

11-1995

novB1995

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "novB1995" (1995). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 1196.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/1196

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.

As that of witch
hazel your mother's
hazel your mouth
hazard your pillow
channel knee swimming
Armonig the stone in heaven
god assembly

name came from thunder
am waiting one's own
even-banded a welter of touch
phones a spool of sorrow.

10 November 1995

RABIN

Ever since Osiris it's been November.
They have almost a year to figure out
a good reason to kill a good man.
But the real reason is November,

nobody wants peace, peace
is other people as important as you.
There are probably people walking around
who think the Lord smote him.

The month smote him. Haze. Napoleon
seizes power, the Bolsheviks
seize power, Kristallnacht
and the windows shatter, the sky breaks,

history always happens in November,
as if the whole fulfilment of culture
is to kill a Jew. One more Jew
who said *It is worth it if men live.*

10 November 1995

Raising the touch
to taste now imperativeless
why I shouldn't mean what I mean

and even less what they do
windwords listing as our will
house finch song sparrow.

11 November 1995

Erasing the touch
another abbey in some forest
other green aisle worth

wending the margin
sea fern far
where the man from over practiced us

one by one meant mountains.

11 November 1995

MYOPIA

The indices
of ordinary facticity
were these:

color sound fragrance touch.
Line was a miracle
later. Focus heaven.

11 November 1995

A dream something something else
saw or a street ran out of ink
on its way to the actual
take your medicine the curb
easy vile things no wood would bear
I want to tell you everything at last.

12 November 1995

Slept too
long too
nervous to write.
Nervix.
Can I listen
instead?
The thrill of hand
and last night
just before dark
we walked out
to the drenched
woods exulting
in this time of light.
We were primaries,
star-bait, afterludes.
Too cold for
mist among the trees.

13 November 1995

Trail again, the fish at lure. Beckon?
Bad from red osiers
catcrept a shade. Hunters
drunk, sleet
with enough sun to tell a shadow.
Still looking for it
this where a foot knows to go.

13 November 1995

Too many people person this mark.
Vellicated by dangles, the stream
crackles under willow, ice edge.
What waits trails mud, line as cross gash.
Lift a thick sheet of
ice off the birdbath, this much
I've done for the world. Some drink.

13 November 1995

Against the against
some code of elements
who must be perfect
artifact from long since
when waves were water.

13 November 1995

As if they were close enough to smell.
Lilies of some valley, May Day (Mary
Month begins) remembered in November.
*The whitish flowers low to the earth
in spurts of green* — this was the miracle
time promises the mind. The mind
holds on, is sick with desire usually.
And sometimes not. Sometimes just watches
Jersey meadows elapse soft grey
westward under sleet. The sky
comes all the way down to the ground.

13 November 1995

IN CORPORE HUMANO

Let this answer, the snug
spirit match fits in body
as the costume of a rider
snugs taut gabardine and twill
stretched over manframe as
to deceive the horse, an animal
has only one skin a man has many,
airy loosenesses of private
space endowed with going.

14 November 1995

If there were movement in the mind
it would whelm. But the world
moves through its silent colloid maybes.

One theory. And another:
Cincinnati. A radio warm in the sun.

15 November 1995

FLYING TO ATLANTA

A voice between my ears
teaches me
and a pen full of dye
picks up my hand

so I can know the clouds
the sky orders me to understand
from this crappy little
padded cell flying south

at thirty thousand feet.
Behind us rain. My wife
beside me sleeps.
It is quiet as a room

with two hundred madmen
strapped to our seats
knows how to be. We are going
to the Games

before the games begin.
Dawn in my mouth. In my hand
the things to come.
All I know is what the president

in my heart proclaims,
the man from Tartary
who rides a white yak called
“The Naga’s Dance”

and rides it through us

telling us this and that
about the striving. There is nothing
but the striving.

Nothing to do but what is worth to do.

15 November 1995

[Original composed in Latin prose (for security) in the crowded airplane, here
freely translated into what I meant in the first place.]

S I G N

What does the sign say?
The colors of [y]our flag
have each its meaning.
What do the colors say.
Nantucket bog. Colorado spillway.
The skies laid out by the surveyor,
dotted lines all over it,
augurs inspect the flitting
of wild fowl from sector to sector.
Where people move inside the house.
Diplomacy of truth. How much
to tell, how much to swallow up in music?
This is happening,
therefore everything is.

15 November 1995
in the air over the Blue Ridge Mountains

Bucking the 200 kph jetstream
we are crossing Mississippi

somewhere down there
in clouds, no storm

up here, all our local rivers
run on pure light.

Aether highway.
Gods at my elbow.

15 November 1995
Atlanta ⇒ Dallas

Caught on the meaningless horizon
a snowflake of meaning: a city
hard to focus on. The size of anybody is.
Much frantic motion busy being here.

15 November 1995
Dallas

T E X A S

The thing we saw, the grace of it,
one of earth's great secrets,
at seven, the sun itself
ball on horizon
having just come out of the land
and the land was flat as far as far
and sun spilled towards us uncontrolled.

16 November 1995
Dallas

K.Α.

Using what is at hand, the land, the millions
of identical trees, mesquite, and where
are the eucalyptus that could grow here,
even in dense clay,

 yet here the men
of Kappa Alpha take a vow of chivalry,
to save
 the South of the world from northern villainy,
i.e., save women from the coarse in men.
Konphederate Army, I joked; and he said
Something like that.

 The uniform of General Robert Lee
looms upon their minds
like a solitary pigeon on the lawn of time,

a gentleman, an all
we can ever hope to be, emulate
 that civil piety,
whereby a woman (*let her be a world*)
knows herself secure from affront and

we were grateful for this courtesy,
 ecstasy of civility,
as if one read an old book that said
the world came into being through the kindness of strangers.

16 November 1995
Dallas

What a galumphing broad deceiving's here,
not a horse in sight or oilwell derrick
just a hundred New Jerseys waterless assembled
upon a vasty plain bigger than you ever saw,
limitless flat. And the buildings all appear to rise
and fall by the minute, glass clad, gold anodized
mirror mosques and bullet domes, demolition
and construction simultaneous, the freeways
go in circles, cops shave their heads, the light
is immaterial and mild, a shrug without a shoulder,
cars sling their myriads, old few, young prosperous
edging forward under rusty trees
identical for miles. The hum of it! The wind
slips through it and the winter's kind,
hundreds of square miles I see from this high window.
And for this peace also they died at Willow Run.

16 November 1995
Dallas

AIRPORT

Where am I? The stubby
shadows point north,
noonish. That should tell us
something. The recent
towers of Las Colinas
are over no hill.
Just a hump of a hangar.
And the levanting jets
make all our angles acute
anxious as we are
enough to begin with.

16 November 1995
Dallas

