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Woke up talking to you might as well go on

did you leave this pen under my door
did you leave the sun over my porch

and the fox that ran across the lawn last night
and made the sensor light come on, did you?

16 January 2002

u (pnoo&mpoj

Who was the light
that ran across the lawn
blocking the black pathway

along which the serenity
of absence had come
to caress me

dark glance by glance?

sometimes I know
someone is there

and someone else too
the one I am so busy talking

All story tries to go to sleep

that story's best that leads
living into the house of dream

free children of the night
safe inside the portal of the word.

16 January 2002

(from Birgit Richard)

The superficial coverings of the even

you wear networks incoming
goods wear clothes
PUT on jewelry
sit on chairs, and mill on carpets

all share the same profound failing
they,

acres blindly, deaf and very dumb.
Cuff left don't in fact,
left with anything else.

Fabrics look pretty,
but should have brain, too.
Glasses help sight,
but they don't lake.

Your shoes retrieve the day's news from the carpet
before you even have time

take off your coat.

16 January 2002

the glass you give me
the orange
juice comes in a chalice

the chalice is transparent
I can see right through
your body

the sky is of the nature of intellect
an essai of Montaigne
reads out of the cloud

the old and middle-aged wood
of country towns
builds all around transparency

come, get into my car
any self will carry you
beyond the world

you trust me
with the knowledge of you
a gift like no other

given to me
you fill my hands
with understanding.

16 January 2002

only marry a mechanic
if you really think you're a car

marry a writer
turn into a book

marry a soldier
you are an enemy country

his boots know you.

16 January 2002

snow writing

all over the trees'
araby a good
day for telling the truth

Truth is hard
it begins
by saying the name
of everything

when you're finished
with that
you're in a quiet
something
beyond anything

else. That is the truth.

There must be
some other way
to say it

snow
melt
fall
from the branch
indecipherable
cufic.

Truth is what is gone.

17 January 2002

Who is the mind that writes such man

brook-bellied hurry source
room never enough
of need

 a telephone
 in deep space

breaks the mirror
is a barrier

two green men check your luggage
and you are married
more than you know

a dream fills up with merchandise
the mosques and chapels of Jerusalem
and hardly anywhere a house of prayer

no place to burn a dove today

the greatness of the Jews began
when the old tribe of Hebrews
stopped animal sacrifice

and the west began
civilization is a Greek wound
healed by Jews

weeks and weeks

the actual entrainment of the mind in practice

here and there
white letters
are falling
out of the scripture of the trees

you think I'm talking metaphors I'm
just trying to read

before the text erases itself.

17 January 2002

Memory is a wolf who howls around the heart
the fire of whatever burns in there
the bright and thought
attracts her to everything she's known
in her own hunger stalking the elusive real

I am afraid to sleep, knowing what she will uncover
scrabbling with her exquisitely beautiful paws.

17 January 2002

It's almost the day when the waking stops
then walking (that long sleep)
begins.

Caption. Box on the page. Crawl.

That's how the poet should also subsist,
ceaseless crawl at the foot of the screen

of your whole life

(can't tell
with his poemry where
one ends and another

takes over the family business.

Sell a palm tree to the czar
sell a woman the dress she's wearing

sell a sparrow a piece of the air.

Who are you
who hates such simple lucid things,

I am you, the prankster
in the sailor suit,

who will not let you sign a lease

or wrap your democratic mother's bones in some harsh flag.

18 January 2002

Curse of the name
they gave you

 a blessing
up to you
 to solve.

I'm too busy with the blue
jay any minutes flaps away

a chip of sky
cracked off

and if I don't run the weather who will
and if I don't call your name who will

and if you don't call me back I'll cry
I'll blame language, that ancient telephone

calls me all the time why won't I listen.

18 January 2002

No one here but the smell on my hands

Monad. Parsed *einsamkeit*,
man by tractor and no earth.

Loneliness is one-some-hood
but One is breakless,

a glass
built round emptiness,

all the orange juice on earth
can't annihilate yearning

like the father in love with his beautiful daughter.

That word again,
the invisible marriage,
open secret,
he wants her
for himself.

Seamless, the generations.
The god Ptah is said to have spat in his hand.

Workmen, onions, breakfast, the breath
of so many so close to me, I swoon
into the breath of travelers,

your breath, fresh as ever, excitement
built into the morning,

I smell your breath I can't smell my own –
father in love with daughter

behold the broken music of the world.
Get this. It's rich—
all her suitors gladly are beheaded.

The last thing any lover needs is
that irritable intelligence of identity,

nobody needs faces. The headless corpses
that embrace her, and all
she wants is some decent conversation,

your word or two of flesh inside her.

2.

He swoons on your breath, morning lady,
be his subway, carry him far below

the bellezza or beauty
of the subway is
going fast and never
knowing where you are

going as in a dream
through everlasting tunneling
like a molecule in space
with strangers

you move with strangers
you wake with strangers
through an unknowable
darkness underneath

to some familiar place
that money takes you
yours again

called into question
by your way of coming

3.

loud shuddering night journey

all right it all
comes down to this
the fucking snow
is beautiful or
beauty-ful the way the
old men said it in New York
my own Sibelius
ranting in the air

the creatures that lived before us
still live here
they still are there

the city full of them they hurry around us
through us

I have felt a ten thousand year old faun move through my arms

19 January 2002

To be sure of.

Be clear about it,
[ming²] as Pound used to say,

a word from the dictionary
to start any day.

You can see the sense you used to make from here
by repeating all your endearments
to an appropriate-gendered stranger
beside you by chance on the bus

but “Chance is the fool’s name for fate”
as the other American master said,
the Movies.

Pound and the movies,
they were the whole century.
I mean the movies form a common text,
in fact a Bible

where Ecclesiasticus lies down with Job
and Ruth stands among the lepers in Leviticus
all images fertummelt
in one endless text
although as it happens a text of light.

2.

Listen to what the snow says or
sun crystallizing along it towards me

the world is writing it again.

3.

The thing about movies we love

familiar solicitation
to attend
in mind or body
the embrace
of the contours of
that other
you have come to feel
by chance it seems
is more important
than your own breath,

the pattern on your chessboard:
in her or him you move

7.

But chance is the fool's word for ice skate
where she falls and your heart's the ice
that feels the pressure of her body

or she leaps and you catch her, who,
by what the fools call chance
is actually the water in your glass

you crystallize with all your heavy looking

her blood pumping in your veins
the erythrocytes on pilgrimage
to their Mecca in your heart

which is the fool's name for your bloody meat

sun in the sky sister on high
the spaced-out brother comes home late

your car careens, we are the hospital of love,
we mend your nouns

and from the ever-crackling cellphones
give you news of the night.

8.

Remember something you saw in the movies

the remembering feels the same
always

 this
is the canonic reference,
 all the books
are written by one writer,
 all the movies
you ever saw spilled clumsy beautiful
from one same eye machine

chelovek s kino apparatom
the world changed, human
with movie camera

an apparatus to make the world move.

9.

is this a lecture I'm giving
a slyboots David Antin talk piece
a paltering heteroclite sermonette
a rant

 at morning to inebriate the eyes
again,

 to celebrate
all the secret Masses of the night
we wake blessed from
into the confusions of the actual

sister sun on mother snow
and a red head
at the feeder
woodpecker

Melanerpes

god of the new year

10.

old tools in the eternal garage
greasy hammer ball peen
word-down sander and a band-saw blade

I love

the landscape of scatter
the screwdriver's whole body
pressed into wet cement
to form the human testament
of Simon Rodia

with this thing that is a word I write my Word

I leave a shadow
on the text
of my tools
not my desire

for this was generous
μῆξ, as Pound forgot to say
same pronunciation

name of a man.

All these quotations
search you

[ming²], brightness = picture of the sun and moon shining together,
'clarity'

chelovek s kino apparatom = *Man With Movie Camera*, Vertov's film, = the
book of Genesis in our bible.

μῆξ, *ming* again, Tibetan this time, the name for 'name.'

Simon Rodia, the generous hand who built Watts Towers

Job, Ruth, Leviticus, etc. = parts of an old book.

woodpecker, a bird outside my window
the so-called red-bellied woodpecker, not
the smallest, with a red poll

and busy when I saw him
plucking oil seed from the feeder
meant for him and others of his kingdom.

first person I saw this morning
why wasn't it you,

and now you know, know who you are —
whether or not the dream recites you
all I wake with from dream is your name.

20 January 2002