

10-2010

## octA2010

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## OCTOBER FUGUE

Almost too dark to seed  
the word in black water

the wet, stone  
weight of wind upon us  
storm long as a prophet's  
beard and shapely  
in trees stand still  
is it morning so soon  
and still now?

### The fugue

us all I ever wanted  
the weather forecast  
in the witch's oven

“the motive structure of all child-meets-ogre stories of that kind is the mother's deep hatred and resentment of the child, this clamorous sojourner who has wrecked the parent's life and filled it with annoyance and restriction. The parent sublimates—if that's the word—this rage into tales where the child stumbles (as once it stumbled into her womb) into punishment: eerie woods where it will be eaten by wolves or the Witch (which is of course the mother herself, taking her revenge, stuffing the child back inside, unmaking the whole sorry business). Or by giants, ogres, evil woodcutters—that is, by the father who got the whole thing started. But the child is saved at the last moment, as the mother becomes aware of

the transgressive tenor of her own thoughts, and tries to rescue the child from her own true wish to be finished with the child. The salvation of the child is always sudden and implausible, just as sudden as the mother's guilt about her vengeful fantasy."

*(These words are drawn from an article by an imaginary psychiatrist I have named Ödön Fekete, to be published in a journal yet to be founded.)*

So what is a fugue?

The mother-essence dancing  
with the father-essence,

the fugue  
every child is  
entrances and exits of the twinned genetics

no wonder I love wolves,  
those steel-grey resolutions on the tonic.

Brighter now, babes to begin—  
the sawyer finds a living child  
in the heartwood of the tree he felled—  
this child has trouble  
opening his eyes at first  
but already knows how to speak.

His own language!

And home the sawyer carries him  
the kid talking quiet all the while  
his mouth close to the ear  
of his new father—  
all the words he learned  
listening to the beast-sounds  
in his mother's womb,  
then the long silence of the tree  
in which she trapped him,  
then the long vocalise of wind in the branches

and so language came among men.

What we find  
comes from us to begin with—  
when we find it  
it has come home.

So it is with the world,  
slowly the child teaches language to the father.  
By the first snow they can talk  
still quietly together, about the weather,  
then about animals, then the precession of the equinoxes  
and the great machine where dark is made  
to relieve the world each night  
from the terror of unending vision.

The girl buried books in the ground  
they never grew  
but she read them anyhow  
but the words were changed

things have meaning when they do  
who am I she thought to tell them to?

I am already old as I will ever be.

1 October 2010

= = = = =

Craquelure, the shivered  
crackle in the glaze  
of old pottery, follow  
the lineaments of fracture,  
the gentle heartbreak in china,

so long you could spend  
reading the breakage,  
all the small differences  
cry out in vain: this  
should be your art,

to make a pattern and vex it  
with the surprise of ruin,  
a mass of lines to please the eye,  
world without end,  
the fragments always larger than the whole.

2 October 2010

## ORIFLAMME

Aura flame he heard  
and pictured it aloft  
lifting the green man beneath  
into the love-blue sky  
two oaks or three ashes high  
until his feet begin to glow  
caught by the setting sun  
come over the lawn-licked trees.

Then I spelled it out  
and said I don't know its meaning  
but only what it meant  
when people used it,  
the glowing orb of France, ancient  
symbol of their royalty.

Oh the French, he said,  
with all their names for things,  
their beautiful cheeses.

2 October 2010

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And so we accept the thing that we become  
never quite lost in the crowd, never quite easy.

Would someone reading all my work  
know anything about me?  
I'm not sure they would. I'm not sure they should.

3 October 2010



*[dreamt:]*

We sat together

no drama

no circulation

except that small-talk

they call making love.

3 October 2010

αγλαια

The festival is bright  
those nights  
we turn the lights on  
to make the silence  
sing.

Plainchant

ornamented  
only by the lips  
of those who sing,  
picture each  
a kiss-  
God among angels.

We make beauty  
for a reason. For reason.

3 October 2010

=====

So many things I want to know  
about the me you think I am—  
the subject, the citizen, what's left.

3.X.10

= = = = =

Pains walk through the world  
looking for people.  
Sit still enough maybe they'll pass you by.  
And they can't stick to you  
unless you offer them the glue.  
Stumble glueless through twilight  
into the dullness of mere health—  
that 'mere' is our sanity.

3 October 2010

= = = = =

The Irish  
the whole race  
delusional,

god, they shouldn't  
even let us drive.

3 October 2010

= = = = =

“When Adam delved  
and Eve span”  
already the woman  
more skillful than the man.

3.X.10

= = = = =

The world itself is a conspiracy  
no wonder we're paranoid

cosmos is a magic web we  
spun and then forgot we did—

the import of Reason  
is a red cloak  
on a frail, pale traveler.

I might be a better person  
if I liked sunshine more

but I am a cloud creature  
an air dragon with a broken wing,

the mist is my mother.

3 October 2010

= = = = =

Causing light.

Genius lives in the stone

the local,

Sade's quarry

under Lacoste

six hundred years of graffiti

began to form the letters of some name

when will we learn to speak?

Spread her out in the wind

her arms be sails

her resistance

stops the earth right here.

Desire comes out of the ground—

*understand this place*

*and all human hearts are yours.*

Simple happy people there

worshipping a stone.

3 October 2010



= = = = =

Things got together and stayed home.

Tomato soup. Toast with crumbles of cheese.

This was called being sick.

It was interesting

in its way, the world

at arm's length, sort of,

like music from another room.

The fingers sometimes disobeyed the hand.

And sleep came crawling up the comforter.

3 October 2010

## SOMETHING WHITE

Lifted from the sea—  
a lighthouse is it  
one of those shut down  
by pale government,  
only the cormorants  
have commerce with it now  
and there is no light

or is it a white arm  
with its quiet hand  
held open towards us  
warning—yet strangely  
not forbidding—that this  
is a weird wave of time  
we'd enter if we came  
closer than our little craft  
permits. And yet we must.

4 October 2010

## THE IPSEITY

How can I manage to swim there  
when I can't swim across a backyard pool?

*this kind of water doesn't drown*

when you swim among difference  
each identity hurries to bear you up,  
differences are dolphins from Arion's myth

keep swimming and we'll carry you there,  
you think it's a shore but we know it's more,

you can only drown in what is same.

4 October 2010

= = = = =

So moving towards it lightly  
nudely arm over arm  
while the fishy depths of sea  
make sport of me and teach  
vowelless languages we breathe in sleep—  
remember everything you ever read:  
it won't help but it will ease the pain  
of hauling yourself to heaven  
up the rough rope of now—  
because Dante dreamed it and Orpheus  
did it. A myth is a piece of bread  
broken, shared among friends—  
  
nowhere near there yet and never far.

4 October 2010

= = = = =

Or it was after all a lighthouse  
and the dazzle of its function  
blinded me with accuracy  
until I supposed it was a hand  
reaching out to steady me  
in my dizziness I thought was sea.

And I was the cormorant  
and I was the gull  
and the storms came by and knew me,  
sprawling flotsam up the shore  
and rich-tangled weed, hummocks  
of fucus like some cake  
a sloppy neighbor brought for tea—  
never go empty handed  
to a friend's house when tea is poured.  
That's the only law I ever learned  
before I walked into the sea.

But is any law enough  
or any cake or any friend?  
And was it even me?  
I move towards what I see,  
the *mirror phase*, phrase,  
the sentences of glass.

4 October 2010