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some mornings felt like broken glass had replaced your eyes but didn't stop you from
looking
some desires maybe most desires were furtive as small rats burrowing in bales of silk

4.
can't even have a dream. complain.
can't remember one when I do have it. complain.
what can I do. other people have dreams
I have to make them up as if I were telling a story
but I'm the only one listening

20 February 2001

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK FROM THE MOON

Can I have been here all the while
watching the agonized campaign of the light
against the Hiding Places, which are holy
places, our natural religion?
Here is the only brightness. Be alone with me.

21 February 2001

coming close to the union point
a fall of stars we thought
only was water

(things wait for me,
twilight and chemistry — take
a hand from the absent, sister,
stroke it against your cheeks
I rubbed rough
approximation of a gateway
all the love in the earth goes in.
lustered city, paradigm in which light
takes its place, and light
is not the only light in this house
as skin is not the only organ that can touch.
Toccata. The instrument
has been played.

21 February 2001

CARDIOLOGY

Now I'm in trouble.
My heart has sailed out of my body
And gone to somebody else.

When I listen for my heart beat
I hear it beating over there

So now I have to wait for mail to come from over there
Or make nervous phonecalls

And instead of listening to my heart beating
Quietly earnestly like a good soldier in my chest
Telling me this and that, pointing me this way and that
Towards all the good things that a heart knows,
I have to listen to silence or shout over telephones
What is it like where you are? I wish I were there with you,

With you, my heart, and with that person you lodge with,
The one who has taken you away.

It's not supposed to be like that
A heart is supposed to be here,

Here is where heart is,
And a heart is made of here,

Heart, listen to me,
Come home,

Here is the core of space and time
The self and personality you're supposed to motivate,
It's not supposed to be so empty here

With my heart over there pounding
And my empty head trying to understand what my heart is feeling
Now that it has gone to someone else
And beats around somebody else like a bumble bee or a cat or a vacuum cleaner
Probably just bothering the serenity of somebody else's somebody-else-ness.

21-22 February 2001

Lumen aberrant Cawnpore relievo
Smug battalion march against the light

Niello they call it when black controls the field
Thin lines of picadors in brass are scared of bulls

Because the moon was working, campaigns
In the rapt theater between the headlights and the deer

I'm trying to tell you how light — see you later —
Reworks our relationships, transfiguration,

Falling in love. But why light?

22 February 2001

DIRECT EXPOSURE

(Raga Hem Bihag)

I can't help but hope I help to keep help listening
Down by the kitchen door the mechanical arrival
O food tastes so good almost all of it almost all the time
I can't hope but help I do help I hope I do I help
The good food get from the kitchen through the door
Door to you a mouth a mouth a door to you

A door to you your
Mouth a door
I do a door
A door you
I can't help but

A door you but you
Can't help but help
A door all the time
You a door a door a door
can't help but help go through.

22 February 2001

PERMIAN-TRIASSIC EXTINCTION EVENT

wasn't there, not sure it happened, guess it did, don't know what exactly was involved but everybody died.

Dies. Eventually they do. We.

Commentary on Dream of the Princess recorded morning of 21 February 2001

Scudi are coins, but the word means shields. He has killed the women for some trivial protection. He bitterly regrets his action, that had ended their lives and ruined his own. I felt compassion for him when I woke — less so than for the women (who were so old, and who seemingly accepted death serenely and articulately), though he seemed loathly, careless, inept, letting a momentary impulse hurt and wreck so much.

Two women — one under the guidance of the other, they live a very long time.

The New York of the dream was very much uptown, hotel society — not downtown. It is the world of old people, moneyed survivors. No associations with anyone I actually know, though I think of famous old opera singers living with slightly tattered elegance in hotels — that was the flavor of them at the end of their lives.

Interesting that in the very dream I was given the burden of assigning their names — it seemed to be that I could just make them up, something plausible in German (they were German or Austrian), though their titles could share with French. I had to, I have to, discover who they really are. But the dream-maker in me trusts me (or seems to) to come up with the right names. Not perhaps the names of who they were or are, but names that would express their meaning. *[Why have I not yet done so?]*

I had the day before read with interest and some sort of urgent attentiveness the obituary of Balthus who had just died (at 93, in fact). Balthus, who is the painter of little girls. (Canada dream reference?) Balthus, who lived in Italy (where some coins used to be called scudi).

I learned of their lives, their journey, their deaths not from document or newspaper but from witnessing in dream. I learned of the killer only from the newspaper — as if he were in a different register of reality from his victims — perhaps a world of action, where they were somehow continuous, not-acting, floating, being. (The ladies young and old had a kind of Taoist Immortal flavor, wandering through the world untouched by emotion or necessity.)

There are so many links with the Canada dream, but intuitively the persons seem different — I have to work with my strong feeling (but isn't that itself a symptom) that the young princess is not the dead schoolgirl.

One thing that strikes me powerfully now is that I am not any sort of participant in either of these dreams. A passive witness in one, an idler browser in the other. It is as if (I feel now) the dream is showing me not what I have done, or what has happened, but what could happen given my passivity. (Loss of the anima/beloved/muse in the first dream, loss of two women in the second.) It is as if I am being shown two cautionary movies, to warn me away from my traditional passivity. I.e., I'm noticing that my stance in the dreams itself may be significant. If I entrust my relationship[s] to chance and time, they go away, float away from me; if I try to 'kill them off' to protect myself (scudi), I destroy everything. So my passivity is revealed as profoundly dangerous, lethal, even, in the world of relationship.

22 February 2001

Tell it apart.

 When it's told
the story lies
in two,
 you see a door
almost open. Moonlight
stark

 Through the valves of a door.
Nordic the sense

the light is always going away.

You come out of the movie then
and confront the street
the condition that is always waiting

presenceless, just there, all round,
hard and bright and cold.

You stand there,
you try to listen to space.

If I had to have a sacrament
it would be the sacrament of difference
and its sign would be
coming out of the cool movie into a hot bright afternoon
and what then

carrying a flower picked in paradise still in your sticky fingers.

22 February 2001

Keep it home
In the glass-embowered emptiness
Heart-make, four decades work

Spill into now. This book. This page
I came into the world to do.

23 February 2001

ADMIRAL OF NEGATION

No is always
the strongest card
in the deck

nothing beats it,
it takes
all power into itself

I spread my hand
before you
got nothing in it

just some needs and high
anxieties
and your hand

both your hands
are clenched
around an absence

dark place
that makes trivial
the pressure

of my instincts.
I am learning
to say nothing

to let the cards
fall and see
who happens to me.

23 February 2001

Grunting.
Pavilion of
Empathy up there

Catwalk,
To flounce
Along the heart road
Lust rows

No rose, no
Trust
This semblance.
All I care for

Blissblond is your
Answer.

23 February 2001

LOSAR

The new
Year. Always
The new
You right
Out of the
Not the old
The old was
Never the new
Is now. You
Never were.
You are.

24 February 2001

a year is yare is quick to come
and be around
and whenever you know it's year
it's new. It's you.

24 February 2001

I understand the long life pill to be a consecrated mingling of substances all blessed by the Lama in his transfigured being as the deity of the empowerment. The Lama becomes the deity, the deity blesses substance, we take the substance in, and we are helped to recognize that we are the deity too. But since we are not just minds or personalities, but are body, speech and mind all three, the cognitive recognition of oneself as a deity (on the mental level) is matched by a physical 'recognition' as well — the body perceives itself as deity, becomes healthier, longer-lived. This is my understanding, and it has no authority other than suggesting how I think about it.

Wrapped in maternity the young woman
Looks outside the kraal
Inside which her blondest progeny
Prowl. Outside

Fascinates and terrifies. Terrorizes.
Who are you, other person?
Who is there, you chic anomalous deity
Waiting for

Me? She seems to say.
Get it right this time.
My children are my protection,
They save me

From contingency. Those outsiders.
The terrible ones who are not me.
But these are wonderful.
They are me.

25 February 2001

in between the opaque
a wanderlust to endorse again
the preacher's wet hat

25 February 2001

Turning to be inside myself and keeping still
This is the magistry of fire, that a flame
Has never any center but its own

So burns or does not burn
But nothing in between.

But flame is the language of fire
And fire can sleep sullenly in heat
Coal cinder turf
Beneath the earth. And water,

Can water forgive us?
Alcatraz means albatross or something like that
A seabird, warm wind,
Its shadow bent across the moon.

25 February 2001

what are they thinking to become
when they slink out of the churchy shadows
and enter the despondent light?

I am back again among my sisters

All of you one after the other
Camel meat and strange departures

26 February 2001

FROBENIUS

These are waiting
and when the interruption
answers the blue
bird on the slate

roof flies away.
Simmering on horizon
one more west,
African matters

detect a wave
from the bottom of the sea
an intelligence
that forgot nothing

ever. All now.
Here I am
in your hands
so to speak.

The German ethnographer
claims it began here,
this altar, this high
crested wave

fell forward
into the land and soaks
into us still,
purple sunsets

of your clothes.
The dream I can't
forget wanting you.
Wanting you.

26 February 2001

Amplitude. A pizza in Magnolia
Brought into town
From afar. Rocks and reef,

Northern limit of the tree.

How many rocks to make a reef
How many reefs to wreck a ship
How many moons on how many waves

Until you're done?
A day grew.
Inside your bronze helmet
You sometimes stored water.
Or sat on it
Or used it as a pillow
Wrapped in your goatskin robe.

Soldier. Every woman is an army.

26 February 2001

an anchor
to what the voice
was saying
dragged through my
shallows

this prong of iron meaning
lagged in me
long after the words went

as they should
cloud scud passing

and this thing
this thing of you is it or your
contriving, the thing you

mean in me
left in me
meaning

when you were gone
and I was nowhere but hearing.

27 February 2001

Why bother lying down
when I'm going to have to get up again?

I think about this
and wonder what the sky would look like
if I looked up at it,

went outside I mean and lay down on the ground
and let the sky have its way with my eyes

Christ, seeing should be so simple
so maybe I could just lie down on the bed and look at the ceiling
the ceiling is far, far

further than I can reach when I'm lying there
no matter how immeasurably far I stretch my arms
and my arms are very long

I could never reach the ceiling reach the sky
I would just be lying there
letting the ceiling have its way with my eyes

paint and plaster and crackle
white and white and white
until I have to get up again

almost right away almost now
so why bother to look so tenderly at what is always going away?

28 February 2001

some girl in the room wants me to beat her
some boy in the room wants to take out his hunting knife and stab me to the heart
because the world is like this, the presence
of an Other, who is other, who is close, who is interesting, who is talking to you,
is detestable. Something has to be done about it.
he has to touch you. Or he has to die.
Not about love not about desire not about hatred,
just a simple machine that makes things go like this, no chance, no choice,

. . . 28 February 2001

Open the small valve that eases
Heart's blood on its dreary road
Fulfilling your purple fantasies

Your emerald wishes, action
At a distance, your thought
Turned crystal in my mind

That I would do your will.

28 February 2001