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THINGS

I wanted your help measuring me
pretending I was interested in my old self
I hope you’re not going to call that music
the sky has a way of getting into the act

listless clouds
ceremony
light the incense stick

Things tell us things

Why is it a fetish just because I worship it
or caress it or keep it in the same drawer
with compass and candlestick and penknife and twine?

None of these things are real anymore
this is now

everybody knows where everything is
already and nobody needs to tie things together
or cut things and it is never dark

it all comes loose
and stays that way
did you ever hear a balalaika?
well it’s a little like that

Things could save themselves
and us a lot of trouble
by learning to talk
I’d be out of business
but they’d be fine

when I say I, I mean
something is talking—
I hope you didn’t think
(never thought)
I means me—

why would I bother talking about myself
when I can just talk?

No. Things
need me.
I know I need them.

Everything is reciprocal.
Everything shines.
Face like a baby
mind like an old wind-up watch

things to run out of
gas ink milk ideas

things to pick up on your way home.
Which way is that?

13 November 2010
[Odysseus sings back to Nausicaa]

They are praising me and I listen
because his name is No One I also
can play I can be him as nobody
as they come or I am everyone not everyone
there is no one like me

2.
so I will expose the physics of the kiss we
explored each other with just one long enough
to take the tongue at face value how the man’s
tongue was that me? found the deep concave
left a well-like place beneath the convexity
of her tongue uplifted to give him room the air
itself stiff for a moment till relaxing found
between his lips then hers the strata of
those soft adhesions glued not glued too
mobile for that moved into the openings
opening the other the blood hiss all through the
his hand cradling her head she tasted salt
what did I taste

3.
I am he said sorry I can’t forget
in body to live forgive me flesh I am
all the while as if she would she did not
protest the id is like the sea it surrounds
every thing it is beneath it all
she was born here too bread makes the body strong
denial weak we all know that you don’t have to be a stone

4.
to make it hard the her of him the hurry
of the whole story tell truth is a dialect
of memory grammar is desire truth
makes it hard only the problematic avails
beach pebbles wet sand bull kelp
around the withers as if they brought the news
to each other from a world where nothing happens

5.
in shore far pine trees full of light for it was evening
when the gods most move among us as us even
sometimes what she looked like in her wet clothes
white gods with no heaven god fellow citizens
of of this other place we are

6.
I can be him as much as you can count
does it get cold here where the well is waiting
go down in me I am the blue light
you strip and enter I am what you mean
by all the way does it get warmer
as you go down  the blue is a hot blue  light
you follow the burning  tip  cigarette or incense stalk
all the way into  into

7.
we were  together  went  inland is not identity
I am only who  I am by virtue  of the sea
virtus  the male power  stirred by wave
stored by deep  obsessed with more  with wine
never still  always towards  going
going away  she teased me forward  hip by hip
I knew  she knew I knew  I would leave her  a man
must  leave  whatever he has  even been  drawn to
lured  into identity  I must be no one  again
outside society  animal mind in  a god’s skin
radio playing  softly though  in a parked car  wed.

13 November 2010
THE CHACONNE FOR CHARLOTTE

Flowers a long time on the table this
is your ciacona you couldn’t have music
at the other end of the galaxy would
sound like start with this that
the glass is always broken the glass is full
always is a slender word never a fat one
quote me on the thee-string the tuning
is all about this Fire Exit meant
néant getting out through the fire
scordatura we make a way thirteen
minutes fire study this instrument
what other window could a house have
a glass in the cellar floor showing old
bones of men and women rocks from which we come
alive into the light luz my first love
a brilliancy poured into flesh all night
teasing a young man into the arches of the dawn boy
dying for that bay the geography of islands to fit in
at last the world is shaped like her itself
a mind has no way of forgetting a brain must touch
the silence before any image breaks the light
the brain is the trashbin of the mind he said hard drive
on a soft afternoon the red clay road
to Calicoon where the road bends round the pines
are very tall my first love you my last
ultimate the way the music is variable
unerasable the mind can’t forget the forest
also of light the scouring of the natural
by imputations of spirit feed milk to that mind
love is an apology for the sea
for the so many tricks of the light
the various true love apologizes
constantly for its inconstancy one note
gives way to another so that the music
can be the same frost on the lawn
this morning parallel lives meet
in liberty we are spoken the tones
alone overtones by which the colors
of what we hear are known painted
the visual cortex music projects the story
every critic rejects but all round us the deaf
see nothing and the blind cavort each shadow
a differing color in this nude world flowers
two weeks old Inca blossoms five hundred
years even before this hum began
you hear you hear me don’t you tell me
tell me you do alströmeria of course
for the Swedish count in the Andes umlaut on the
o the pallor of its purple is it the white inside
the heart of things the mountain we bring each other
from so far whites and blues Sandström’s
landscapes the mystery is in the north
always  Bach walked young  all the way
to Lübeck  to hear  the north itself
umlaut on the u  the north  all music points
there go  north  to hear
go with  to see  the sun at midnight
open  the hope chest  the sheets of light
pour out  out and up  it is a ship
and from the north it comes  the new  always
north of your bedroom  the bed  north of the tree
walnut  oboe  north of the west
hear  the east  is hidden in the north
secret places  of the conversation  a little town
where they make shoes  take you strange places  island
where they wear no clothes  not a fugue  a flying
never remember  never forget  the
is the only  but it speaks  knows
how to tell you  the dark trees I was a child  fence
between common  and proper  I own
this vista  blind as I am  the new
technology  of finding a way  a compass
only lies  where the north lies  the agent
has to make it be  there make it  true
be north  my darling  where the Capricorn
cavorts in moonlight  make it true  where the colors
stop looking  like and become  what you really hear.

14 November 2010
Where does the wind come from
why is a cloud he asked
o little bird there was a man
who wrote his identity away
emptied his shadow till there was
no darkness left in him for them to see
he forgot his own name so no one
knew him, What good is identity
to me, why do I need to be someone
when whatever it am might
someday somehow be of use to you?

14 November 2010
I said what I could to stay alive
we watch the stream for our own sake
not for its, the quiver
of its hurtle past, census of dead leaves,
a fish, a stick, scrap
of our tumult fallen free—
there is no twice in it
to see it is to keep watch
(on reality like a lover
that is, on the dance.
And for the stream we are
its own sake marries us.

(prüfend)

15 November 2010
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The dense propositions of silence.
The remedy.
The dark taste.
The the of the.

15 November 2010
Alternatives abound.  
Stand by the shore 
and study it. 
Watch. 
A stream 
cures everything. 
It washes blindness away. 

15 November 2010
coagulatum solue

Running water
is light
agitating stone—

light unleashes minerals
from their persuasion
of fixity

the miracle is that rivers
flow also at night

or they stand still
and only the patches that are illuminated
still move, places
light moves them so that we see.

15 November 2010
Little by little I don’t know
thimble weather where a man
has little heart for having
and you go emptying your pockets
till only a handkerchief is left
because everything else is money.

16 November 2010
Grey glimmer of November day
fine gauze of atmosphere
softens my seeing  old house
wooden creaks  you think
someone is saying  something
but it is only  (lucidly) this.

16 November 2010
Where are these decisions made?
words on paper, hands
raised in the air, swayed
to express an unwordable reality
call it feeling, but who feels?
Is feeling something that happens
itself in me or something that I do?
A little mist, a little piece
of music I try to remember.
Appetite. Suppose I wanted
to do nothing but sit and close
my eyes then open them again
for a very long time—wouldn’t that
be enough, be a miracle?
Sometimes I’m so tired. A pillar
of salt left from when we all
were Lot’s wife. What
does his name mean anyhow?
Doesn’t every name mean something
and don’t we belong to what it means?
Too dusk for dictionary—make it up
from your Paleolithic mind.
It means a man is left, a woman gets left.
At the end of the world a woman is all that’s left.

16 November 2010
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A candle in the rain
or else
a story some woman tells
of how it happened
in the skirts of the forest
not to her

or a lighter with no flame
no fuel but a story
to tell, all flint
and nothing to inhale,

a kiss with no mouth.

16 November 2010