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LEARNING TO DO THINGS AGAIN

the way spirit does every day
it wakes trapped in meat—
to make these bones walk!

And this bone cup on top
begin to talk, rub the edge
of someone and he says.

Words come later,
roughed out from soft mew
or shout, pretend to mean

pretend to understand.

All we do is look at the sea
trying to remember

what the last wave said.

20 May 2009

FRANCONIA

There is a finality in every mistake.
Thought-fields full of glacial rubble
gravestones with their names rubbed out
by Anno Domini that incorrigible vandal,
assassin. Never carve in shale, carve
in granite and then maybe. Maybe not.
Time has acids for you too, and fiendish
gravity tumbles the Old Man's face
down. Right after his face got put on money,
the rock face fell. Old man gone,
only the old is left. Resemblances
are all we are, of this one and that one
and one that is gone. The old woman
sniffing at the pianola. Shiver.
Flex my muscles, flabby sacks
of dying mice, and try again. Again
is always at the window. Again loves me.

20 May 2009

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But were ever the ones
we were supposed to be?
Sit around the fire every night
worrying mostly about that.

How much it costs to be me.
The price I paid out from
what I could have been.
That's what makes stone hard

but makes the wind in the backyard
sound like a shepherd soothing
his sheep ten thousand years ago
and doing right.

20 May 2009

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A fish even longer than this.
Or an apple half-eaten
on such a clear desk. Strange
I feel in this clean old world,
I am messy with beginnings.

20 May 2009

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Perhaps I am a part of it the blue
or another takes my hand and takes
my place in the slowest parade
and listens when I think and says
what he thinks I would say—

I am the sun you see and the blue
on the other side of seeing.

But when the blue night comes
there is nothing but language
and no mouth to say it, the drunken
regulations of the ecliptic, we stumble
on pilgrimage to the inmost ear.

21 May 2009

Space the language

to the sign
red flower
it becomes
lawful interruptions
equal music
an affray
among the silences
alone know how to listen.

Here names
would be useful
the cling
of bodies to one
another, cloth to skin,
reverie
to the new-delivered
day, build
in from the green
and find it sleeping,
we sit around the well
silent as tapestry
all of us looking
at the same flower,
none of us drink.

21 May 2009

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By the sea
it understands itself
shaped like a shell—
specifically razor clam
elongate, nothing shell-y
but the stuff of it,
no sonorous incurving
to hollow by a child's ear
promising ocean. No.
Everything is around us
close, but here at hand
river that runs round my dying
brings me to life,
the shell could keep a pen
safe, a tablespoon of milk
or at best be empty,
waiting just as we are
at such moments, all
direction and no motor—
the shell is the sheath
of a thing that is dead
and lives again in the gull
say who ate it long ago
and so on. Such notions
make us all ridiculous

in the eyes of the sea
for whom there is no past
and no time to come,
just now, just one great eye
weeping for us day and night.

21 May 2009

EQUILIBRIA

I was about to say I hate
unbalanced relationships
where you are more important
to me than I am to you
or vice versa then I realized
that is from just this tilt
of the emotional ecliptic
that art's energy is born,
all our clamorous avowals.

22 May 2009

Someone nearby sings.

And that's not a child
to whom noise is natural
as they try to find out
for themselves –sometimes
all day long, or all
their lives—what silence means.
You know this shift
from 'child' to 'they'
is natural, the occult grammar
of the heart explains it,
like Paul Klee's *occult lines*
that run like invisible
portolan charts beneath
all the images we see.
As the shift from 'you' to 'we'
is natural too, the names
of two people in the room,
and the wind blows politely
through the young lindens
and a woodpecker works,
we fill the spaces between
silences with love whenever
whoever we can, and words
are always. Always provisional

measures in an immense
declaration, of war, of love,
such as children are born from
and spend all their lives
learning to come back to their own
when the natural silence
breaks and some little hum
or cry comes out and they
suddenly safely are home.

22 May 2009

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Angry pine cone
snaps and bursts
in fire and some part
melts. This
is what they fling
at weddings, Romans,
whatever people ever
did they still do,
we do, and Hymen
is the heart of it,
to break the barrier
between us, bullet
of the pine cone
cock's swollen acorn
word after word
come hurting,
all of them only
to know, mean
to be known.

22 May 2009

POEM INTO LINES OF ALANA

He speaks only to the only hidden everywhere
*he never needs to change it because nothing is happening
that knows how to change, doesn't know
what even a rock does.*
Do I know you?

Everywhere he does not need to change.
He goes on speaking
*to you sometimes, to me seldom, yet the lightning
comes enough with thunder
to illuminate the sudden access of our fear
am I afraid of you? The thought
goes through
the eyes of another
to seek some self we might
claim for a minute
while the river roils around our hips and then...*

What do you do between the eyes of another?
*You try to fit your whole body
into that glance.*
I speak the face sudden
Lips remember more
than thoughts know how to practice,

don't even know how to rehearse

Our selves

are the not very believable characters in the play.

We studied all the Law and all the scriptures

but we remember nothing

before each other

speaking

He *is* a face on the corner, moist

glasses, bearded, smokes a pipe in the heat

trying to become what he remembers,

a volcano in the desert,

a voice choking words out of smoke—

I am hidden a face surprised

his face surprised *me* without surprise

and I listened worse than a stone.

22 May 2009

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Sunrise. Jesus
is done rising.
The world
he died into
is open, the tomb
is everywhere,
to come out.
Our turn now.

23 May 2009

REMEDY

For sore eyes
poultice of moonlight
dim in the last days
before dark of.

Then let the light
come out from inside.

Think of your eyelids
as Her small hands
cupped over the excessive
world. Think:
She is Isis. She is Lucia
She remembers
everything you have ever seen.

23 May 2009

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Ransacking the day for its messages
what the poor scholars of the parish
call signs. Hunting for signs
in the early morning, then soup,
then a day's work at Something Else.
And more signs for supper.
Sing it with me: He who liveth
by the sign / shall perish
by the word. I think
that's what I hear them singing
under the city wall, any moment
loquacious barbarians will flood in.

23 May 2009

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In Barbary the Blest
a soft piracy
bludgeons little ships
in me by moonlight

to wake on shore
blanched on beaches
wondering whose memories
these are in my head.

23 May 2009

COMEDY

Times Square when I was a kid had
a crummy little Laffmovie my father loved
only funny films were shown, his favorite
the Ritz Brothers. Now all I have to do
is look in the mirror and get in for free.

24 May 2009

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Look on the faith path
firth path thrift pith
be Caledon. Sip.
This is your first trip—
interrogate yon cloud, dip
your fingertip in sunlight,
smear a word on the wall
then suck. Some of us
live here all the time.
In chapel ecstasy you
get the week of it all once—
and they used to call this bread.

24 May 2009

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brot heiligtum Tanagra

wiederkomm lehm zeitzettel

um.

24.V.09