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The opening of a door

nunc dimittis

because I have seen the light

growing in an empty room

I stand there awed

by luminous vacancy.

Anyone in the world could be here.

17 October 2011

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Whose kiss
shapes my lips.
I try to answer
the light
but it keeps asking.

17 October 2011

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The dialects of autumn
chatter in the wind
a bird past the window
no a leaf alone
winglessly quick.
My confusion
like childhood Superman
a flying man with blue hair
it is Achilles
his hair is hyacinth
he rises from the tomb
come to find Polyxena
in every luckless girl
who randoms along
loved by an obsession.
Time has an obsession
with us what it does
to hair the silver street
to the end of the world.
Autumn knows.
Who else is here?
The prayer wheel cranks
also in the wind.
Then the breeze dies down
again and green turns dark

time's fingers all
over my hair too I too
was a hero and sleep
under a heap of stones
when you listen to me
you never know who's talking.

17 October 201

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Waking in the air raid shelter
fearless in Palestine
the mortars rained down

just walking around
anywhere on earth
is heroic enough

epic sympathies
that keep us enduring
keep us from enduring.

18 October 2011

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A green monkey
pink flower and who
knows what vines
twist up around
what hidden stem—

lianas we used to say
girls cling to men.
For I was welcome
as she was white
in surf at Rockaway
and you where Xingu
wandered into Amazon,
we are the same beloved.

18 October 2011

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I'm worried about you
there are cobwebs in my hair
from scouring scary cellars
looking for you, your eyes
are all over my mind
but where do you stand
outside? I want your eyes
that look at me,
not the eyes only I can see.
I'm tired of searching
I want you to be there,
just be there
like a mountain in the sky
or a leaf on the lawn.

You decide,
just let me come to you there
stone or leaf or water,
I've looked everywhere for you
now it's up to you to be there
outside, where my hands also are.

18 October 2011

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I caught a snowman
in July
that made me music
made me magic.

19.X.11

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Long silk satin night gown
color of vino, a word to wake me
all the tears that don't know how to flow—

you are so dear to me,
foreign traveler
beside me every night

there are white packages
on the rain steps
when we wake

reddish rapture rakes the leaves
October chores
decode the moon

renounce remembering
it takes so many years to cry
to reach the point where I had been

capture midnight
in a little glass
all my sorrows half the size of yours

rain is good for confessions
I stand in line beside the murmuring air
for my turn to implore

this tree will hear me
this earth will bear me
I am alone with the unspoken

truth captive animals
whisper in their dens
cages locks cages clocks

nothing is new everything's again
converse is also true
depending, a song of contingency

of weeping for my mother
or for lost powers
for failures to love true enough

to keep them all alive
and make you happy
in wine-colored silk the perfect one.

19 October 2011

REMEMBERING

Start at the nape
and know your way down.
The spine's a library
of a special kind,
you read its books like braille
but the book keeps changing
as it gets read.
Never the same story
twice the same bone tells.
We are born almost literate
then get distracted
by the alphabet.

2.

So the boy resisted
some ordinary occupation
of the terrain, running,
walking, climbing.

Going meant a different
story to him he left you
to figure out. Did he mean
being seen by someone who cares?

Did he mean escaping
from some terrible *there*
into the shelter of a vibrant *here*,
center of an unknown world?

3.

The small of the back, though,
is like a midnight swim.
You forget everything
but the chill freshness all around you
till after a few minutes
your body appears to have made
the whole river the same
warmth as your skin.
The hand that touches is not
so different from what is touched.

4.

A spray of rain
quick, a shower's rattle
licking the roof.
You wake remembering the boy.
You can't forget
what you can't remember
exactly, the boy is vague,

precise details against a blur.

The actual is hidden

in the images you recall.

Whatever was the matter with his legs

now troubles your heart.

Your breath stumbles.

You stand in the huge field not moving.

How can you bear to play *Kinderszenen*?

Childhood is the worst time of all.

We have to live eighty years to be healed.

5.

A generalization, perhaps even true.

But it doesn't help you find the boy

or race with him across that meadow

on which all the past ones move.

Who does he keep remembering himself in you?

The cars have their lights on in daylight

headlights flare on wet asphalt

five minutes ago the sun was shining—

I try to remember the sun

it was somewhere above me

I think it loved me or tried to

it had no legs and a million arms.

6.

If we went walking out now
we would only get wet—
that could be something to share,
even understand a little,
endure the democracy of skin.
But as you say, he was a monarch,
your lame princeling, and a king
has no need to share, a king
will never understand love—
affection, maybe, but not that lunge
of heart that tells even the wisest children
that what you mean is there, that boy, that girl,
you need him your life
is about him, to walk with him at last,
go up to him and say Get up
little boy, come walk with me.

7.

Come walk with me.
That's what we're always
up to. To go together
from here. To go
and get here again
changed. He could not
change. He can walk

only in your memory
where all the rest of us live too,
the rivals. The real.

8.

Sun again, color of the trees.
The rivals all live in you,
where else can the remembered stay.
lodged in the curious temple of your skin,
the dream in two shoes?

It's like a poem, that strange artifact
where the inside is bigger than the outside
and the doors keep opening forever
you have the beautiful strength to go on walking.

20 October 2011

AUTUMN

Late day. To cherish
all the evidence.

What we love
is all around us.

The cloud and the chance
of colors, the wind
shifting the blue
in and out of the above.

The above is never
closer. Cherish
what is natural to us,
the season. The eternal
the never returning.

20 October 2011

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True measurements
children on the moon

the house will empty soon
you think the sun

drifts over the horizon
but in the body of this theory

the sun takes all her light
back into herself

then twists down into
a pine tree on the bluff

into the core of the tree
and the wild geese, dozens of them,

settle down for the night
yelping gently in their flotillas

on pools of lost light
they slouch towards the dark.

21 October 2011

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They have cut and mowed
seeded and mulched

They went away
supposing the earth itself

would abet their enterprise
and make grow out of itself

what they want, their
interminable intentions.

But earth always wants the other thing.
Agriculture is blasphemy.

22 October 2011

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Make a body of her harp

yes, a harp of her body
her bones the consonants her flesh
the vowels her skin the tune
but who knows the song?

22 October 2011