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= = = = =

nipple areola raincloud
morning glory drenched
skin of pure color
to touch with a searching tongue
as if my god we all
were hummingbirds and who
will be you and who me
the soft color the wet color
the beads of a snapped
rosary of pure water
fallen into, is it concave
or is it convex only
the tongue can tell.

11 October 2011

= = = = =

So measure manyments
each one to whistle
at a passing moon
such mass of light
concentered in pale space—
Apollo's glimmerous sister
amends our tryst.

For we have no light of our own
in here, *in corpore*
dark meat jostles and caresses,
inner offal under optime skin,
ah, you make away with word
when you pass by,
all my gravity is overhead
or out there where horizons lurk,
to scare you if you go so far from me.
My gravity, my motherlode,
and what is missing from such trinity?
To know you offer then the week's at peace.
Packs of trail mix, water bottle on the bike,
you don't remember when they called it a canteen.

12 October 2011

=====

An image does nothing,
it touches. Or means
no more than a touch does,
here, a wet fingertip
on your wrist as if
doing dishes only shamans do right.

12 October 2011

= = = = =

Be a priest of me
a vagrant member
of a weird cult
whose only -ology
is you. We do
what we do. For you.

It is like an animal of us
a soft part of the body
a phonecall from
somebody else's mother.
Everything is a warning.

But everything's a sort of kiss too.
Who, you? Yes, you.
You seem angry: farmers
smash cabbages on highways,
cabbages and sugar beets
as if a great green animal
had bled to death
on our way to where cars go

like thoughts of desire
through the pudding of the brain
the sharp steely-edged

aperiodic symmetry
of the quasicrystal Mind.

You don't look the least
like a flower but you're made
up of them, Blodeuwedd,
I haven't kissed the consonants
of your name in years now,
so many years.
Yet not one flower
(one vowel) has ever wilted.

Is a word bigger
than the mouth that speaks it?
Does a kiss tumble
all the way down the spine?
We know nothing
of the dark inside us.
Alchemy is skin—
it is changing colors
into light again,
changing light into
substance, then turning
matter into you
a nanosecond faster than time.

So anything we think

we know of one another
hasn't appeared yet.
We are always just
a few minutes before ourselves,
a breath before the beginning.

12 October 2011 (late)

[Not that we're counting.
People have nothing
to count with but each other.]

= = = = =

Once he lost the measure
he had another thing,
When he lost another thing
the sky was grey with promises
children all over the street
sirens, sudden puberties
flashing lights, ambulances,
porch swings, the grave.
Then another song. Then more.
Where grief knows how to sing.
Maybe measure is best.
Genuine granite. Even
the meekest orogeny.
Touch her, she's almost real.
Or at least realer than he is.

13 October 2011

= = = = =

But the bother
is a sailor
her curtained cabin
vague with 'orient'
'mangosteen' 'desire'
other labels.

You see her silhouette
below the swinging lamp
you know all at once
she is the opposite of the sea.

Come back! you cry
through the porthole
and wonder where you are
here in chill air
on deck in the dark.
And you wonder if
you are anywhere that
someone could come back to.

13 October 2011

= = = = =

Open season on remembering
slain memories sprawl at roadside
some still breathing. Shovel
fallen oak leaves over them, and maple
tulip ash and linden
till you see nothing but the actual
colored gorgeously dead.
And from this red and yellow
under the blue October sky
your new mind begins.
Primary colors, nothing subtle
but the taste of tomorrow on your tongue.

14 October 2011

=====

Never to bury it either
or waste a cummerbund on a corpse
red ocher of Rousillon
paint my sides with that.

14.X.11

= = = = =

What did I know
and who did I know it in,
the seeming peace of birds
the seeming turbulence of streams
after rain. The seeming
indifference of the rain.

What did I know
and who knew me so deeply
there could be a tree of me,
a Solomon Temple of wet sand
that dries out and blows away
but blows away in holy air.

14 October 2011

= = = = =



An so beneath the wooden bridge a river
and beneath the river another bridge
and who know who takes the low road
and from what upward yearning
that sunken covered span protects him?
And why is it a man? And where's he going?

14 October 2011

= = = = =

She stepped into the reflection of the river
and shivered in the morning air
washed clean already by what she had seen
the ripples reflected on her skin.
All it is, she thought,
is light. Or all we are.

15 October 2011

= = = = =

Go back and catch
that thought three
thoughts ago—
gone already
where do they go
with the monarchs to Mexico
millions and millions of them
all identically different.
Catch the thought next time
as it comes right there
sipping from autumn daisies
at the door of the mind.

15 October 2011

= = = = =

Almost as if it were reaching for me
the wind comes. Using the subjunctive
it lifts an orange fallen maple maybe
leaf. What they call sandarac in French
but what do they know of this wind,
delicious, chill, tentative, octobrine,
optative, full of faith in meadows
trees that are still young, growing,
brash, an adolescent wind, new,
still some muve flowers on the little tree,
shock of a bird passing, too fast
too close to tell what name.
Maybe no name at all.

15 October 2011

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Puberty is hard to remember.

Girls suddenly looked different on the screen.

It became hard to sleep alone.

And then I was old

and stopped waiting for the mail to come.

15 October 2011

= = = = =

How can a man or a woman
looking at the moon be lonely?
The solitary night's so loud
all round them. A house
all lit up far away—now that
is loneliness.

15 October 2011

= = = = =

Trying find dawn in the west
and the trees are glass trees
and the air is somewhere else

what can you hand to the porter
who is just there to let you in
you enter and he's gone

before you can think of a gift
a pourboire you think of it
though in that place there is no drinking

nothing to drink in a forest of glass.

16 October 2011

Patriarch

I was this man
and the sheep were shorn

I was that man
and the dawn came down

this man had a hand
that opened the rock

this man had an eye
could see what wasn't there

Time is opaque
but thinking is keen

this man's desire
could slip in between

then there was nobody there
and I called it a desert

I called myself religion
I called myself a man.

16 October 2011

POETRY

Poetry is an alien speaking English.
Angel or devil, foreigner or God,
it is an alien energy in a mother-mouth.

16 October 2011

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