

1-2002

janB2002

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "janB2002" (2002). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 929.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/929

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

Because he owns the sun
the images come true
a bird can find its food
and I find

the simple grains I claim to need
to grind in silence for my public word

bread note must myrrh amethyst
you come sailing round the horn

you analyze the score
how many weary frightened sheep in me
must find their way to the pen in you

finding and finding.

A game for keeps
this little love

this planet of the fallen
where we boldly ride a ruin called our rights
down the empty boulevard of a dead idea.

3 January 2002

Ransom Robespierre while we can
the word's too casual to speak

what a curious revenge
to let the killers live

until they understand a little more
the precious chemical they threw away

3 January 2002

TRANSFERENCES

1.

A new year's resolution: Keep
my heart inside me

don't leave it in the spring in the stick in the stone

cadenasse ton ame!

The world is waiting to subtract
me from myself and leave me you

Is that the nature of
transference, the desire
you mean that fascinates
itself upon the other
in desperate hope
to find itself there

tight bound among the sticks and stones of wanting
being wanted,
circumstantial evidence of the other

o fascist love?

2.

Tradescantia also
they call Wandering
Jew I meet you here
in the shadows
of our pilgrimage

nowhere to nowhere
skin traveling
to skin nowhere
truer than touch.

3 January 2002

Almost the numbers
are at home
with things

we can count
the sky
on any finger

4 January 2002
(from 20 IX 01)

Now you are more
Demeter than Persephone
you come to me
only in dream or seldom

hand to hand
or the breath of a mouth
so close to my face
all I know is color

the fresh of you
though still some
times beside an arm
around a waist

a word exchanged
a quick evening
full of understanding
and then back out

to the world of other
people as if all the
while we weren't
finally gods together.

4 January 2002
(from a note of 20.IX.01)

{dream data}

the Greeks invented nostos
and nostalgia, the ache that drives it

to drift home over roads and seasons

(and writing it down at waking, added:)

and I am home or I have none.

4 January 2002

Whose birth is day

when the light is given
the matter dares loose to the small

that it take thought (dar)
and grow
 roots in the sky
(luz) holy like any tree

kick your legs in the air
and lie on your back
to get to know that great city

all the señors of it
where the whole sky comes down on your eyes

4 January 2002

you yoni

when you
gay birthday hast

and hurry through the genders
like a man on chase

a fox on patrol
beneath a house on stilts

or you flying
down the sky

a midlife squadron
o mother marsh where I was born

out of the wreckage of the boy I was
and pressed against my lover's groin

and in that muck we stood aghast with love
and heard the seabirds moan

how good it is to wipe the mud off with our hands.

4 January 2002

o the pale weather
peopled with remorse

the disempowered
lurks in her bower
dreaming revenge

it is a leaf
anybody

gives you
not me

so any other be
the favored

the hour with him
the realest in your week

you wretch
to be so exiled

from your self
you thought was me

5 January 2002

this play I write my life into
so strangely peopled with sparse you

spare conduct of an aching time
too many persons for the meager plot

5 January 2002

touché

repetition
of the long ago
patternment

rejection
intuited
in the heart of love

love talk
no touch
is hurt

wherefore I learned to shun
all love that shunned the skin

am I delivered ergo
to my first causes

rejuvenated into terror
dumb leper body

fumbling the world?

Our kind of love is not so good for me.

5 January 2002

or is this the famous higher
octave of desire the Platonists
explain, standing in a rainstorm
but not getting wet

is this love's ladder nine rungs up
among the angel choirs
who have forgotten the delicious
mudpies and monthlies

of our timely condition
delirious bodies in a bed I beg you

5 January 2002

There is doubt in the word
doubt in the carving of it

it makes the scribe's hand shake
as he sets down the properties of the Queen

he thinks it is desire that trembles him
but it is doubt, doubt that the other is as other as he thinks

his hand on the claystick fumbles
because the Queen smells of patcouli

and all the history of his particular city
vanishes in her particularities, her purple hips

a word has to know where it is

his hand drops the wedge stick his hands
blur what he has spoken

he licks his thumb and smoothes the clay out
I saw nothing I said nothing

the clay is ready for everything
and nothing is spoken

she is not here she did not come
there is some other reason my blood is boiling.

6 January 2002

I can't help it
No one can help it
Things are what they are
Relax into unbeing them.

6 January 2002

It goes away
if you look
the other way

The broken urn
holds the most
precious of all.

6 January 2002

How to understand the meaning of everything:
Listen to the word you won't let yourself say.

6 January 2002

EPIPHANY

So this too
is a showing
not three Arab princes
kneeling before a little Jewish boy

this too is gold
if only me
and myrrh you
and frankincense the weather of the world

we kneel to each other
having opened our eyes
one more morning
astonished again to have a world to see

6 January 2002

glory
in the particulars

safe in
perceiving

we were born
for this.

6 January 2002

THE HEALING

music is healing
but who will heal music

**If one gives him a stylus: he will halve a helper.
If one gives him a reed: he will obtain his desires.**

woke writing with it
what was it

a dipstick a chipstick a claygouge a wand
a stylus a reed full of emptiness

an empty pen
writes the truth best

he said and went back to sleep
but his sleep is my waking

is my now

smash the dulcimer unstring the harp
and stab the drum

the broken instrument
says the music.

6 January 2002

KLY. = 60 (ylk)

Other words in the Hebrew system with the value of 60

Transliteration Definition Word

HLKH. Constitution, tradition hklh (halakah)

HNH. To behold hnh (hinné-ni)

ILHIH. Angel of 8 C hyhly

KLY. vessel ylk

MChZH. Vision hzjm

NGBH. The Southern district hbgn

TNA. A basket anf

abgdhwzjfyklmnuprsxqct {} [\ ùúûüàáâãä ¶

abgdhwzjfyklmnuprsxqct {} [\ ùúûüàáâãä

ùúûüàáâãä ¶

ChaVaZaH. Seeing, looking at hzwj
ChaZaVaH. Sight, vision hwzj

These two words have the same value (26) as the sacred Tetragrammaton
hwhy

Un grand d’Afrique vient de mourir, son dernier “Vieux”. Un grammairien, c’est-à-dire un gourmand de règles sous le désordre du monde. Un poète, c’est-à-dire un chasseur d’échos secrets. Un démocrate, c’est-à-dire un respectueux de la dignité humaine.

Erik Orsenna (Ac.fr.) in a eulogy (4 January 2002) in *Le Monde* for Léopold Sédar Senghor, dead at 95.

