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Snowbody home.

Then who am I?

A moral challenge,
endangered soul,

man awake at night
at least in comparison

with all these
dreaming windows.

12 January 2006

=====

Making the little things work
decides the flowers
they are scissors, Susan,
they cut the light.

The young that is everywhere—
who goes to counsel to?
Or the eel skin so valued
Hawai'i has, and you,
because of magic? No,

because of downed lines,
mute batteries – weakness
pervades the kingdom of machine—
cannot dine as dogs can
on what they void, o Prince,

speak timely, the furriers
have something white for you
warm snow and lively carrion
much skin visible as if spring
but they divest,

speaking sparkles on the day
they hunt king Wren
and what they say today they'll
say all year long and this
is Old New Years Day
before the Pope and Scaliger and prose

O with all these stupid references
will anybody ever understand
the simple thing I mean?
Eel skin they buy for sex I think
to make it strong and kill
vagrant magnetism coming from
conspirators they dread

and flowers, Susan, really do
cut through the light and snow
really does comes down and coat
your shoulders if you stand out there
still in love with everything that goes.

13 January 2006

=====

Still the suspect quiet
gnaws at the actual
agitation: the moon in clouds.
It will rain tonight
if I let it. It will glisten
through the dark.
The blue color
one way or another
pervades this simple world.
Simple because actual,
actual because I let it
the way it lets me.
A handshake. Peace.
Dove stuff. Blue rain.

13 January 2006

A DOUBT

After contentment, desire.

The acquisition. I will never

tell what became of me.

Mordred sobbing by his father's grave.

13 January 2006

Perhaps the grave is empty, and the monks are standing around explaining this way and that what they think it means. Perhaps the grave, a big grave, deep and long and wide, is empty like the grave I saw in the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey. Is it his father's tomb that makes him weep, or that the tomb is empty? Is his father not dead yet, or dead and risen? Or has he gone to a place where no one dies?

(17 January 2006)

GAZEBO WINTER

January in the summer house
I dust the chairs and table, I sit down.
The soft rain sounds like any summer rain,
the air like a cold night in summer.
Occasional. The once in a while
that rules the world. Last night
I learned Bulgarian and grew
two inches. I learned that the wolf
is the husband of the fox, that evolution
works two ways – apes becoming men,
while worthless dogs grew down
from noble wolves. *Valk*, a wolf.
Lisitsa, a fox. There is a mountain
made of marble and another one
where roses grow once a day
out of the bare rock. Sunset.
And one more, the first of all,
glum in the middle of the world
waiting for men to find and climb it.
Made out of proteins and photons
and sugar and blood, it stands
like King Arthur's last battle or
Orlando's broken horn. I hear it,
mountain of the middle, sapphire

is a blue ruby, the definite article
follows its noun, there is a bridge
that leads me there, above
a busy city street, the bridge
is built of crystal, slim as a needle,
walk with hard feet but supple,
pioneer. There is a final mountain
made of light. In this we burrow,
noble cavemen on our final raid,
nostalgic Mousterians tunneling
deep inside what your grandmother
would have called the very light itself.
But we kids know better, we know
there is a light behind the light
sexier than any dark, sweeter
that the cherry, on this feast they pour
old wine all over the Vineyard King,
wolves watch from the treetops and much,
so much of this, tries to come true.

14 January 2006

mtDNA

Not so much.

Agitate: what we saw:

in France they cut

a slice off bone,

freeze it in liquid nitrogen

then pulverize it

in a mortar just like

alchemists. Later

a cloud forms

in some solution—

it is your grandmother,

Eve maybe, the mode of us.

Men rot in prison

because of this cloud

or get released.

Other men win

Nobel Prizes with it,

this is magic

as the poet said,

a dispersion of mind

through all the senses

into the matter world

and then you sit and listen

for its answer.

Love teaches all our lessons.

Love and grammar
are all we have. Are.
That's why I learn
a new language every night
and wake up almost fluent
and it always turns
into English by daybreak.
"The rain-soaked woods of Saturday" –
that's the name of my new song.

14 January 2006

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So many stories in my head
I don't want to tell. But they
keep telling themselves in me.
As me. Hedy, wax.
Justine, long avenue chopped beef.
Miriam, mango. What can I do?
And Barbara all those oranges.

14 January 2006

=====

When does a quick notation
turn into Bashō ?
Is it what is observed
or the quality of observation ?
We think the former at those times
when you stare in quiet
ecstasy at the word 'bamboo.'
But then you rouse
and wait to hear the wind
slish through a forest of them
somewhere not near.

15 January 2006

=====

Too many things nearby
to pay attention to.

One lives in a museum
uncatalogued and clamorous.

One writes or speaks one's way
through the forest of particulars
wishing for some Rodin to shape
the empty spaces too
into desirability.

The kiss.

When everything touches
everything and I can rest.

15 January 2006

=====

Listen firmly
to the blue thing

nearby.

Animal
or wind?

Name

the bird

if so. Robin—

they tend to flock

only winter.

Now I have also

learned a fact.

A book. Plus six

birds in one tree.

15 January 2006

=====

Every town a fort
once remember
the road. Bring need.

A flag with wrong
number of stars,
a sky with none
at all not even one
for us to see.

Some people
keep talking—
they are airplanes
over the Altiplano
in our heads.

But I want to
capoeira around
with you, why
do we have two
eyes? one spare?
or for stereo sight,
why not four
or more, evolution
gives us everything
we need. Life goes
on all around

not just in front,
and what is this front
thing? When I move
at all I call
the way I move a towards
and where I leave is
from or then or back
there. Not now.
Not tomorrow
a room towards which
it is to hurry:
a room that has you
in it ready for
me waiting like a dream.

15 January 2006

Kingston

Ποίεiv, seu Ars Poetica

To leap
into the air
without leaving the ground.

15 I 06

=====

Entrain the many or lift
the sheen of water from the spillway –
we belong to what we see.

The new spirit needs.
Pass on the fire. Are we alone?

15 I 06

POINT

Sun on scant snow
so cold. Everything
is ready for me
but who am I ?

Brazen interludes.
Caught me, caught me,
I couldn't you !
In French the exclamation point
(which is not a point—
a flaming arrow
landing rightside up
beside your words)
is set a letter-space beyond
the last letter of the sentence,
in English not. Surprise
of what you say, shock
of silence after it.
A visible tone of voice,
a tell-tale habit
like old Austrians writing
J for capital I – so Jch liebe Dich.
Though in those old days
the D would have been small,
we grow politer, but "I piss

on French politesse" says
Blackburn in his rant against Toulouse,
but he never really did,
only a man as polite as Paul
could let himself say
any such thing. Do you take my point?

16 January 2006

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Digging a grave
and hoping to stuff the moon in it
is a frequent occupation of travelers,

on their knees, the dog
barks, you could be anywhere,
the dog could be anyone

the moon is willing
like most of us
willing to accept dismemberment

sand is the easiest to scoop out
but the hole won't hold
the sides keep sliding

the outside keeps coming in
and yet the ease of it
the grace of sand

like water not even cold
up over your wrists as you
dig out this grave

this trap this forget-place
where the moon will rest
telling lies to herself all night

until a fiercer hand
comes and digs her up again
it is dawn on earth

and you'd better be gone by then,
traveler, into some other
ecstasy of visitation

before the moon wriggles free
cranky and complaining
eager to suck your words away

into her resentful silences.

16 January 2006