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= = = = =

To hear heaven  
or sometimes only  
way to have it  
have it

in your ear  
fragments of the god  
discourse the clatter  
of those Ideas

seep out the locked  
doors, the seals  
of that country  
leak a little

whatever happens  
in our head  
is the shrill of it  
her soft cry.

28 October 2007

## OF THE BIBLE CONSIDERED AS AN OPERA

whose music we have strangely lost  
but kept the intricate libretto,  
in the last act Dinah will forgive me,  
John will come up out of the Jordan  
smiling at me, I will hear  
the orchestra at last, gleam of his wet knees.

28 October 2007

## THE BISHOP

It is morning the bishop  
stares at the sun gleam  
on his official ring,  
the evening amethyst  
divines the light, leys  
a little go, his eyes  
wet with tears a little,  
why, what can any  
crystal know?  
When any man  
sits quiet and studies  
the accidental light  
he knows that all  
he's done makes one  
beautiful disaster  
and this also is his  
gift, unburied talent,  
last trick of the light.

28 October 2007

## APOCALYPSE

All those horses  
all those riders.  
Not the horsemen  
kill us. The colors do.  
The broken seals.  
Let heaven sleep.  
No colors in the dark.

28 October 2007

= = = = =

You don't have to be a car  
to drive down this highway  
or a star to light up my horoscope—  
you can be a army in the air  
a woman with her feet on the sky  
or anything you are, exactly  
what you are.

. . . 28 October 2007

= = = = =

Walking is a mountain.  
Sitting down is running away.

These are things I've known  
all my life and learn today.

Maples scarlet over Lanesville,  
the ashes of Veronica Lake.

late October 2007

*Ce que je te dis ne me change pas.*

—*Eluard*

All these words we keep repeating,  
is it God speaking to us sleepers,  
bible after bible babbled out  
between one nightmare and the next,  
the REM state quiets, the dream  
vanishes, then the dreamless answers.

late October 2007



= = = = =

How long do you think it will be  
before the heron  
weary of staring at itself  
in the calm pool beside the stream  
looks up and flies fast  
diagonally through hemlock trees  
into the mere sky? Long life  
and patient appetite. Blue  
shadows quenched in running water.

late October 2007

= = = = =

The pope in that long white dress  
wears a glass crown.  
At the midpoint of the liturgy  
he smashes it on the altar steps.  
This is the secret  
all music is meant to conceal.  
And then the bells begin to peal.

late October 2007

= = = = =

To migrate the information  
across the myth of matter,

I forget how to do this,  
this sing, a foreign alphabet  
for my mother tongue,  
I wake up dumb in splendor  
they call it color, autumn,  
light – all the imaginaries  
around me like soft birds,  
what am I doing? Why  
do I call this doing anything at all?

29 October 2007

= = = = =

*for Tanya*

The length of a lifetime  
divided by the man next door  
equals your terrified car ride  
over the mountains from  
the one you don't want to leave  
to the one you don't want  
to be with and the same is true  
when you come another night,  
another storm, back over the same  
mountains. They at least don't change.

29 October 2007

= = = = =

The speakable  
saves us.  
There is a door  
in what is heard

as a word  
no matter  
what it thought  
it was or who

made it sound,  
a door most ordinary  
wood, opens  
on that other room.

29 October 2007

= = = = =

All names.	List them.
Sparrowbush.	Pinebush.
Sparrowgrass.	Aspergum.
Leiris.	Luristan.
Maroon football.	Mundsley-on-Sea
Spirit me.	One gesture.
One spun.	Home run!

2.	
Spartan customs.	Hush baby
October horse	spillway leaf
onager manners	serene lunatic
empty sporrán	dread unease
threaten thrift	hungry nun.

3.	
Other country	after all
wizard wisecrack	grounded wit
shut-in diversion	radio plays
hearken Hamlet	

the real action takes place offstage. What Hamlet sees is mostly illusory, what Hamlet does is cranky, uncontrolled, morbid, soon fatal. The real action spits fire in the hearts of the audience. Those who hear what they see. The real action of any play is always sinister, foreboding, a threat to life itself, a punishment for joy. Behind the shimmeriest comedy a bone cracks. And lets the death concept creep out. Only butoh –or such mime by muscle— can silence death by silencing life. We live our shabby eternities in a scant gesture. A lifelong marriage in a single well-placed touch. An eye seen in an eye.

30 October 2007

## LOVER

A.  
I drink from you,  
I lift you in my hands.

B.

Isn't your order wrong,  
don't you have to touch  
before lifting, lift  
before drinking?

A.

But I was speaking  
from the logic of the heart.

B.

What is the heart?

A.

The heart is method,  
with the heart  
the goal becomes the way,  
the destination becomes the road.

B.

Do lovers have to say everything twice?  
How do travel that road?

A.

I drink you starting with my hands.  
And you pour into me already  
from the first touch.

B.

Then why lift me, why drink?

A.

It is part of the heart's method  
to go to the end of everything.

B.

What is at the end?

A.

Over and over I find you there.

B.

But the way you are,  
wouldn't you find me anywhere,

everywhere, no matter what road?

A.

That's exactly what I meant  
by the logic of the heart.

B.

But why do you call it drinking?  
However much you lift me,  
however much you absorb  
there will be nothing less in me,  
no sinking of the level in the cup,  
I am wine all the way through  
but you seem just as thirsty as before—  
maybe your method  
leads you to the cup  
but has no mouth?  
Do you have lips?  
Is there a hollow place in you  
that I can fill?  
I don't feel diminished  
by all your lifting  
but you talk so much,  
how can you be drinking—  
no wonder you're thirsty still.

A.

I think I drink by speaking.

B.

That's weird water then.

A.

More like wine.

B.

Weird wine.

A.

Think of this as exploration.

B.

But we are found already!  
What more is there to find?



A.

I think that being here with you  
is what I call drinking.

B.

Then what is talk?  
And who is speaking?

31 October 2007