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AFTER READING GOETHE'S ROMAN ELEGIES

1.

But it was quiet there
a raging weariness
face turned to the wall

2.

but I have seen such things before
soft easily divided *offer*
what you do not own

3.

do not know then the light comes on
sketches for the last judgment
heart in whose hands

4.

lamentation from the coasts of
dissimilars molecular sea-bound
silence is a thing you see, inside

5.

whose hand? *the one across*
from you bothering your eye
inhabiting your silences

6.

even odd embrace

cartilage swings sensation

forward *the thought of not*

7.

you see again that what you see

is what opens sleepers' eyes

a *feast of miracles* rained out

8.

slow recovery *a rosary of signs*

sighs intuition battled judgment

beneath the cypresses beside the yews

9.

then the ivory keyboard woke

a fugal feeling but *who dared to know*

god how many fingers on this hand

10.

so it comes back from the dead

from all the golden seeming

aspiring to turn your pretty head

11.

so don't palaver about poppies
no flowers we are permitted
never to *specify what you desire*

12.

long line at the ticket window
the train to now is running late
now goes north so *late to love you*

13.

the postcard claimed a distance
from which never soon enough
shadow of a caller obscures the foot

14.

and then it was again again the porter
dragged it up the *flight of stairs*
never stops you are my only hotel

15.

faultless diction of the rising classes
trying to come back to conscious life
language is just *flirting with amnesia*

16.

nothing knows you nothing remembers
breakfast is an absolute the thickness
of experience is one molecule

17.

don't be mad at those who wake
then wake you from the *dream of meaning*
cool finger laid on your warm throat

18.

random italics of the middle class
idle vacations in the wilderness
mapped by feeling and forgetting

19.

come home and *be the one you were away*
no picture here for you see
north beyond images we live inside a tree

20.

alone escaped to hum in whose ear
everything *the wall said* to my sleep
the song neither of us knows.

[0.

And two more to keep in Goethe's measure

phallic rude and *penetrative to begin*

Eve squats on Adam's lap

21.

of all the sickness born from love

none worse than the loss of it

live from day to day *by wound alone.*]

6 May 2012

[SQ—Gossamer]

Hard gossamer the brittle air
leafless branch enmeshed
in god's own crinoline
detected — this
is a man's heart

a man like me
half wood half will
a greenish kind of red
you suck my blood

freemasonry of being touch

the eye that saw this image
is inside a man
sees the pretty cobwebs of my appetites
a flyless web bereft of predator
cotton candy caught in amber sympathy

it knows I want to
get sticky with you
“whoever you are”
who saw this waiting, calling,
wanting in the woods

it knows it knows

it knows what I want

it rebukes me for my shtick

I invented something no one wants

a word instead of a loaf of bread

but it leads me everywhere

in the murk of ordinary seeing

leads me to love

my vague persuasion my broken stick

= = = = =

[SQ –gossamer—cont’d]

Gravity determines

how I look at you

even

the eyes are the level

pnei hayyam, the plane of earth,

face of the sea.

I want to look at you

where my eyes are

touch nothing—leave it to the air

so we sat down and thought about it:

air is a mineral

what you show behind the trees

is a kind of polished stone

tourmaline we breathe in

colors flourish us

water is a mineral too
we turn into each other

*

crines aurae

hair of the air
the light around the skull
from which the thought
disseminates throughout the world
and through which it feeds

hair of the great trees

but a stick is nothing with a hand to hold it

desire is the mineral in which the animal moves

tourmaline problems the whole
earth a shiny pebble
you snug into your pocket

one look and then
how hard it is to find the world again.

*

But it is geometry at last
shows gravity the way to go

down where the dogs are
down where the unborn children
tease us in our sleep

down where Ariadne
dries her tears for Theseus
and rises higher,

love affair with a god
the twice-born
whose juices surge through man and tree.

6 May 2012

= = = = =

The orders of sound, one
crew hammering fences tight
one tearing the public railings down—

independent actions yet coincident
in time and space exactly
like you and me a love song.

7 May 2012

= = = = =

I'm almost ready to be new again,
field full of inferences green in sunlight
green in shadow same grass a different song
so Lugh the god is everywhere these days
local anxieties ace foreign wars
it's almost time for Portugal again
life after life is the real problem
if we only knew but there is no knower
for such sequences the cars go by
each car has a little wanderer inside
safe in the privilege of being nowhere fast.

7 May 2012

=====

Distinguish apothegm from aphorism.

Swallow one of each and utter

one immemorable phrase ('we open things'

'the clock fell off the table') and a bird

automatically will fly past your window.

Smart money says she won't fly in.

7 May 2012

==== [SQ _ **The House the wood**]

*The ground did cranie everie where and light did pierce to hell
And made afraide the King and Queene that in that Realme doe dwell.*

If I could
see through wood
this is what
I could see

a house growing out of the ground

2.

we know a house because a window is
and wood grain sweeps the earth away

*Nowelis Flude hath soak'd the Earth
and we are Seeds that Stem from her*

3.

for everything that's seen is seed

the house grows out of the ground
trees grow out of the house
the sky grows in the hands of the trees
so many things seem so few things are

4.

so more are wanted
give me more
give me all
the things that wood
could be, all
the grain and where
it goes, roads,
rivers, raptures

how loud the earth is
ear pressed to the ground

5.

Suppose we could see them
kneel at their feet even
the king and queen of down there

this word I say you
cuts through the earth
and lets the light in

so we can see what's never seen

(7 May 2012)

= = = = =

Dreaming out loud

because another

is always hearing

up to me to turn

that hearing to listening

the moon is there

whether we pray

to him or not,

nightship, don't try

to listen to what it says

morning consoles me

with its special silence

the soothing racket

of ordinary business

people doing what we do—

light dissolves language

palest green leaves

on the hibiscus already

daring me to conversation

only in language though

can silence dwell.

8 May 2012

= = = = =

Everyone sees what's on the wall
the changes are continuous
hence unnoticed. Kings
change their faces in the night
on their golden coins. And who
is this wife? Even my shadow
looks nothing like me,
the me that I remember from the forest,
the bedroom, the lecture hall
where I bored myself and others
in the name of Being—all the while
a shadow stood out from me
before or beside and always changing,
I always keep my back to the light,
too much light already and just one me.
Or so I thought. But then the wall happened and I saw.

8 May 2012

BLUE

for C

Free heron on the lawn

the sky is green

on the way to the train the sky is close

mist on the river and the heron over.

Hours later you called from another train

another marsh and you said another heron.

8.V.12