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raudulent Friends
fix my goal. You never
and I didn’t either.
F
But each of us knows
really, really. And wouldn’t
if we could. But we care.
I will help you only
if it doesn’t make you
happier than me. We help
to keep a measure of control,
I feel good about myself
when I see you come to grief
a little, no big catastrophe,
just having troubles I don’t have,
yeasts or evil bones or friends
even worse than me.
You are my little pocket
mirror that doesn’t fit my shirt,
sometimes you don’t answer
your phone either, what are you
then, who are you with
and what are you doing
and how dare they be
more interesting than me.
Than me is how you are,
you and your contraband
pleasures, your tragic
phonecalls I adore.
23 January 2003
ard handshake
a day gives
you must believe everything I say
H
not because I know
but because I’m all you have
unless you count the fox outside
huddled in her den it’s so cold
but it doesn’t help to count on foxes
you surround the visible
with meaningful desires
snatch change from pleasure:
that’s my calculus all day long
sunrise like a bullet
to be on the seacoast and have so sea
mingling gulls with lesser girls
like a cliché all blue and yellow
of a boardwalk in a shoebox
everybody has a world
isn’t that probably the whole trouble
lost connections violate the surf
it’s starting to look like Florida
mouse in the pantry
we dream each other’s absences
the keys of Méxique
and the cold is the only language.

24 January 2003
MEANINGS

Code Black ~ hurricane earthquake tornado
Code White ~ employee or customer is hurt
Code Adam ~ a child is lost
Code Red ~ we’re on fire
Code Brown ~ someone is shooting

but up in the hospital the word
Code alone means death.

24 January 2003
Kingston
THE SHAMAN

The shaman sitting in his cave
grows old but not like other men
you don’t get older sitting still
or flying up the hallways of the heart

that’s what he knows
he knows that talk
will send you down the sluice
but words will feed you

the problem slices him in half
every day so every day
he is more a woman more a man
he listens without speaking

he answers by sitting there
and letting the shadows talk
that’s when the eagle
happens to a house

behold that darkness
flapping at the cave mouth
sortie of images
come to torture him

too much sensuous recall
who is a shaman?
one who goes
inside to find the way home
across the surly stars
one who fords the beautiful
river that isn’t there
he’s always in some town

the canteen is full of noise
he sits there taking down
the miraculous dictation
from the lips of silence

hang around and you will hear
all the things he knows
but how will you get inside
his skin, how will you be sure?

24 January 2003
CHILDHOOD

Things that go on in the cellar
are curious machines your mother fears
and your father can’t fix.
It is like all the rest of your life,
you have to do it or
they will come out and look at your again.
The eyes under women’s skirts
the hand big boys hide in their pants
thank god for clothing but nothing fits.

24 January 2003
There are alphabets for all desires, grasps, weapons, tools you use, people who use you, reflections, moods, minds, chreodes, duresses, blisses, bodes and banes.

And every word is a verb and also a noun

How many moments are there in the world?

The God who died and left a book behind

And then the great God who left language behind.

shadow of her passing,

*achorei* = human language, the shadow of her, the ghost of God.

Language is never one
is always two
you and me
against the dark
And then there is the phrase you’ve always heard and never known, the Holy Ghost

They saw or thought they saw rams and Dākiṇīs and angel men in bushes that seemed to be on fire

they saw or thought they saw fingers out of heaven scratch a king’s wall and crimson drunkenness flush through pure water

but what they had was language ever after that held their madness in a lucid place

All language is prophecy

All the letters of it resolve your doubt

pronounce them one by one one by one fitting them together

everything is there everything believes you

listen

read until the light goes out.

When language stops you are no one
you know.

25 January 2003
A DREAM OF LOGIC

Catch a glint of it
marvel
at the wood’s corner

the music warms up
the polished sky

How can a horse run faster than a horse?
Next I will demonstrate horses run no faster than stones.

Then you’ll love me at last.

25 January 2003
THE POINT OF TIME

It’s not a day that broke the world
but this small peach
what I remember of it
from a lewd summer
has another shape
her gown in *Gilda*
derived something at the pump
it seems it was always waiting to go
it seems it is never tomorrow
*deiknumi* I point to what is not me
*deiknumi* the world depends on that,
folklore of elephants and girl shampoo
so little is reliable except the shimmer
between things, even this sad sky
don’t pray for what you do not have
it will come to you my hands around it
pray as if you have it already
thank the Mercy for it, the Listeners
are everywhere and they love you too,
commit yourself to narrative
it begins with a story but
maybe this isn’t about beginnings.

26 January 2003
THE TREASURE

Go to your priest and ask him for money
believe in a transcendental deity seems to imply
local gossip and social reassurance, why?

There is a net that holds us, but is it His net?
Or is He as you call him on the other side,
the Unwoven Explicate Reality
that nothing has to hold in place?

Who is spoken in your churches?
I know that someone’s there, is it you?
a huge not-me anyhow, I feel its breath
make the crimson votive lamps

flicker in wordless interiors, they always havem
no one lights them
even when I see my own fingers
lift a flame from one candle to another
as if it were some news I passed along

and can’t remember where I heard it or who
was kind enough to let me know.

26 January 2003

RADISHES
for Sharon

peeling daikon last night
a big one eighteen
inches long how sleek
the skin comes off
“the sacrificial radishes”
I thought there is no
temple but the kitchen
I mean the bathroom
wherever water
answers my hands.

26 January 2003
Kara is a pale blonde icy Irish waitress at Isabelle’s in Dedham. Kara means black in the Turkic languages.

The Hancock. The Pru. But it’s the Pru that’s circumcised, the rim beneath the sky glans most clear.

I-90 runs through to Logan now.

Something is finished.

Local priests, local griefs.

If this is as it used to be thought the most repressed city in America and it’s winter we should not be surprised that the Priest Thing surfaced here first.

I really want to see the ocean

I content myself with a seagull over Roche Bros new market by the commuter line off Centre Street

Belgrade Street

People few in the streets: Superbowl Sunday, Feast of Saint Replay.

Few in the restaurant only old women aside from us
how old does it make us
not to be watching
or to be watching
these few old women eat
and Kara saunter by

*The Pianist* is playing next door a police car goes by

does this is the town where Sacco and Vanzetti were tried and condemned to die

Who were the real holdup men? Ask around and find out,
somebody knows,
everybody knows

every stone remembers

till back home on Anawan
under Bellevue Hill, under Monterey,
old names surround me and I sleep

all this crime forever unsolved.

26 January 2003
Boston
Margin mind
a rentier in his palace fat
on the swink of distant
ordinary people
our aesthete or ‘me’ the ball
of cheese that bowls along the lawn
for me and all my me’s
a crow eat it in his tree
as the Master of the Fountain tells
there is no original language
everything exists only in translation
not even cheese crows balls bowls
Super or common Sunday or any
a thing is a shadow of a feeling
someone had once
so strong it stuck to the world
was it me? scarcely
I sit here in my chateau
playing with your thoughts
and they say that art is at the margin!
Faux! Art is the axle on a spinning wheel
no! the other way round, you wind, me still,
art clings to the edge of the bowl
inside which the world churns,
art is sleep, art wakes up
from dreams of all too specific persons
saying things into my ear I’ll never forget
I am the wall of your room
you read your shadows
on my blameless surface and you understand
there is only one sea gull there is only one sky.

27 January 2003
Boston
intimate with source I don’t know
the other side of somebody I do

switch body for mind, words for hearts
a dream happens between two breaths

a hand inside you dreaming different

27 January 2003
Boston
ABSOLUTE

means unfettered untied released let loose set free
but from what

we need a one syllable word for ‘philosopher’
how about ‘bard?’

philosophers hate poets the way Wagner hated Jews
suspecting he actually was one

we dread the self beneath the self that speaks
we speak to silence it

SPEECH SILENCES SELF

a headline full of contradictions
like everything I say.

27 January 2003
Boston