

11-2003

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The sun is looking at me  
with all her Right now!  
Right now!  
yelling out of the trees

She knows where I live  
she knows what I need.

26 November 2003

### MP3

making a small recording  
of remember  
and let the numbers  
do my annals for me  
just turn the gizmo on  
and forget the mind

wander off  
into those what you thought were  
mountains and now who knows

who cares  
as the wisest man I ever knew  
sometimes out loud remembers.

26 November 2003

## THE RAISING OF LAZARUS, 1642

Of course he'd be coming  
from the ground. Follow  
Christ's eyebeam to find  
the resurrected man,

somebody's brother,  
somebody's lover, look  
where Christ tells him  
to come out.

And suddenly  
he is with us again,  
mostly just a face  
is what we see, i.e.,

an identity.

This was Lazarus.

This man died  
until he heard a voice

denying his understanding  
up to now of his dark condition.  
The voice said to do something,  
come, come out

of where you think you are.

The face of Lazarus  
peels off the ground.

Already he begins to talk:

you can imagine the story  
he'll be telling year after year  
constantly enlarging, embellishing,  
interpreting, maybe finally even

understanding the way he was,  
the place he was, the thing  
that happened to him and then  
the thing that happened to that.

I was dead and then was not —  
who else can say that but me?  
We're tired of hearing his story  
but we love his face,

face of a voice who listened  
to another voice, listened  
and came out of the ground,  
our face, seeing us at last.

26 November 2003  
Boston  
& in the presence of it, at the MFA

## **Pause in the Flight into Egypt, 1645**

empty lines so light  
(a father picks  
his daughter up  
to see the picture)

the fine lines  
so light the bird  
Mary and her son  
Joseph busy

the apple pared.

26 November 2003

Boston

**(NIGHT SCRAPE, BOSTON)**

What I caught caught me  
a devil in the vegetables

Rembrandt's monk screwing in the cornfield  
people have to do what they have to do

how long it was or will be  
till pleasure was or will be considered good

for all love is licit  
and I listen with my ear to the glass

desperate for what the other world is saying  
the you of things, the over there

all those waves of speech  
that beat against the tympanum

against the glass and squeal  
the simpering tragedies of men

hard-benched on the galleys of desire  
roustabouting through the sea

pomegranates wheat fields anything  
is sweet is different is Valencia

in the Mission is a window with a person  
looking out and speaking

a long walk on a cold night  
with friends among the broken oranges.

26 November 2003

Boston



## OFFRANDES

We have come so close  
in all our cork our cinnamon  
the stanchions of desire  
guide our thick traffic  
and we rhyme with a leaf

but does it finally avail  
in the sense of a seacoast  
as off Brittany an island  
and the women in charge of the ferry  
take you one way only

as if you had to prepare  
for sunrise but what about me  
all churchbells and candlewax  
everything shaped like a woman  
say and an owl flies out of a tree

I can't tell what kind at all  
because everything is island  
and hungry people of different sizes  
gather around the gluttonous buffet  
ancient tilers lay a temple floor

we see images of bulls and men  
for we are we again and eagles  
scare us less now, vultures  
towers, half-forgotten brands  
of cheese or cigarettes, iron law

wages and gluttony, prayers of the dead  
and the neat waves arriving at the beach  
hysterical terns shriek around their nests  
because we understand things perfectly  
but forget the little thing we know

the idea that is the phallus of the world  
fit lodge inside the womb of as they are  
but every morning I forget the trick  
and start again, yeast and cormorants,  
little bowls of water set out with reverence

to offer sky the reflection of the sky.

27 November 2003

Boston

## **FARANDOLE**

(NIGHT SCRAPE, BOSTON)

The farandole means by hands  
alone to hold the figure of the dance  
the last one the one that takes  
the dancers out of the house and night  
hillsides have them, outlined  
zanies scribbled against twilight  
hand in hand a long line of them  
wearing false memories of a social  
joy it is not human luck to share  
but the line of dancers keeps jogging  
forward like a man remembering  
details of somebody he once loved,  
fast they dance and by a beat called  
furiant or jubilant the investigate  
the borders past which the darkness  
has no hands and so it's up to us  
o Christ, us, I didn't mean us to be  
part of the operation, out of my minds  
with tenderness the dancers reach the sky.

27 November 2003

Boston

## LYRICS FOR THE DEATH OF GOD

The door nearby  
nearly opens

it is a sea fog  
come up Bellevue Hill

a fog with lights  
east where the city

mostly is. And you  
are with the scallops

pilgrim in another  
weather over the edge

saltimbanque of some new  
desire time

after time one  
comes again to this

street hill dawn  
clueless in bliss

never knowing  
the place again but

loving it as if  
and for the first

time itself.

2.

singing was,  
mourning our mother  
with the beard  
our brother with holes in his hands  
our sister snuggled wordless  
drunk in our hearts

and all the busy you's  
of poetry could easily  
be decoded to mean you  
lost one, neglected  
name, idol  
of the enemy  
our deepest friend

3

remember us  
your members  
long before  
you come  
to life again

in us again  
summoned (a  
god is what we call)  
by knowledge  
of the absent self  
knowledge  
our of us with you  
awareness shared,

28 November 2003

Boston

## **The body of work**

meant the resistance  
we offered to language  
on its way through us

what happened  
when it spoke

so it is a body  
a place mark in the world  
where someone for a minute  
shaped the flow

a child's hand dangled in the stream  
and the water flows curvilinear  
around it leaving traces  
measurable, brief

a word is that ripple.

28 November 2003

## **ANAMNESIS**

Lazarus:

the scholar the analysand

his whole life became remembering.

28 XI 03, Boston



## **AN ARIA BY MOZART**

something there  
was there  
something he heard  
inside a flute  
spoke gently to  
telling it come out  
come out  
there is no danger  
only the rain  
glistening mercury  
easing down the road  
as if we of all  
people had  
anywhere to go  
and ever every  
antiphon is a woman who  
answers us too.

28 November 2003

## LETTER TO THE LANDLORD

Let something answer  
the brute of speech,  
High Maybe  
in the brittle sky

you used to, you used to  
and the whole ceremony is an old  
voice coming over the stockade  
what happens when

and to you too  
as if another  
silently sure waiting  
the bus never comes

you get there anyhow  
you leave phone messages everywhere  
one of them has to be the truth  
an ode or a node

hard to tell the cure from the disease  
joyfully on your head  
so distant her song  
determines to be here

don't want some melody  
want an animal  
in your clothes  
postcards from the gulag

a fix in a showed  
a welt on the small  
and low to behold  
an image an idol tree

for I bent down to worship  
and the sin persists  
sure as lockwork  
the door comes running after me

spirochetes of violets  
temple of the body's  
fane a fox trots in  
shock priests shiver shun

this happens when a thought  
demands emission  
books read other books  
old men wake early

there are no many nipples  
and no as ifs about it  
more mornings more mornings  
take her littlest fugue.

29 November 2003

## INTO THE FOOTHILLS

There should be a bird a bit  
and then the operator has to come  
unwind the light

you don't know it  
but the world is changing fast these days  
the new management revises atmosphere  
— two patients with ALS in one afternoon  
that used to be a rare disease —  
now all the harbor lights are on  
and every ship is coming back

do you know how to live in your body  
and live it outward, green eyes,  
sitting on the counter speaking Hindi?

our maladroit desires  
so quickly pleased  
— don't blame the president  
don't blame the turkey for your indigestion —  
there should always be a difference  
detective try to find it

colorful Mexican tile? a spider?  
a bowl of green tea? specify  
sister, then you'll get fed

— a rampant cuddle reflex  
the things we fail at —  
the mink is dead, the squeeze  
the Pakistani paramour  
green opaque eyes  
all love demands a furrier  
to map her in the beauty of someone's dying  
wrap her in her feeling —  
bleeding corpses of the active will  
fed to the friendly dogs

some pressure in the nasal passage  
train north through the Punjab  
go first class the weather warrants  
it's not your money eye  
you're just an agent of what you used to love

and it still carries  
get off before the others  
and go by road or on foot  
up into the soldiers' hills  
you can see the mountains  
from the middle of your name

but you left your window home  
and every village has a million explanations.

29 November 2003