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**The ones who carry the physical world  
in and out of the immaterial spaces  
between one thought and the next— how  
can it still be here when we blink and blink again?**

**These we call the gods. We are skeptical  
at times of their reality as are they of ours.  
Ontology is not the simplest science. Being  
we assume to ourselves but who are we?**

**And who are they who stand between us,  
the ones who it still when we look away,  
when we think of something else but the trees  
are still here but the cloud is gone?**

**Are they doorkeepers really who keep us here  
far from that mysterious valley in between?**

**1 February 2013**

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**Who doesn't lie there in the night proposing  
what I would do if I were suddenly  
king pope president god?**

**These investigations are the milk  
of your pothic system, how your nerves and bones  
yearn for in the common world—**

**the one that such potentates control.  
But what about the sleepy little kid  
who only knows? And what does he know?**

**1 February 2013**

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Among the well-begun  
an otter. Or where the beaver  
built three dams in succession  
and the stream flowed  
big to pond the water out.  
Or where the shadow  
of the sycamore leaned  
on the water and a man  
wadding upstream would  
have the lash of it  
on his bare shoulders  
a second and then pass.  
Or where the same  
flowed into river and river  
knew nothing of all this  
and swallowed everything  
kindly in its hurry. Or  
later in mid-ocean a man  
swept overboard might  
find it and clamber aboard,  
it's big enough, and cry out  
in wonder that such a thing  
should come at his need  
and still he wouldn't know

**what manner of thing this is,  
no animal ever and yet  
on its way and carry me home.**

**1 February 2013**

## INVESTIGATIONS: A BUILDING IS A POEM WITH A DOOR

*for Steven Holl*

**Who is that singing  
inside the singer?**

**When you sit down in the temple  
of someone else's god  
can you overhear the meaning?**

**When you sit quiet in the temple  
who is the god?**

*Why do gods have temples?  
Why not anywhere?*

**Because a building teaches true  
when priests wobble.**

*Is it that a building cannot lie?*

**In no art is the mind of the artist**

**more exposed than in architecture—  
all the aspirations, envisionings,  
assumptions, computations, all  
the necessary compromises.**

*Without compromise there is no art*

**only self-indulgence, self-expression,  
mate-alluring, self-display.**

*A building is for other people—*

**and that is the essence of art,  
why architecture and poetry are most alike:  
both use materials that belong to the world,  
metal, stone, words, grammars, concretes, plastics, rhythms  
and not to the artist**

**the artist owns nothing but the art,  
brings to the work nothing but the art.**

**The building is for others,  
no lonely tower,  
the building is paid for by someone else  
for all the someone elses, bodies, lives,  
the art is pure agency,  
making mind's mark on matter,**

and the poem is for others,  
the poem fails if others cannot walk in it dance in it  
the poem must have floors and walls,  
control the words so that we move  
free of doubt and nourished by coherence  
through spaces we had not known before  
and now are home

the poem must have a door.  
A poem is pure compromise between self and language,  
the mind of someone and the mind of language  
and the minds of everybody else

sacred compromises union rules  
zoning boards and financiers  
the material itself, the poem  
rests firm upon its words,

the building holds the mind up to the sky  
and says think yourself inside me  
make yourself at home

as many of you as there are  
because a city  
lets you be apart together



**we look up from the valley of the heart.**

**So who is that singing in the song  
who makes you think  
what passes through your head  
when you sit quiet in the temple?**

*Every building is a temple—*  
**now name the god.**

**Terrifying beauty of the links the mind endures.**

**Candlemas 2 February 2013**

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**He sat on a stone  
became a stone  
and wrote it down**

**he listened to a bird  
became that bird  
somehow all this  
had happened before**

**who thinks in me  
who lets me be  
awake or asleep  
there is no me.**

**2 February 2013 (Google +)**

=====

*The body believes in images.*

—Normandi Ellis

And loves the images  
because they are of its own  
nature,  
                  the body  
is an image, the body  
is an Egypt,  
                  a ceaseless  
incarnation,  
                  a round of flesh  
becoming mind becoming flesh.

The body believes in what it is,  
trusts nothing but the image,  
doubts all interpretation.  
All except the dance  
when the images in their grace  
finally consent to move.

2 February 2013

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**The images recast.**

**Blue flowers in the window**

**make the street outside**

**another street another**

**city life ago—**

**within**

**our dim capacity**

**the light's the same.**

**O Same, what a god you are**

**to stride over our experience**

**bodily your self in this and that,**

**O Same**

**what are you even**

**but a flux in perceiving, a mind-rhyme,**

**kiss of a false friend,**

**or maybe true,**

**or maybe mothering,**

**all food**

**the same in the same mouth,**

**the flowers**

**in the window**

**false or true,**

**sky-blue flowers**

**remembering my life for me.**

**The dead do not die.**

**3 February 2013**

=====

**A warm-wrapped jogger jogging  
all in black, a little dream  
of breath before the mouth  
so cold the Sunday — this, seen,  
enrolls as a new Tarot trump,  
that flimsy arsenal of potent  
signs any eyes can understand  
better than my language tells.**

**And yet it tells.**

**3 February 2013**

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**We'll never catch up with time  
so let it go.**

**Forgetting  
is the best getting—  
that much we know.**

**Orderly packets of information  
arriving and dispersing.  
In the old Loew's Paradise the ceiling  
lights arranged as constellations—  
what you saw on the screen  
becomes part of you ever after—  
I never said forgetting is easy—  
cosmic, girls say, engrams  
we used to try to clear  
with salmon cans and rubber bands  
unavailing.**

**The stars  
are up there to remember.  
Poor Bruno told us, to change  
your mind you have to change the stars.**

**3 February 2013**

=====

**Sunny living room in old aunt's house—**

**how old that generation was**

**that I came next in line to,**

**I was five, they were in their sixties,**

**white-haired, very pale.**

**It made me think**

**that time was all a seeming,**

**a train in the desert, lonely-friendly**

**hoot of it at night, a rush of wheels**

**and steam going nowhere,**

**bright lights windows with heads of strangers,**

**profiles passing and then gone.**

**All round me still**

**fire and night and the heads of strangers.**

**3 February 2013**



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**Or maybe it's too late for time**

**maybe we need a different animal  
whose fur we are. Things need.**

**Things need selves to bear their needs  
through a thingly system—nothing  
to remember nothing to dread—**

**there is a wind that still blows through us  
and do we also need a name for that**

**for anything? Don't distract me  
with what I mean, I'm not interested  
in my meaning, I want to know**

**something else. Something  
that doesn't know itself yet**

**and needs my foolish feeble help.**

**3 February 2013**

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**Who lifted my arm  
over the coverlet,  
tollled me on my side  
and cushioned my chin  
so comfortably in  
the pillow valley,  
who flexed my knee  
and dreamed me gentle  
the whole long sleep?  
Who gave me this good night?**

**4 February 2013**

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**Caught by cloud edge  
a sky revealed.**

**Make me blue as you,  
I thought, and diaphane—  
do birds annoy you  
with show-off soaring  
their eagle-screeling  
their glide?**

**They  
are like my thoughts  
in me, they are mine  
after all, these swift  
noisy beautiful often  
fluttering scavengers  
of images and time inside,  
my breath is loud with them.**

**4 February 2013**

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To look t the phone  
just before it rings—  
we do that,  
we know things  
but don't know we know.

We know what's coming  
because it already is,  
firm gesture in a mind nearby,  
easy somersault of matter  
in a mental world.

Ring ring. Ring.  
But can they make me answer?  
Can they make me care?

4 February 2013

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**But there are changes in the trees  
the barely visible phantoms — some beasts,  
some women men — who move  
graceful as saplings through the mist  
among the heavy lumber, they  
seem to come closer this morning, their hands,  
their liquid eyes, gently forwarding  
some message I must understand  
before this noon. When the sun  
demands an answer. We all  
answer with our breaths but some  
of us have to turn the breath  
into talk and write it down.  
Or the sun will never rise again.  
Or do I mean will never set?**

**4 February 2013**