

9-2007

sepD2007

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "sepD2007" (2007). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 705.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/705

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.

MORNING WORRY

Why do clouds make so much noise?

The Greed Inspector comes to town.
People make noise to prove they're alive.
What is the matter with my hand?
Why aren't those children in school?

Tiamat is displeased, she is.
And I am a grumpy god, I are.

You see, you see too much,
there is always more, always another
but so seldom is there this,

this this is the rarest thing.

He took me by the collar and explained:
Real Estate is the one real thing you can buy,
it's not a commodity, it has a life of its own,
things grow on it, it has soul, it has dirt.

O morning is a Dickens time
a guess of hope and hungry still
we wake up wanting

but the dream was good
and the cloud is calling.
I can almost hear.

13 September 2007

= = = = =

Eyes of solid topaz
but these eyes can see.

ca. 13 IX 07

= = = = =

But dreams of a fire
come from his right hand
to change a cloth's
color to heal a wound.

Dreams a magic
older than language
comes back when
men need it from
the same reservoir
where dreams are stored

there is nothing
older than a dream.

"You thought to made this up
every night so many?

Does the cock
invent the sunrise he sings to?

Your dark is peopled
with ancient privilege
and they speak."

 He spoke
and I tried to get it – who
was dreaming what dreams me?

Who gave me the skill
even now I remember in my fingers
to change by touch?

And is that different from
what language does or
is any different from to know?

14 September 2007

ATLANTIS

A rapture the way it used to mean
carried away and made love to
right there where you were sitting

by the unseen, as by oldish music,
Brahms, Wagner. Trying
to be right here without religion,
without permission, without
Plato or politics. Can it be?
Atlantis was another name for poetry,
always a memory, always vanished,
gone from the beginning.
That's how we know it,
how we know it's true, the sound sung
of everything that is not here, here.

14 September 2007

= = = = =

Are you ready for me yet, arrow?
Something has to answer the sky,
it's been waiting all these years
civil enough though lightning sometimes.

But no arrow answers. I took
my quandary to the pine tree,
one among many, clean floor
of their neat forest, quiet as a closet

and I spoke: You are nearer to it
up there, what have you heard?
But the tree said "What makes you
think the sky's waiting for you?"

I'm taller and smarter and older than you
and she was waiting long before I was born,
waiting is her natural condition." But
answering is mine and I don't know how to rain.

14 September 2007

= = = = =

Whenever is a sort of spoil,
a jungle with no lion

a laundry line without a pulley
a hat without a rain to wear it in.

Idleness is best, and hurts the least.

14 September 2007

= = = = =

Can it be love,
a beeline
to the wrong window
where the right person waits

lover or mere rememberer,
or what is the difference?

Falling in love is remembering the future.

14 September 2007

GREAT LENT

Am I late for Lent again
the monastery kitchen
is full of wheat, green oil
stands in for red meat.
Not even fish. Irish
I am evidently, I admit
all my causes are lost.
Raining out and I like rain
when the whole sky
rhymes with rule. *You will
reign over your foes,*
it said, meaning myself
and all my selves, suppose
it meant, the fortune cookies,
the history of the Celts.
The spider in the winecup
not for us. The pig instead
in the bedroom, the rusting
scythe by the doorstep,
a man lying on the grass
labeling the drunken stars.

15 September 2007

CONFERENCE

Artifacts of the poetry business
scattered round the room—
donuts, chapbooks, magazines.
It is the universal academy
of talking about myself
while pretending to talk about you.
No coffee, a little bottled water
as if our heads were full of wine
already. Wisdom in the air
but none of it comes down.
Settled in our rigid folding chairs
we wait impatiently our turn
to manifest our insufficiencies.
Our dread. That lovely head
that preserved its immaturity
through all the years, the long
journey into grey. Shape is all,
shape of anything as it passes
by, shaped or even controlled
by what we do to it by sheer
palavering. Strange to say
but some weird glory comes this way.

15 September 2007

POETRY

Writing late at night
sometimes you're too tired
not to make sense.

I note this at rising
and write it down
leaving the hourglass to laugh.

16 September 2007

BY THE WALKILL

Try this new ear on, the bascule
bridge is open, the caravan has passed.
Welfare babes sitting on the railing
trolling for late summer trout. Shad.
Bass. How many fish do you know
by name? More than know me. Oh.
You've got a point there. Three more
and your table could stand up and we
Protestant inquisitors trapped in a brothel
could at least sit dignified in our shame
when the vice squad pours in the windows
and the girls run shrieking but unsurprised
into the all-forgiving night. Leaving me,
I suppose, flat again, just like childhood,
that awful place we never left, that always
keeps trying to abandon us. Fat chance.

16 September 2007

RETIRED WORDS

Remarkable solvency these beggars
when it comes to love or from her
once again, a guild of weavers
sheltered on the veranda fiddling
with cobwebs on the glider *faute de mieux*.
Sit here with me and parse the passing throng,
the Packard swan, the Pontiac sachem's nose.
the tricycles and training bras, the works.
Nothing is ever lost but those few dear hearts
who made the whole cavalcade worth looking at.

16 September 2007

THROUGH THE TRANSOM

How would you spell it? With beavers best,
or watching trolleys in Vienna, 'member?
But how did we get here again
after all those fugitive hours from the book,
here with breadcrumbs plenty and no pigeons?
It is strange, isn't it, crisp white counterpane
still cool on the naked bed. Hush, child,
your mother'll buy you one all too soon.
A door of your own! A chimney full of soot!
I light my Sabbath candle on the moon
this week with my longest arm.

16 September 2007

PROM

Pretty girls
all fragrant and inane
babble lies to one another
while down below
their asses sway
and tell the truth.
Meat matters.
The decent body
endures its mind.

16/17 September 2007
dreamt as such

LEGENS SEQUAR

Take the book
and see where it takes us.
The honesty of the reader
is as important as the writer's,
maybe more so.
To be an honest reader
let the words you're reading
bring to mind
whatever arises there
for you to think it.
The text loosens mind-fixed contents
and fixes them again in new and shapely
forms experienced.

Reading, I follow.
Summoned from the eternal reservoir
at the back of my thick skull
my share of eternity,
images dance me on.

16/17 September 2007

BONNARD

The woods were different. The doors were gone. The wall opened its glass out onto the pagan goings on among the trees that all of a sudden weren't so cute and sexy anymore, more vague and menacing, the way conversations are when your driver's on his cellphone in Arabic. What is out there? And the woman who used to stand in the corner of the painting, not exactly motherly but smiling and colorful is gone. There's a cabinet full of what can only be called colorful items, your guess is probably better than mine. It's ok in the Guggenheim but scary out here, and here really seems suddenly to be outside, really out and nowhere to hide. Especially from the colors which seem to be all of a sudden the agents of some dark divinities, Styx I suppose, opera, religion, philosophy, all that stuff. And I just wanted to look out the window. Who's stopping you. The picture is, an image is a resistance, something to hold your attention while something else is going on behind your back. Maybe it's a different painting. Or different France.

17 September 2007

PARTITA

What could the next one be
waiting for me? The shiver
of déjà vu holds me in its
tiny hand's cold fingers.
This violin once trembled in
my proper hands trained
in some Bosphorus seaport
by some Swiss exile, who
knows what language I spoke then
my fingers quiver from even now?

17 September 2007

= = = = =

But I was no one
In between.
World with me,
Amen.

17 IX 07

WORLD WITHOUT ME

World without me
is so beautiful
to look out on it
a garden, a garden
beyond the dining room window
full of the energetic
non-identity,
world without me

so spacious clean and endless
beautiful it takes my breath away
entirely.

17 September 2007

ATHEIST PIETY

Write everything, pay
attention to it
all. Miss nothing.

If we don't notice.
who will?

17/18 September 2007
dreamt