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Samurai moon you out all night
you drunk but faithful paramour
frown down at me for good reason
I am below and low am the unworthy
the bar of white soap in the shower stall
who knows whose crevices I've pried
into and purified and lie in wait for yours.
I know what I'm talking about, I know
what the job is like. I myself
have been the moon dozens of times
these years and still come back to you.

7 September 2007, Boston

= = = = =

Catch fire like a bluebird

simpler bird not uncommon
even in pest-protected orchards
deer could lately stroll
till wire fences trapped the Mexicans
who trap the apples.

No, this is another story, this
is a bird. Mauve flowers in autumn wind.
Bleak history, catch fire
like a bluebird and be simple,

blue because feather barbs catch light
red breast as ever amorous—
it is dangerous to wake from dream
with clear words in your head
almost in your mouth but
you are not the one who said them.

2.

Carry the words into the day
seeking their application.
Of course Hopkins and his kingfisher
and then mine own when I had one,
three summers took me on a naked rock
in Hortonville a sky-blue plummeting
to seize from silver a quick fish—

where can I go from the dream
where I have not already been?
The deer hold me in
like those Eden apples trapped
inside electric fencing right next door
to Paradise where I live
and some mornings hear God's crows
palavering in there, measuring
the migrant workers' shadows
who one day will become the Over-Adam
and make the world.

3.
Catch fire like a bird?
A dream
knows only
the sweetness of words.

8 September 2007
Boston

= = = = =

But what if I listened.

What if hearing

actually was?

A blue shadow

streaked with gold

is anything heard.

Yesterday by the marble quarry

the love of silence came between us,

generous and open as a road.

8 September 2007

Boston

CONCERTO

It is Vivaldi. He says so
over and over. Till you swoon.
Deft with repetition makes
his tune your own.
His tone. You sleep with it.
You wake with me.
The faux-marble walls
of certain churches
dappled with Venetian light
no matter where, it's all
only the road on hot bright day
the shimmering road
the road past the quarry
the road instead of the day.

8 September 2007
Boston

KEEPING

It's hard to be having.
Phone, don't ring.
Angel, don't summon me now.
This is not the stone time,
the date carved in,
the chosen text. Now
is ivy and *bibendum*,
now's hopscotch and deck
shuffleboard, locker room
and PhD. Now is now.
Hear me, no habit
like the present, no time
like time. *Hinné-ni!*
Fingers of ivory, heart
in scrying glass
where every beauty
from every age shows clear,
I float with Kleopatra
down a Nile upon a barge
made improbably of solid gold.

8 September 2007
Boston

MANTIC AURA

fits around her slim
shoulders a grin
of supersaturated confidence
like an inch-high candlewick
in full flowered flame, soon
she'll use the banisters
for climbing who once had slid.

Dog's mercury in English woods.
Horsemint here. Animals
we see right through,
she rides a horse that is not here!

Reading coat on
makes every leaf
full of alphabets
she reads, my
prophetess, meaty
flicker of white where
only dark should be—
your body's battery:
one hand on your hip
and one hand on your lip
I could run for hours.

9 September 2007

= = = = =

All the way back to Brazil.
Soul implants. Silicone
personality. Music
is like that: implants
a sensibility within
the dullest meet. No joke
a carioca. No wonder
the only word the whole
sky knows is thunder.
What shakes us makes us.

9 September 2007

= = = = =

Appestat, he called it
turns the hunger off.

A spiritual gift
cool breeze hot day type.

But overcast.
Little things walking around in the woods.

9 IX 07

TIME TO DIE

When it is time to die
there is a thought
that comes to everyone.
The same thought.
The last thing we share.

But they never tell it.
Either don't recognize it for what it is
or do, but keep it to themselves
to think and think about
until it is too late to tell.

9 September 2007

= = = = =

Sometimes find a way there.
Apple cider already. A brown
and scarlet guesswork in the leaves.

The girl bends down to the littlest door.
What happens in here?
Have we come to the beginning again?

9 September 2007

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The day for crying in the woods
day to turn into angels
start a school
chased a girl across the playground
trying to explain what you really meant
or mean, day to mean
something, day to tie shoes
together and throw them in the sea,
day to sit on cushions and smile,
day to smile.

10 September 2007

= = = = =

I peel the banana
and found myself inside
white and weak and dense
but kind in sweet

I gave myself to anyone
but so many of them cried
Don't try your monkey tricks on me!
so I went back to the tree.

Run the film backwards,
Sam, let me be born
again a better kind of animal,
let me choose, let me have teeth.

10 September 2007

METHOD

Treat everyone as if each is
already what each wants to be.
My wife, my analyst, my God.

10 IX 07

= = = = =

I think some of this is true.
Mist in the trees.
Palaver. Hiding in daylight
like a Zero in an old war movie
coming out of the sun.

10 September 2007

= = = = =

Wait for wife-meant

then the shadow
of her legs proposes
the accurate lambda
to your gamma tryst,

Jambes, like iambs
but only two of them
to get from here to there

whereas in verse
no pair's enough
to get the line
from there to here.

11 September 2007

= = = = =

So making love is spelling lesson
not spelling bee.
It is telling God the truth for once
between her knees.

The lucid infancy of lovers
is rich as milk
and all they pour in one another
is a kind of talk

the way we remember all our lives
even the harshest touch
as one quick part of a long story
we tell because we must.

11 September 2007

= = = = =

But I am another person now
though I exhibit all the symptoms
Robert brought to Dr. Daylight
once, when he wasn't afraid,

And now the fear is all day long,
nobody to explain things to,
nobody to paint my shabby wall.
And o dear God a wall is all.

12 September 2007

= = = = =

Sometimes I think an individual person is a wave in a sea of being, only a wave. Travel across ocean till the shore breaks them then reforms them and sends them back, and they leave behind them whatever they carried. That's why people like looking at the sea, their mother and their child at once, first and last, the Next Thing for me. You fall in love with sun sparkling on the crest or trough of one pretty wave. You marry a moment.

12 September 2007

= = = = =

Things left to decide

the shape of you inside the shape of the doorway

the discreet shadow of a mathematics around you

calculating vectors and forgivenesses

like the underpainting the old masters used to use

earth-green under flesh tones

to make a gaping oval into a human face

that looks out and answers us.

Answer me from the Orkneys

from the nailed-shut door at the top of the stairs.

Answer me from some stupid book I gave you

about how horse hoof tracks wrote the first alphabet

now a new translation into smoke. Into bronze.

12 September 2007