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Waiting is various isn't it or not  
depending on a woman or the soul  
quiet eighth floor salon where furs are sold  
counting from Babylon the great outward  
how many towns before the sea's  
sleek sumptuous vocabulary  
words are the edges of experience  
dogfight over the moon nouns are tatters  
I have done this to my mind for your sake  
guttled envelope with the priest's address  
no story here only a lock of hair  
who had me when I was me  
give yourself to someone one whole day  
young women go and come back as young women  
feast of Pentecost the red-silk feast of waiting  
every line is an open door  
myths are the mycelia of mind  
go on forever every neuron more intricate  
a net to catch thee in  
send thee sprawling on my satin equinox  
always a leaf left somewhere on the tree  
you understand each minute but the hour's lost  
amounting to an upstream plod a hidden source  
can't wait for waiting takes too long  
there were no edges on the apple he gave her

by the time we got there it was gone  
a child wakes up eager for his toys  
deep secrets of human poetry  
if an animal comes in the light goes out  
no structure here a tune of follicles  
even I a gap for some you to plummet  
make all verbs transitive and then be me  
waiting is made of nine parts soul  
the klezmer band is sleeping in the park  
shadow moves in sunny woods  
broken fixture in the hallway risk  
dominating cardinal bird insistent  
space is space and never nay me  
or noonday riot of the finches  
each hour shriveleth the rest  
Sarpedon a fixture of exchange  
people who study money are part of the problem  
they're just impoverished plutocrats at heart  
they valorize the weapon of the enemy  
old gold coins and chains and quiet fingertips  
the world has no back to turn on you  
a formless mass like fresh curd forming  
I will be any shape you require  
I will enter every door  
I will wait outside your every window  
I will be fire in your winter  
I will be rain when you sow your seed

I will be night to snatch your day away  
I will be shaman to concoct your dream  
and you will live me ever after  
not afraid of making up the truth  
language by its nature is just about you  
you are the part of language that knows how to answer  
too many rabbits and not enough islands  
with eyes neither open nor shut  
two trees from one root shape a V  
light chiseled down to a hidden point  
do you think light wounds the earth  
you know the answer always does  
bird on the roof in the Atreus  
I woke up and was Orestes soon  
peddling my story to the papers  
for there were readers on the earth in those days  
dense foliage around the little fountain  
from those stones the great Danube flows  
pray to the river to take me away  
for every man wounds his mother  
for I was black in Lindenwood  
and never told my parents who I am  
still trying to be worth the birth they gave me  
fontanelles and forceps and a cry at noon  
so much suffering to make one of us.

5 February 2012

## SOME ETERNAL

Moving things around isn't getting there  
by no means isn't getting them there  
there are black policemen on white horses  
this is the end of the world comes every day  
listen out your window to the trumpet call  
all too faintly tumbles down from heaven  
the eyrie of the Polish Falcons crouches there  
under the white cliffs and a tattered flag  
still smell barley ancient ale of Egypt  
firewater drunkards roller-skate uphill  
fifty-three foot semis snorting nothing  
gets there faster than the unconscious will  
*der Ewige* and then the power station's on fire  
"blue trees" are born all over again a man  
let him remember what he has done  
the broken articles of his belief  
he sleeps his way to industrial genius  
breakthroughs in the civil arts  
annoy your creditors become a lake  
when they come complaining be some different tree  
hug tight the woman who screams at you  
the same truck keeps coming up the hill  
dragging the surface smooth with road machines  
time for humblest orisons my mate  
ponytail springing up the street prance of light

orderly decay of objects by distance  
clothes cost money is the first revolution  
angry at me cause I can't forget  
dead trout in the trunk of a loser's car  
just suppose the distances had real hands  
no need of feet or wheel or wings  
make them touch you from afar and speed  
inward like an origami billet-doux  
we live snug in someone's bosom whose  
how many deaths I've shared with you  
how do I know I didn't die that time  
how do I know the axes of this gleaming crystal  
dear god but why do things have edges  
absence interrupted the taste of music  
a small trumpet played by naughty children  
Mother Spider is trying to stay asleep  
stop running up and down the hall  
endlessness soundless spacious not even now  
just want to walk the woods with you  
lie down between thick roots of trees  
language did this and made me to suppose  
fireflies trapped in a hole-punched lidded jar  
not light enough to see by just to see  
this glim is meant to lure you mate on me  
soft jade light some girls give off  
*amertume* thirty miles into Normandy  
slept on his elbow and thought about her apples

o memory o ratty cellar sick with images  
in that country also houses have diseases  
in Leviticus the walls have leprosy  
going nowhere fast is what I call my yacht.

6 February 2012

## WITH EARS TURNED INWARD

What can I hear with  
when you have drowned  
the hammers of color?

\*

There are disappointments  
tht despoil

lavender has roots  
the sunflowers

I tried to hide  
in their upreaching  
skyfoldness  
they all whispered a same

heavyhead sagesse

It is madness to care  
so much always  
must be taken away



\*

The dreamer is a better poet than I am  
but I have to work all day long.

The lion's mane is full of wind  
I wonder what he hears in all that rough fur  
breathing the air through

a word?

\*

But the dream—  
maybe I should take my cue from that dark flâneur,  
learn to float in and out of wordfulness  
the irrevocable silences of deep sleep, rouse,  
mutter a glib enigma and hold my peace,

but it's not glib, not easy, those shining  
sentences that crest in sleep  
and spill out as

all I can make of morning.

Or when a man, even me,  
stumbles up on the shores of waking  
and knows nothing,

not even who he is,

only the words he's just heard  
and carries with him  
trying to find their way to his mouth

\*

*So every dream a question is  
a day is naught but answering.*

7 February 2012

## METHODS

Purging the alternative  
keep the pen near the radiator  
baseboard heater  
in the sun

Be ready  
for the faltering breath  
to spill a word.

How To Do It.

That's the thing, the method  
counts, one false move,  
rabbit-wombat-thylacine problem  
natives vs. immigrants  
and before you know it  
the whole continent is knee-deep in bunnies  
and the sad old wolf is dead.  
Plague is the usual strategy.

2.

Confucius  
sat. Spoke a few words—

Never hurt the mailman.

But the silent man  
set the dogs on him  
who thinks and does not say.  
Unspoken thought is the leprosy of the soul.

3.  
Everybody who stands on earth was born here—  
our glory and our tragedy.

What a town is is a fence  
to keep outsiders out.

Go be born somewhere else.  
Then come home and be born.

7 February 2012

## HYPNONOMIA

As if the civil calendar  
had birds of its own

told all the secrets  
the body knows and still  
has a covenant with death

to change the light  
to break the alpha-male's  
hold on this dream planet

in between lives one sees  
a friend who has no face  
who shows why one is not free—  
then the individuated life renews

infant born in slops and agony

2.

So there is an outside with no blood  
its birds are language  
and its death is money  
—one dies so that another lives—

and in between loves one also sees.

3.

Carapace of waking life  
protects you from the dream  
still festering deep inside  
from all the tumultuous sleeps  
all the dark manifestos  
it is death to remember or to ignore

you carry the night around with you  
it shows sometimes through your skin  
the dream map pulsing blue

the arches of that outside-in cathedral

so we blame you for the weather.

4.

Because of this and because of this  
(squirrels scolding morning in the woods)  
and because of even this  
you pack your bags and run away

you become the place that busses go  
you live in Maybe down by the tracks  
you think the wind that stirs in the bushes is wind.

5.

So come back.

The world has no lap  
we were born someplace else,  
we quarrel in the marketplace  
we smash china, we break  
even the light.

6.

Intervals of repression do not final goal.  
Adolescent nations cling to disorder.  
Look at the mail van and the oil rig  
then look at you and me and tell  
what we're supposed to carry or produce  
with our two narrow feet and our  
heads so far from the ground.

7.

The night did it.  
Pulverized by dreams  
we have to make do with what's left  
and call it waking. Call it working.

8 February 2012

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What would you see  
 if you could really see into the woods  
 what woods?  
 the words what would you see if  
 you saw the woods really  
 the words the roots and all  
 a root reaches out along the ground  
 seeking water that is why trees  
 you stumble over the raised roots of  
 when you're chasing through the woods  
 or trying to get away from the words  
 if there's enough ground water if the water  
 table is high is nigh the roots  
 stay underground and you run free

water your words  
 water your words

there is enough enough water till there's too much  
 the roots of words snake out  
 across the floor of all discourse  
 they trip you and you fall  
 no one can see you though as you sprawl  
 rhyming with nowhere on the ground  
 you whimper you make a noise



that is no kind of word  
a whimper like wood creaking  
a branch breaking ready to fall

the branches of words split and fall and hit you  
you never know where a word  
comes from or where it goes  
a word pretends to be wood to be matter madera  
pretends to just stand there like a tree

a word is a tree  
it is hard and rough and horrible at night  
when you stumble through the woods  
through the dream where someone is speaking  
the trees are always talking  
even now at morning you think  
you think some words  
you think you see sunlight sweet  
morning sunlight going through the trees

you see all the way into the woods  
you think you see  
you follow the light in  
you follow what you think you see  
you follow what you think  
what are the words saying now.

9 February 2012

## NO EDGE TO THE LIGHT

no person ever understands  
what her or his  
own body says  
is always saying  
to other people.  
Only other people know.

So forget body, body  
is a rainstorm outside  
your snug house, you hear  
body sometimes howling down the chimney  
or rattling the shutters, shaking the door,

you sit snug by the fire of your will  
reading your thoughts  
practicing your appetites  
and know nothing of that monstrous  
beauty all round you  
outside you  
that only other people know.

Your body is outside.  
If you think of it at all you call it your soul.  
Your body is everything you cannot know.

9 February 2012

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A little dusting of snow  
some cake the lazy  
moon was nibbling on last night—  
the sun licks up the little she left.

9 February 2012

= = = = =

The sun licks up the dark  
little by little  
all the night song  
shattered. Silent day.  
The stones keep their secrets.  
No body knows. No body home.

9 February 2012