

10-2010

oct12010

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "oct12010" (2010). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 117.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/117

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

CUTE ANGST

Cunning insecurity, papers all
over the table, numbers all over
the papers warp the flarfmaster's
porridge suddenly makes
ordinary sense, money!
Lust at the keyhole, priest
on the stoop with his stole on,
they're coming to forgive you
tell me, brother, have you sinned enough?

O formidable answer to a measly question
lighthouse in Babylon not a sea within reach
I waste my light on the inert materials—
had I been there before or was it now?

2.

Cliffhanger in a green convertible
I thought I knew this woman from before—
something about dahlias

her tresses masked her eyes?—
Vidkun was in power and it snowed in July?
All hail and no welcome—

flirting with her was like sleeping on the sidewalk.

Once I read a book about colonial Africa

it made me an authority on fear—

what happens to a slack man

in a taut country, I saw myself

too casual for life on earth—

no wonder I mess with angels

all night into the cold passion of dawn

mumble the lost names of God.

31 October 2010

= = = = =

Every word is an attack on someone
but who? Who left the light on
under the Brussels sprouts?
The x is silent as in Septeber snow.

31 October 2010

= = = = =

But how near is far when you get there?

After you've walked all the way

and your hand hurts from holding so tight?

And the birds have stopped singing, it's winter

you say, and you like winter best of all

so why are there tears in your eyes

and you keep saying Why? Are you there even yet?

31 October 2010

= = = = =

Shotgun marriage.
Children pretending,
gathering flowers
from someone's grave
to offer as a banquet
to the stone bride
poor wingless angel
and let that yew tree
be the bent old priest
and that tomb
her honeymoon hotel
where she sleeps
for the first time
with the nothing man.
And when she wakes
there's no one here,
the children have all
run home, scared when
the wind suddenly falls.

31 October 2010

=====

When I grow up
I'll try to find
a lover thorough
as the wind
before death rounds
off my calculations.

31 October 2010

= = = = =

Let the ink down into the quarry
stain the marble
so when the stone is cut and worked
its name will be in it already.
How else can we name this god
whose face alone is left to tell you?

31 October 2010