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The mother's Anthony  
his grain on fire  
madness in the skin  
when the whole world is

inside the victim  
turns green with sheer  
becomingness. φύσις,  
the physics world

insanity of the soul  
but who dares believe this  
not even I in love  
with form can look away

far enough to see  
myself the actual  
outside the constructs  
of the sly senses

the atlas the catechism  
of mortal mistakes  
one day I would  
turn my back on.

23 January 2011

= = = = =

Who shall listen  
if it's a question of falling  
the cold and the answers  
keep coming  
I am starved for a question  
that makes sense.  
A Turkish girl is pretty,  
a Swedish girl is serious,  
what can I make  
of or with such information  
when it comes like birds  
past the window and goes?  
The sun is in my eyes—  
that much is certain.  
Liberty for all,  
money for some, a garden  
in the suburbs and a Mexican  
to take care of it, ut  
begins the scale, pearls yes  
but would you really trust  
something an animal made  
especially one with no face  
as Dr Gordon used to say.  
Liberty. But there is a mind  
and a memory, fuel

of conscience, anxiety,  
remorse. I would bite you too  
if you gave me half a chance.

23 January 2011

= = = = =

Resilience of raptors  
stoop again from god  
to glamour bite a poor  
bird up. But hunger  
is just one more habit.  
Deep down we need  
nothing but to be.  
Being with no stink  
of becoming, being  
exact as an empty sky.

23 January 2011

= = = = =

if, *a chant*,

if an order

if a night

with no stars

stars with no night, if,

someone thinking of you

if, if outstretched

and face to face who

is that breathing

mosaic law gently if

on the back of your neck

nape, if, you feel it

all the way to Jericho

they tell the oldest

city what is straight

what is a street

the subtle memory

of an ironic afternoon

among the mauves

among the umbers

two malachite columns  
mark mansioned stanza  
all the grief grasp  
dead millionaires

in Portingal the sand is black  
the and is easy because  
there are so many every  
seabird has a name

the sky is white with you.

23 January 2011

## THIS CHANT

So suppose it is time for this  
but this hasn't come  
what shall we do  
do without this  
this absence,  
or use that instead?  
But this is what we wanted  
and this is what we need—  
what can help us but this?  
Across the Sea of Bothnia  
rimed wooden dories  
float rudderless unmanned  
and seabirds scream  
just like every ocean place  
loud loud and all of them  
seem to be addressing us,  
we feel ourselves mocked  
by their cachinnations, they  
know this, and know that this  
is not with us yet, they laugh  
as if this is with them all the time  
while we go cold and hungry  
watching pack ice crack and slide.  
Or anywhere else besides,  
anywhere where this

has not yet come  
or has come and gone  
what will we do without this  
another night? Does the sun  
have anything to tell us,  
it's always the same story  
with the sun,

I come I go

I come again  
wait for me if you like  
it's all the same to me.  
No hope in waiting, this  
must be somewhere,  
we keep thinking this is near,  
might be at hand, close to us,  
it makes us more frantic  
in our search,

if this is so near

why can't we find it.  
take it, use it or be with it  
or let it be with us here?  
Is it our fault,  
why is this so far?  
Or is it? Is this it?  
Could this be here,  
could this be this?

24 January 2011

= = = = =

Walking there  
if th came a youth  
on horseback  
lance in his hand and hawk  
on his back  
and it all was as it used to be  
would I speak would I allow  
him the courtesy of fantasy  
and lead him to his dragon?  
No. Or hint where it might be found?  
Not that either. Whenever  
I meet such an ancient apparition  
then deep in the breathing of me  
where the words are made  
I suspect that I am the dragon.  
I smile at him and go my way.

24 January 2011

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1.

The open lion the golden angel  
 the streets of West L.A. the coast  
 awash in coin I glee with you in marshes  
 by Inverness the bird place the walkabout  
 destination of the *blue spirit* we are servants of  
 each girl a pope of her own religion

2.

blue spirit wake a word at morning  
 does lips at night to spell a sleep on us  
 spin the prayerwheel of the Place de la Concorde  
 all the roaring traffic shouts the name of god  
*name* means 'praise me' I am who I seem  
 everybody is bleeding somewhere find the wound

3.

unspeakable raptures of forgotten nights  
 curdled with pleasure I still walk your beach  
 if I am not quiet no one will forgive me  
 ask sparrows to lift her from her cushioned chair  
 send that lissome shade across the metarsia  
 our dratted winter weather kiss that sun

4.

we keep wanting to listen without grieving  
grief is muscle grief is body being body  
grief is a field of snow with anxious crows  
a scrim of new snow across the tired light  
I have been waiting for the obvious but where was I  
we have enemies the way the mind has thoughts

5.

the Emperor married her she had known every way  
orbis terrarum he held the whole world  
no man with his hands full will ever be free  
the mouth of things the swallowing the sea  
I followed you among the birds you didn't notice  
it's all call call cry cry and never a word

6.

to clarify each nascent appetite devour me  
send sand back to the sea it longeth  
silver-plated afternoon all wanting to become  
because you sat in the sand in midnight sunlight  
the peace of the world lasted one day longer  
we do what we can all we can do is serene

7.

inspection of every surface   never judge it  
no probing of the dream   interior where god hides  
when Venus is willing to be seen   she advances  
so that you know   but never more than know  
what you know is always adequate but never enough  
clear-skinned comes to you   and there's no one there.

25 January 2011

[End of NB 332]

= = = = =

The rosary of resemblances  
blinked before the door  
I knock on wood  
I kiss the doorsill of your dear house  
I bite the sky above your roof  
I am a kind of rain indoors  
a snowstorm round your bed.  
I am classic you are forgiveness  
we hear bassoons in the backyard  
who could be getting married  
at this hour, aren't all the lovers  
asleep for it is dawn in Watchoveryou,  
priests are shoveling coal into furnaces  
pigeons cluster in the campanile  
no audience below to thrill into flight.  
Floyd Bennett Field! Victory  
through Air Power! Purple 3¢ stamps!  
What are we living in if memory  
is still alive, isn't there anywhere  
that is just now? Can't we forget anything?  
Zeppelins float through our vocabulary  
dragons skim over the Bodensee, lake  
at the bottom of the world, count  
your minarets and eyelets on the ocelot,  
everything has a number.

It is Switzerland, thank god.

Money can buy happiness.

You just have to know where to shop.

25 January 2011

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Why speak your native language  
when you can anything?  
Green Amazonian attitudes,  
angry flags and dopy parrots—  
isn't life enough? Forget  
the dreams, trust me, this  
is something you can dance to.

25 January 2011

## THE ORGANIZATION OF HEAVEN

is another matter. The kind  
we hear when Strauss sopranos  
soar over an octave into  
the fateful dependability of feeling.  
We trust what we feel, and fall.

We cannot go on habit feet  
into those slim-waisted cloudscapes  
all ice crystals under a crust of sun  
far, far as a lighthouse from a foundering sloop.  
“All the elements agree,” heaven  
has to be right here. It’s up all right  
he said, but up to you. You do it,  
the lunatic distortions of desire flex,  
forgo. *Potentilla anserina*, flower  
with edible tuber, sweet. What is that  
about? Heaven made itself known here  
once, manna, troma, wheat. Food.

Hell is the same as forgetting.

26 January 2011

## INMATE

We do not what we do.  
It's a dream or stems from  
and then it's all around,  
like money. The ennobled  
politician gave a speech  
declaring that the Messiah  
had already come. One  
month later declared  
that he was He. You could tell  
because the week now  
had eleven days, one named  
for each of his sons. Or lovers.  
For he was gay as everybody  
knew but he would never say.  
Someone should marry him  
and take him home. He needs  
something we have no word for yet.

26 January 2011

*[Dream about Peter Mandelson]*

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The castigation the emptiness of night  
 sea captain his own wave crashes among pebbles  
 something far remembers near agate  
 the water does not move the movement moves  
 through the still water lifted and let fall  
 along the way where the sea is coming from  
 just by being there be clear  
 there are volcanos under it valleys towns  
 alphabets forgiven amplitudes of silenced churches  
 sea bluster a Mass for those in peril of the cloud  
 a candle burns beneath the sea try  
 to love a little more the stones of Avalon  
 too easy make me come again  
 no she said this is not the time music  
 waits a hundred years to be heard anew  
 the estuary I said the waters of arriving the salt  
 I said it's the stars the astrology of listening  
 who would dare to clatter of chairs the wind  
 snarking the ogive windows ivied you call  
 a round sound lifted mercury a silver spoon  
 blue pills the sky is one eternity  
 heal me do not believe the word I say  
 can't make this easier ever and yet I do.

26 January 2011

## OIL

What would be the simplest oil  
a fish could bring it up from Nagayard  
among the everlasting blue. A seed  
could cook it for you in micro-ovenry  
fueled by the eight-minutes distant sun.  
How far we are. Sometimes I think  
we are her only daughter, other times  
that we are the edge and all we know  
ends right here. But *over there*,  
just beyond the rim of seeming.  
all the rest begins. The real.  
That has its own oil, lastingly.

27 January 2011