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BRA BAT

Une jeune Britannique, âgée de 19 ans, a raconté sa surprise lorsqu'elle s'est rendue compte qu'un bébé chauve-souris avait trouvé refuge dans un bonnet de son soutien-gorge. Abbie Hawking a expliqué qu'elle avait bien ressenti quelques vibrations au niveau de son sous-vêtement, qu'elle portait depuis plusieurs heures, mais elle avait dans un premier temps pensé aux vibrations de son téléphone portable dans sa poche intérieure. Après vérification, la jeune femme a découvert un bébé chauve-souris caché dans le rembourrage de son soutien-gorge, qu'elle avait laissé sécher sur un fil à linge toute la nuit. “Je suis restée sans voix quand je l'ai vu et dans un premier temps je ne savais pas ce que c'était”, a raconté la jeune réceptionniste de Norwich (est de l'Angleterre) au journal Eastern Daily Press, publié mercredi “J'étais sous le choc quand j'ai réalisé que c'était une chauve-souris, puis j'ai eu vraiment pitié d'elle”, a-t-elle ajouté. “Elle avait l'air d'être à son aise et j'ai eu un peu honte de la déranger”. Le petit animal a pu reprendre sa liberté et retrouver son environnement naturel.

LOWLANDS

When the noise outside gets too uncomfortable
crawl back down into language, the hobbit-hole
in the head, the old quiet thing, the woodland
of the words. Say their names, parse
their silences, mix them gently with your breathing
I told myself and I lay at peace for a moment
not sure ever even it was peace I was looking for.

11 July 2008

PEBBLES

Matters that it matters. Noises
off. But not too far. Rage
of meanwhile animals nearby.

Do I slope thee? Did care
betide the baron's whiskery caress,
could this be his cheek, the gaunt
everyman of my maiden dreams?

A bushel basket full of dirt.
Everything is valuable again—
one looks into the woods and understands
this narrative has no names

only trees, beaches with wrecked schooners
rib-caged bare on the shoals of hell.
Only the shadow of a dog leaping
up against the sky, towers of a small city

fat brick hospital busy dying on the hill.
Shallow, keep it shallow, so you can always
see the bottom, where the bright stones are,
only in the shallows can we see where we stand

yet feel the passage – water – of what passes
and the colors of lingering beneath
the staid sorrow of my ridiculous feet.
Tragedy is forgetting this. These.

11 July 2008

(Bunte Steine, for Stifter, for Kafka)

ALBIGENSIAN

I hate the heave of it
the agitation that erases
sleek contemplation
of the holy skin
the script of otherness
I taste only to read.

11 July 2008

= = = = =

Think: that there was something waiting.
That the misbehaving maestro *thinks*
he is bigger than the music but
knows he's not. His surly ego grump
uncertain of true authority passes for power.
And becomes what it passes for.
Because we poor bassoonists are uncertain too.

11 July 2008

IMMIGRANTS

1.

Who cares what care.
Limestone. Newcomers
to the city must submit
to playful humiliation—
doused by fire hoses
under the great brass arch
over Wall Street while
natives chuckle. Mica
schist. Fordham gneiss.
Her sword lifts above
the harbor promising
immigrants her terrible what?

2.

Unwary the so many.
The crows are here
for us to listen through
hard. Openheaded
without imagining. Hear.

3.

We are tough people,
we spend time like language
coating everything.
Nothing's real until
we've been with it a long time.
So a day doesn't count,
a day is a statistic,
the sun a chemical.
We suppose night is
universal solvent
or at least an answer but
no one has ever seen the night.

4.

Marble here and there
and stones floated from afar
on shaggy barges.
A concert hall full of sparrows.
City hall.

5.

Cat cat sandstone and cat
what you see in the street
dawn over Hell Gate red horizon.
We lie to you from the beginning.
None of these rivers are rivers.

6.

Purposefully striding
left the fern thicket and hello—
so few dim spots on earth
and the sun is built out of stone.
People talk about steel
nobody does anything about it.

7.

We keep going higher.
From the top of some already
you can just make out
on the skirts of the horizon
a place you want to be.

8.

No matter I was born here
it is a stranger that I come.
No matter where I go
it is these streets these stones
on which I have to stand.
In this life there is nothing but beginning.

9.

This is the elsewhere of whose last dream.
It all comes here.
Even the large pyramid that Khufu built
is on its way.
Everything hurrying,
the economy folds over here, the world falls in.
Someday she will let her sword fall too.

10.

Whereas ships keep arriving and no doubt.
Beginning is common, climax
frequent, opera rare.
But the streets run on time
and the long shadows of empty churches
make steeple shadows daggering across the plain.

11.

Not that it would be the same
or not yet. The green card,
the pinkish Alabama limestone,
the chalk in teachers' claws.
Algebra. It all seems like a preparation
but for what? Seeming
is as far as you get.

12.

So when you seem to be there
they seem to let you in.

Of course there's less to it than that
and most of that's uncertain.

The dog for example, trotting by
parked cars none of them yours.

The woman crying, the man
lying on the ground. And nobody
knows what such things mean.

12 July 2008

= = = = =

Being sorry or being what one is—
sounds alter, all away
down the dark alleys in our maybehood

till nothing's sworn. Or get what I did—
I'd done wrong but who was I?
Not just when I did it but at all?

13 July 2008
[pointing-lipogram on *f*]

= = = = =

I tried to make it up to you
like any other imaginative act
novel or daydream or some such thing—
the cow got the measles, the sky
is one plain but very large blue bird—
but what was wrong stayed wrong.
Repentance without resolution
to change: worse than none at all,
the sin hurts even as it's being done,
no fun, everything is sour after.
The worst part of sin is not knowing
what or that it is, until long after
when you see the dailies, the run themselves
red on the insides of your lids. *So what!*
you say but you are crying as you say it.

13 July 2008

= = = = =

To be curious about the kingdom
and have a courtier reply,
folding his wings or were they hers
neat about the shoulders
lifted – a little hawk or buzzard-like—

to look at me, with all the candor
such kinds can do. How many are there,
palaces I mean. The courtier
held up two hands their fingers spread.
And how many live in each one

As many as fit through the door—
spoken politely in my head,
no lips no air no eardrums moved.
Where are the doors? one door
leads to them all. Where is that door?

The door's a who and there he is
—pointed to a man outside in the street
passing, an envelope under the arm,
looking down at the sidewalk,
walking briskly, a little bit uphill.

The terrible pain of being answered.

13 July 2008

= = = = =

In a world where some are conscious of what others think
we live. Glaciers and lagoons betide us.
And this thing that you are thinking—
kept you striving all dawn till you finally
woke out of it and found it still there
all round you. Starring me
and billions like me. More.
At best I am nothing but a knock on your door.

14 July 2008

NUPTIAE

The image truncates the message here
implies it. Someone is married.
The cut of the letters spells the hand
that held the mind's light a moment then
let go. Calligraphy.
A bride smiles down the stone pathway
her father lean as a stick beside her:
a Chinese logograph half dark half
white billowing around her. Gown
of the gyne, the woman. Everybody
is scared of the word, and he might say it
—to many rings make it hard to hold
the quill, then where will the word go
under all that gold, meerkats, emeralds?

14 July 2008

= = = = =

Why are women so abstract austere?
Don't look at me – I barely
after all these years know enough to ask the question.
Though even asking it is healing and relief.

14 July 2008

CATOPTRIC

A birthday shoves your face in your face
like a mirror.

You are who you are all over again
and the groans of the enslaved still rise up,
the millions that yearn to be you,
that you will be.

A birthday is a punch-line with no joke
or the joke is yet to come.

Voila, the president of space and time:
the agent stuck in the heart of the rose.

14 July 2008

[DREAM TEXT]

Not make sense
but lure sense down
down onto bare table
set with few scraps
of words, austere...

15 July 2008

= = = = =

Something waiting to do
something to do with you
unforgotten

the idiom of my hands
not the touch of them
but the distances themselves

any instrument carries in itself,
from fingers to skin
there is always a mile left

no matter how far they go.

15 July 2008

= = = = =

There was a haunted time in my life
when every sound I heard
walked through me like an old woman
muttering stories as she tried to find
her way through the immensities
of her own ancient house, swatting
away with her pale hands anything at all
that buzzed like music, only kept
attending to what was past, that
had to be told and she was telling it
and I stood listening, terrified
of her dry powdery confusions
that spell the history of the world.

15 July 2008

A BR AHMS PIANO SONATA

The north passion

Aussenalster the classy houses
around the shore

each one with a bedroom in it
a girl getting whipped
a man trying to forgive himself

years and years the cold
swans sailing through the rain.

15 July 2008