

1-2004

## janD2004

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Radetzky=marsch

Too many certainties.

The soldiers used to march  
in color now just noise.

Noise is the most certain  
thing of all, made up  
of everything and meaning nothing.

Not so fast. Let's solve  
that stuff we hear, declare  
a new science of it,

clangology, to sieve out  
and dissever into sense  
the sound of blatancy's

sheer chong. Klang.  
Not make music of it,  
no angels, no such imposition

but analyze it into  
a new word being said  
somewhere by everyone

and no one says it,

a pure word  
that can only be heard.

17 January 2004

[LE POETE DE 70 ANS]

If there are quinces on the tree  
no matter how tired I am  
I have to stretch up and pick them

even if it's an lemon tree  
even if the tree is dead  
or there is no tree, only the sky

and my hand in it. Here are quinces.

17 January 2004

## CAMPAIGN

Marching against the obvious  
cross the border but don't go too far  
in – the wells in that country  
have strange water, bluer than the sky,  
you feel the color in your body  
long after you drink. Stay  
near the river that everyone knows,  
not necessarily in earshot of its flow  
but close enough so you could get to it  
in one march without provisions  
if you had to, and see the friendly  
hillsides on the further shore.

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Let the message settle in the telephone  
then answer it when no one's calling.

This way Time gets broken and the sky  
shows through the letters of all words.

When you break Time  
heaven happens to your head.

18 January 2004

## CAFÉ SPERL, VIENNA

The table in the corner  
in the back they told me  
is where Hitler always sat  
I went back to look at it  
he would have been a kid  
then just scheming  
or was it still dreaming  
on the table I found a  
pen this is the one.

18 January 2004

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Those winds.

These wounds.

All the sounds

are friends

they tell

in every land

when some

one means.

19 January 2004



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Who would claim him for a friend?

And yet it rains.

Though not today.

19 January 2004

## PAPER BAG

She wanted not to see  
the one  
that understood her best.

Miracles in masks,  
heaven at the door  
and then be gone.

19 January 2004

## LOVELIFE OF AN ACROBAT

an itchy cock  
to scratch against  
the world

Say it decently:  
a branch,  
a philosophy.

19 January 2004

**Small enough** to keep answering  
Mother's questions.  
One of the four great blossoms  
of the Amaryllis  
has faded now, the north face  
and the south is faltering.  
West is sturdiest, wide  
open, scarlet, looking at me.  
There. I have learned  
the name of a flower,  
to tell directions, and to count.

19 January 2004

**Sun in my eyes**

sun in the big window

sun over the hill over the snow

through the bare trees

sun in my eyes

as if the two of us

are alone in the world.

19 January 2004

**Slow goods** the certainties

the waiting men

who carry the doors

to lock your house

but your house has no roof, dear,

and your walls have no habit,

could it be so many years

since the landscape left you?

Gassen und Strassen what more are me

but there is no English word for street,

the difference is a nomad

is always going somewhere

for a purpose, a route laid out

to be where the grass is

whereas the others, the usses,

straggle lewdwise on the surfaces

following our shadows

or being hounded by them

ever running.

20 January 2004

## MUSIC LESSON

Do you recognize that rhythm I don't  
Sibelius Charlie Parker the man  
last night scraping mud off his shoes

that's more like it a blue vase  
nothing in it but some old flowers water light.

20 January 2004

## SINTEFLUT

What can the lovers expect?

A union meeting, some smoke  
from the indoor barbecue.

Senate house. Caesar falls.

We talk so much but never talk enough,

Noah's flood, sounds like  
a flood of senses, flood of sins,  
sendings, causes, explanations.

When the wise men come  
from the east to take down  
your Christmas tree. Parkside  
Avenue was Malbone Street.

Massacre of innocents  
by accident. I alone am rain.

20 January 2004



**Walking in peace** among mild ruins

looking for your hand

I see a child dart onto the highway

and I wake up gasping.

My dream has never worried

about a child before. New

trees are growing, an odd

ship steered into the Piraeus

yesterday, slack-sailed,

no one at the creaking helm.

21 January 2004

## **THE BEGUILING OF MERLIN**

Victims of the same book

you dream my poem.

We meet for coffee,

the snow falls.

21 January 2004

## KNIGHTLY

How many more miles to your lap  
and once there how many leagues  
to the castle of itself

where broken windows let birds in  
some blue some bright brown  
some the color of apples

it seems you are all about going in  
but what then? Who makes the bed?

Who says grace over the soup  
and hides the crucifix when we make love?

21 January 2004

**Let it stand up** inside you  
a chance  
mercy elongations  
wine cork or battle flag  
or paint your face with verticals  
to ascend in beastliness  
come kiss me an elevator  
full of naked scholars  
waiting for you and your likenesses  
so many to squeeze in and rise  
up into the dark Hegelian skies  
so close together no choice  
but dance with heartfelt ululations  
words only used in poetry.

22 January 2004

**Do you think I'd ever really tell you**  
what I'm really thinking,  
Russia, hills, pagan temples  
even the names lost? Do you think  
I'd ever let on the mathematics  
that links us? How can you be content  
with being just one more victim  
of geometry? Do you think  
I'll ever come clean, explain  
what I really want, steeples in a cloudy  
sky, steppes, mounds, pyramids,  
blue inscriptions gouged in the sun  
morning over the Mirsuvian Lakes?  
I was the god you forgot to bring  
flowers to, *you did not sweep*  
*my fane*, you thought your smile  
alone was enough, and your love songs.  
So I closed my doors and settled deep  
in your mind till we both forgot.  
Now do you remember who I'm not?

22 January 2004

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Don't be one of these poor  
angels who forget their liturgy  
and wander blank in politics and bars  
looking for someone who reminds them  
of what they're looking for  
the target animal they've come to find,  
for whom their being was invented,  
the word that they came into life to say.

22 January 2004

## HOW TO BE ANGEL

remember  
your liturgy  
re/member it  
make it up  
syllable by syllable  
as you go  
along, your  
pronunciation  
makes anything  
right, your warm  
breath completes  
the original  
form, the lost  
word speaks.

22 January 2004