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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
pople 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

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**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

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**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

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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

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**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

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**When we are willing
to be anyone
truth comes to be.**

25.X.2014

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**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?**

25 October 2014

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**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

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**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

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(for Gradiva)

**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?**

**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

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**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

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**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**

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**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

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**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

