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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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ARMAGNAC

is a name.

People drink it.

I also drink

names exclusively,

drunk on them

is poesia,

something hard

and transparent—glass

of its bottle—

it pours out only

what is in you already,

words remembering

their old homestead in you.

22 December 2009

= = = = =

You keep wondering
if this is enough.
Then you start to wonder
what this even is
actually, this thing
you think you've made—
here already
from the beginning of the world.

22 December 2009

= = = = =

The cadence of tomorrow
falls heavy on today.
It too will have a number,
a name. It will follow
and it will lead.
It will be like music
you think wrongly
you have heard before.

22 December 2009

= = = = =

Finish it before you start—
that is the principle of art.
It does all the work and you keep mum.

23 December 2009

= = = = =

Tais-toi I thought
but to whom
was I *tutoyer*-ing
so impolitely?

Maybe I was talking
to myself—but
usually I treat him
carefully with great respect.

23 December 2009

= = = = =

Ice on the driveway
snow on the roof—
days it's been like that
all innocent in sunlight

and the river looks like Labrador.
There is moaning to be done
when a man looks up

from his snug thinking
and sees the stuff out there—
Dante shivering in blue spruce.

23 December 2009

= = = = =

Sometimes I go
too short—
is this one one?

23.XII.09

= = = = =

How partisan the hours are
they seize on any thought
and build their politics on that
and try to rule the whole day.

Dangers of thinking.
Look out windows
and let what's there
look back at you.

Now you see each other
for what you are, apron and slippers,
an old land-line telephone
nailed to the wall, kitchen
full of sunshine and you don't know
anymore who you are
but the sunlight seems to, caresses you
carefully, evenly, as if you were there.

23 December 2009

= = = = =

Things hospitalled in the world
waiting for their cure.

Could it be the universe
comes here to be healed by us?

And all out art is doctoring
the witless silences out there?

23 December 2009

= = = = =

The sparrow sent it.
I caught it
before it fell—
these are pretty things,
these are California
just before spring
when eucalyptus trees
pelt the Berkeley decks
with their buttons
and the smell of them
overwhelms ocean.
But what are they,
these things that make me
remember the sun
rising like a woman in a window?
To be so alone and like it.
To pick one up and hold tight
knowing that time and touch
and peace will yield their savor,
the little whispered yesses of all things.

23 December 2009

End of Notebook 320

= = = = =

All these words waiting
so long to speak
and when they do
they bend to my accent—

o to let them loose
without me,

freemen of spirit

and full of noise,

their own sound,

or is the truth of the matter

(I never learned to read)

that they speak me?

23 December 2009

= = = = =

Things worth thinking
are worth doubting.

Miracles are on my mind
these days, those scarlet
amaryllises suddenly there

or from the rainy midnights
dawn mushrooms ascend.

What fits *my* measure, music?

23 December 2009

= = = = =

All my paltry answers
to its magnificent single question:

Sing me something
right now, before you wake.

23 December 2009

FROM THE FRONT

I was weak tonight for my interview
I let other people remember for me
I wasted too much time of my uniform
and memorizing topics to avoid.

I looked good in the clips but nobody
listening would have thought I knew
a goddam thing about this war or why
we've been fighting it for eight years.

Whereas I do know, everything.
We are men, we like to kill.

23 December 2009

= = = = =

Kosher	K Sh R	pure
Caesar	K S R	the clean, purified (or jokingly, the bald)
castrate	K St R	make pure
sacer	S K R	taboo, undefiled, holy

This is what I was dreaming as I woke. I have smart dreams. I had never made these connections consciously.

Interesting, the *-t-* empowers, makes the root causative?

Can I find *-t-* doing that somewhere else?

Causative infixes in Indo-European!?! Possible?

But isn't that the force of]D] or [T] as finals in past or perfect tenses all over the realm. (Even Old Tibetan shows *-d* final as past tense marker.)

Do becomes *did* – the doing has been empowered and is now done.

We have to travel so far with such little baggage.

24 December 2009

= = = = =

The day before the night before
Christmas, the orderly procession
of commodity, sluggish dance
of all the stuff you have already,
know already, comes back
so you can buy it all again.

I don't mind. Money itself
was an original Gift from mind,
an alchemy of impulse,
of yielding to the chains of habit
we call 'choice', of choosing.

The relationship between person
and thing is deep in mystery,
a thing is tinged with personhood,
stinks of the giver or the user
or how you felt when it first
fell from heaven onto your table
and was *yours*. A thing
that is yours. A miracle
soon forgotten, we wait
for new ones all the time.
Especially today.

24 December 2009

= = = = =

It's one of those days
when I have opinions.
I hate that. I want
to wake up before my knowledge does,
before my judgment and my attitudes—
meager as they are
they muck the world
I just want to be with
a while, see what it's been up to
while I was sleeping.

24 December 2009

= = = = =

How beautiful this place where I live
I feel such gratitude for it
for you who made it so, who make it so.

24.XII.09

= = = = =

Naturally bedded
the rock sleeps a while
under such houses.
Then stirring—when,
or who? Woe, woe
when the earth wakes,
dances. Hence quiet
music's best, geology
is inside too. Bedrock
runs through us still.

24 December 2009

= = = = =

I am a sort surfer
waiting the long wave.
Will it speak again
a narrative no one needs
hence truth-bound
ornery intricate beautiful?
As a Bach cantata
on the other side of God?
Our true church has
no walls and no roof,
just a place that wakes us.

24 December 2009

(after Bialy's *Blue Owl*)

This owl flies only
in the forest of your flesh
from cell to cell across
the imaginary ocean of the self

bringing light. His flight
(it's always masculine inside)
curves in upon itself,
testicular, deferential,

breeding the meek
diseases from which we
take something home

to heaven later,
knowledge is it?
somebody's name?

24 December 2009