

11-2009

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## 11.09.09. Day 10 Ix. Page 110

Numbers tend to stick together  
why is that, today the 9s and the 1s  
cohere, are friendly,  
                  the endly ones  
that start and finish the dance round No One,  
our Arab friend with such empty hands  
but how he dances,

                  digits cling together  
some days all 6 and 7, some days  
teach me the harmony  
by which the numbers rule—

we are their music  
and they listen to us move  
breathe love fight and run  
around like fools, obedient as  $\pi$ .

9 November 2009

= = = = =

Dipping flight of woodpecker  
danger to the house wall  
what strange life inside our house  
attracts his scarlet appetite?

Or is it me my own aggression  
summons this unlikely assistant  
from the audience of air? Magic  
is always dangerous when it works

and often even now at the dim hour  
when hocus is asleep and the pocus fails.

9 November 2009

= = = = =

Birds so active now.

One idea one poem

if even that

agitates the birds.

9.XI.09

= = = = =

To be contradictory no compliment

write swift read slow

how else could it be given

the intricate obvious from on high?

9.XI.09

= = = = =

I gave them my best wheat  
but some were allergic to yeast  
or gluten or me. Some ate their bread  
and went their way, some stayed with me.  
This is the mystery of wheat.

9 November 2009

## TRACTATUS DE VOLUNTATE

Things waiting  
as if a human scowl  
could turn off the moon  
or this poor glass of water  
make the whole world drunk—

needs only will  
a glance a gaze close eyes  
and take inside  
then everything changes  
all the bells start ringing  
and there really is no mind.

\*

Do you tell me  
there is no mind  
only images  
only the dance of images received?

\*

I don't know what I know  
fodder for an old horse

restless in his stall or  
tethered to a locust tree—  
lightning comes, excitement kills—  
and yet he *knows*.

\*

All the unspoken desperation  
presses out in words I do not mean  
but mean themselves and make  
an arbitrary absolute—  
in their will my will sleeps.

\*

I have theory for everything  
theory of maple leaves blowing in the wind.

\*

Theory implies will  
because looking implies  
someone using seeing  
to think with.

Then thinking leaches out  
and rearranges what we see,  
the evidence that never is.



\*

Maybe yes and maybe no  
an owl perched outside your window  
keeps perfect silence—  
you can't even hear him ruffle his feathers.  
And so you dream.

\*

Permission is everywhere—  
a boat through the breakers  
desperately comes home.

10 November 2009

## **CONTRA CATULUM**

Are they given to us for a reason?

Who? The child the cat the wounded bird.

Who is the broker of such compassions,

who decides to trust another's fate

to someone who will not accept her own?

What kind of mother will she be who burns her book?

10 November 2009

= = = = =

But that's the opposite of what love means  
love 'that moves the sun and other stars.'  
Yes, but only will can make them all stand still.

10.XI.09

= = = = =

Will the one thing you know you *must* do  
and all will be well.

What else could I say,  
hearing the baby cry, the husband fumbling at the gate?

10 November 2009

## THINKING

*towards*

what would *be* thinking

if I got there—

beginning is the great humility—

what *is* the wonder

inside wondering?

\*

All doubt is tool

and must be kept sharp and clean

and must be put

back in the chest at the end of the day.

\*

Measure? But the idea

is not a thought, it is the light

shaped by an Other, a light

by which we presume to think.

And actually do think

until we pass out of the zone of light

into the silence of the actual.

Then thinking thinks.

\*

The Other may be actual

or transactual.

It may be a name

long ago gone to sleep.

Or a name recollected in a dream.

But a name is enough.

11 November 2009

## MIND COMES WITHOUT TELLING

*for G.Q.*

Don't blame me  
if you give me a cup

and it's full and I drink it  
I drink what is given

if I don't like it and pour it out  
whatever it is and fill it

with something I think I like  
better whatever it is

it is still the cup you gave me  
still your cup

and you shape what I drink from it  
and how I am shaped by the drinking.

Utensils you know they don't stay in the hand  
*the shape of the vessel pervades the drink*

didn't I just write that in Rilke  
didn't your cup tell me to write it?

2.

I think what I'm after  
here is the mind—

is the mind more like the cup  
or like what someone fills the cup with

and you drink it then I drink it  
and this drinking is called thinking

is that how it goes?  
What an old song I can almost hear it.

3.

In any case it's thinking,  
this business of cup and content,

giver and drinker, the trees  
these days are full of mysteries—

light thinking its way towards us  
through skeletal designs—

like the grisaille on the backside  
of the Ghent altarpiece that used to give us



(a cup full to overflowing, blood of the lamb)

so much to worry about in the old days,

thinking, the days before the mind

when the colors sang all morning long

and the monochrome panels

taught us to sleep grammatical and pure.

4.

But we don't know much about mornings,

do we? For owls, morning is like Camelot,

a fine fable we hear about later

like naked Dawn some men claim to have seen

and I myself (this is boasting now)

woke abruptly this very morning

and tottered past my window and saw

something out there that may be why

such sober myths arise,

a paleness happening past eastern trees

thereby made visible as if without  
a single color walking towards me

each distinct in all that wooden liturgy  
and I hurried back to hide in sleep.

5.

But if any of that were true  
all this coming and going

logic requires there be some place  
to which we've come or from

which we are free to go  
and we know that just isn't so,

there is no place at all  
except as those skinny Sufis say

there is only place, *maqom*  
fountain of compassion

the merciful.

Do we trust logic though?

Isn't coming an absolute arrival  
from which all things go except the one,

and going, what is that anyhow but coming  
to yourself again when you're free of wherever

and wherever is full of relatives  
whining infants dogs depend on you for love

an emotion not natural to animals  
or us. We must have picked it up someplace.

11 November 2009



= = = = =

When the Wrong Thing comes  
we must have lived in such a way  
as now to make it right.

12.XI.09

