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Altogether enterprise whistlestop dreadnaught calculator fits together digits ransomed anywhere by light and sold to us as rational, anything you can count is inauthentic though, only the innumerable amounts to anything you can actually be, why the roads have grown shorter as I age and mountains don't mind kneeling down like camels to ticket-bearing infants at the children's zoo, mothers pay to have their sprouts uplifted, so many ways to keep them from thinking. So many ways to count to zero.

21 May 2008

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What goes on in the brain
is the whole story.
Encouraging the brain to look outside
—or what it thinks is outside—
is just a vicious distraction from
its proper work, which is play.

That is the fright of our condition:
too many games, too little play.
Gamers persuade children that the stiff
mechanic repetition that they undergo
is play. No.

No rules. Play has no rules.
All children like play, all people
love to play. Play is any.
Play is any you alone or any others
in a field or room or river or woods.
Play is where it is always coming from.
Where this is coming from now,
unruly, messy, loving you, free.

21 May 2008

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Visual Education:

How to gaze at the girl in the picture
Without seeing the boy at her side.

21 May 2008
End of Notebook 305

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I didn't know I could write English till I tried
and even then I'm never sure if you, the reader,
are not just humoring me by pretending I make sense.
Who, me? I never did, I never will, sense
makes itself of all of us, sense is everything that's
already at your fingertits, forgive a Freudian slit
through which a blade of sunlight sneaks its way
to bathe us all, brethren, in real significance.
Sense is what comes at you from the world—
I just keep you awake by mumbling in my sleep.

21 May 2008

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There are customs in this country
louder than butter, Happy houseboys
congregate round midnight kiosks
boasting of their domestic wounds.
Indifferent masters, tacky furniture,
modern art. We have buses that go there
and street musicians serenade alighting
passengers with money in their pants.
Don't worry, no hurry, and so on.
Ouds and piccolos and a thing like a bassoon.
Who knew? Somehow Yiddish keeps
cropping up, it's the Sanskrit of ordinary
human life. As if I understood it!
Or could communicate. But nothing
is further than the truth. Liminal
splendors (reflected light) in which we
(choose to) live. *Leben? Oder sterben?*
Translate "Hamlet" into space, space
into music, the whole sacred rigmarole
of art. A street lamp blazing in desert noon.
All alone. I asked then what this light
was meant to show. They said it shows
you where light can be found, even
in the middle of daylight some can see.
And what a narrow meekish thing light is
among all the raging parishes of the dark.

21 May 2008

I GET TIRED OF IT TOO

for Hakim Bey

Antidisestablishmentarianistically
inclined as I am, nonetheless Experience
swades me to confess that Religion
established or disestablished or just dissed
is a mighty pain in the bosom, with the tuchas
waiting its turn. For Pain. Have done
with flamens! Levant, ye aldermen of the soul!
Domestic prelates of prayer, protonotaries
of intolerable sermonry, Loudmouths begone!
Wearers of moth-nibbled soutanes, caftans,
glistening chasubles with orphreys obscene,
birettas, shtreimls, crowns and funny hats!
Leave me to my solitary spiritual soul,
my animal *nefesh*, my breath divine inside,
the gorgeous silences of the Outernet,
my souilly spirit, my silly brain, my coupling
and uncoupling of *todos* with *todas*,
my secret addiction to everything, my green
incalculable heart. I polytheize! I amortize
death by experience, I anesthetize pain itself
in the curious pleasures of mere apprehension.
Sapientia! *Voluptas!* Wisdom is pleasure!

21 May 2008
Sun in the Twins

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I am of that nationality that understands the rain.
You not. You of the air breathers, you know best
the silence underneath the wind, me not. On me
a glisten of remembering drips down. I understand
that we have been here always. There is no end.

22 May 2008

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The other kind. The doors
that go up and down
until you get there.

Both directions, must take both
directions to get to the place
you mean to be,

when you are down here
they say it's up there,
up there they say down here

but that's just talk.
The place you mean
is everywhere but here.

22 May 2008

play chess with my hair. Or is it yours.

23 May 2008

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But it was water. The moist and cold
among elements.
By the sense of it
beseeching our commitment to
the athanor of Lies.

Dissolve me.

We will master identity
and shut it off. We will swim
across the ocean of
and still be here.

23 May 2008

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The alternatives are obvious.
Sea drift. Fire escape,
pushcarts on Blake Avenue
in winter even. I climbed
down the iron ladder of my dream,
climbing into a bus is coming home
to the unknown personage
who rules the mind then.
In adolescent haze, noon time glare
between the legs. This
is what a city's for. The interminable
preoccupation. The provocation.
Things to buy. The shortest words.

23 May 2008

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Marry every door.
My coat of arms
shows a window with no doors
a tower with three roofs.

In the outwash plain a swamp
and a stick stuck upright in it
and someone sets fire to the stick:
this is the image of the meek
eternities of hunger and thirst.

No, never. Blue buildings
all around craters. The skin
bruised where thoughts had touched.

Then it was years away and in the woods
staring in from the edge, afraid of course,
to see what happens to the light by wood.

A discoloration, a stain on the hand,
whose, shaped like an old god,
Moghrebi princess on the verge of dance.

23 May 2008

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Is it the final trumpet or just the news,
the race is over, I have studied Bach
until I mastered the purpose of the fugue:

to flee from obsession into structures,
to let lust loose inside geometry
and fight its way out loud

until the Carolina wren sings its own song at twilight
and there's a counterpoint to silence too,
dark whispering to darkness in the dark.

23 May 2008

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Imaginary entities.
Me, for starters.
And you.
Hippogriffs
are way back in the line.

23 May 2008

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Everything crowds in.
Makes real estate a sin.

Why can't we live in space
without all the things I seem

to carry with me to say I am?

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Listen lightly if you have to hear at all.
The bird is in your ribs already
the afterimage of a dolphin leaping
lingers in the dirty mosaic flooring—

wash your house. I am your father,
I give you advice I carved from stone
when I could, then as I grew old used wood,
now words at last. Soft words.

Don't listen to me. The words are busy
in you all night long, changing,
getting washed, putting on new faces.
They'll tell you when it's time to let them out.

24 May 2008