

10-2005

octl2005

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "octl2005" (2005). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 829.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/829

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

FIRST DANCE

Names of assassins names of songbirds
cure us. Inveterate caravans arrive
mysterious lost salt. Kalahari
touches you on the collarbone
so the whole body shivers. Terpsichore
is your body. Someone indicted
someone indicated someone
will never touch someone else again
and the beast plods on. Marrow cache,
the life is in the bone. Constantine
saw a crisis in the sky, *beauty*
conquers us he thought and fell
below his knees like any moorhen
plashing. Heath. Rabbit. Sand
in one's toes sand under one's nails
the groins of sorry and a kingdom
vaguely hereabouts. Turret, no names
among friends. Blood paradise.

29 October 2005

=====

No more propositions

is a proposition.

No more sentences is a sentence.

We are stuck.

Sticks stick together.

Thread loops. Knots

happen. Meaning arrives.

Alas. How can I be quiet?

How can I be?

29 October 2005

=====

Absence of solids is not liquid.

A camera with no battery

is not the same as a man

willing to see a thing only once.

Let the world take care of itself.

Take care of you – that's my business.

That's the job I went to school every
night for twenty years to dream to do.

29 October 2005

SECOND DANCE

Deep valley
they say the lights
are always coming back
itself they say
there is never a shadow
you can't walk right through

Someone always left
to dream, the strange
smoker's meditation
of businessmen in doorways
ankled by the cold wind.
They do their breathing.
They notice everything
and nothing stops.

In India this is a festival.
The crows come down for dinner,
the dogs get a moment of respect.
And then the light changes.
The cigarette goes out.
The shadow begins to answer.

THIRD DANCE

Still feel the blind torment of
not see what's in front of face
trying to invent a mind life
in the other so they behave
in such wise as to be understood
by the party of the first part
that scientist lover projector
wretch all love and no liberty
like a deck of cards always
trying to tell a different story
but no way to dethrone
that hierarchy those four
elements of that infatuation
men call 'the world' and
women do not care to name.

30 October 2005

THEORY OF METRIC

Suddenly he was trapped
he was saying what he thought.
That's not what the mind is for.
The mind is all for sing sang sung
not explaining not complaining.
Music is its own explanation
and complaint. It passes through
your whole thinking, he was trapped
in what we wanted to happen next.
The future is the strangest prison,
he'll never get out of tomorrow.
So the body has to do it for him,
picks up a leaf and chews a lot on it
till the weird innocuous taste
takes thoughts away and leaves
him just with the taste in his mouth
hence free to move around
the little blocks of silence here and there
like a child building a castle
out of sensible interruptions alone.

30 October 2005

FOURTH DANCE

Music not for listening
intercept the air—
catch sound in mirrors
so shape it
a message across room
where some she attends
the gorgeous fake-book
the light writes down for
you and only you to
give her by passing
auto window hurry
tail light light you
speak without listening
till she feels feeling.

30 October 2005

FIFTH DANCE

A knife with wet hair
and a hat or a had
not to be near to hear.
You think what water things.
Mark me Connecticut
no kind of river but a kind of
sea flowing between lands
quick, breads on aching tables,
the table drinks the milk
the hero pours, for love
is *heightened unconsciousness*,
love is no one's science
logic of transparent afternoons.

30 October 2005

= = = = =

I couldn't hear anything he said.
His name for instance. Just some geese
passing overhead. Just the names
of other people we both knew, better known
than we, less prone to that obscurity
that veiled us even from each other,
even now, or then, two men
after an event determining
what it had meant for me. For him.
Just the names of other people
as if we were only who we knew
and nobody is anybody at all
just a sound in someone else's mouth
even a goose minding its own business
a furlong above on its own affairs
hurrying south for winter can wipe out.

31 October 2005

SIXTH DANCE

But the hair is wet
but the wolf outside
the hat dirty from falling in the road
the drumskin has a hole in it
but the sound still plays sort of
but the socks are ragged
men stuff wool scraps round their toes
the benches are made from old tombstones
we sleep on these
they sit on names
the wind is wet so they forget Portugal
it is a long time
they are arguing with wet hair
about how women smell
some say women smell like milk
others say they smell like honey
some say it depends
and the hair is just as wet as before
no amount of arguing dries the sky
what does your skin smell like
one wants to know and the other
refuses to answer though some answers
come ready to his mind (cardamom
motor oil the smell of lightbulbs
when they just burn out)

but the wind keeps being wet
and no one dares to discuss it
silence is such a powerful argument
even the wolf runs away.

31 October 2005

= = = = =

Accurate as arbalest.

Or addicted to the truth

like an uncomfortable monk

say or a lawyer of causes.

We are many-man the lost

as seen on black and white TV

long after midnight, making do.

A skill that winter teaches

o I know you, the stork

flies away with the baby

your long legs dangle in pale sky.

31 October 2005

=====

Still of night
steel of sight
last moon
I touch tonight.

31 October 2005

SELENE

her torch

in dens of

history light

up again

Hannibal

his face

Cleopatra's breast.

31 X 05

= = = = =

Pay the architect
then let the wind and light
shape your preposterous cathedral—

we need a little house
for a little man
no bigger than the woods he lives in

no bigger than the sea.

31 October 2005

PEDIATRIC EXCHANGE

My baby for your
straight up. The child
will never know.
Any more than we
do now – it happened
to every one of us
but only the Unhappy Few
remember. The gold
gate slamming.
The taste of milk.

31 October 2005

SOMATOMAT

Where all we can do
is exchange bodies.

Mine for yours, even
steven. In winter
it is easier.

We forget often
what we have bodies for.

If ever we knew.
Maybe just to make
peculiar shadows
on the ground
for the spirits
of the air to see

watch, bet on, fall
in love with once or twice
the way a man could
fall in love with
some other man's idea.

31 October 2005

=====

And wonder if this too
could speak its peace:
a shining sinner for a father,
a heart constrained
with liquid seeking –
Mawors they call him here
a glad god and too eager
as love in other climates comes
hope-heavy on trembling limbs.

31 October 2005

= = = = =

Authorize a translation:

a woman's at the door.

Ask her in – cider

with cinnamon, a map

spread out on her lap

to show her the stars

among which she has come.

Here – our world is this one,

where the pinhole is,

light shines through it

from the fireplace,

come warm with me

there, here, this

is all that's left of the sun.

31 October 2005

=====

A room full of harps
and the wind locked out.
Doors, darling, lead
only to other doors.

31 X 05