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Of course we don't know what the weather knows,  
who does, not even the ones who make it (weathermakers,  
weathermen), the radicals at the heart of the Event

which is why things change and happen and come bright  
eyed to visit us from the changeless dark of where *is* that place  
where nothing happens? So all of this that comes at us

— hail and sleet and rain and tidal wave and sun and snow—  
is just an alphabet that some weird gospel writes  
we are hardwired to read but not to understand.

Sleet cuts cheeks. Your eyelashes are glamorous with snowflakes.  
The road is hard. Something is coming over the hill.  
Everything is shouting at me. When will I wake up?

6 March 2001

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Patch the sky with it, gutta percha you remember  
classrooms where they tossed a ball of it around  
you got to squeeze, raw rubber, felt like jungles,  
smelt like all the hands that squeezed it, like skin  
after skin has known it, this little wobbly ball  
is the body of everybody you ever loved, you fool.  
She said. She said you needed women. She said  
you couldn't do without their *attention*, she said,  
that's what she called it, the strange animal of their eyes  
looking vaguely at you, waiting for you (willing you,  
you think) to do your tricks. How angry she sounded.  
Especially the words she didn't say. The savage  
insights, the fierce love of hers that felt like glass.  
And God forgive you this very anger that she showed  
was that attention given, the thing you wanted.  
You waited for more, disguised as a piece of rubber.

6 March 2001

*We understand each other precisely in order to quiet the clamor arising from language itself.*

**Jacques-Alain Miller**

That place where there is nothing there  
Inside which another other  
Contemplates the almost remembered face of the same  
Who is missing from the beginning  
And there at the ending where there is no end

The same me tiring ourselves out with the needing.

7 March 2001

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Your snow means to be about something  
dirty two day old snow  
nasty heaps of glib pong of the guitar  
always cornball riffs et cetera

means to tell Relax this is a dream  
interpretation comes later  
that long mistake

green bottle of ginger beer  
two girls leaving a café.

Don't you *feel* the anxiety  
isn't that what constant music's present for  
eternal AM dawn over Napster  
to give a counterpoint to resident anxiety

give the trembling biting little  
rats something to dance to  
(guitar like a dentist stuffing  
cotton wadding between your tongue and your cheek)

8 March 2001

Rhinebeck

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Mercury for you a man the wings the gleam  
of his wires naked copper  
void of all sheathing bare wire bare  
information breaking the sky

to tell you who to be. Be me.  
Be Hermes so I can vanish quick  
and be other, be all others everywhere,  
I am as fast as thought can be  
and only desire is quicker than I am,

only desire weaves me to this world.

8 March 2001

## THE MAN WITH TWO SUPEREGOS

Or three or who

Can tell how many he must have

One in every woman that he sees

Makes him behave

And then at midnight who is he?

And his own superego (there is

No such thing as a superego, jerk)

Tells him to go to sleep.

9 March 2001

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everybody's lonely everybody's scared and lonely  
and lonely and scared like everybody else  
everybody's scared and lonely and if they don't  
have anything else to be scared about they're scared  
about being lonely, lonely and scared till the day they die  
lonely and lonely and scared and dying lonely  
it must be terrible to be lonely when you die  
when you're only supposed to be finally being alone.

9 March 2001

SKIN

infantile patterns of adoration

what is left to pray to

but what is here,

the beauty

of the remnant, the orphan image

left when the mind is almost gone

into the umber of its despair

and this one thing gleams

9 March 2001

## TWO DEER

Of course I want to tell you the blue  
Shadows the naked trees put on the snow  
For their own inscrutable education  
Pointing this way and that, what are they,  
Alphabets? From the beginning to now.  
To tell everything. All the boring exactitudes,  
The predictable blushes and confusions  
Too dear to risk offending by the truth  
That meager locker room I keep  
Charging out from to find you, a hunter  
Without breakfast, a pathologist  
Without a corpse, a movie theater  
Without a candy stand, what can I make up  
To tell you true? It is two deer  
Standing in the woods. One nuzzles  
Gently the rump of the other, thinking  
I will adore this person, thinking if I  
Were a wolf I would bite this person  
But since I'm what I am I will love.  
It is the only natural religion.  
I wanted to tell you about my fears  
As if they could touch you. The deer  
Are still standing there on duty  
Waiting for their metaphor to close.

9 March 2001

(In Jacques-Alain Miller's lecture on the bizarre, he discusses the impulse to tell everything, calling it the *tout-dire*, and says it is at the heart of psychoanalysis and at the same time most called into question by psychoanalysis.)

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But I was close enough to know all that,  
the curious whistling sound that was a rock  
with a time hole in it, dawn did it, Petra,  
ghosts, calendars. Afreets. I fear  
the shapes my desires cast against the light  
become bodies of a sort, hurry to meet me,  
a canoe in the sky coming from the sun  
filled with dusty broken old dolls  
life size — but how big is that  
after the fairies get done with you  
at the Bridge of No More Crying in Donegal  
that some translate as Cry all you want  
it will do you no good, you're still leaving,  
you'll still never see him again.

9 March 2001

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Look at what is left,  
a gleam of lipstick  
pale random stains

and the point is guesswork, a gamble  
falling out of the cards

what you remember after lights out  
is an image  
it may have been the card it may have been  
the face across the table

a face worth believing  
high Brazil in the bones.

10 March 2001

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Read the oracle: an elephant  
Gave his face to a young boy.  
The boy went to market  
To buy batteries and some broccoli.  
The townspeople knelt down and prayed to him.  
The boy said: if you pray to me,  
Imagine what you should do  
If someone came along with a human face.

10 March 2001

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could it be as simple as oxygen the sharp  
insinuator of change (life) into the sprawl  
of thingly venture that surrounds  
these dispassionate volunteers

the newborn squallers  
a me that can be only by the measure of  
by the fur and measure of the animal  
who is some who. That a thing spreads open

oysterishly rare, a tongue without a word  
say or a cantor without a congregation or a god  
but my god he has a song, a song and a soul or  
something, what is it, what makes it sing?

10 March 2001

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found this tea  
on the moon

come home  
in a cartoon

things hurt  
they way they are

11 March 2001

[dreamt just so, around seven in the morning]

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Too many of too few  
the rabbits  
you claimed were everywhere  
the moon's enough for me  
you said the syllables  
how many sardines in a can  
what do you mean skinless  
priests hesitate their hands  
steps of concrete the fans  
sunstruck on Blake  
avenue amateur once  
dream mildew dream

11 March 2001

**OPUS 59, N° 1.**

1.

String or striving. Strain or *stumm*, strummed.

Silver or sieve. Summon or thumb in, a strewn denial.

Cleave to me, as glue (or glee). Grain or greed.

Grace. Green answer (antler)

woodpecker, small duchy in Burgundy or brown.

You love him for his weathercock.

2.

Pebble weather at the end of time

Windsock at Floyd Bennett

to remember every cloud that ever passed

climb or calm, temporo-mandibular elegance

or eloquence and sweet lips.

Or lapse. His fall distributed

in so many laps.

Eros or arrowroot, how

early lust deconstructs to child care

public library legitimates adultery

or anniversary is it

dear love you were (are)

born today.

3.

Allegro or all ego  
or allergy, histamine  
responds to *objet a*

music makes them itch  
scriptural commentator  
or assassin

*knowing your face I somehow know your shape as well*  
this is what music really means  
from your eyes I can infer your hips.

4.

words that sound too alike  
at least are friends  
and are building a nice new bungalow in my brain  
for them and me to settle in

be my friend, scarecrow or Lemaze,  
citizen or patent leather shoe.  
You think I'm arbitrary I think I'm the same as you.

5.

Small. Sin all. Sinople, that ancient green  
green as shadow of a pale woman's face  
earth-green underpainting *ai nostri monti*  
also green where the opera never stops  
serene in aid of madness, prisoner's song,  
come visit me in my terrible opacity.

6.

A grief or grievous calling or the sun  
calling from the sky, dirt calling from  
under your fingernails

calling,

    salmon swimming veins of silver  
under you.

11 March 2001

**LATER SUPPLIED LAST MOVEMENT OF OPUS 130.**

Scarce as grass  
happens in January  
bluishness at the edge  
you frame my mind  
and send me to jail

trapped in an image  
there is no lawyer  
help me  
only the holy  
saints of intercession

saintesses save me  
from love  
save me from love  
out of a winter sky  
a blue zone

images itself behind the bare elm tree  
sharing a cumulus  
scarce as love  
or goal you grill me  
I strike back

or strike your back  
knowing a thing is the same as touching it  
knowing you want me is the same as making love to you  
so keep me from knowing  
keep me always from being sure.

11 March 2001

## OPUS 130

### I.

So much to ask for.  
Lubricity inspires geography.  
Across the tundra go  
in search of what means you.

Scraps of snow, 12000 feet, are you ready  
for me yet, I will never be  
less than this now  
will give you all you require desire

wapiti down there in shadow  
they feed on moss  
we feed on shadow

(2)

So forgiving music is  
even no one listening  
sun in cloud shade in snow  
there are animals in every environment we know  
no doubt they live in me  
tumbleweed inhabitants  
heart-happy those old  
pensioners in the park, the Feelings.  
Three on a match  
and the cello puffs it out.

(3)

Shoelaces trip occasional else-witted travelers  
carrying (say) paint chips from Sears to show mother  
I want the world to be this color  
I weary of this wall

I want this color  
to be my prayer  
roll this color up and shove it in

stick your prayer inside the cleft.

## **II.**

The presto went by too quick for anyone to talk to it.

## **III.**

The song. Odette settles down on Charles's knees  
wiggles gently and the song begins

Every melody means us

he says portentously

But this one (she yields  
to her anxiety and asks, reassured a little bit  
by his bony knee at home in her butt), this one, dear?

You're right, chérie, this one is special, he plucks  
your spine deliberately, this Beethoven.

Spine, dear? Highway up your heart.

(2)

Every girl that ever was here gives herself to him.

Lonely as a church beneath its stupid prayers,

lonely as a leaf, lonely as a cigarette,  
pay attention to him, this is the moment when they all  
come to him, his heart is broken  
and from the crack in it  
they all come out, full-scale amateurs in his little world,  
this world, they come to him because he is broken,  
and only the broken do they know how to make whole.

### **III/IV**

Climb this ivy-cluttered wall  
loose an owl from the Midrash  
look in my window tonight and scare me  
because you are the only music that knows how to see

climb this glass of milk and taste my hand  
learn where I go to come up with these imperatives  
all the love I tell you to do  
do, do what pleases  
you best my dear you are my only music.

Cavatina? The last mile  
every dance a rehearsal  
for that inelegant departure  
every touch is easter  
I have come back from the never  
I will try to stay  
tight in the endless vocabulary of being here  
the way you make it all a question.

11 March 2001