6-2006

junB2006

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BEING HOME

Being home is being being.

Being in ordinary time,
feastless fastless time

comma of time
bar line in musica

the unaudible pause
that shapes the pace

the piece the tune I hear
you hear me hear.

The poem is like that,
language hungering for pause,

Being home. This table. This chair,
the quiet heavy air of Annandale
after the giddy breezes of Cuttyhunk,
it’s in the air
let the air decide.

My cup, my own confusions
ready to slay me
into specious clarities.
Sometimes all I know there is no ocean here.

20 June 2006
Need time
to say mind.

Time our house
the suite of rooms
in which we live
till we go home.

20 VI 06
It's animal awareness hour
when the yearning begins

south of the equator and the sea
shifts that way, down there,

*là-bas, dahi*n, in such weather
the conniptions of the heart
don’t matter, it is the meat
does all the talking and meat

listens, does it ever, it’s all
ears. And hands and skin and.
And. And. And. And.

23 June 2006
CANTICLE OF THE BEHEADED

the blade astonished
at sudden yielding
bone no better than air
hardly recoils
barely recalls
a silvery passage quick
before such fountain rises
while the face falls
a holy man shy
of his conspicuous display
his prodigal blood.

24 June 2006
RELIC

we visit martyrdom
wrong way round
what we see
is mere iniquity:

government power
used against the new
the few the possibly
true

Martyr’s bone
should remind us of
the evils done—

not make us emulate
but to liberate,
    render
fangless every autarchy
and leave the skull
unseparated to its work.

24 June 2006
Need time
to tune it
don’t die
if you don’t hear it
but if you do
go is you.

24 VI 06
LANGUAGE

How much does my car keep of me
when somebody else is driving it?
If English is spoken by Inuit, do they take on
the forming mental structures of that language
and lose their own habitual
way of organizing perception?
I think a car is neuter (though not in French),
I think it goes wherever the current
driver wants to go. But I don’t know.
Does it still rehearse my own twists and turns
before its manumission into your hands?

29 June 2006
HIGH NOON, TYROL

sprinkle sprawl
amazing filament a line of light
between the eyelids Neid means envy
envy needs.

Not means necessity
lack catastrophe
made of absence.
Fail fire. Water lose.

The words repeat
until we kiss us.
Küss mich under the arcades
like a bear dancing
like a shadow disappearing in sun
kiss me a shadow,
even the shadows are gone now

the old waiter brings a plate of soup
with one white potato sunk in it

no one will ever eat this food
the Franciscan bakery closes for lunch.

30 June 2006
FULMEN FLAMEN

Struck by lightning
the lightning coming
this time from inside the man

suddenly his circuits stilled.
Stalled. I felt the carotid
death grip once myself

one moment I was conscious
and then not. Then a thousand
years later, a second of your time,

I was coming back from somewhere
I had not been, I went
into the null and came home.

Whereas with lightning it is only going.

30 June 2006
When we say desire in the twentieth century, we mean the unknown, for all we know of the realm of desires is that it continuously reverts to one immeasurable desire for freedom.

Constant, *(Cobra)*, 1949

These women who between.
Whomen. Are supreme.
Who give beyond the asking ever.
And take all up into.

Breed in their votaries
new needs beyond.
Then rush to satisfy,
all leading to

the noetic node
act fact of knowing
and being in that knowing
known. Amplexus.

Embraced by what you mean.

30 June 2006