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**Catching the words where they tumble  
from the year-grit that smoothes them  
to our need, our greedy tongues  
always in one another's mouth,  
your ear, the landing strip  
where everything comes down.**

**2.**

**Call this linguistics, our last  
science, I mean  
the last thing we have to learn  
something true about, why  
we say what we say, these  
words slip into the wet  
alarm of our mouths, to speak  
before we even think them.**

**3.**

**So there is a lord, a lady  
of such utterance, brisk Mavors,  
tuneful Saraswati, who command**

**an inner music hidden in the words  
we hear so that we speak.**

**4.**

**Spill. The emergence.  
Tell the doctor  
what you think you mean.**

**5.**

**So after all there is a role  
for you to play  
in all this conversation,  
*tongues of fire* lit in heaven  
hover over your heads so we can grasp  
some of what these noises really mean.  
We've been down under the weight of what is said  
like pine trees bending under the snow.**

**16 February 2014.**

=====

**Compassion needs us  
as a stone needs gravity.  
We need to body it.**

**It bells. Even Vienna  
on Sunday mornings  
doesn't bong louder.**

**The hillsides look down  
deaf to the sound  
but seeing our souls**

**shimmer over rooftops —  
no wonder the holiest  
ghost, a white finger.**

**lifted, glass  
of fruit juice in the park,  
life among men.**

**17 February 2014.**

*(towards a statement on Space)*

**Turn the page and remember.**

**The essence of time**

**is imprisonment - prisons**

**embody time,**

**the 'sentence' set.**

**Space is the only escape**

**— *dérive* — from demon time.**

**When you're in full space,**

**openness,**

**time does not exist.**

**meditation moves there**

**towards openness**

**all dimensions at once**

**no time between them,**

**no time at all**

**17 February 2014**

## **SPACE**

**What I've been thinking:**

**Space**

**is primary. Space exists.**

**It is the real existent.**

**Time does not exist as such.**

**Time is the human enterprise**

**of unpacking space,  
using space, finding space,  
defining space.**

**Spaces within space.**

**Hence I can say: time belongs to us,  
we don't belong to time.**

**We do *whenwhere* we want—  
art is the location of space.**

**So poetry is the projection of language into space,  
a shaped space we can move with,**

**projecting language**

**along a trajectory we follow, walk or dance with, run ahead of,  
falter, come back.**

**Because language come to its glory as written language**

**language lets us *gback***

**reread a few pages, a few lines—**

**because language is the exploration of space,**

**as architecture is giving body to space.**

**Finding the body in space**

**that matches, dances with, accommodates our bodies.**

**2.**

**To be caught in time is to be in prison.**

**What is a prison?**

**A building that inhibits or prevents the human use of space.**

**A prison is a place without space.**

**Prison is a null-space measured by time.**

**people are sent to prison for *times*: months or years or for life.**

**This is called a 'sentence'.**

**But being released is to be on parole, *parole* means speech,  
to be let out on your word:  
to be on your word is to be restored to language,  
restored to space.**

**Space is the only escape —*dérive*— from demon Time.  
Can the drift of language set us free?**

**When you're in full space  
(what meditators call openness)  
time can't exist.**

**Often we use eternal ('Eternal Rome') to mean long-lasting  
when it means 'outside of time'. Isn't Pyramid or Pergamon or  
Ely really something projected from [its] time out of time into  
pure space? Space lasts forever.**

**In Tibet one name for the timeless realm is the Copper  
Mountain—a great mountain crowned with a great palace,  
a celestial palace (*shalyekang*).**

**To such palaces meditators travel, being inside and outside at  
once, seeing all sides from all sides and top and bottom, to find**



**at the center of an infinity of rooms and hallways a deity enthroned. And before you know it, you are that deity.**

**All the rooms, walls, roofs, halls, all the directions *with no time between them.***

**Art begins with architecture—a house is built as a refuge from time, time and weather, to *free us into space* by shaping the space around us. That's why the greatest architecture grows as if from the inside out, from the person inside who reaches out into a meaningful shaping of space.**

**And what else are the great monuments but space embodied?**

**The nave of any little Gothic chapel  
is the ship of space  
that bears us everywhere *at once.***

**Eternity is at once,  
dome, valut, ceiling of the child's bedroom,  
the banking hall off Hanson Place.**

**16/17 February 2014**

=====

**There should be a way  
of clarity  
so the eye can read  
what the hand writes**

**or wrote a season back  
some worldly hour  
heavy snow  
whiting out the branches.**

**18 February 2014**

=====

**Worrying what is  
and let the never  
answer itself**

**a weird hat  
a shoe hardly any  
foot could fit,**

**an awkward business  
this being,  
this is.**

**18 February 2014**

=====

**Shovel hand shakes to write  
blue light flickers in the eye  
alone,  
    our senses are alone  
in the world,  
    they take hold  
of what is not there, never  
was, always will,  
    human  
senses, noises in the cellar,  
something dreadful walking  
slow the hallways of the mind.**

**18 February 2014**

## **POMEGRANATES**

**1.**

**Clench a pomegranate**

**(another verb was what was meant)**

**a purple one with satin**

**shadows or the feathers**

**of a cock-pheasant's tail**

**have you come from China**

**just to be beautiful in snow?**

**No more pheasants these days**

**here, rife as they were fifty**

**years ago but now the vultures**

**circle, wild turkeys stroll, here**

**and there a bear, but a bear**

**is no kind of bird, not a single**

**feather to his pelt, nothing**

**easy for me to wear**

**while you queen it in burgundy**

**like the empress in Holy**

**Wisdom even more years back,**

before pheasants came from China  
or Irishmen came here  
looking for a quiet woodlot to sit  
down in and say their prayers,  
you need so much silence to pave  
your way to *hid Divinitie*,  
whose voice might be your own.

2.

Recur to pomegranate.  
Rich smooth thick rough  
all at once rind around  
a sweet and bitter fruit,  
corpuscles inside it,  
jeweled with crimson  
get in your teeth. Here  
I am remembering, more  
time at stake, when  
I was a child saw them  
in the A&P, were called  
Chinese Apples and I wanted.

**3.**

**I still want. Don't you?  
And want you. The one  
whose color and texture  
tell me you are, on the scale  
of my entitlements, the one  
who is permanent. And we  
don't even know what time  
means, or if there is any of it  
left and if not, what else  
space has up its sleeve,  
that purply satin channel  
dark as the bruised skin  
of a pomegranate the man  
who fills the fruit bins  
almost on purpose dropped.**

**4.**

**To see what would happen.  
Would we crack or roll,  
spill or sulk quietly inside  
turning ever redder really.**

**what will happen. Whenever  
and whatever and forever,  
as no song says. Revive  
music while you're at it.  
Take all the money away.  
Even that might not work—  
the flab is in the fiber now,  
a noise that says only hey  
you hear me, and that alone  
might be enough, now that love  
is a silly name for what we  
can't help having to do.**

**18 February 2014**



## **IN THE DINER AND NO DEER**

**the drifts too high — both wind  
sculpted and snowplow mounded —  
head-high beside these  
narrowed roads.**

**I worry  
about the deer.**

**In town  
the glorious burnt  
smell of the coffee roaster  
just before the diner.  
And who am I today?**

**2.**

**More specifically, a road.  
A goad. A goal.  
We turn loyal  
to what we think  
we know.**

**Knowledge  
is opium,**

**Aristides, there is  
no episteme  
beyond the seem.**

**Or so it seems —  
this too is winter music.**

**19 February 2014, Red Hook**

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**Magic is weary and practice  
like any other ritual  
meant to work your will  
on the *outside*  
of everything**

**but when it sings  
by itself and the star  
lights up inside,  
then you know everything.  
Then is peace.**

**20 February 2014**

## **PLEASURE**

**Early death and simple music  
that's what they bargain for—**

**the deepest characteristic and most pervasive of contemporary  
society is the criminalization or devaluation  
of any human pleasure  
that does not cost money,  
that does not involve the exchange of value.**

**The implicit rule is: every pleasure is commodity.**

**Every pleasure not paid for is wrong.**

**Sexual pleasure is locked in an intricate  
mesh of religion, prostitution, adornment, impression-making,  
dating, forced marriage, down to the the simple buying each  
other presents. We have to dress up take each other out eat out  
buy cars drive around, go places, go,**

**never just be.**

**When simple presence to each other is the greatest pleasure —  
the society does everything it can to take that away, uses every**

**law and every church to prevent that simple presence of one person to another, or one person to himself, to herself, standing under the sky, smiling thereat.**

**So let us have PLEASURE**

**the new society —**

**making music, art, poetry,**

**without the purchase of equipment instruments anything**

**is to enroll yourself in the eternity of art**

**as it was in the beginning and ever will be**

**the mind wielding world. Amen.**

**All the material is at hand,**

**at tongue.**

**20 February 2014**

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**Who am  
to say  
what it should say?**

**I say only  
what it did  
say. The rest  
is you.**

**2.**

**The best is you.**

**The song**

**lives in the hearer.**

**The forest**

**walks away from its trees.**

**3.**

**That's where the poetry**

**began, when men  
song rocks playing  
in the meadow  
while women hummed.  
Some set words  
to them and then  
the rocks slowed down.  
Even now you rarely  
see them dance.**

**20 February 2014**