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The Welsh mistake. I made apple in the sky I took a bite I thought was moon your thigh called me on the telephone. Everything happens every night.

[21 X11 07] April 2008

Facing the wall you see right through it. Facing the forest you don't even see trees.

> [23 XII 07] April 2008

To be in a place where the stream seems right here right now has been passing by me in mind for all my life. Same gentle downhill dapple. The warrior 1 always thought 1 had to be 1 am.

[24 11 08] April 2008

Calm before the stream

calcified ancestor risen from the pool deep among caverns

This is how music used to sound deep inside Beethoven you hear Rameau, the soul, the soul but one step at a time

glacial boulder
stifling morning tide
choked all my nights away

the meal, the meal the Eucharist!

Wake up, flower, sentient beings have need of your sleep

and when you wake will not the red dream you inhabited so long turn out to be our merest dawn?

Gaite ben, gaiteta del chastel! the morning has an army of its own, we are besieged by ordinary time,

wake down, wake down into dream where all the colors are true and the marks on her skin are shadows of the absolute,

keep good watch, watchman of the tower, the soldiers made of daylight clamber up your walls,

heartbeat, pistils in a blue flower, stone thrown from the coping the enemy drowns in glare—

gladiators die among hyacinths,

the message has been clear from the beginning, language is the dust of the system.

Opus 24

And it is spring. The world is mostly weather

don't you believe me, darling?
I don't even know what you mean
or what that means, the things
we say to one another

or never say, the violin, et cetera. The way the nun shaped letters on the blackboard with her chalk never exactly like the printed models pinned above the rail, alternative versions of written r, of final t.

The models of all we are, combined with all our alternative forms, the girls the griffins and why do the birds we are have so many different tunes,

wouldn't one be enough to say Wake up or go on sleeping?

SCHERZO

What should it Schatzi what should it Herz

Seelenleide schnell lost

the old familiar

melody comes and the carousel goes round

love, love and wooden horses gilt and bright paint and flared nostrils with no breath in them and love love.

Where could they have come from to be here? Wings on some of them, smiles a few, and eyes have all?

They see me where I am. No wonder the Little Girls run away through Chicago alleys, the Motor Boat Boys on leave from Bedlam.

Childhood is sanity. Where you know your own skin and what it means

to touch. And you know with utterly convincing wrongness exactly what everybody thinks.

12 April 2008

AWOL

When you grow up in a war and the war seldom ends the letters alarm you. Desertion is what it means, absent without leave. Notes the child: without is two words here though I must spell it one.

Leave means to be gone but not here. Otherwise it would mean leaving without being gone. No, here it means permission, to leave the room without permission, to leave the war. How can a child go anywhere anyhow?

Who can grant him that permission, is he even permitted to be here? Leave. And leaves from the tree, what tree, slim leathery leaves of the peach tree in the back yard, they disappear too, every year, and then something brings them back.

Remorse. Pity
for the shadowless glare
of early springtime when
old men shelter their
eyes from the new sun. The war
also keeps coming back.
The child (a child is mostly wanting)
wants to be gone from where he is not
even permitted to be.

Later he will call it Existence. Not now. Now it's four letters to say three words he wants to be. He wants to be gone. Thrilling, to break a law! To be outside of something at last.

One more womb to vacate and finally be!

He thinks: men make laws so they can break them while women watch, That is as far as he got.

12 April 2008

PIANO WIRE

Operation Werewolf.

A chair in midair.

Where no one sits but everyone wants

to. Imagine the view from Nowhere!

Nikolai III will come and the Moon will fall, all things happen by some rule,

something in Vegas makes it run.

Star over desert. A field full of maybe. Scant cover, creep, soldier, creep.

The sun is one more buzzard overhead.

Freedom says: to say something I don't mean.

Freedom is to be someone I cannot be.

Decapitating motorcyclists partisans' revenge stretched across the road at night at neck height and the moon will never rise again.

Hold this tone and hand it on

the lineage of these ears the member of remember.

12 IV 08 (LvB, Vn sonata #2, 2nd mvt., Xianbo Wen playing) What is the time at midnight? What number says the dark?

The skeletons are dancing in their old clothes, the smells of lavender and orris root and bone,

the outrageous intrusion of human feelings in a material world.

Overwhelming us. A minuet, a weight lifted then let fall again, the weight

of being, being here. It is not that death knows how to dance, death is a dance

and these spooks know it prancing desperate even now all through my poor meat.

12 April 2008, Olin (LvB, Op.30,No.3)

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Garden with mirror globe shows more faces than ever looked in it

mirrors turn everything to faces and the face is always yours.

FROM AN EMPTY PIANO

Singing as it walks along zombie on the strand flat broad ashen feet tangled in bull kelp

coming for you. Me. I picture myself a dread on its way, like a clock ready to strike,

a cloud ready to roll off the sun and there you are poisonous with love.

O myth my mother only mind.

As if an other also—

a light lit a rag torn,

something like a wave overrunning a day.

12 IV 08, Olin

So many feet this slim idea to walk on and be now,

a bird could do it hardly using two or a breeze anywhere. The vocabulary of mind gets in its way.

Every sound a city and somebody lives there and every name is at your party whispering in your ear touching you now.

And every is the only name I know you by, the one thing I need to remember,

the tower from which I fell or flew to think this filament flower self possessed flame.

In those days they had torches. Later we had porches.

But after sex we had decks. Time after all caresses

what it passes. The moon is mostly useless information.

Victoria a few years dead and all the violins are draped in black

crepe-paper we used at Halloween to speak the shivering ghosties around our monkey minds.

But we age at different rates, some of us are still alive hundreds of years,

I am Cagliostro prowling your insides and your heart too is my meat, my pump, your harp, a haphazard infallibility, will it

ever get to me, will my tunnel end and I spill out in brightness where you are,

scattering my words around me till you read something that makes sense and think it's me?

Jersey meadows arched by skyway even the shadows rust.

13 IV 08, Olin

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Sometimes it takes no time to take time,

some time takes hold, won't let you go,

and this hold that holds you to your hour your

exact identity is dignity— what everything

you've ever done has made you be.