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## GRAVITY FEED revised

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## GRAVITY FEED

**1.**  
**Gravity feed the maw awaiting—**

**think of clever things  
then think away.**

**The sound you hear  
is all you are.**

**2.**  
**Wait for it is what I do**

**other for the other,**

**the others.**

**Bathing**

**Beauties of Rockaway,  
the spill  
of love left over when Time is done.**





5.

Tamas has it too,  
the names he knows  
now of many things

so listen, sister,  
the song says.

Love the new poets  
answering the ocean,

knowing the song's  
not in the throat  
(that's opera, bud)

but in the mind.

6.

**Hobbyhorse for rent  
that's me, ride me  
to your quested shore  
and I'll be boat again  
to take you there,  
your secret place**

**doesn't even exist  
till we arrive—  
an old word means  
to come to the banks of a river,  
stagger ashore—  
now no boat, no home, no me**

**he said.**

7.

Phantasy integers  
keep the machine happy,  
you?

Numbers count nothing,

they are the dried stains  
that colors leave  
on the mind, the  
“angstroms of affliction”  
he called them  
before he went away—

*hespera men ên*  
evening and the conspirators  
split blades of grass  
and whistled through them  
till the whole meadow  
squealed and shivered—

go ahead, hurt my feelings,  
punch the air.

8.

Well it usually does begin again.

It wasn't what he thought  
but what he made you see,  
Brakhage, that genius,

changed the way the world  
knows how to come at us,  
changed the time of seeing—  
Hall's *Burning Glasse* lights up the mind—

speed was the trick

you can't see at all  
if you don't see quick.

9.

But it all comes down  
to coming down.  
Standing is more exhausting than walking,

when you walk  
you lift the world,

snatches of levity  
hoist you before the fall,

red books on a lazy table  
students hiding from whom they read,  
peeking sometimes through masked eyes,

they know something's  
buried in there. David Jones,  
George Barker, Thomas Vaughan,  
Thomas Browne.

The alchemy is all  
in the waiting, in paying  
attention.

In the athanor of the skull  
a deathless peace.  
Soul by soul the world escape.

10.

**Pay no attention when  
they talk about the world.  
Nothing to be said about it  
it didn't already say for itself.**

**So shush, hush,  
talk about something you  
well if you don't understand it  
at least you want,  
or want it, or even  
remember,**

**say the taste  
of fish after you cut yourself on the can.**



12.

The sly beauty of the actual,  
that's all.

Leave behind you bits of paper  
scribbled up with writing

they'll find the right ones  
eventually,

*your zettelbuch,*  
you can be sure of that—

nothing is ever lost, alas.

13.

Her body changed while she was away from it.  
When she came home  
the legs were longer, the floor  
seemed a long way down.  
thinner, less interesting.

She bought a book  
to tell her what to do  
but all it said was I love you,  
a useless sentiment at the best of times—

She dreamed she was a chandelier  
and streamed light down to fill an empty room  
by then the ground was really far away.

14.

So something has changed—  
the wave curled in at Brighton Beach  
minutes after Rockaway—

we intercept our fates  
traveling perpendicular  
between Jupiter —that tyro star—  
and where we are.

A line of fate  
runs down the palm—

my head anyhow is full of Gypsies,  
I am the tower of Babel  
I am in heaven  
you are angels  
staggering around—

or is fate somehow  
different from what happens?

A secret elsewhere buried deep in here?

15.

Not sure how to spell that  
would you repeat please  
(engine running driver asleep  
hedgerows full of gorse and fuchsia  
how the rain brings the blossoms on)  
not sure if it was wheel or wither  
was it wheat or west or mill,  
truckload of apples, Avalon?  
Are you sure? Does it bite?  
Take off your house and wear the sky,  
I know you're shy,  
keep talking fast, they won't see your eyes.

16.

And down it sinks  
the thing you mean—

no names please  
we're all lovers here—

don't you think pronouns are beside the point?

17.

**But *Hammerklavier* is what he wrote  
music defined by its instrument,**

**the womb that bore it  
brass and wood and steel**

**as if I were to call these words  
men or women walking in a peculiar land**

**because you are my music too  
I heard you with my hands.**

**11 September 2014**