

11-2009

novF2009

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "novF2009" (2009). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 596.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/596

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

MODES OF SEDUCTION

logic tells emperor the world
but the anima animula
where is she?

do you want some love that tells you so?
modal logic barbara
celebrated on her throne

the soft thinking
that follows rules follow the money
I make you think you want something you think I can give

but I have none
a wind without a wheat field
for instance a man looking for an argument

night or every night the same posada
same mind-obliterating beverages
the sound

seduce anyone with the sheer noise of wanting them.

20 November 2009

= = = = =

Life always in arrears
in a town like this
a day is way too long to be

unstrapped by such brief nights
you have much healing in short dimness
you brought her to me but won't let her go

what the West calls love
the rest of the world calls Kapital—

no wonder Mary Magdalen
is the final movie star.

20 November 2009

SOMETHING FORGOTTEN

breeds
with something blue:
I am the disabled saltimbanque
in love with crystal spaces

let me run
along your axes
into the small almost airless
glass house where orchids bloom

dahin
in the emergency room
of sudden knowledge.
Shattered with knowing all windows fall.

21 November 2009

AURICEPT

taking gold
for all it's worth,
lily-laden semaphorish
sorority of light

incident upon a plane
how measure it?
How with the difference
steadily approaching zero can
Sir Gawain pause his scimitar
over the neck of the wrong movie?

We did not bleed when I was young,
a curious wax exuded from our fingertips
and that was all.

Plus music, scratchy,
from the old Victrola, a man's voice, mourning.

With such wax we fixed
the glowballs of sephiroth in the sky
inside,

later we learned smile,
a fatal friendliness,

inveigling more.

And there was more,

bone it felt like

and blood oozed

and there we were at last

umbilical'd to everything.

Notice I keep saying everything

notice I keep telling

someone unspecified

(someone not yet known)

to do this or that

moral or improving thing,

notice I keep saying I

meaning someone no better known

than all the victims of the imperative,

a grammatical accident

is all I am

to keep a verb from sounding like a noun

you've got to have somebody do it.

Let that be x. Or you. Or I.

Doesn't matter who. Only the doing does.

21 November 2009

ITE, MISSA EST

As soon as someone else began
we were ordinary.

Eons of us
especially Sunday
how the light
slices through the wall to make a crucifix
wherever we looked on the ground.

The eye-disease called Seeing
was in every one of us
except the little girl in the confessional
kneeling,
weeping for all our sins,
the ones we would not share,
sins of wall and sins of curtain,
sins of trying to mother the mind
and make it stop,
the brain-disease called Thinking,
the heart-disease called Desire.

The poor girl prayed for us
and we were somewhat healed.

At least the Mass got sent
to its high destinaire
and we, a little drained, poco a poco
slipped out of the church,
raw converts to the ordinary street,
light on all sides now
even though the sun was weeping.

21 November 2009

"ON HEARING

the first
cuckoo in spring" I heard
I thought it was
what I was hearing
early one morning in
my northern office
first time spring
found me there
heard something
what could it be
but such luminous noises
soft from a bird throat
tumbling? Cuckoo!
Not. A dove, a plump
ordinary mourning
dove a bird I never knew
it was and it still sings.
How rare the common
is to be so new.

22 November 2009

= = = = =

Maybe bicycle translates
different word for
'man with white hair riding
churchward morning broad
fields around his narrow shoulders'
can I just say bicycle and
all the rest comes with it?
Angels have wings —
you don't have to specify
immaterial spirit energy
wearing or bearing white
fluffy things on the shoulders
while carrying a message in its mouth
a word
to you
and only you in all this world
landing right here
you feel a feather on your ear
and almost understand?

22 November 2009

= = = = =

When writing a spell
have to tell everything.
Otherwise the southernwood
won't know which to do
wake the girl up or zip
the hemispheres up again
the wind of time had been
so long blowing in between.

22 November 2009

DUCDAME

a word the lexicon explains
as not understood by the hearer
or evidently by the speaker either
the first time said.

(Jacques in *As You Like It*)

The first time he said it
he said it twice.
Ducdame must mean *poetry*
then, out of the mouth
before the brain consents.
The thing we say that no one thought.

Ducdame shall be my magazine,
my fortalice, my arsenal.

23 November 2009

= = = = =

I know a word for sparrowhawk
another word for corn
I know a farmer's daughter
but she would not tell her name —

who am I and what do I know?
Ducdame, ducdame
and I can't even dance.

23 November 2009

= = = = =

I don't try to be incoherent

I'm just naturally cute

solution: weathertop

tiara'd with lightnings

November thunder

could this be a letter to my friend

a flag in the wind?

23 November 2009

= = = = =

Girl, give me your sunset
your Nebraska
let me ravin in your corn-crib
and rat your yellow hair.

23 November 2009

= = = = =

Expecting nothing
the lion came
density is destiny
he thought in stone

one listened as one might
expecting nothing
but the snarl of truth
again is there anywhere

one can go on living
inside a lucid lie
never wake at all
till next time over

then roar again animal
to this place only
no other subsists
expect nothing but this.

24 November 2009

= = = = =

Is there enough to wonder?

Every miracle is a miracle in one
person, pinwheel in the sky she saw
and he saw three suns saluting a pyre
and I saw people weeping at the face
of someone who had risen and gone.

24 November 2009

KAIPOS

Sometimes we answer
or else we wait

there is bread
and what one spreads on bread

no telling what one will do
crucifixes in the tower stored

in case religion changes again
and men believe Christ died for them

to teach them not to kill
not even to judge what other people do

but stand with quiet mind
into the sky

I hold my breath and watch
ivy climb the tower

cling, this is the hour.

24 November 2009

= = = = =

They're shoving the particles again in Geneva
pushing against the wind
leaning on light.

The Vedas told us
to do something like this
 silently, inside,
where Dakinis come to whisper
their special language across
the brain-blood barrier
where it is always dawn.

Twilight of the self.

25 November 2009

= = = = =

A picture of a girl
looking at a picture of a girl —

is it a mirror
or another?

How much of an other can it be
same paint, same varnish?

Or is there something else that makes us
other than that of which we're made?

Be terrified in the museum —
they all are pictures of you.

25 November 2009

= = = = =

Men shouting at the trees
they're cutting down.
The shout's worse than the chain saw
as if the wood at last
cried out, wear of our entitlements.

25 November 2009

= = = = =

A mythical animal called a man
sits in the dining room
waiting for the mistake called food
come help him commit the sin called eating.
The waitress approaches.
But only the woman is real.

25 November 2009