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**So let the midnights carve again
and sabbath's cod impregnate
this null hour. I wake but why?
I hear the wind and its propositions
answer my mediaeval doubt.
Dark is good enough for man
and before the devil there was no light.**

**Again and again the books get it wrong,
it wasn't woman, wasn't rib, it
was the bone of light tossed in the sky,
the first religion, we still bow down,
believe me, if it were the real sun
it would shine both day and night.**

12/13 October 2013

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**Accoutrements are obvious—
the soul needs such
to wake each day from separate sleep**

and just be joy in now.

**Wear bright colors,
do things with wheels**

**sing with your own voice and stay
far away from other people's music.
Be a flute.**

**Incandesce the obvious.
Every day the equinox. What do I mean
is what you wake up saying, so**

**that's what I meant when you go
to sleep, you are the lord of everything
between. This is soul talk,**

**a species of ontology, oil of lust
spilled on the floorboards of the mind,
makes glisten, slippery dangerous**

**too much thinking rusts the mind,
the mind's a kind of iron none too new
and all that thinking is a kind of sweat.**

**Small desires are the most dangerous,
by habit and timidity they make their way
and death is the smallest desire of them all.**

**At that point he closed the book and shut the door,
turned the light out and thought about a cat
walking down a sidewalk in a city far away.**

**You were there too, perhaps you ruled the cat
or built the house or set trees to grow right where
the cat pauses in deep shadow—and he too**

asks why he has been summoned to this hour.

12/13 October 2013

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**Then the silence answered
at last, it was a kind of girl I thought**

**the kind of voice with fur on it
and that faint smell of lavender**

**simple as a preposition in a sentence
but which one? A little vectoring word**

**to hustle us to heaven possibly.
A clean sink sudsy from shampoo.**

**Yes, you. The pale subject
of so many sentences, the verb intact,**

**the virginal copula. This is not evasion.
And not grammar either, it is the way,**

**the way the mind has to work when
faced with another. Language is fear**

**personified. It rises in the column of yourself
to be spoken out. The prepositions shout,**

**all of them, until I can't tell it comes
close or flees from me across the snow.**

Or whatever all that white stuff is.

12/13 October 2013

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**Weather is a kind of principle here,
a teacher of wariness, at any moment
the wind can fall. Fail. The clouds
do their incredible inscriptions
or erase themselves. Or erase the sun.
My grandmother was English,
a man can do worse than talk about
nothing but the weather. It's always
there, and always true as stuff can be.
It leaves it to us to like it or tell lies.**

12/13 October 2013

LATE ROMAN SARCOPHAGUS

But they loved to see her dancing
faraway on the balloon scene
a waterfall behind her.

Door me!

they heard her cry, out of breath
with the insertion of her palest moves,
Door me! And they wondered how
they could,

open her and go in, open
something else and let her out?

What could it be the dancer meant?

But they gave up wondering.

Her naked body told them everything.

13 October 2013

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**But maybe — not
even in the *Solyaris* sense —
the sea really is the mind
of the planet, *Mère / mer*,
the weather of all life and mind —**

**or when the high notes of the piano
sound like a lute or a virginal
then the darkness comes over from the East
dogging the night through us.**

13 October 2013

=====

**Ride a cathedral
over the hardpan prairie to
that lodging of the star
you think you are**

**it said in the ad
the midnight sent to me
you can't get no lovers
till you are other**

**but then and then!
So it's all that America again
the west and the wobble,
the whale, the coyote**

**even right here on the island
and where isn't there an island,
you're no place all by yourself
and this is no infomercial, Harry.**

13 October 2013

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**The River Plate they used to say
the sea the silver
America down there
 and over there
and never here,**

**why should there be
an eagle or an osprey—
after September the island
starts to be unfrequented by birds,**

**our commensals the gulls
come to our table
the fish we preach
casual, scraps
to their hunger,
 superior technic and their cries
haunting the sky**

**not so much now
the sport fishermen stay home,
catching pixels not bluefish not bass.**

The French have two words for gull

**and I don't even have one
perched on the Lombards' roof.**

**But the wind is with me
and my wife the silver sky.**

13 October 2013

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**How much do I dare to tell you
all my conversation is about
the sky and Botticelli and such things
are safe to mention in this
police state of the ordinary world**

**where every inclination breaks some law
and they are always watching.
Watching not just me but everyone,
even you. No one is free from that omni-guilt**

**the local mind is made of, dim memory
of saberteeth and grimly bear but here
the body sings its lonely song among
all the lovely enemies it longs to be.**

13 October 2013

THE THUNDER WEATHER WASN'T

**but the queens of Memphis woke anyway
slipping from their alabaster jars—
four for every personality to make alive—**

**and were pale present, sipping wine
made from the shadows of palm fronds
macerated in the sound of faint applause**

**as when some over-civilized Athenian
is not quite sure how much lust to show
when the hot sun makes citizens of all.**

**They sipped and moved about their tombs
checking their Devices to see what ho
on the meek horizon. They see everything**

**but soon enough go back to sleep
leaving the living to the likes of me and you
who still live snug inside our names.**

13 October 2013

THE VAGARY

Cuttyhunk, Penikese

**all the Elizabeths
and the whole Vineyard
once called Dover**

**did belong
one time to New-York,
the county**

**called Duke, of that province,
named for that Duke whose
Dutchess we live in now.**

13 October 2013

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**I suppose the day
is just one long thought**

**and the doctrine of the night
reproved by this Enlightenment**

and the sun is Robespierre?

We know so much to know so little.

14 October 2013

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**As if there was nothing left to do
I know how to tremble
even sitting in an easy chair.
The horn calls of Bruckner
or Oberon or Bran the Blessed
are far away but I can hear them.
Clumsy men are always listening.**

14 October 2013, Cuttyhunk

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**In the harbor having.
Mystery: a schooner
sails reefed, anchored
where no boat has been seen
in twenty years. Big. Empty.
The whole nineteenth century
darkens in her cabin —
no one's boat on no one's
water. It's like the yoga
asana: The Empty Ship
On An Unknown Sea.**

**You are the keel
there is a kind of hunger
in the trees, that's
what the shoreline means
when seen from sea —
a quivering appetite
sucking human beings
and everything they make
and do and think and are.**

**Be ready for strange teeth,
for Platonists,**

**language lionesses keep
green eyed watch in shade.**

**I look at the boat— too small
for a schooner, really,
sleek though and I think:
how safe it is
to be lost at sea.**

**Wooden hull? No, fiberglass.
Something new relatively,
like the Aeneid**

or the Internet.

Heroes everywhere.

**In simple sunlight a puzzle boat.
It makes me think of piracy,
dead relatives, the purple veils
on Lenten statutes. No gulls today.
In the channel seals will watch as we pass by.**

14 October 2013, Buzzards Bay.

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**Invitation to a mirror —
you look at me in vain.
I have no answers for you
except for the deepest question —
*how do I seem to be?***

**Because being, being itself,
is a simpler matter,
one is or one is not,
and all the rest is seeming.**

**Which is where I, your glass
consciousness, come in.
Because I know what
they know who look at you.**

I am why they treat you as they do.

14 October 2013, Buzzards Bay.

THE BLUE VASE

Is glass. A *fauve*
simplicity. You see
right through it,
the generous water
halfway up the stems
of the flowers,
count them.

And there they are
above, each petal
distinctive, a soft
descendent of red.

Green leaves. the exact
simplicity of what is seen,
remembered a long time
on a white ground,
glowing screen.

the numbers,
hidden numbers
of the processes
that make it work.
that make us see.
numbers of the world
itself so seen.

2.

by hidden numbers mean kabbalah.

measurement of her stride

along the beach. over the sea.

measurement of the face

who sees her, the Face

that in all ages never

once stopped looking at her.

14 October 2013, Buzzards Bay

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**A seal in the sea
is not so different from thee.**

14 October 2013, Buzzards Bay