

10-2007

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Tooth. Road. Journey,  
eh? Meet a friend.  
Have no teeth, use  
your friend's teeth  
on the road. Chew  
the distances  
till you are there.  
Use the wolf's teeth,  
the bird's road. Bite.  
Bite the road.  
A thousand mile journey  
begins in your mouth.  
Mile was *li*, originally,  
Chinese. Original  
mouth. Speak. Hurry,  
the friend is waiting.  
The only one you have.  
The day. The road.

1 October 2007

## LEÇON 1

Care enough to sing to us,  
*oiseau*. Shed  
your ever-lovin leaves  
on me, *arbre*.

I have waited for your call  
all day, *nuit*,  
but when you came  
I was asleep, and sleepers

of all beings are least  
able to possess you, *rêve*.  
Or there is nothing left  
for you to own, *tu dis*.

1 October 2007

## SPACES

Repletion is a verb  
you do to me.  
And me, I have hummingbirded  
too long at your flowerbox,  
window. You woman up the light  
and take it all inside.

Anybody only really knows  
a house from outside it.  
This is called *forgetting*  
*the interior*. Or waking from dream.

1 October 2007

## MESSENGER WEARINESS

Have I anything to report  
you ask. I say a stone.  
You want more. I say two  
stones, different shapes and weights.  
You understand. You are not  
satisfied. What do you want  
I say, an opera? You say two  
operas, of different shapes—  
they can be the same weight  
if that makes it easier. For me  
you mean, I'm grateful.  
When are you going to begin  
you want to know. I want  
to know that too. When the stone  
gets here, I say. Which one of two  
you ask. The one whose weight  
determines the weight of the operas  
to come. At least give it a name  
you say. Which one, I want to know.  
The one with the most unusual  
shape, you say. I am overwhelmed  
with opportunity, sudden alarm.  
What if I say the wrong name,  
what if I even just think it?  
*Knights of the Oval Stone* I blurt.  
That name is not valid, you say,  
you can have your dumb stone back.

1 October 2007

= = = = =

A day for dying in the woods  
before autumn falls back  
into queasy summer and  
only the hornets are happy.

The sun. In the tops  
of redding and browning trees  
this ash that maple. For lying  
down between the roots

for closing eyes, for being  
small. There has been  
too much of me already.  
Enough. Empty as pines.

2 October 2007

[DREAM DATA]

It marries it  
if it's more than

and what it is  
"left me naked to my enemies" –

but when have I even worn clothes  
and what man is not my enemy?

2/3 October 2007

## FUGA

Who am I to be now?

Steel shaft machine turned screw threaded tight.

I am the ink of night  
that makes the solid flow.

3 X 07



## THINKING OTHER THINGS

Thinking other things for a change.  
Lawn mower, or maybe a caravel  
under full sail. I wonder  
it makes me wonder rather  
the architecture of the sea  
itself is mostly forbearance,  
mostly camera angle and shark,  
what grinds through glass  
and leaves neat prisms in its path,  
a lathe for philosophers  
to play with, a common cause?  
Multiple effects of moment rages  
multiply novels. "Un amour de Swann"  
is just a start, not a beginning.  
Do you understand me, white boy,  
I have been here to help you always  
but you never once looked up,  
you thought I was a shadow  
and turned the light up brighter.  
Dead battery *lost in the woods*  
at last you find me. A claim  
lots of poets made but most came home.

3 October 2007

= = = = =

There are endings waiting everywhere  
there is a there for them to wait in.  
And in between, the beginnings begin  
so quietly a pine needle dropping  
to the forest floor whistles hallelujah  
through the astonished air. This  
comparison means to seduce logicians.  
Trees and their scattered parts may  
talk only in children's books and genre  
flicks and that's why the rest of us  
mope around all day long, waiting  
for an oak to flirt with us. Jamais,  
as the poet says, we're stuck  
with all the pretty endings all lined up  
in their sculptural variety from  
the foundation of the earth all  
the way to the end of town. Will I  
though ever get there? Does this trolley  
ever leave Vienna? I want a deeply  
someone'd glory all my livelong lap—  
my whole life chose this very day  
without a thought from me. The spirit  
lamp hisses at Thoreau's elbow  
and I complain – night makes anarchists  
of all of us, even restauranteurs  
in their troubled sleep dream movies  
they've watched but no one ever filmed.  
Did you say the end of town? Not sure  
there is one. Among all the luscious  
endings this one thing will never end.

4 October 2007  
[End of Notebook 301]

= = = = =

O gather me the centuries Roar  
absconded vowels and the sunken galleons  
naufraged and limitless, like loss,  
like time. Measureless leaves!  
Containment in metal magic ping  
a dried lentil off the hollow dome and hear  
reverberating destiny – each thing  
has a word of its own, alike  
as they may seem, all the ball bearings  
each has its own separate word – a word  
is not just a sound or meaning: it  
is a time sounded and a sound timed  
into the world, a word is a homeless  
intersection has to be housed in us.  
A word needs you. Open!  
Small chasm in the wolf woods  
a hope around *here*, roar jet over  
bad, bad, a love letter from the Pope!  
Aircraft disaster in our neighborhood,  
we are the indistinct ones, the merely here.  
The also ones. Habit pattern, scandalous,  
your Stasi worsted skirt your apple blossom  
underarm deodorant your nickel  
in the slot your Spanish grammar book  
wine-stained from all you forget. Habit  
though never forgets you. Ampersands  
we eat for breakfast, algebra  
and *parlez-vous*, the day is made  
of dream debris, scattered streets of mind,  
alarming documents, prisoners set free  
too soon and climbing up our walls,  
delinquent daylight and then cool night  
comes. Pathways of crushed shells.  
Hear Jack. Hear Jill. Erase their hill.  
You are a priest. Let no one ever fall.

4 October 2007

= = = = =

I wish I knew why I was saying  
what my mouth is spouting.  
There are so many of us down here  
trapped in the littlest word.

4 October 2007

## TRIO

Alternative sources of anxiety even without alcohol  
avail in the quintuple rage entitled N.Y.C.  
a carapace of bling around a wreck of bone, my home.  
Saith the prophet. My name is Judas and your're wrong.

Soon the flute begins, that smartass instrument  
always thinks it has something to contribute  
to any conversation. Lies, all lies. Not a word.

They're all wrong. Let it be a child in the woods  
but no wolves. Trees, vines, moons, roots.  
I trip all over myself hurrying to you. And you're wrong too.

4 October 2007, Olin

= = = = =

Suppositious slingshots cracked your glass—  
how far I am from Chaucer, Mahler, now  
yet there is something in a fact that glories me,

any one of all, a splinter, a glass rod  
dripping with mercurochrome, even a dog.  
A poor dead dog a family loved. Evidence

of affection all round the house: theirs  
for it, leash. chow bowl, tousled mattress,  
but none of its. An animal leaves nothing behind

but your mind. A dog is like a song that's done.  
And that's the truth, even if I don't much like  
that kind of music. Any thing, a thing, a thing,

my heaven for an anything, a table lamp,  
a bookend made like elephant, a seal asleep  
on an Irish rock, dear god, even a speck

of bolognese spattered on the kitchen wall.  
All I have heard when I have listened close  
is glory, glory in the highest in the least of things.

There, is that Symphony Number Eight enough?

5 October 2007

## NIGHT ALMOST

In the woods  
where no one stands  
someone is standing

we look at each other  
using air for eyes  
and I am afraid

there is so little  
of him to see, so much  
of him to be

I will not move  
as long as he seems  
to be right there

real as the sticks the dead  
vines the few gaunt  
living leaves

I almost see  
the color of absence  
if I close my eyes

I hear his feet  
shuffle in the mulch  
the way you hear the sky.

5 October 2007

[**ossia:**]

Our eyes are made of air  
there's no one there

we see each other  
all the way down

everything I have ever drunk  
comes out of that well.

5 October 2007



= = = = =

What lost day is lurking  
between midnight and midnight  
when the counting numbers  
are drowsing, can't be relied on  
to be without exceptions,  
six no longer can be trusted  
to lead to seven with no one,  
nothing, in between. Nothing  
is without exception. Somewhere  
between Friday and Saturday  
this poor man got stuck. A church  
there was before the ground  
is stands on, and shocking  
who was worshipped in it  
and on what altar. He may still  
be there, devout now maybe,  
articulate, depraved piety of skin  
on marble, pagan, lost.  
Not even adjectives in all their glory  
could wake him from his mortal noun.

6 October 2007

= = = = =

There is no time for all this work I'm doing.  
So who is doing it? And when does it get done?  
I find it waiting for me in the morning when we wake.  
Everything takes care of itself. Books write  
themselves to give us chance to sleep  
the strange sleep on the other side of sleeping.

6 October 2007

## CAREER

Pagination problems. Haven't  
Gotten to Page One yet  
In all these years. Christ,  
Fifty years of prefaces  
Still terrified of starting Chapter One.

6 October 2007

## MARCHETTI

Hearing a man I never heard  
My ink-stained mind you wash with sound.  
Sounds like the space between finger and thumb  
When you're trying to pinch the full moon  
Out of the autumn sky. Wheatfield  
Somewhere in it too. A chorus  
Of villagers tunefully confused. The circus  
Is never coming. Pregnancy is as close  
As we come to an art museum. Look.  
People are so silly when they don't know  
And how unhappy they are. Indoor archery.  
Swimming in moonlight. River made of rock.

6 October 2007

## MEASURELESS NECESSITY

Crowbar lifting bale just enough to hide  
Heretical scriptures down under there  
Where no one but the rat will ever read them.  
Yet their resident clarities seep up  
And fill the slow world, just like germs  
Or like sunlight when the sun itself is lost  
Below the horizon. Things have their own  
Way of talking, things will always find us  
If we let them, listen to all the seductive  
Blasphemies they whisper, and be saved.

6 October 2007