

12-2010

## decB2010

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= = = = =

Children come  
to see

the bird in me  
mutely ascend

but when he or she  
achieves invisibility

then from emptiness  
on high sends

down on them  
to hear and be heard

it must be music  
or the end of me.

4 December 2010

=====

Now I really must begin talking to you and telling you what sentences are going on to change the color and thus the destiny of this paper. Once upon a time there were dragons in every forest, some of them more crowded than others. In this forest, the one that grows larger and darker and woodier every moment as I speak, there are still many dragons. We don't always notice them though, just as a child is unlikely to notice a molecule of nitrogen even though he inhales trillions of them all his life long. We don't always notice what we use, or what uses us.

4.XII.10

[Dreamt into waking:]

The beadle of the everyday  
sweeps all her fantasies away  
but the instrument she  
had been writing with  
left evidence enough behind  
to show where she'd been sailing.

5.XII.10

= = = = =

Sometimes just to hold the link  
quietly in mind before applying  
cunning fingers to the work of knowing  
as the thought of slipping my hand  
between your chest and upper arm reveals  
more and meaningful than the doing would.  
It's not all about what happens, is it?

5 December 2010

= = = = =

Shadows in winter don't move around much,  
windy mornings a sapling quivers  
on my page. I came here for the weather  
to ride with women in an open throat  
while the newborn sun hammers on a cloud.  
Everything is speaking, every word is heard.

5 December 2010

=====

How long  
does anything  
have to be?

How long does  
anything have  
to be?

How long does anything have to be?

5.XII.10

= = = = =

Chatter by the memor-web:  
a spilled hurdle and a lost child.

I see you running even now  
sweat in your hair your eyes on fire

because winning is the same as being  
and you must.

2.  
so you sat on my knee  
and your hand walked  
along my jaw and down my chest—  
you sailed up into me  
your Viking tongue  
invaded.

Big silent word.

5 December 2010



**[Dreamt:]**

*Reporters and writers  
went on board  
in Portland.  
Down the river  
then they cruised north  
maybe as far as Vancouver Island.  
Went ashore in Canada  
and of course there were bears.  
They sat at long rustic tables  
writing everything down.*

6 December 2010

(Italics indicate verbatim in dream, the few other words explain an unspoken sense in the dream.)

= = = = =

Nobody is named that anymore

now the names they give have no meaning.

Today three ice-bears walked up as far as the meadow  
so her child will be called Bear. Or Meadow. Or Three.

But what does three mean? And what is a bear?

I dreamed of a dragon, I will name my son Orm.

6 December 2010

= = = = =

I'm trying to find my way to something.

Emigrate when the time comes.

I put most of me in writing

but they will read only as much of it

as fits their consumer ethics—

ethnography is the last aesthetics.

6 December 2010

*WINTERLJUS*

It seems to be language  
dwindles with the light

Lucia! Eyeglasses scare  
children close

I say your name  
a name is a gift from God

nomen numen  
or there is no god but the Name

I say your name again  
believe in the light and it will come back.

6 December 2010

## LEAVE ALONE

Let the director have it his own way.  
I'm here only to see what happens  
to what I said. To insist on what I saw  
in mind when I wrote things down  
is a sin against the dialectic.  
I'm not the only one in these words  
I happened to write down. You're  
here too. And by letting the director  
do what he wants, I'm letting  
the words rule him, heart and mind.

6 December 2010

= = = = =

Telemann then a pop tenor  
tends to noon. Nobody home.  
The culture doesn't work.  
The frightened citizens of Humilitas  
stave in their longboats. For years  
the scuttle fleet bothers the beaches.  
Junk. Lost music. Drowned radios,  
  
fish dart among the old glass tubes.  
Sun eats the clouds. Never till  
the soil gives back our anguished seed  
unchanged can we go home.  
That is, when the earth  
no longer takes notice of us, forgets  
that we ever came, forgets we're here.  
Then we can forget it too, and go.

6 December 2010

=====

The good time better in the gaunt Eden  
 a boy with a saw saw a shadow a girl squeeze  
 pears out of the air *maidens were weeping*  
 to claim a color saint nobody lift a little  
 snow fire no in Lac Lemman saw looking north  
 saw a candle burning under water he reached in  
 and lifted out it burned in air gave it to his wife  
 hands full temporary money one gasp gathers  
 newborn care imagine it came to life  
 without any me will be born Sicilian Muses  
 a child with no I more singular keep listening  
 your knuckle soft against along her jaw  
 a hand smiles Lausanne across a lake so plain  
 where do lakes come from everything is so old a bone  
 ivory insert the lubricant no one will ever  
 understand her dream how her body presses  
 on his mind o read your mail your feet sink in  
 go slow by mine the same candle leads the way  
 a whole city down there waiting ready for us who  
 call her name if you confuse your fixed  
 with your fleeting where shall the god go  
 to find you there is frost on all our little going  
 on the grassland of your home *maidens* the god  
 wants you also over there clatter up the shore  
 bones of the horse into the French-speaking regions

the Aramaic shade    why do I have    hands if not  
to touch you    deep    in the skin of your song  
you know the wood    by nail    the tree    by the house  
the linden    one still lingers    the bees of June  
bones    here    there is no measure    but your need.

7 December 2010



## BOYKPANION

But then I thought about the *boukranion*  
all over Crete and those secret islands  
I saw once on my way far into the east  
east of all my words I went

the bull skull that is an altar  
its horns an antenna lifted  
to catch the words of the invisible  
citizens of our crowded space

Between the horns of the bull  
the moon might settle to rest  
or the sun come up  
and slip her hips against the smooth

and look again on her day's work.  
Lift any hollow bone to the flank  
of your face and you will hear  
horn by bone the hum of news.

The cow and her bull have hollow  
horns, best cups they are  
to drink sound from, those sounds  
you hear but can't understand

but you know everything!  
You hear with the inner eye!

Between Greece and Egypt  
an island that is both of them and neither

and all this you hold in your hand,  
a hollow horn is speaking.

7 December 2010

= = = = =

When a hand    wavers    it becomes  
a heart    it listens    it is hard  
who    shakes the heart    habit  
of not knowing    crossroads    in fields  
everywhere    why are roads    why are roads  
and there is no going    a way    it sounds  
inside you    hear yourself    feeling  
tachycardia    too many    steps    flights  
too quick    the breath    holds    your whole dream.

8 December 2010

**AMBIX**

Caps or elicit my land another language  
 heard as own that angels speak  
 always the other always we hear as our own  
*capsit elixir?* unhear your vocabulary  
 “did this to me” idiolect there is no  
 own in language your feet hurt your words can’t  
 only the other damage from what you think  
 your own cap set at some other  
 old illicit ode hungering for you  
 at night your shadow darkens the wit  
 of the desirer takes it uncaps  
 the elixir illicit to insume  
 whither we be travellers tenseless  
 mood embed the verb always now in this  
 precinct cops wear caps verbs nouns  
 hear the bone beseeching mosaic  
 before faith a religion of nothing but  
 shadows of experience it is not right  
 to name this this yet we do moon  
 moons years catafalque the dead  
 pontiffs in state the princess weeps  
 their job this grief this stone my cenotaph.

2.

give the water scope to remember  
it was everywhere it filled every cranny  
molecular memory nothing it doesn't even now  
you taste the shape of where it's been  
mosaic musivary choose  
the river drink the city shade  
dome of the Parliament someday I'll touch

3.

a new religion begins  
with you always saying doffing my cap  
thitherwards you stand seeingly  
intact in every weather you say  
nothing but what beholding you makes  
rise in me or any other to be spoken  
a long pause a ship sinking in the music  
after every word to let the sense  
of it find you reverberate  
among and from the contours of we suppose  
the body of the other to be  
coterminous with history as if even here  
there could be no other place no market  
dome embracing any other space  
where this word you didn't even say it sounds.

9 December 2010