three continents
assembled in the monastery court
it takes a dynasty to found a purple finch
and in summer heat we grieve the dying pope

because he is one of us and Thanatos
soon we will be everywhere too, omnipotent
in a little hour, limited only by the size
of our desires, dispersed to all our targets

all becoming and nothing left of being
then we will be dead the monk said
and the slender nuns arrayed their equipment
silently a little miffed that he would speak

the obvious. White men always do.

16 August 2000

DESERT VARIATIONS

for Thomas Meyer

Today we went further than the sun
came stopped by mere appearance
by 'mine' or 'thine' to be the rest.

I lay my arms on your bed, confused
by the sequences of suns, numbers,
geologies ... the Indian sciences
turn flesh to water, then ebb away

leaving us to care. Your word healed
me enough for me to trust my own,
walk on, as they say, and when I tire
there is always dancing and despond

since nothing proves. I am of the city
of the dry throat, at its best amid despair
like stars in all that blackness, scorching

certainty, orchestra of pure echo.

16 August 2000
(after Tom's "The Desert")

this is my last night on earth
I know something
no one knows

16 August 2000
Woodstock

THE LOAN

This body belongs to you.
You lease it to me
for my experiments
in tenderness, discomfort, remorse.

You occupy my body too —
I wonder what the law is all about
that makes us live in one another's flesh
like some eternal highschool science lab

and we only get our own back when we die.

(I mean:
I was born in it and will die in it.
In between it belongs to all of you.
We wear these protein rags
for love's sake,
 to show love's lesions
 and remarkable recoveries,
allurements, satisfactions, despairs.

She who had been la belle héaulmière
cannot see the ruin she's become
surrounded by the radiant
architecture of all of you.)

16 August 2000

it was the subway and between station four and station three he found the book he had discarded long before but this time there are markings in it someone has written into it comments maybe on a text they had before them but was missing now when all that was certain was the subway on its way between station stop and station stop and when he woke he had only one line left from what had been written in his found lost book:

books that wear time thin as rain.

17 August 2000

DREAM SCARS

But these are markings in the earth

*a morning like an autumn morning
an airplane overhead
a little wind fresh with light
sifted through maple leaves*

he woke to solve.

A line was left from dream.
Maybe there really is a continuity —
suppose every word we hear in dream
connects with all the others we have ever dreamed,

all our lives
(all our dreams)
comprising
one single text unscrolled
we think is many.

*Keep record
hold measure
and transcribe*

the devious connectedness of all my dreams.

A word knows how to speak
but can you hear?

Decryption of a dream narration
just the words of it
the actual syntax-architected utterance

as is,
interpreted as is
into a continuous text,
the gospel of the night.

Which might be my own
eternal story
or just some gossip I heard in my sleep.

17 August 2000

APOCALYPSE

And these shall be your signs:

The day will feel just like today
the ground beneath your feet
will feel like earth
the air you breathe will fill your lungs

and the light will let you see.

17 August 2000

THE GIRL WHO DISAPPEARED INSIDE HIM

The mind is such an ogre
gobbles everything, engorges it,

embodies it.

 Whatever it desires
 it plunges in itself
until the thing is lost from the world

and only present there, as mind
would have it, all changed
with mind-slobber and mind-mortgage

a shivering travesty of what was there.
Yet it is beautiful and rare,

an angel witness in a fallen world.

17 August 2000

EDUCATION

A sundial
With no gnomon.

AMERICAN EDUCATION

A sundial
With no gnomon,
Taken indoors
For safe keeping.

PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION

A sundial
With no gnomon,
Taken indoors
For safe keeping.
Now they plan to turn on
A lightbulb screwed into the ceiling.

18 August 2000

smoke in the foothills
where it rises
white every day
against the blue hulk of mountain

a new Pope
every day elected
the Holy Spirit
has Her way with the valley,
His way with the valley,

the smoke goes up
as if we owned the sky
and could store up there
all the evidences of our energy

St Paul warned us of
this power within us

the pure reality
is outside “we stand

in soul” all right,
I’m quoting myself
but that self of mine
is three decades dead

and now who’s talking?

The smoke
is what fire thinks

and words think me.

18 August 2000
Blithewood

Manage the interpreter
kill the camel
never

 The sand leaves
permanent traces
a residue of mortal action

you just can't read
but they're there all right

light-sintered windscript
we have come
all the way down from a book

to read that childish story to the end.

19 August 2000

for Barbara Leon (her fortieth)

It's not who you are,
It's who you are

It's not what you see from your window
It's what you see from your window

It's not what you show from your window
It's what you show from your window

Everything in place
And a moon humming.

19 August 2000

Have a care
A heart. All
These months
And now it's now.

Thunder of far fireworks,
Kaboom beyond orchestra's
Control, hence not
Music, since music is control.

The rest is air, Londonderry
Rose of summer Adriatic
Once we stood so close to
At the Bucentoro summer
Lugubrious wet footsteps
In no snow,

All held hard in the dirigent hand
Like loose flesh in snug clothes.

2.
This is the muse,
Museum of comparison,
Intense presence of them

Percussive moment
Will not let me go

My only chance
Is riding with it
Out of town
Until it makes
The sun go down.

3.
The bald spot

On the conductor's head
A coin of grace
The light holds hostage
As just inside
That curve of bone
He holds the music
Prisoner and firmly
Calmly gives it
Freedom on parole.

4.
A conductor
Is a batter
Who always strikes out
But his team always wins.

5.
How music made me

And art taught me to speak

Poetry I had to learn to make
Against the current of the current
Against the possible possibilities
Till I was out of the loop and free.

6.
So some part of me is still
Padding down that Indian trail
Beside the Delaware
While kids in a flotilla of canoes
Attack their enemies along the shore

I am a spy
The leaves are green

I don't know love yet
And women seem very strange

I leave such issues
Far behind me
I am a baby phony
In my Quoddy mocs
I am a fraudulent conspirator
An imaginer
From a lost city
The largest of its time

Now just a name among myriads
I walk along
In leaf dapple later
Skulk from tree to tree

Performing the warrior's greatest deed:
Imagining an enemy

The woods are bare
Of everything but me
And a billion living things
Namelessly unspecified

But I'm the only one of me
The Ace of I

The music runs beside me now
Trotting me along
Into the dark it's getting

Into the end of this Pennsylvania memoir
I'm running out of what is remembered

And still the music pushes
Louder now with drums and brass

Forcing me to confront
The terrible clearing of this moment

All the trees are gone
No names

Nothing to recall

Just to be with the sound of it
Nowhere, safe in its old hands.

19 August 2000
in the Festival Tent

Admitted to the declaration
A piece of toast his flag
Shaken irritably over neighbor
Lawns seen, thus made unseen,
from his window, no grass just
the irritant of other, the way
your thumb at arm's length
is just the size to blot out the moon

when she dares to ride above the
roof of someone else's house —
villainy of otherhood, sanctity of me.

20 August 2000

Tell psalm. Poor queer in us
Who burnt to tell the truth
Cool psalm, cool his ashes now
And so few will to propagate
The beauty of his 41st 'Love's Kiss'

All love's permutations in a smack of spit.
God, put those Russian fires out.
God, let a lover like him not be tortured
In public ignorance and vile brutality.

But you know best, I guess,
By definition. Philosophy orates
Everything that happens had to happen
Or where would the causes go
That brought him here, a winter square
In Moscow, dull priests in cantilation
And the barbecue stink of his martyrdom,

Two of his witnesses alongside. The truth
He died for is that men kill.

20 August 2000
to the memory of Quirinus Kuhlmann, martyr.

BEING SIXTY-FIVE

Amazing, this world I've created and sustained
For so many years —

Not bad for a kid of fifteen
I was the last time I looked.

I wonder how long I can keep it going
— it would be a shame to see

all these trees and steeples and trumpeters snuff out.

20 August 2000

not every tree
knows how to grow
upside down

only the blue Wantbeam of Sumatra
knows

you feel it reaching down for you every night
the last thing you notice before its sleep subdues you

and it seeds you all night long with its desires

20 August 2000

WILD ANIMALS: BEWARE

1.
the neigh boar
accosts you
in the market

he will gore
you with in
formation

2.
the nigh bear
comes from the woods
to know you

soon you are known
known and gone

3.
the knee boor
kneels before you
and begs mercy
and forgiveness
for all he is
about to do
to you ever after

21 August 2000

REFORMATION

In a meek pew
Sing
Loud as you can

Nobody
Is listening
So louder, louder

Until nobody hears

21 August 2000

I had to tell you this
a kiss is not just a kiss
certainly not justice

diamonds are not just
furnaces at night
to play old records
on your penthouse terrace

all the way up there
hard elevator
to squeeze into
the sky enough of me
to love us both

it hurts up there
alone with the sun
and other stellar
objects stand
close to me and guess
which one of us is breath

which one is breathing
the quartet of hearts
needs only two to beat
as one says the cliché
and sometimes
a cliché is just a child

and sometimes union
daughter and son
hard afterlude again
and in and in
you told me I was
doing it and did.

21 August 2000

There is something like a world.
It's waiting on the corner for some bus.
A yellow one, or green, it goes
Up over the cemetery hill

And into another town altogether.
Those who ride on it
Are used to the silent clamor of the dead
They drive though, their white

Urns and statuary, their glum yews.
And someone is always moving in the shade,
Someone scary but soon passed,
The bus goes on forever

As long as roads last, as long as fire
Remembers its wedding night
And stars remember the ocean they come from.
But the dead are rooted there

Where we pass them, tree and bush,
Flower, vine, grass, lichen, moss.
They live sideways from our lives
And have almost forgotten our names.

21 August 2000