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Not something lost something understood
so by being taken into someone's mind
clearly and held there, somewhat removed
from the available green world —
what science will meter this abstraction?

6 November 2003

THE PROXIMITY

the way it used to be
when people belonged
to their bodies and obeyed

animal madness
we're prone to share
birch trees and samovars

neurotic rose arctic thighs
when every label offends
we still our tongues

hands hard to take hold.

6 November 2003

SUNRISE

So much light
and nothing to see

wheel
without wagon

great Pagan
over us

no one has come
to answer your word.

6 November 2003

IS IT TIME YET TO BE OTHERWISE?

Steal her address
guess the phone number
of the rock
and memorize the leaf?

We need it, we need it
bad. The lecture
about salmon roses,
the e-mail from the dark.

6 November 2003

SIND

Death records from a lost country
to find a maybe name
and know him,

one dead
among all the dead, one brown
face among brown faces,

someone who felt
the weight of the sun
and someone the moon lost
in her drunken wanderings

that one, to find him
at the other end of a number
or an old official counter
with flies on it,

a man made finally of paper,
father of me,
half as far as Adam over
there in a country

with great heat,
the purple flowers
sing on gaudy trees

and love comes sweeping back
from all the cynical immensities
she has conquered one more time,

she always will, saeculum
saeculorum, her silly hat,
her breasts exposed,
her hand in my pocket
whispering No man needs a father.

6 November 2003

End of Notebook 258

the dead leaf
one among so many
fell on the text
I was reading
covering the phrase
gu.las. 'khrungs.shing
“born from the [gr]een [light]”

γυ-λασ-ἄπθουξσ-ιξ

7 November 2003
(from notes of 1 XI 03)

this phone
I lift
and press
the numbers
on, this
phone phones
the past
if I get an answer
it will be
the end of me.

7 November 2003
(from note of 1 XI 03)

THE LAST DREAM SHE HAS TO BE ALONE

Open the door the only
was she waiting for someone
in the palm tree shadows
a fountain waiting for the sun
or a bicycle asleep

nothing touched my hand
but you that day
I carried you where business
took me and my breath
remembered for you
what you forgot to say,
forgot to tell me,

only door, a door
is like an animal
a door is a dangerous pet
we ran wild for a while
before the sun got caught
in the fountain, no
that's not water that's trees
the sky through trees
or local ocean

political action
I tried to believe
that telling how it seems
changes how it is

or that it's only seeming
while you are being

do you feel my difference
here between the stubby words
the sweat of union

wrestle the actual down
out of the sky
down here where ink waits
and poison cats patrol your pillow

I fear for your silence
the thing we need to say and do
maybe never do or say
maybe peace is the deepest fear

flower flower how I love you

while the government gets read
to sew yellow patches
— *gelb* means *geld* —
on our arms, whatever
religion we think we are
the knives come out

they hate the world because we're in it
men burn down their houses to get rid of mice

2.

Or in the barn
you have a barn

old stone
edificium
half pigsty half cathedral

and the granary upstairs
above the missing animals

barn and no wheat no hay
no hog no geese
land and no farm

world without forgiveness
for we have used all mercy up

and no more is growing in the prairie
and no more pale blue thank-you-sir flowers
prink up through cracked flagstones
love I name you now
love you are love for this person for this place
love that makes you the strongest love
a nail hammered down from heaven
to love you without mercy no matter who

3.

the long thing happens at the end
sadness chest congestion after the ski weekend
then doubt about everything
until the doubt becomes her dinner

o be alone with analysis
don't use up tomorrow morning
thinking about it in the dark
you can know nothing but this house
and if you fail this moment
he said, everything falls with it

stay with me here
safe in the knowing

of what you can know
the way that other people
shove their bodies through the patient light
as if the whole terrible city
were just some Sunday in the park
and you can't tell the people from the pigeons
and everybody finally finds something to smile at

before they go home — that's all,
swing set or flash of thigh or that old man
mumbling beside you in Croatian
about the last bottle of wine
left from the last vintage of the world before this one

that's what you feel now
a little drunk on your pillow
lifted against the harsh winter light
war against windows.

7 November 2003

TIMING

Could the sun mean
more if we let it
I'm listening and the clock
imitates red-bird
twice a day, it's *wudjet*
wudjet, so it's nine o'clock
at last and the sun
comes out to gild
the remnant leaves
some little maples keep
as if so new
to dying they hold tight
when the wiser trees
let go and swoon
into what factory
of nextness throbs
inside them that we call
a winter sleep,
everything is in love
with what comes next.

8 November 2003

THE POINT OF IT

A long time since in Vienna they wanted
the same thing suddenly in November light
coffee in the machinetta, nipples hard in the palms of his hands

Build a monument to one feeling, a column
rigid in the grey sky, stiff nib on an old straight pen
writing a rusty dialect, it splatters and

he still feels wet from the word she wrote.

8 November 2003

OPEN ALREADY THE BECAUSE

Wet fingers wet chair
degrees of frost to measure
hoar on cars *canities*
stiff foam of winter meadow &
taking the way you talk back home
into strange forests, cycads
of the North Pole, ferns uncoiling
from the ice and you know
again you're very near
the secret your whole life's
been looking for, the secret
your whole life is keeping
from you and once again
again you know you'll miss it,
so close, almost
in language already,
almost the taste of it
pervading the cold wind.
It can only be found
in a relationship, you say,
it can only be known
when you're alone.
Sometimes on her pillow
you understand
sometimes you know the secret
itself, and known you've always
known it, it is so simple
is slips your mind
time and again,

you know, her place
or yours, like even the
cheapest champagne
it signs the time,
you know
the mortal adequate.

9 November 2003

Know the mortality
figures from the current war.
Wars. Know the cost in pain
of ordinary Africa.

Know what they're doing
in your name,
then try to learn who they are.
They dream, we die.

Wake up and know we're sleeping.

9 November 2003

ECLIPSE

The symbol of what seizes us
last night's red moon
caught in the bare linden tree
so far and so close to cut
a single image in the sky
under the powerful eclipse
a momentary mirror
all the spilled blood of earth
actual shadow of what we do.

9 November 2003

PROMISES

If you come to my religion

I will lick your neck

and my tongue will find you

interesting reminders of all the mystics that you read

and never far away

always right there in the feeling of a feeling

like a date falling off a palm tree

and being right there, like a solid piece of shadow

you can suck and chew,

you lie on your back and lick the sky

and when the night comes I will still be there

and you don't even have to know it's me.

9 November 2003