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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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PROSE FOR TITANIA

Can't let it run away from me.

Her book made of four-letter words plus a few prepositions and pronouns.

I mean run away with me.

She showed me how to do sunlight on the lawn.

Desire hovers. Love lands.

Dreams are mostly meshes, but with some real birds caught in them.

Live fish or.

Spend the whole day releasing them.

Art Therapy is healing yourself of last night's dream.

She said, changing from one wig to another.

But which is your own hair?

My hair is whatever I think.

I think she said.

To cure dream. Hence art as daily practice.

Water the plants, even Saturn gets tired.

Or phone for help.

Gather so many books together.

No.

Rowboats on the riverbank assemble.

One for each two of you.

One to row and one to watch sadly where to grow.

I mean go.

O shrouded passenger o weary oarsman!

So many of me working our passage over.

What page is this?

You're so wet!

I know but it's your fault.

I know my fault.

Take off your sodden journey and sit down.

Where I am dry with staying.

But what if I want everyone, then who?

Who must you be to evade my meanings?

How hard to be a who in a world of what.

Read the instructions carefully they're printed on the bottom of the boat just under the water.

What a strange instrument.

It's my *stumm-orgel*, my Mute Harmonium. At this squat keyboard seated, I play different kinds of silence, different tones and zones and tensions of silence, intensities of stillness, the divers flowers of quiet, resonances of aftermaths, the shadows that an echo leaves.

Something else must have been waiting.

Equal measure cream and salt.

A bread no one could choose.

Finds him. The white loaves close upon the willing meat.

Ivory. Carven whalebone, camelbone.

A rosary of horn beads.

Carven ivory.

With all their craft carried away.

In the reredos reared huge behind the altar he.

No, she carved it that way.

She carved away enough of the ample bone to show.

A certain shadowy absence left between the ornaments and figures in the carving.

Absence between the three-dimensional shapes she made.

Bodies. Dancers. Resting persons interviewing lambs.

Standing there.

Stand there and let me.

Shadowy absences here and there where the bright shimmer of the ivory yielded to the space between.

Between one thing and another: one more image of God.

11 October 2008

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Could there be another way of it? We waited by the gate, the gate was latched but not locked, we were afraid to lift the iron plate and see. Afraid to go in, or more accurately afraid to be inside alone. Inside the walled garden and no one there but us. How long we would have to wait in there, if we went in, before we could even begin to feel at home, let alone that we belonged there. If we went in!

11 October 2008

LIFTING IT.

Lifting it. Lifting it again.
Being cold enough to care.
Or share. It seems the time.
The time. To lift the time
and share it. The time
to spare the time to lift.

Lift it by pausing. Pause
as part of doing it.
What you do and answer.
Lift it and spare this.
This little life. Lift
the time again and pause
in the middle of the pause
something time shares
only with itself. Lift it
as if answer it is an answer.

What does it mean
to do any of that?
It means this.

12 October 2008

MAPLE

Friday they cut the tree down
the wood they carried
away the leaves are still here.
I look at them and remember.

12 October 2008

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Something as short as a pause
inside a breath inside something said
by somebody saying it counts.

Something always counts.
Rivers and mountains
woke me. With eyes closed
how far everything goes.

12 October 2008

FACT

Facing the mirror
is looking away
from yourself

from what you feel
to what you seem

what your skin
has done to you
with what you think

sideways to your actual
sense. Who are you

you ask
and the glass
moves its backward lips.

You hear only
what you said. If that.

13 October 2008

THE LAND OF THE LOST

1.

Being more is an analysis.

Or less if the day is cold.

On the day no hawk

ask. If numbers hum

in your head you know

only some about you.

Less about it. It

has no numbers to it

for a long time till

analysis says this

also can be weighed.

Days pass hawkless

in your head. You know

some miss others.

Morning what does it mean

the rest of the day

has different numbers. Cold.

2.

Refuse analysis.

The trailer passes
on the way to other
days. Where such
people go and watch
the changes happen
till nothing is left
to change. The hawk
then comes back.

You read a book
about it once, all
you can remember
is Egypt. Something
about a river
a hawk over it
flying away.

3.

Patients listen easy
knowing another
restlessly hears.

Relentless silence.

Touch me the word
keeps saying but
the words' eyes
are closed. Window
sealed with wax.

The cute receptionist
gives you something
to think about that
for once isn't you.

Yet. Can it be that
everything talks
and nobody listens.

Or everything you say
is just the rubble
silence leaves behind.

You hope so
with your small breath.

And money. And hawk.

4.

Have you got it
yet. Was it lost
before you found it
or did it like
everything else
just happen. Come
and go. The days.
Wait patiently.
Always another
you need to need you.
You hum that tune
you are always
hearing hunting
one more time
for the words to it,
the numbers of it,
the meekest animal
always underfoot
counting your steps.
You were a panther
once, you think,
a priest. A well.

5.

That's as much
as analysis reveals
a shadow of a bird
passing a shut window
you see if you do
from the corner eye.
Pray you're looking
when the bird passes.
Egypt not so far
as you fear. Here.
Now you be the river.
Wet this sand.
Pay your whole self
into the land and still
save some for the sea,
your gorgeous ignorance.
Do not linger
or even want to.
Everything you want
betrays you. Only
the blind hawk sees.

13 October 2008

THE REREDOS AT SAINT THOMAS'

Behind the busy actions here
the same action is silenced in ivory
up there beyond the altar

the same god lives the same god dies
the priest's accustomed wine-damp fingers reach
up through the dry eternity of bone

as around each figure in the world
light casts its proper shadow
(shape proper to the figure, hue

of darkness proper to the light)
so around every human action
an energetic pattern hovers

that does along with us what it makes us do
locked in the compulsions of that absent Art
we love and say our prayers and kill

till all that passion quiets down
turns sculpture in a rich man's church
we stare at until our heart's at peace maybe

the image of violence stills violence
the image of peace rouses it in us
we make from matter and matter is the bones of God.

14 October 2008

= = = = =

Always go around the other side
solve it from behind.

The problem. The one
who cares about you care.

Not the usual application
of major force straight ahead.

No. Like stars instead, brightest
from the corners of the eyes.

. . . 15 October 2008

= = = = =

It is not love but fear
that moves this air,
the simpering messengers
gallop here and there,
anything but stop anywhere
their message to declare

anyhow we can't hear,
we never could, it does no good
to blame the effeminate horsemen,
they have ridden too far, too hard
to remember what they should,

no message left in them
to disturb or comfort us
our half-hearted ears, our fears
go unassuaged, our sins unassoiled,
our lusts unrefuted, unassigned,
just language, language, language.
We don't even know who they are.

15 October 2008

HAMMER

How much hammer
till break a hole
in the sky?

Personless

battering. A word
itself a woodpecker
walls on this house.
Not drilling in a
meaning but
plucks one out.

Holy Thor.
Hammer of
beak of a bird.

A house is a piece
of wood, a house
is no one.

The hole

above it is
the same size.
Break or build
the same instrument.
Time. Time

is a wreck
beached on the shore
but of what sea?

15 October 2008

PESTLE

It pounds to crush
a substance
into its purest self.

Magma. Powder.
Mash. Whatever
is left when the work

is done, the virtue
of the substance
the *vis materiæ*

begins. But the hand
holding it, driving
it down, twisting it in

till it becomes.
But the hand. The stuff
left in the mortar.

By effort the hand.
The hand did this
to it. The hand healed.

Without the hand
no heart
for us to have.

15 October 2008