

10-2011

## octF2011

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### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "octF2011" (2011). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 92.  
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As if still in the body  
a range of odors and sensations  
perplex vagrant mind.  
It's like jazz but too soon.  
Ironic but it really loves you.  
Not having to touch ever  
best. *Africa*, a fantasia  
for piano and orchestra  
from the last decade of his life.  
Music is across the room  
from any you. Caressive voice  
no caress. A floater  
on the right side. Eye. Gloves  
against the snow. Who called me?  
Holding still till it's over  
whatever it is. Barbershop.  
The dentist. The dark.  
How hard the work to make  
every day a new inscription  
into the almost neutral world.  
Rough, as in a foreign alphabet.  
Lips, as if speaking.  
I will list all their names  
and never be near them again.

29 October 2011

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The impending. It takes  
life out of now.  
Not breathe for twelve hours  
and still not be dead.

I smell the places I have been  
those miracles of in and out  
the inkstained wall, clouds  
over Floy Bennett, islands,  
so many empty islands in the bay.  
She plays as if the music could be held  
in her hands a while then let go  
tasting every after of itself and her.

29 October 2011

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We can do these things  
by candlelight or memory.  
It wasn't always that way.  
Once we were weather.

Nothing to do about it  
except whatever doing was.  
Not even waiting—  
there is no next day

when you live alone with the world.

29 October 2011

## AFTER THE GREAT OCTOBER SNOW

1.

You don't think I'm the one I was do you  
because how could that be  
(what is be, what is cause)  
since I am 'speaking' (in a way)  
to you now (though it's *then*  
when you 'hear' me far away.

2.

How could a 'letter' to a friend  
even blue as an October sky  
or pink as a slapped cheek say  
or any gesture entailing  
tolerable intimacy miscarry query?

3.

So I'm certainly not the one  
I was when I began, when you  
were the church and I was the priest.  
Are any of our candles left  
flickering ready to snuff out?  
It's hard to get the smell of incense  
out of a relationship, memories  
while imprecise still stimulate.

4.

Bedouin manners.

We left by night

when it's cool enough

to hurry from what we are

and dark enough so we can't see

our motivations in each move

we flee. Love and be gone

the tragedy of being accurate.

Is there another face

to call my own, another body

that speaks like yours,

spring-sprawl come adipose

tissue of the kind men yearn for

the swerve of amateur anatomy.

5.

In the atelier a sudden draft

the model shivers on her throne

but keeps her pose

or is it a queen

chill in a mediaeval hall

no less challenged

by *the outside air*

intruding through

the imprecisions of architecture

letting in the seeds of the stars?

6.

Shivers but holds still.

I need the bloom of shiver  
on your skin, the bird skin  
suddenly toothed as my canvas

I will warm you with the smooth  
of everlasting colors. How.

The paint will try to remember you  
hundreds of years until  
a new era of art discards  
such trifles as resemblances.

7.

I'm trying to tell you to be with me now  
but I have no place for your differences.  
Everybody fits through the same door.  
Everybody sleeps in the same pronoun.

8.

Inference? Interference?

It was hard to remember  
it was Greek to begin with  
a girl in a white towel  
a gull on the steep pitched roof  
memory seems to have no verbs at all.

9.

Can you squeeze into this image?

I guess that's the question

the 'issue' as they say these days—

I thought that meant something that slipped  
out of something else, like a magazine  
from a publisher, or pus from a wound.

10.

As the temperature rises snow  
begins to slip off the branches  
but the yew trees, but the hibiscus  
are bent to the ground Time  
happens to us. Can you squeeze  
into my time? Is there any room  
at all in me? I am a voice from a stone  
and no one knows the mouth of me.

30 October 2011



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A flute that is the same as the breath  
or an island so far west the sun  
hasn't gotten there yet.  
There they use plain water as their ink  
and the words so written last forever.  
Something comes out of the dimness  
towards them, puts something like  
arms around them, whispers to them.  
Old car crashes left to rust where they fell  
and the road bends anew around them.  
I have heard their fluteplayers playing,  
haven't you? And figures move to the sound  
as if they were dancers.  
But they are not dancing are they?

30 October 2011

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But then there was after  
and a clown bleeding on the pebbles  
there was moon  
and a blue policeman  
there was time and a woman  
caught her breath.  
And then there was just moon  
the population of the earth  
had not changed  
in one sense or other  
everybody sleeps alone.

30 October 2011

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How like something else  
almost everything looks.

30.X.11

## ON TIME

The time for being time  
knows. Salad  
means salted. Days  
interrupt the dark.  
Dark interruptions.

2.

Christmas cards on fire  
over empty hearth.  
How does knowing know?  
They told it so. How  
did we believe them?  
Beasts made us beasts.  
Angels made us forget.

3.

Touch your lip too  
not to be sensuous or sly  
but to be sure.  
A touch is surer than.  
Remembering or angels or  
touch your lip  
to tell your name  
make sure it isn't mine.

4.

How could anything be?  
Paintings live on stretchers  
some names tell some truth  
but we are in the trees  
she fell in the new snow  
made angels. Snow on  
whose back? Angels  
talk back. The snow.  
Our woods. Nobody home.

5.

Hurrying trees.  
Signal lights  
beside the tracks  
semaphore.  
I want to know everything  
and there is no time—  
so learn to know time  
and time will be my brother  
elder profligate  
seldom comes home.

6.

Or this is telling  
what was told.  
Breakfast again

and why is again?  
Why not once only  
the great things?  
If it were true  
once would be enough.  
After heavy snow  
melted brown  
leaves still on their trees.  
Motion with emotion.  
Everything repeats.  
So what is everything?

31 October 2011