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How has to know—
where and by far
the children are

one in my lung
one in my sweater
one under your arm

speaking soft
the way they do
dreaming things that end—

   We are all the same.
   Bone. Skin. This
   is feeling something. This
   is what we want to forget.

And then we wake
or think we do—

whose knee does this
hand think it rests on?

Why are short words
like knives, and long
words stifle?
And what are the children up to now, imitating people with strange diseases, running raffles, putting my soul up on display for the lucky winner, tombola, wheel of grace, wheel of shame—

the children spin around me too, one of them is dreaming clouds into the sky, dark ones, coming fast from what once was north.

24 October 2014
Sweet cup
sweet woman in it—

a closet opens
a coat walks out,
faux-fur, meta-beaver,
walks across the room

and puts the woman on.
No cup now, no coat,
no messenger.

24 October 2014
The clouds get tired of signing to us signals we ignore, pay attention only when they thunder— but shape-show, shape-shift: that’s their normal talk.

We have to read their signs or else something like die.

24 October 2014
Once when I was young
I spilled an opera
all over my mind.

The stains
still show between the lines.

24 October 2014
CARMELITE Weather

indoors, barefoot,
gazing at God.

Who walks outside
disguised as sunlight
after a day or two of rain.

Which also was her
in the long grey silky dress
passing the same window.

25 October 2014
That was a Chinese poem
(the more you associate with each image the more you get) so let’s have an American poem, just for us, who presume we know nothing, you have to do all the work, give all the images, the packing slip, the receipt. So that we understand. Here’s my hand on it, we say, or Take my word for it, baby—what else does a man have to give?

25 October 2014
When we are willing
to be anyone
truth comes to be.

25.X.2014
Old man plays wooden flute
short breath, gasps
guesses at song

the air between
the tones trusted
to sustain

the line he means.
And what about
this ‘meaning’?

Who knows where that
is stored, what
magical sequence of
tones releases it
so his sheep can go on
nibbling safely

and wolves slink away?
Isn’t that what meaning is,
old man asleep in the sun?
The crows fly back and forth
remembering something,
going back to get it
where they left it in the sky—

things are lodged everywhere
around and among us
radiant candles blaze
invisible at noon

but they know, crows,
they understand
the distances we just
measure, they know

what distance really means
in itself, the precise
location is what anything
really means,

your place in the dance.

25 October 2014
25 October 2014
Things peaceful breathe you back
so it’s not all about you oliticking the flowers.
The world sneaks in between what we say of it,
Wittgenstein is laid to rest among the Christians
while six inches down we are all the same religion.
Death is some crazy kid with an eraser
but truth is the blackboard he can’t scrub away.

25 October 2014
Like something else a woman walking.

Like something else a woman watching a woman walking.

Like something else a man looking at the two of them his eyes divided.

Should his eyes walk or his eyes rest on the still figure observing the moving one?

Like something else the man is divided. Who knows what any man ought ever to do?

(for Gradiva)
Like something else
he closes his eyes,
doesn’t decide.

Like something else
he sleeps through
the question.
Then he wakes
like something else,
the women gone.

26 October 2014
No need for the wine shop
the thousand dollar Lafite—
if you’re any kind of magus
at all it’s the easiest thing
to change water into wine,
any variety, any vintage,
change it in your mouth,
your mouth’s mind knows
the taste of everything. This
glass of water my champagne.

26 October 2014
On my desk I find a piece of paper
and staring at it a while I find it says:

Waves his hands slowly, largely
through the air
as if he were erasing the sky.

It is my handwriting, but can’t be my hands
can it? Who is he? What do his hands
(without the as-if) actually mean to accomplish

or just to mean? What do hands mean?
What kind of man means anything
and does it with his hands?

27 October 2014
SACRIFICE

When it comes to sacrificial offerings in the temple, the gods like best what I like best. You can’t go wrong giving what you love. Giving love.

(26.VIII.12)
27 October 2014
Isn’t it marvelous asks Lichtenberg how men willingly fight for religion but are so unwilling to live by its precepts? Scrapbook L, end of his life. Religion changes, men still the same. Let women rule the world: no fighting, no religion. Or only enough to keep men out of line.

27 October 2014
Aquarian animals listen to the whales below, the song of sounding, rising through the surface: reminds us aquarian animals that we are only the surface of something else. As you are the skin of me.

27 October 2014