

1-2014

janF2014

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "janF2014" (2014). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 358.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/358

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

=====

**Which to God
the babbled
notion meant
elaborations
of an absent fugue
you know me
there are gambles
worth taking and**

**no there aren't.
Nothing to wish,
obviously a more
osmotic membrane
from city to country
the army arrives.**

**They look like lemmings
or a swarm of locusts
I saw one afternoon
in Idaho for my sins
crossing theSnake River
into somewhere else
but they were there
before me, blue-tinged
million-leaping dark
in the sun stubbled**

o my god a field.

16 January 2014

VERTEBRATE BUTTERFLY

**flies out of the red house
small, built onto the assemblage
by an early imitator of**

**Max Ernst I saw once at MoMA
we rode up in the same elevator
later carried Marlene Dietrich**

**and me up to the members lounge
a millennium ago when New York
was still in New York and Herbie**

**took care of celebrities and Amy
Goldin took me along for the ride
ever after and here I am two thousand**

**city blocks north of that church of all
we still modestly call Art and bow down
before the scintillations of discourse**

**the sheer sparkle of so much money
that took the Christ out of Christie's
the sooth out of Sotheby's and from me**

**also extracted half a century of bla la bla
that nathless leaves a corpus of texts
somewhat more lasting than bronze**

**that swarthy bastard of copper and tin
from which Tubal Cain beat out the first
trumpet and shouted down the bright horn**

**my father and my mother and my heart
quivering on the lip of every chalice
hiding my wings in public and only you**

only you hear the words as they come.

16 January 2014

Yes, indeed Low German or Plautdietsch has twenty-one words for the movement of water.

Waut Wota doonen kaun: kwidren, plenschren, plenjren, spreitsen, poaschen, stritisen, plaudren, kjlakjren, kjietren, scholkjren, schulpsen, lakjen, siepren, drepplen, schälen, speelen, buddlen, jeeten, rannen, strolen, kjietren

Jack Driedger Saskatoon Saskatchewan, Canada

run, ripple, trickle, drip, dribble, stream, seep, jet, spout, spurt, splash, pour, gush, slip, rush, spill, seethe, race, bubble, burble, tumble, flow,

=====

**One day the sun
rose upside down
and nobody noticed.
The end of the world
came and went.**

Here we always are.

16 January 2014

=====

**Inside a tulip color of mango
a small woman reads to an audience
in a language neither she nor they understand.
This is Education, the world's sorrow.**

16 January 2014

=====

Flesh internet.

**Means: the
internet mimics the body,
externalizes it massively—
the world online
is one vast body—
healthy, sick, dying,
being born all the time.**

16 January 2014

THE FILM OF THE FUTURE

storyless

**full of the bright gestures of narrative
but all the gestures
fold in on themselves,
not going forward, not linear**

a line is a lie

**the film of the future
sensuous centripetal images—**

**you see an act
and it takes you in,**

**you see a woman motionless
and she begins to move in you**

**you see people moving by the water
and you embody their destination**

they all end in you.

**the film takes you in
so quickly you become
the way of its being**

quick to its deed, its meaning.

**The streaming flow
the *rhythm of images*
is the “story”, the structure,
the event (means outcome),**

**the thing that happens to you,
is you.**

17 September 2014

=====

**The breath I breathed
out last night comes back
to haunt me, a word
I must say and give an ear
to hear it—**

**dark is the place
where the breath lives,
getting light from blood
and breathing in light out
into the outlight world.**

**Know there are two lights
in the universe (symbolized
by the sun and the moon)
the light of everything pouring in
and the light of one pouring out.
These two lights form the knowable world
and each light is brighter than the other.**

17 January 2014

THEORY

**Theory comes from the Greek *theoria*,
seeing, way of seeing.**

**Now it means
a way of seeing with the eyes closed.**

17.I.14

=====

**Wait for the morning window.
Right now it's dark in you
and nobody knows what you'd see
if you turned your back on the night
and looked at men.**

**Or I turned round and saw
the light of shadow
stretching up the wall
now before me
as if I were substance
and I too could do
something to the light.**

17 January 2014

=====

**Never enough -ing for remember—
so many things stranded in *there*
unable to be anywhere out here
with us, who need them, maybe,
to say them and forget them, again.
But where is *there*, and why
is it so full and so silent there?**

17 January 2014

=====

Suddenness

**heavy snow
this marvel of beholding
holds us.**

**The world
one surprise after another,
headlights at midday,
people still writing poetry.
I'm not alone!**

**Though lone
is how you do it best,
slammed against the wall and talking fast.**

18 January 2014

=====

**Mysterious tolerance.
Not a bird in the sky—
what's going to happen
to all these words?**

**Over the hill there's a stream
leads to a river comes to the sea
where nothing is lost and
nothing is found and we are
always together
with everything we ever said
the madness of language
lapping at our lips.**

18 January 2014

=====

**Are you really even here—
the air is and the fire waiting
and earth forever and now
and then some water comes**

**but you, are you
part of that ancient family?
We live in fire and sleep in earth.**

18 January 2014

“OSIP AUTONOMOUS”

from/for Vanya

**As if there were
and there is
only one of anyone
only one to me
tossed out of time's shabby old bus
and here I am**

**“money to be made” maybe
but not for me, for me
damp dangerous stone steps
leading down to Abraham's tomb
as spoken of by Benjamin of Tudela
who ducked his head
beneath the Sign
unconsciously obedient to those
who marched under Abraham's banner to**

**a hopeless elsewhere.
The rest of us.
You have been in Palestina
you have seen the
terror of the situation,
the dogs of dogma**

**so climb deeper.
He sleeps there, the old
man with a newfangled**

**H in his name,
o give Sara back her *yod*,
let us go back
before the covenant
or make it, if we have to,
with mountain and maiden and meadow and mind,**

**the beauty of poetry
with which we dazed ourselves
In Babylon and Donegal,
the beauty for which they carted
Osip to the land of winter and left him to die,**

**no H to his name, none to his language
even, no woman built into the breath
to save him,**

**o I'm just wandering,
turning the bible over and over
trying to make sense of its cruelty
its captious deities its rejection
of the beauty from which**

even we must once have come.

18 January 2014

=====

**The giant's pilgrimage
across the street
where the water lies
embayed by wharves and beaches.**

**He sees a flounder
pass from one hand to another,
he thinks with pleasure of the fisherman's
wife, her skill in frying fluke and flounder.**

**He sees the pale sun
dapple on water between the docked boats.
He has decided on this place,
he says this is another place**

**where I was born,
I will come to it again and again
over and over in mind's eye
to get myself reborn again.**

19 January 2014

=====

**I've just flunked the Ouspensky Test—
reading the news without getting upset.**

**The triumph of money, which is always right,
snf for whose sake war and entertainment are made**

**and music too, should not alarm me—
water flows, dead things decompose.**

No one is speaking. No one is listening.

19 January 2014

=====

**Watching snow melt.
Oblivion as entertainment.
I'm tired of my opinions
about society and politics
and everything.**

**There is a word
under all those words
and that's the word I want to hear.
Listen to me, Me—
you can tell you're having fun
when newspapers don't hurt anymore.**

19 January 2014