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Examine that and see
does it turn into this.

A waterfall we sometimes hear.
Night. A car next door.

It is all about the silences
and where they fall.

Or something happens to them
on their way past the ears.

It's as if the air
had a pain in its knee.

Looks about itself.
Is slow.

17 April 2006

INCOMPLETIONS, 1.

Needing more
is always a miracle.

Isn't it. The habit
of appetite.

What would we be like
without it, stone?

Yet there must be
a landscape in between

where it takes care of
itself in us
while we.

17 April 2006

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A wizard is making magic
tracks in coffee grounds
so you will invite me
into your canoe and take me

far upriver where the sly channels
off to the side into the jungle
are all that remains of the canal
system of a great stone city

gone a thousand years.
System, that's the point.
Not just your skin and arms
around me, not just the canoe.

17 April 2006

INCOMPLETIONS, 2

Important to be clear
in stating your wants
otherwise the other side.

17 April 2006

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Let me be first with the first
as if the other side
held out a hand
and had me to help
and it came –

do you hear it,
hear that? The dead badger
outside Omagh, roadkill history
all. Dull folk in dull world
murder? Or it seemed
a political struggle but was it
were they hands held
out or something else?

18 April 2006

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Darfur, and nobody does.
Equal time for bleeding.
Wells defiled deliberate.
Fame cares, famine not.
The society of the spectacle
takes even the spectacle away.
Kneejerk identification with
underdog. Both parties
subjects of an alien Power.

18 April 2006

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Say it fast enough

for them to hear.

Words lost in the woods of themselves.

18 IV 06

Der Kuss

Europe is awake now
but asleep to the dream
just woke me woke me

a dream is a mosaic to be told

begin anywhere, any tile
is a good place to begin

strange dream of the woman
wife of the famous photographer

Der Kuss the kiss
what they were looking for
sometimes two women
sometimes one of them was a man

the movie of it all night long I made me see

who lived in the huge forests of the Catskills
not far from here
some of the land cleared

and they built a wall called Forty Foot Wall

though it was much longer and not that tall
and that is all
that is left of them now besides the story I'm supposed to tell

or why would the dream have sought me out?

a dream is a mosaic

(a mosaic is a picture, is a law, and a musivary)

the photographer
who was a sculptor
was looking for the perfect kiss

perfect in the way the anatomy of each mouth
met and mated with the mouth of the other

I felt the lips curve into mine
I dreamed with my mouth

a mouth with no person or all persons so many

and tried so many mouths
before she (but she was he then
and stayed man
for the rest of the story,

so the perfect kiss turns you into the

covertly desired other)

before he found her,
the skinny pretty girl leading a shabby life
born in Berlin of Irish parents who didn't
care enough even to give her a

but she had a name and I forget it
(all that is left of them is the forty foot wall
carved by them and paneled and all
that is covered with graffiti now, scrawled
big Chinese characters who
would do that in these woods

or did they at the end change their language and their mark
and scribble logographs on what they had made,
mere words littering the actual thing,
who?

after being together a long time
years and famous
and pictures and books and then
he wants her to go off for a while
to attend to her own growing or something sketchy like that
the things that men come up with
to dis sever from women, even men
who had been women when the dream began

we see her leaving,

a dream is a mosaic of instances, we recall them
as images,

 she's on her way, grey and white
against the black of the autumn trees
vanishing,

 the old truck he's loading
as she goes off sadly, Eve without Adam,
it's time for her to be alone in the world

and we see her in long shot
how wide the screen is now
the house the field the wall and him
piling odd stuff in the truck, a tin sitzbath, a chair,
and she saunters away and then decides to come back

and he lets her, they're together again
and drive off in the truck and are never seen again

she is rumored to be buried somewhere in these forests but where
and nobody cared enough till now to find or even think about it

till now till the moviemakers come along
the movie is always now
and they can show us pictures of what never was

the dream of a movie is a different kind of dream
people acting and the thrill of so many kisses
felt also in the dreamer's mouth, every mouth
in the audience kissed at once, the search
for that which is perfect, where the muscles
of one face meet and align with the muscles
of the other face perfectly, the kiss, and the exchange
of fluid is not shown,
how can a mosaic show the taste of a kiss?

and she is gone, and that is so sad, so very sad,
her beautiful weird life and she belonged
to so many women and men before
she belonged to this woman
she turned into a man
with her perfect kisses

even on the last day of all they go off into the woods to kiss.

... 19 April 2006

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Cantilevered on a mere of air
a swallow sprawls the sky not here

down among our grasses wind though
scurries like an animal I almost know.

It is breath makes, speaks, unpieces all.

20 April 2006

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The length of music to report
girl alive on elevator thinking
as her cabin rises. Relation
between trend of mind and lift in shaft?
Anonymous. Maybe there.
Why is it we forget every doorway,
every stairs?

20 April 2006

=====

Know not. Or another one.

It is spring, and looks simple.

How I deceive myself with words

but keep telling you the truth.

Timeless things. Emotions

always the same that every town

(a town is time) shapes differently.

Today I am woodpecker. Yours.

20 April 2006

PHYSIOLOGIES

Certain people are certain parts of the body, as *a head of hair*, or it might be *the underside of the right thigh raised when the right leg crosses the other over the left knee*. Certain people are these certain parts of their own bodies, insofar as anyone's body is anyone's own. That's the point, isn't it. I couldn't conceive, without mild or severe distaste, of touching X on the part of X's body that belongs to Y on Y's body, if that is clear. I'm afraid not. Put it this way: if X is *the small of the back* while Y is *inside the left elbow*, you wouldn't conceive of even touching Y on the small of the back, let alone writing a choral ode or poem in praise of Y's small.

All this is clear enough now, but the sorrow (and confusion) comes when it is realized that certain other people have no certain part of the body at all. And that it is therefore only the *aggressive and detestable habit of reaching out blindly to other people* that leads one to touch them anywhere at all.

21 April 2006

WATER OFFERING

You pour out the enough.
The enough is a rival wine,
a something in the blue of your eye
that makes somebody else.

Be elsewhere where you are, any.
Pre script. The table is set for the lion.
But who should I see sitting at the head of it
but a man. What is a man
doing in this place. We are stones
in the sweet company of stones,

select! Are you one?
He was not one it turned out.
He was a man with the heart of a man
or at least of a dog, it could have been
a dog now that you mention it.

No one said anything about dogs.
Why do stones need a table anyway?
They need a table to worship,
the way men need a god.
Because every stone is a table,
every stone an altar is,

remember?

But it tastes more like milk.

Your hand is in my pocket, you may stay,
we are allowed what we discover,
my hand is yours.

Does the stone dream
that the hands that pick it up
are its own hands

for which it has been waiting
from the beginning of the world?

21 April 2006

the page looked like this, in the sense that a sentence was continuing from an earlier page, but what is the earlier page of a dream? Is the answer any clearer than if I asked: what is the earliest dream? But it looked like this, the way a page in a book looks, a page in a slim English book of a few decades back, a book about the poet Louis MacNeice and his book or long poem *Ten Burnt Offerings* which I'd read once on the old B&O train one spring afternoon on my way to Baltimore and we kept stopping by sidings near Havre de Grace, fields full of Queen Anne's lace. So when the page I was reading got about this far, it quoted some lines from MacNeice:

**You're in God's
wee hands now and the world away**

**and who can say
this is how it looked,
the words go on to make a shape
elegant and lean against the dream,
white of the last page**

and then the page went on again, elucidating as I cannot hope to do the few lines I actually saw and retained in dream (the first two verses above, and then just the shape of the rest) and I woke up thinking about MacNeice's voice when I heard him read once, that dry intelligent voice with what I would come to know as the Belfast upbeat in the last word of every poem, like the trope we heard a decade back in the talk of Valley girls, uptalk, and I thought about girls from the valley, and MacNeice and all the dead, dead railroads, dead cities, dead friends and pages that are always virgin, ready for new life, fields of space open just like this