

4-2012

aprG2012

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "aprG2012" (2012). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 85.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/85

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Cease to cherish opinions.

Cease cherishing opinions.

Cease cherishing.

The old text

crumbles in your mouth

like a graham cracker

you ate in childhood

a pure simple taste

older than you are.

Than I am.

20 April 2012

= = = = =

I stare at myself
as I do at shiftless workmen
taking their sweet time
to do something badly.
Work is a sin, aren't I?

20 April 2012

FIRST NOETIC HYMN

to Nous

Let them love me
for what you make me sy.
For I was Orpheus
and you are.

There is a mind
beyond my mind
and all I do is shape
what it comes

through me to become.
Or I became.

The Greeks said *autos*,
allos, self and other—
I am (you make me be)
the opposite of autistic,

I am allistic,
your voice in my mouth.

all I care for
is what you feel
(you make me feel).

21 April 2012

BINOCULARS

gaze into fairyland
the everyday world

and we too
are instruments

takes two of us to see
and when we coincide

vision is.

21 April 2012

SECOND NOETIC HYMN

to Doubt

Maybe. Room for doubt
out there but not in me.

Let me believe
in my heart
the words in my mouth

till they all come out
but maybe no longer.

Sing this to the tune
of squealing brakes or better
sportcars laying rubber

as they accelerate.
Fast red car soon out of human sight.

21 April 2012

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I am the last civilian here,
the rest are all soldiers and teachers and priests,
doctors and admirals and brokers and cops.
How strange it is, how sweet and free
to walk in the woods with no authority.

21 April 2012

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Christ did not come and suffer and die and rise
to reinforce patriarchal authority.

21.IV.12

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These are just worries that think me
upset on Loki-day. There is everywhere
a loable alternative. Live by night
and say you've een the sun, once is enough,
carry it with you the way a tree
carries all day long the forest he will never see.
Or as the old song says, I only have eyes for you.

21 April 2012

THIRD NOETIC HYMN

to Mnemosyne

The unicursal pentagram
remembers my father.

The bus comes by
remembering Brooklyn.

Wind tosses new-leaf'd branches,
the old sticks move again,
the wind can find me now,
move me. The road

is empty, remembering the back of my mind.

21 April 2012

FOURTH NOETIC HYMN

to Hekate

The cry of faeces from the dark of the gut
like bats rushing at dawn into that cave in Yucatan
not their voices sound but the sound of their wings
the leather multiplicities by which it moves.
Wind makes the body dark inside, all the light
sucked out by the world that passes.
Therefore to the dark goddess the insides pray
because they are invisible like Her.
All that stuff inside waiting to come out.
All the emptiness on both sides of the skin.
Nobody knows us. The gods themselves
don't know what to make of us, aren't sure
if they created us or not. Or if we just were.
Just are. But She knows. Therefore we pray
to Her who wraps us in Her long sweet unknowing.

21 April 2012

FIFTH NOETIC HYMN

to Borea

To the North and what's beyond
from which all serviceable thoughts arise
and sweep down to us on greeny shimmer
of aurora—now you see it now you don't
on summer nights sometimes at Blithewood,
or on the high meadow courting suddenly
you see the seams of the sky come open,
we see the sky beyond the sky and know.
They tell us the far north is mostly white,
I would not know, but I have seen
Baffinland and Labrador alive
with green and blue ice that seemed
to me no different from the northern lights
but they hold still, as if those high
electric hues had come to visit us and stayed.
I say all color is from the North
and from color all human thought is made,
I swear to god we think the way we see.

22 April 2012

Now consecrate an image of *Borealissa* formed of tiny diamond chips and hang it in your window to comfort the passing sun.

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At a certain moment
you learn who you trust.
Once that happens
you learn what trust means.

Anything he does (the one
you trust) is relevant to you.
Everything he does or makes
you do has meaning.

It does not mean it will not hurt.
It does mean everything makes sense.

22 April 2012

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There is another doctrine here
it is time to gather what we know

a witch can ride a pencil to the moon
while you're still looking round the room

are there friends here / why does everybody
look like light-armed soldiers ready for war

listen to the insects sojourning through our world
content with our mere presences blood and hair

parasites yet but far from hating us (the way
all the people on the boardwalk hate each other)

the fleas love us and pray for our long lives.

22 April 2012

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You don't know what holy means
until you see this one thing—
a bush full of lilacs close to the road
a car going by in rain and you smell flowers.

22 April 2012

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So many things need me to attend.
I assist at dawn, and carry the last
glowing coals for sunset to the river.

My mother taught me long ago
everything needs me, things are my fault.
The world is a specific obligation—

if I don't do daylight, who will?

22 April 2012

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An image
lasts
even if
you can't
see it
it persists
a fragrance
in an empty
room the mind.

22 April 2012

CURTAIN MEMOIR

What goes on behind.

Or when the lewd
actors peek out at
the tame audience
and despise their
credulity and their
own duplicity
the pomps of their
pretending, the curtain
whispers for them

I will be another.

Actors let the cloth
fall close, the audience
shivers with desire
for what it can't see,
can barely imagine,
seconds pass, the cloth
is almost quiet,

I will be on

both sides of myself

& neither one of me

will be me,

I come between

between you and all

*your desires,
between you and
disillusionment,
I am the only
real thing here,
shining vestment
of the hidden god.*

23 April 2012

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As if the wander
or the warden
duked it out
and the door won

(door always does,
that slim between
keeps me from
my love, my fear)

the glowering Nay-say
and the footloose Go
grow old now
with contradiction,

all it ever wanted
was a slender path
between some trees,
gleam of river not too far

and here we are.

23 April 2012

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But it doesn't say something else
it says this, this
is the poster in the rain
the half-legible aggression
scribbled on the tile wall underground.

You know where we are.
The light went off inside you
so you find your way by feel,

The fur of the dark you could feel
along your flank so you knew
you were we naked. Now
tell me what else you knew.

23 April 2012