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TEMPLE EIRON

We find what we are looking for
chapter two we
lose it on the way and make a song
chapter three
still searching for what we used to have
innocence is Venus
is copper is meant to turn green
chapter four
the lost penny comes back for more
hold it in your mouth
taste where it's been
chapter five over the winter
we went to Anatolia
where it all began
but it was still beginning
so we came home
chapter six into
the undiscovered ordinary
chapter seven waiting
for my life to peel
and show the spirit core
there is no more
until we come to think
heaven is hell
these blocks of stone

are still waiting

chapter eight

waiting for us to recite

the catechism of ignorance

chapter nine

I play silver you play gold

all round us tin and bronze

and copper pure and mercury

dance around a mass of lead

shaped like a mountain or a man

chapter ten and then

at last everything know how to begin.

18 December 2011

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Hidden pond and floating trees
shadows walked beside us too
remembering for us
the stepping stones in darkness
for twenty seconds holding close.

18 December 2011

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It is morning the shadow
shrinks back to the house that made it
looking north-northeast and empty road.
Tell Basho for me when we all meet again.

18 December 2011

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I write my own language
from my own life
I am a sparrow
I fly in my own sky.

18.XII.11

= = = = =

The woods at twilight
gateway to that queendom
down between,
the green place, fairyland.
You move there
sumptuous through bare trees
shadows shimmer away from you,
is it only me who sees you so,
afflicted with vision and desire,
those old diseases of the eye?
But this is seeing
that the whole skin feels,
my arms see you
and your walking is the same as seeing.

18 December 2011

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Spending a long time
deciphering a message
maybe not worth reading.
Is this a life?

18.XII.11

FUNCTIONS

Summit scrap or can't content
hurry us too?

Harry

was the youngest:
be my new sister I pry you
free from the rock, you need
my water round you
and I have no well but you.
My pump still works
though faucet stilled for winter.
You came out of nowhere
to find a way home
through me to you
we deign to enter
the green mystery
deigns to receive us
together who were so
you were so
bold as to speak.

2.

Over now.

So many scant be waiting.

Toggle-minded a drunk

clutches a weighing

machine on station platform
to keep from falling
down in public
where numbers don't help at all.

3.

But the slim equation
rests quiet a moment
solving itself.

Count the hairs
the decimal point of the lips
excitement never far
from the forehead
No image in the imagine.

4.

Derivatives of an absent function

we are. That makes no sense.

A bikini, a shuttlecock,
a plaster bust of Haydn—
those make sense.

You buy a man's image
and lose it years later
in the cellar of your mind.

One of them. Where silverfish
and spiders. Owls outside.

5.

m'introduire dans ton histoire

he said, he meant

your mathematics, in the reckoning

inside you that brings your life to you

friend by friend. Number is karma.

To be part of your equation.

So that approaching zero

both he and you would be solved.

6.

That day the flowers came creeping

their blue cabbagey heads

just a glimpse above the windowsill.

They were looking in at me again—

to endure the thousand-glanced

inspection of the hydrangea!

To be seen for what I am,

even flowers move faster than I do.

7.

Can't help it. just hear different from you.

I'm always listening for the heart and the god,

the lust for splendor and the splendor of lust.

Even when you tell me that's just dull passagework

while, say, Schubert is fumbling for his next idea,

I hear the thighs and belly of the stumbling man,

a boy really, half-drunk, shouldering towards
the ever-elusive Friend, the one he wants to worship
and go to God with and fuck. *The Friend is
always hidden in the music*, ahead of where
I ever am. That's why I guess I'm bored
by music that knows what it's doing,
where it's going. Professional, tafelmusik,
the academy of inoffensive technique, skeletons
dressed up in costumes from the opera house,
the one that always burned down yesterday.

8.

Civil contract. Centipede.
Heap of oranges. Pollarded
elms on the plaza.
Key-cold her husband lies,
all his Mexicos are gone.

19 December 2011

WRITAN

to scrape or scratch
t scrape the mind clean
clear of the night
to be free for this, clean
to the new day
argued
by the hypothesis of sun.

2.

Writing scrapes
the mind clear
of what it was never thinking.

3.

There are priestesses, you,
who do it. Who scrape
the sky clean using
sometime feathers
from birds you raise
many many of them you
take just one tail feather ever
from any given bird
and you use that
for all your sorceries

but the bird, hurtless, flies free
into all the habits of the air.
But this one shaft you kept
is more powerful than wind
more ardent than fire,
just stroke one of us with it
and I forget the rest.
Sometimes they use their tongues.

20 December 2011

THRENODIES

The lamentations are more than man
they sparrow round God's feet
they rain on him a dreamy drizzle
—as if he needed to be any sadder!

He who thinks, creates a world.
And never is what he has made
free of lamentation. Sorrows
of stone, matter is made of grief.

The sobbing wind fuels
all our local words, we
snivel to decode one desperate
stupid cryptogram

we know the mortal answer to already.

20 December 2011

= = = = =

All the comes to be the sharp
fainéant voyagers
wrapped in their silken sails
the pure integument of going
nowhere, measure the sky
from where you lie
a cathedral in your pocket
risen to adore. For all that,
we're the bastard branch of the clan,
the angels inherited all the rest.

20 December 2011

WORDING

1.

Something beginning
a word is a tree
a fig tree that every year
bears just one fig
but what a fig!
I can taste it still.

2.

A word is generous
gets drunk and sits on your lap
wakes you up at night
Go pee for me, it says
But it's asleep when you
come back to bed,
both your minds at peace.

3.

Things we give each other
with our mouths.
Words, kisses, germs—
which are most dangerous?

4.

A word is a car going slowly uphill.
Drizzling out, the asphalt glistens.
A word goes over the crest and is gone.
Now we begin to understand.

5.

Or a crowded bus morning
making a left turn
off the highway, god knows
where all these people are going.

6.

Enough about words.
Tell me something.
Use words if you must
you only half understand.
Entropy. Fig tree.
Aporia. Absolute.
That way I'll have
half a chance of knowing
what you really mean.

7.

All words are hybrids
of one primal utterance
plus something else.

Dear friend, I wish you
all wonderful else.

8.

Speaking clears the throat.

To say a word though
holds the world in place.

Why silence matters.

Silence loosens the mortal
grip of the actual.

9.

Why can't I find it in my mouth
though, silence, my poor mouth
filled with so many names?

10.

Cars sometimes stop
right in the middle
of the road and block
all traffic. A word's like that.

11.

If politics is made of words
but power is made of money
in this asymptotic relation
words are hamsters on their wheel.

12.

But oh how their fur glistens!
Words sleep and dream silence.
Shapes their cunning little bodies
left in grass or moss or mud
you find in your morning mind.
But they themselves are gone,
you look everywhere for them
and nothing speaks. I too can feel
the shape of where a word has been
but no word is. A word
too knows how not to speak.

21 December 2011

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A few more words
a speak of weeking
blue parrot on the boulder
bone of your shoulder

a feast of whys
and your daughter in her pink
skirt comes home from college

it is Christmas the believing
season. Money
still means everything

but keeps mum about it now.
For one weekend everybody
is willing to be somebody else.

Even your daughter acts like your daughter for once.

21 December 2011

= = = = =

In the dark
enough to see by
a zebra through
the bedroom door
persuades me
that I'm sleeping—
the people you meet
in that region have
flowers for feet.

21 December 2011