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Holding my fingers
the way a child would
never the whole hand

chill morning
cranky music.
What is pain?

18 September 2007

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Jump in and start reading
anywhere. It's all water,
all touch, dangerous,
the same all over. Poetry.

18 September 2007

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I'm so smart
because I can count
from one to you.

18 IX 07

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(BWV 1006 – Gavotte & Rondeau)

But the third
partita the one
with no chaconne
hurts. The way
an old man
watches children
not his hop
and run and fall.

18 September 2007

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Simple minded morning this ok
it's been cold for three days the windows
closed I'm in the quiet air where music counts
the story stops long enough for me to catch up
Harry Potter our time's Magic Mountain from
all this claptrap machinery love "one day may rise."
Poetry is a good way of holding my breath.

18 September 2007

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Every act of the imagination
slays the dark.
Logic kills light.
Dream candles
lead me to a strange altar.

18 IX 07

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I am tired of waiting for you.
You are here already,
as much of you as there is.
You are the end of the world,
Tiberius on Cápri, in-
satiabile Cleopatra you
bogus money I have
bought so many dreams with
nourished by your absence.

18 September 2007

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As if a little closer
or a radio, remember,
when still warm to the touch
in the cold kitchen glad
and Hallelujah coming
out of it, enough, enough,
all the contraltos,
knead the dough and shame
the diva, be a girl
in your hands at least
or let me get better
in your least hands.

18 September 2007

MOMENTS WITH SHOSTAKOVICH

for C.E.

I am fourteen it is New York
he is walking towards me his sallow
face his glasses the two goons beside him
keeping him in line the world's
greatest composer (Strauss has died)
walking towards me towards me
I stand in awe but try not to look
impressed I am a kid as a kid
I am always performing for myself
just like the poet I would become
or am I I am I am a poet Williams
said was he speaking for me then
there with the Waldorf-Astoria
then the classiest joint in America
hovering over D. D. Shostakovich
walking towards fat little Robertus
Jacobus whose heart filled immensely
with the authenticity of this
unbelievable occasion me with him
on this very street in my own town
forever I am real this is now this is
the real thing the real world I am in it
at last here he comes the man
whose music lives in my head
we share space I belong to the world!
By now they had passed, maybe
he was smoking, I probably was,
maybe he caught my adoring eye
maybe he saw it was all too full
of self-importance to see him,
too busy with I-am-with-Shosty
to actually be with him, there,
on the grey street, a frail unhappy
looking man between his two
apathetically vigilant bodyguards
and they too might like him have
looked at me then looked away.

19 September 2007

= = = = =

I could have known as much as this.
A hard hat on a mud flat
taking aim. The target
is always the ground. The earth
somebody owned. But to be
entitled to the ground I stand on,
that would be angel and honest,
paradise with four trees, and a book.

And a kind man leaning on the gate
saying Nothing
 is as you expected
 it is new
 in your coming to,
you are the sun of it and the shape
that makes the shade
 you also are.

Kind man, whose gate do you lean on?
Does the door open inward or out?
If you step a little to the side
is there another standing right behind you?

19 September 2007

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Having said what there was to say
I'm free to say what has to be said.

What a dull boy Jack is this morning!
And now work work work to blame it on,

just Jack. Innate tedium.
Some boys are just dull, that's me,

that sme. Someday I'll get it right,
you'll laugh, the spell'll break

and I'll be a clever frog again, winsome,
smug, waiting to kiss my next Thoreau.

20 September 2007

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Sometimes is enough.
I wanted it to be milk,
strengthen, glisten, sing
as it hits the steel pail.

Grow. Waited silos
full of wheat. Every
single thing a mystery.
Tolerate my ignorance,

sometimes is enough
isn't it? Not an ocean
every day, not a maple
every morning. That

lone thing in front of me
is a flower, has properties
unknown to me, heals,
hurts, puts to sleep.

You know the charm:
lick the petal. Say
your mother's maiden
name. Watch out for bees.

20 September 2007

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Ponderous. An ogre
in a nail file. Picture window
with no vista. No house
behind me. Me medium.

Let everything pass. When
I was little there were trolls
and goblins. Now trolls rare,
rarer than whippoorwills.

Goblins rule. Even under bridges
you see their patient eyes.
Ecology of the non-human people.
Big eyes, color of poached eggs.

20 September 2007

DISEASES OF CHILDHOOD

Are there enough animals he wondered
staring at an empty cage outlined
by sunrays on the empty lawn
oh empty empty everything he thought.

Enough of his wondering and thinking
his wishing. He is what he is. Things
are what they are forever. Hallelujah.
Maybe. Maybe there's a secret world

coiled inside newfangled light bulbs
superior to this, we live nights long
in its fulvor. Glow. Is that a word?
Once he was a boy and that's hard

to get over. The chief disease
of childhood is being a child. Incurable.
No remission. Or everything after
is a brief remission all these years,

the pretty light bulb, the empty spot
on the lawn he actually owns
with room for so many lovely
missing animals he says their names.

20 September 2007

SCRIVENER SONG

Prefer not to Bartleby either,
prefer not to prefer not to.

I would be either or be over, ever,
if I could be. But there is music.

Usually whenever there is it isn't
or not to the occasion risen

as it is said. But no one says it.
I would want to yes if it came

down to it, would dance if asked,
if feet provided. And if (only if)
there weren't so much music.

21 September 2007

BALLET MUSIC

How can the dancers hear themselves feel?
Why can't their beautiful moving parts
be music enough? Once in Greek time
they were the orchestra complete.

21 September 2007

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If the ink
doesn't stick
to the paper
who's listening?

21 IX 07

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A car is starting. One book I wouldn't.
So much left to read. Nevada.

21 IX 07
chiasmus

= = = = =

One sky too many
and no rain.
Stone paperweight
palpable mystique
of living things.
Music box
with magician on it
as if it really always
is my birthday
all too soon
not soon enough.

21 September 2007

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I am so rich people don't take me seriously.
How little wealth is money even!
With every word I flaunt my poverty.

21 IX 07

LIBRA

Do I disgust you
or give you a thrill?
Or both? We are made
like that, never
to decide. To both.
To both our way to the grave.
But never die – dying
is just one more decision
we can't decide.

22 September 2007