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## GNUTRITION

Clean as to mind a sign  
no color name applied  
isosceles like spruce like fire  
choose the lock before you carve the door

the swans on the inlet at Oceanside  
by the old people's homes  
assisted living mother and father  
fed the swans the swans geed us

something unimaginable but actual  
gnostic nutrition shadow on water  
so clean imagines everything  
did she ever want to be a sailor

she who was descended from seals  
I found her sealskin often in the house  
took comfort as from no other skin  
and all such dark wet weather

be quick about things so they go on  
what time are you in trees instead  
when the other folds back into the self  
a crow in a bare tree its radical.

4 November 2012

=====

Description is half the problem  
skylight bright of cracked glass  
can love sneak down to steal a jewel  
precious word hidden in the cheek

we come from far but who are we  
many crossroads on the path to Rome  
please don't take my elf-shine away  
brittle old song like a dog asleep.

4 November 2012

## **COSMOGENESIS**

It only matters if the heart's on fire  
it's only matter when love  
that fiercest ambiguity  
makes it so by wanting it

wanting something so much  
to touch and hold  
to take shape out of dream or thinking  
and be there, We call it world

when it's there, and have to deal with it  
and only when the heart's on fire  
can the other hand of love succeed  
in making matter meaning and love us.

5 November 2012

= = = =

He thinks things  
that mean to be  
get born,  
the namshe-traveler chooses  
a mother who will not abort—

in all our wrangling  
we forget the namshe-  
travelers, the very  
ones we are.

I am who came  
through the river of my father  
into the sea of my mother  
to be born,

I am the namshe-traveler.

The cicadas of tinnitus in my local ear  
are the hum also of the big machine.

5 November 2012

## FOR THE DAY 10-IX, 10-TIGER

a good day to pray for land,  
my land, and its *original inhabitants*—

who *had* this land  
before any sense of ownership impinges—

the shock of ownership,  
making things our own  
when they are so deeply  
their *own* own.

5.XI.12

= = = = =

To say it is to think again.

What is the sound I hear on the road  
what is the distance from here to here?

How can we know the future  
when we don't even know the past?

And this moment when I know so little  
is an intersection point  
on an immense portolan chart  
of all spacetime's causes and effects  
keen, intensely itself,  
only for me it exists, yet by me  
it's almost totally unknown,

but is there, arif, a knower in me  
that knows this moment,

who knows the secret name of now?

5 November 2012

## PROPRIO

one more other we could did learn off Olson  
double modal

proprioception as poetics itself  
knowing where things are  
just put your hand out  
without thought but with conscious *will*

reaches out to pick up a cup *it* knows is there

so language itself rises in us to attend  
this part-obliterated intercourse of speech,

and we by will to sing or say  
open our auto-mouths and speak.  
Herewith the proprioception of word in history,  
the language did it.

2.

Because a history book  
is the worst kind of escape fiction  
you think is fact,  
books that give the infant mind of scholars  
those molders of fecal masses  
the thrill of feeling oceanic  
as if they were in charge of what they think happened



in the world they winkle out of dates  
letters documents and deaths  
to feign the illusion of a storyline.  
Gives the reader the sleepy confidence  
of somehow being in control  
or at least in contact with  
what happens.

No,

it just happens.  
History books are bedtime stories  
written after the child's asleep.

6 November 2012

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Children waiting by the river  
for the water  
that never comes.

6.XI.12

= = = = =

Why use a self  
to sledge a feeling  
hard into morning?

Let the feeling  
carry itself  
no need for womanwit

or men to schlep it  
out into the woods  
where live things hide

and timidly  
try to teach us  
the good life

is not feeling  
but responding.  
Answer and be free.

6 November 2012

= = = = =

Weight of the oil truck  
hauling up the hill  
the weight of things on earth  
the going, the going to work,

the hummingbirds have all flown south

if you want to know the old language  
look inside  
look up high  
then look straight down: the shadow  
of all you need to know  
will play at your feet

You gave me your already self  
it was a hero in your hip  
a way of letting me be there  
like your weather—  
and that was enough:

I worshipped the as usual  
licking the taste off the word.

6 November 2012



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You have to forget who you are  
to be who you are.

Otherwise you'll spend your life  
impersonating yourself.

6.XI.12

= = = = =

Even in winter some birds in the trees  
I learned this from another language  
was it the grammar of the north wind  
it was a girl I think midnight by the river Hase.

6 November 2012





the shape we give it, we clutch  
fearful the running water.

4.

masa de harina, coffee grounds,  
some white flour for the highlights.  
*Vévé*, a sacred 'written character'  
the ritual finds written in itself  
and then sings out to write on things,  
sifting the grains down on the stream.  
Oh water. Oh take.  
Oh this. Oh image.  
Oh into the heart of what happens.

5.

And then he remembered what he was trying to forget:

a) he is responsible for everything that happens in the world

1) he could things if he changed something in himself

2) or if he changed the way he's thinking

b) he is only an object in the world not a subject, he is one of trillions of parts of  
what happens but not in charge of any of it.

c) his best option is to hide. Survive.

The three notions are evidently true, yet false.

He must understand that nothing he does has any bearing whatsoever on What  
Goes On, but he must behave as if all his words thoughts and deeds have a vast,  
decisive effect on everything else.

There is a reek of Pascal's wager about all this. It is hard to wake up and find yourself in a world where everything matters and nothing does.

He thinks about Schrödinger's cat. He is that cat. He thinks what a strange man Schrödinger must have been to come up with that heartless image for quantum reality.

Evidently no one — of those who rule the ways people talk about the world — seems to care about the cat. It's just a likeness, they say, a metaphor.

But by our emblems we are judged.

6.

And maybe the water does  
carry the symbol intact  
all the way to the sea,  
or if not intact  
then like some homeopathic dream  
— intensification by delusion —

the isotopes of imagery  
charge the water, charge the sea,  
and the god sign

pervades all things that water reaches  
and we also drink it in,  
the scar of mind.

7 November 2012

= = = = =

No way by looking at the trees  
to know who won the election.  
Maybe some cars go by elated —  
the trees don't tell.  
The world looks the same.  
That is its special trick,  
illusion of continuity,  
everything the seed of something else.  
Will Love never take a hand?

7 November 2012

= = = = =

So get something said.

Credo. I believe

that what we say

especially say onto paper or magnetic trace or...

thus 'time-binding', that is right —

has an effect on the mind

which is the world.

Sway thinking and sway perceiving.

Sway perceiving and sway being.

Word itself is the clinamen, the swerve.

7 November 2012

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No matter what Stalin said  
language is politics too.

We believe what people say:  
that is the deepest  
paideuma, darkest problem,  
our one hope.

7.XI.12

