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SHALE

If any body here?

The sun is too big for the sky

root of my mouth

these sings I bring tree

harping for more.

There are ever.

And because a dust

a rhythm absolute

smell of a friend's hand

even if married

What is the root

of what you say

is it you or is it another

—this is the only question,

all the rest is politics

*

Right about now.

The pain of windows
always to be seen through
seldom seen—

o bless the dust that settles on the glass.

*

Because it will lead
if you let it spread
out from what you thought

then follow it to when
even dim stars cast a shadow
so dark there is,

desert of clean air
when the night is fat
and you own the whole of it

by purest listening.

*

Or is it too close to the end
to start beginning now?

Words of different sizes
occupy the same mind

where is the critic
when she takes off her prose?

is there space for the leaper
in this dull ambulance?

can we squeeze another end
to let milk tragedy unfold?

*

Compose a we
that you'd belong to
I never could?

*

Questions are amalgams
that don't actually fill the cavities.
It just hurts a little less to ask—

sunbreak over doomed cities
can't even understand the question
let alone the pictures in a child's book

*

a small decent kind of God would
live in you and make you kiss your neighbors

but *Existenz* always wants authority

*

I bind your wheat
you led me to

the doorway is glittering with pearl
eternal mistletoe of the affrighted rose!

fray our way through the undergrowth

*

Übermaß !

the bucket leaks but still is overfull

space station cosmologies
gross stars over laugh track
shatter desert midnights
(the only sin is wanting you
when you is someone special,
the only sin is wanting
anyone but you)

any real you is someone else is far away

if I had less to say
I might begin

but as it is it is.

*

Can one fall in love with a philtrum
or tone of voice in how someone says No?

is the insignificant
the only thing that signifies?

no matter how big the candle is
the flame is only the size of itself.

*

Answer me, Lady Poverty,
if the blue sky is your only robe
may I yank it from you?
And then what would I see?

*

MAKE ME
(IN)VISIBLE

*

I wrote this in shellac
on the side of the rain
it stayed there
after the weather went away

I love the way

Everything lasts.

22 February 2011

= = = = =

To be simple
to be simple again
to be a leaf again
in God's garden

the way a child is
intent on nothing
intent on nothing
but what comes next.

(20.II.11)

22 February 2011

= = = = =

Walls of packed snow
three thousand feet
caught in a vee
cracked sapphire
over Himalaya
but from this trumpet
cry the walls rise up
granite breaking the sky.

22 February 2011

= = = = =

Take me
wherever your breath goes

I will follow, I have to
there is nowhere to stand
but what I hear.

22 February 2011

DIES IRÆ

No longer used as Sequence in the Catholic Mass of the Dead.

When we lose the *tonus*, the tune,
we lose the words too—

often the words are only along for the ride

ecven though they may in the first place
have made the car go

and shaped the way we feel as we travel.

22 February 2011

SOFT MIRROR

How far from your body your words run
and if I only read them what would I know
about what it feels like to stand in a room with you
in light or dark. No trees outside, no mist
purling through the woods, no old shack
an ancient yeoman built. You describe no one
but yourself, and yourself is the one you can't see.

You need a soft mirror, one that lets you in.
It shows the truth of your body and your face
but it lets you climb into what you see
and be reborn as the actual being you see
and leave outside the glass, here in the trash,
everything you thought you knew
before you looked into the soft mirror and became.

22 February 2011

13-AJ

On the day Thirteen-Reed
it is best to stay home
it is a day to inhabit one's own body
wherever it may stand.

Move. It is the place
where one is always at home.

The thirteen vowels of the divine name
resonate like wind in the reeds
high and low and in between
and mostly in you. In me.

Because the body is the only one that understands.

Explores. Maintains
the Industrial Revolution of the spirit
that makes me. You.

Because the body is the fallow field left over
inherited from the ancestors
(your former lives)
and now for this brief afternoon of the senses
the body is all mind

This body is history.

Your future lives
resound quiet, quiet in it

like the sound from a piano
when there's no one in the room
and no one playing.

23 February 2011

= = = = =

Today I felt snow on my skin.
Where have you been all my life?
You have been a blond girl in Peru
holding European flowers in your lap
while you read a Chinese book.
You have been a cunning connoisseur
silver reliquaries and gilt pyxes
passed through your soft hands
and great gold framed triptychs
spread their wings across your greedy walls.
And you leave it to me to describe
every mortal shape or color in them,
the lamb unslain, the bleeding Isaac,
Judith wiping her sword on her skirt,
the Holy Spirit resting bird-wise
on a maiden'd breast, prophesying
with its murmurs the ultimate revolution
when Matter throws open its gates
and there is no more difference!
And all this is told by the colors alone
I have to name and quantify and choose
which ones to paint your eyes with
topaz, blue-eyed greeny, my olive grove?

23 February 2011

VOICES FROM THE GROUND

But there were no words there
only the Summoner
crept out from the crack between the seasons
told me Your skin will soon be healed
of all its absences

the sun will remember
the ones you thought you loved
all the information you have stored there
and you will see them there
every morning as it rises
whether you see it or not.

But why are you telling me this?
because despair is deep
and only when Baubo lifts her skirt
do you live again,
the grief cracks open,
and feelings lose their grip on you,

Tell me again
the part where the sun comes out

and the park in Lower Saxony
fills up with light and maidens
parade down the mile-long *allee*
under chestnut trees,

despair

in all that green
and the filmy dresses and far-off looks
is that the normal condition of the heart,
a sleep of hope,

broken marble staircase
to the ruined castle
have to spend
so many nights in
till we wake at last
to find that she has gone, that they
have gone, all those
we hoped to build our lives around

and we have nothing but ourselves,
nothing but myself to hold me up

as I try to climb from the rotting bedsheets,
leaves and moss, moss and leaves
that's all your love ever leaves

it screams inside me but is it me?

I see the staircase where she sat
reading a small book
the pages as she turned them
often glinted as they caught the sun

she was close to the end of the book
I hoped she would stay there reading or remembering
I stood in trees in shadow
where she could just see me if she looked up
she never did, even when she closed the book
she looked still at her lap where the book had lived

then she got up and swept up the stairs
but left a presence of some sort behind
as if where she'd been sitting changed the stone
or what she had been reading changed the air.

One more night that I won't have alone.

Deep in the forest there is a well I know
ancient bluestone coping round it
I often camped there in an autumn season
trying to hold onto summer the way men do
as if time could not be trusted as it passes
and it would trick us with sly acceleration

and the well would be frozen
one day when I came to drink
and I would find no water, and could not see
what face I was wearing this day,

and who I was, and what would heal me now
and no far blue light deep underwater could I see.
that tells me if I'm the right track at last.

24 February 2011

= = = = =

I need your body
to be real

the ambiguity
torments me

are you or is there
anyone really there

it's only real
when you let it

when you let me
this is love's

agony, the doubt
of why this

and only this
body suffices

to focus the energy
of existence among

all the scattered pain
of consciousness

and nobody knows
and nobody ever will

the need's real
name but now this

name, do it,
be it to me.

24 February 2011

= = = = =

From some much of me the airship
floats silent over Nowhere-on-Dream
and the dark forest is thronged with curious
maidens baroquely naked and all the
nightingales industrious. Beauty.
All the hard things cling together.
Tighten your wide leather belt, your eyes
twinkle in dreamlight. No one is here
but me. King Leviathan reaches
into his mouth and pulls people out—
this is called mythology, our politics.
A flute sonata by Boismortier is heard
a man who has or lives in a dead forest.
I believe everything I say. A reason
for everything but none that I know.
This is Arcadia, or forgetting, or letting
the stone take on the warmth of flesh
until we are the same as where we are.

24 February 2011