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Away from a wall a root

dry root, powder some
and spread on wound

got no wound? Use bread,
smear on bread

bread is a wound
a cut on her lips

she can't swallow easy
she has to stretch
to take in

what they said was just a root,

old bread, the rot of wheat.

For eating is our oldest disease.

2.

Wayfarer, he said, at
roadside, he saw
traveling through
the fields of kudzu,

love,
I only love what grows by itself

So whisper in my ear
not what I want to hear

just whatever you find
in your mouth

and that
will tell me everything I need to know.

3.
Kiss
this root.
Lawyers come to town
to talk
leaves off the tree

green particulars
bill of fear

you are there
upright in your fat old Cherokee
at gaze above the soybean fields

she told me to slip my hand
under the soft weighted curve
of the grain sack, finest meal,
my hand rested there a quarter hour
safe soft under her protection
held in place by what protected it.

4.
The down side, the contradiction:
this body is a sack of grain
that has a weed root for a brain —

Thinking? Thinking is just jungle stuff,
proliferating, pullulating,

till nothing's left untouched by your head.
Any touch yields an accurate report.
You rest forever on my knees.

1 October 2000

walking towards you I am walking towards you
the words are simple that say what I say
what I am saying is walking towards you I want
to talk towards you I want you I want to say it
simple I am walking towards you because I want

what do I want? It is later and nobody knows
nobody knows how late it is how much later
it may ever be because nobody knows who it is
and when it is and when it is who comes walking
towards me in turn like a dreary old tune I can't
get out of my head I am always walking

1 October 2000

GRAIN SACK

Mind of a furrier,
this little warm life
could be my coin.
Can't help it,
beauty's beauty,
the root of all

commodity.

So I too my love want to put on your skin.

Things that are like one another
will never fly.

Only the authentic
transubstantiation, my
bread your body, your body
my mind, your mind
the blue sky

then the red sky yellow sky green sky
all the inadvertencies of time

meet in this mistake called flesh

or meat. Or me.

You decide.
Describe something else,
I'm tired of being beautiful.

2 October 2000

FROM THE RUINED FOUNTAIN PERFECT WATER EN TOUT CAS

Petals of anything were thoughts against her arms, clay filled the foreshadowing lines of her palm and glass froze the pulse beneath the curves of rigid veins guarding bellybutton hole--her fingers would have twisted it blue. Something polished. She had the power of touching what she said or thought. Crimson shadow in the cup maybe a chalice some priest had left in the deeper shadow of a tree. One drinks from what one finds. He stood there and wanted her glass. Bring your glass to my lips.

But beads of tissue turned curves to moon, wiping her sin with its reflection. It withered the circles that edged her skin. Whose hands coiled to scar the shape of a belly carving breasts on copper knob, breathing words to fog on oval mirror where the hem of her hand was covered in red carpet? Where did the carpet come from? Is it the one he brought from where he didn't go but only thought about the trees there, or there were no trees, the sands polished by moonlight like some part of her? He never said. He stood there paralyzed with language, his mind stretched taut over the surface of what he saw, his thought withering with wanting the mere surface of the surface. To be able to seize, lay hold of, what is seen, and have the seen of it still be as it is seen, smooth serene sleek as the marble so treacherous in rain. Why can't he be present?

From the terrace blue parallels — her veins and curves fell to her hands like the autumn sky part stormcloud part blue melting down the white light, marbles rolling across oval mirror as the lines of eyes flickered through hazy petals, he sensed the closeness of her, as if she were somehow nearer, already nearer, than the distance small as it was that his eyes made out between them. He felt the delicate musk of her perspiration. Her stare meantime plunged into desert skin. Not his, not her own. The skin of light stretched across these common things.

Yellow contemplating circles of smoke paste posture of polished urine and haunting gesture holds her. And she was calling out, *Michel, elle a jeté ton frère dans ton corps de pierre*. She scraped the tombstone curves with a feather she had found. Where do things come from when we find them, why do they find us as they float white down to earth from the mute gull gone away forever bearing just that tiny mutilation down the stone sky. She was calling and her call went athwart or across this man who watched her. He knew that she was calling out to someone who was not him, yet not not him either, to someone

whose absence was so keen and so perfect that it accommodated not only himself, that missing one, but all those in the world who would willingly join in the cry, in the hollow, in being called upon. All those who hear. The ones whose names are loose on the frame of their bodies, and could be anyone while all ways still being themselves. While her face turned to flushed fissures, the hurt of her hunger peeling the quiet cry from her lips, Michel, Michel, my body lies on the arteries of marble, your eyes fall on me in their serenity, Michel, Michel, I curved the glass to be oval

2/4 October 2000

That there is a pressure

up and out

that it works

itself out and up in us, from us

and not to be only the Seagram Building

bold and smart as it was

or Singapore the lion-lofty we

stab into the sky

What

we were doing was doing it,

we're doing it,

the upfuck

of tendrillar tender shove

it in where it does not belong,

come now, my alchemists,

fuck the sky in the back,

that is the rede and good counsel

of our offices,

to lift

penetrate

and still be pure.

No pregnancy from this joyance,

this dry tower

to which in dream a burning zeppelin moors.

2.

a friend came back from Peking

and said Alas, we won,

America is everywhere.

The same is everywhere.
What we spool off the hub here

spins strange linen everywhere.

And from confusion arrogance and lust
build a sacred temple, weave
fearless anabaptist weeds

to dress down the beautiful bodies we overcome.

3.
Our sin is their salvation.

That is the mystery of time,
the world's one show in town,

we will build the ugliest city in history
and still be beautiful,

passengers of light.

3 October 2000

a room so red it means a mystery
or every one you ever dazed
your head with wanting, wanting to know

is there on the wall in plain
eroded fresco almost visible
you can feel it with your hands
if you brought your hands with you
into this life this city

everything is under the ground

... 3 October 2000

I need something of what I never said
also the rapture of rude beginning

who am I to speak? I polish silver
in the dark below the stairs, I groom the thick shallow peltage
of that black leopard my fear keeps waiting there

the snake curled round the sun.

4 October 2000

I suppose we are lucky we have so much to be afraid of.
I'm still getting used to staircases. Doors. Closets. Hallways.
Cellars. And that's just spaces. Or shapes they do to space
With wood and stone. No wonder I'm afraid.
And when it comes to sphinxes, looking up at me with vague
Amusement, their elbows propped in front of them on the bed,
Their breasts swinging loose and rich in the shadow
Their raised torso makes, a shadow that I study with terror
Knowing that its unquantifiable darknesses confess
All the mysteries I don't want to die not knowing, still wanting.
And that's just a soft woman stretched across my bed.
My head. What will I do when the real terrors come
Tormenting me with incomprehensible details
The cup of tepid water, the soiled white string, the mirror?

4 October 2000

EXALTED ONES OF THE MIRROR

1.

Runway catwalk over the abyss
your bodices pinned to you lightly
bodies glistening through clothes
the fall is original

is sin is so is
camouflage champagne

you are a graceful freight train
you are a road in moonlight
you are tar.

2.

I was on the bus remembering your lips
one more indiscretion.

While we were kissing (“you paint
in oils” I breathed into your mouth
“how did you know?” you moaned back)
you reached down and released me with your hand

so I was surprised to find myself alone on the bus
with packages, with chance acquaintances, relations
(how long do uncles last?) and a sudden squall
of snow salted by the window spattering the glass
‘snow!’ they cried out, but no
we were beside the railroad and a big boxcar beside us
had snow all over the roof from the Midwest
and our wind blew their alien snow
into our faces

3.

whoever we were. Brooklyn again,
got off at Bedford Avenue and walked home
with my cumbersome not-weighty parcels,
paper bags and a sweater maybe, and a book

probably in some language I pretended I could read.

5 October 2000

FROM RUINED WATER

Guts against her forehead, glass froze the pulse beneath the curves of rigid she would have twisted it blue. Somehow of touching. What? Crimson a chalice some priest had left in the deeper shadowed stood there and wanted her gaps. Curves to moon, with its wide reflection that edged her skin. Whose hands coiled to scar throb, breathing words to fog on, loom of her hand was covered in red, it was surely the one he brought from where he didn't travel, hair trees, ghee trees thong trees, the sun sands a poem part of her?

He never said. He stretched taut over the surface of what he saw wanting the same surface. To be able is seen, and have the seen of it still be ago, an hour treacherous in rain. Why can't he be present as she is?

Her hair fell to her hands like soft far thunder part blue melting down the throat as the lines of eyes flickered through hazy petals, her, as if Shearer, it was all that his eyes made out between them. He felt red stampedes of anything were home, a word intoned of light stretched, a bird crowing hurt, her lines of instinct guarding bell curves of smoke.

Paper paste old grey weathered wooden shed with urine ached. She had the pier for every boat, she was calling *jupe, my freer cloth is damp* and held the tooth. It seems that even morning knew a fen shadow in the door and through the room, she had been foe from when we find them identified as us as a tree. One drinks frame mute gull gone away forever carve an ear to hear her, afresh was calling and her dress. Bring your glass to my like that respiration.

Her, she was calling to him, yet not with a heft that it had to accommodate desert, stars and rock, no. The skated not only hirsute world

who would willingly join her, her palm lifted to aim the cry she circles twice to hear. The ones whose (and we could button all we shape of belly) carving turned to flushed fissures, thirty measures often crying from her lips, mica and stone, the hemmed apron, Michel, my hands fall out, Michel, *Elle a* given me in their absence. May the cloisonné cup bathe her arms, clay filled as they go but only through a time of oils, shaping, shaping?

It was not shade it was *voile* — her finger shed by moonlight lying along the stone paralyzed with length, his thought writhes with what she said or thought was a ring there, to someone, like a molecule to seize, lay hold of one, on a midnight flower, moth serene sleek as tiled upon what one finds.

He. All the absence of their bodies the terrace blue opal mirror where autumn skipping her sin with part sells rolling across oval, milt of salmon in the wisest oldest pool so that she sensed the closeness seal the hour, steal his time, settle to ease on knees, delicate copper musk of white skin. Not his, not her oat, no grain allow contemplating Christ under carpet? Where a fisting gesture holds herald *tone upon tone* loud.

Where do things error? Eye float white here, or there, we are down to mutilation as not athwart or across their lips to pout to someone who, wood, there prompted mind to stay keen, and that, missing one, but not too far (near, near!) in the hollow of her ear, brings in a harbinger on here. Any still (there) surface of the being themselves scars her hunger, pipelines of marble, furtive ear, I curved the glass to toss it seen, it is seen. Sable so bold doctors scar rims of marble asterisks to find so rich a question in so bleak an answer.

Qui?

Your ova plunge down veins and curves of white light, marble eyes were someday in real meantime, plunge to boss these commodes clean at

last, by god hand shying polis's mistuned curves. Weight, why do they finally bear sky?

How names are calling. Heed her. He limps with his eye who perishing bread eats, draws elf hose in the mail and hoists each on.

It withered to be anyone. While enigmatic high posture of a dipode holds, my body lies down, eye carpet come from? Tabbed often, worn from the usage, wean who away from whom? Mine was of tissue turned *bailer* 'to do an old dance' to see her face. Fact term, tower serenity, mighty the distance between soma and things. He meant a stone body. She chose though a crust, that tiny mud. Win, she thought. She thought absence was the clef. Key. Names are loose.

6-8 October 2000

Grown-ups have a way of buying things.
When they get depressed, they give a lot of
money to some other adult, and carry
something home he gives them. A dress
a pearl a golf club a bottle of wine.
They never give the money to a child.
They must think children have nothing to give.

6 October 2000

Eventually we get around to the truth
the job you were meant to do in the first place
the heart on my sleeve.

6 October 2000

it all is signs
they point
out from the saying
into a strange world

where you stand
making sure I do.

6 October 2000

What do I give you?
The rain in Munich
I made you walk
all the way from the Frauenkirche
to the English Garden.
I made all the restaurants close,
I made the pigeons run away from us
up the façade of the nutcase neo-Gothic Rathaus
later that same wet night and your legs ached.

And the rain on Victoria Island
teatime on some bay
nowhere near the water,
tea and little sandwiches and scones,

not much measurement
in what I give,
instances of weather

to endure and to remember.

6 October 2000

INTO THE MEDIUM

Help me, it is midnight now.
The nearer foothills of the Himalayas
stack nervously across the local river
piling back into the bottomless sky beyond

— everything is out of place
any time at all. It is a game
where we children close our eyes

and feel it touch them. White wave.
I want you touch you, white of barley, white of sea,
want to plunge into the healing habit of your foam,
the almost empty play of light that lifts the spray,
écume du jour, day and its adventures

fade. We die in poverty, pocketless, alone.
So all there is for us
is a white wave, more froth than feeling, more air than water,
more salt than milk, but it is there, white, complex, and rises
for us, it is there for us, white

and into it I want to rush, deep into you, wave,
and the more I penetrate you the more you
change me, inflect me, lift me with your light hands
until I drown in your nature as you are split by mine,

instantly heal with a hiss on the beaches.
You and me until we are none.

Seaside pronouns. A satellite photo of the dark.

6 October 2000

AFTER THE SHOCK

Trying to adjust —
the shock
is emptiness

tremor — blankness — in the right thigh
 hamstring loosing,
knee, i.e.,
 the shakes.

A wound in the astral
body it must be, part of me
retreats from this place
to Hannover, summer,
center of town, fountain,
the Long Arcade
running north across the wide plaza

Lange Lauben

safe here now, among the whores.
No one will find me.
Turks around me, little girls
in upstairs rooms
learning to play the piano.
Almost night in Germany.

I am not ready to come back to now.
Safe in memory's igloo from the storm of here,
I lick my wounded

what is it that was hurt,
the shock,
 the hard habit of day
 suddenly cracked?

My flesh undamaged, my astral body burns,
I crawl into the anonymous convenience store
and sit with a coffee, I need sugar, eat a muffin,

it's working, the esoteric chemistry of food,

eating is our oldest sin,
an apple could be anything could be an apple.

Now, now is grease,
now is soft mushy crumb
of a muffin, too soft,

too few the corn
goddess
where is your golden hair
silky gold
I need the dominant amidon,

the easy metabole,

eat eat

glad god.

And now I look up and wave

as if happy

to a woman I know

waves back big smile

but it is not she, I am not he,
strangers to each other smile
and she is smoking.

This is how they are the same
though she is different and I am
not who she thought I was
if anyone. The way I know
everything is all right again,
my knees are stable. My breath
is like anybody else's.
Only now I remember your name.

7 October 2000, Red Hook

When anyone falls in love with anyone, there always is an accidental key that anyone picks up that turns out to fit anyone's door. Only anyone's. in cases of in-love-falling, it is important to recognize and name this key. Peach-fuzz skin on the small of the back. The way her mouth slurs certain syllables. His teeth, the little chip on the incisor. The little mole not far from her lips, as if a little ladybug were listening always in rapture to what she says.

The light moves but the shadow stays.

7 October 2000
Red Hook