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Leaning on the corner or the tree the lamppost the blue air
so much to wait for trucks and argosies
the robed merchant studies out to sea

we count the fish only when we come to land
a man crouching by the fire waits for me
I think I am the last one ever to come ashore.

1 September 2011

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SEPTEMBER

my time again

assign note values to every shade of gree

exaggerate into song

how can the simple touch of skin ecstase you so

words too are shells to break the meant meat out

we all are lawyers when it comes to love.

1 September 2011

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When I reached the top of the stairs I called
I opened a door and there was no one there
but I was there I had to be enough for the place
all a man can do is adequate his space
a woman though can move the meant around
between the never stops the dance that no one does.

1 September 2011

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This is the morning of meaning
this is where the matter is
spirit testimony blue images
tumble out of old poetry
we make the ballads literal
the faerie queen the warm
weight beside us in bed.

1 September 2011

= = = = =

Sit there, isn't it? Slap.
A forceful pulsion on the river's side.
The flat of water smite.
Verso me more, show, show
that I may know, and knowing strike.
Beat the tocsin of your skin.
Sounds cruel but love ables
to endure a stranger's kiss!

The opera ends.
We take our medicine
that bitter taste left on the lips alone is love.
How so sour? Slip. (Spit.)
How so rover? Clap. (Door shut.
Screen door flaps in wind.)
You prairie? I praise!
Fingerprints? On windowpane.

He thought from far away the cool of your skin.
Each human form a contour he means to know.
Inhabit. Touching
you is like walking into the shade of a tree.
Touching you is a relief from being me.

Everyone is alone but only some of us know it.

Never touch the lower body of a dying person.

There, that's something I told you you didn't know.

But does the skin of your back leave prints on my fingers?

Experimental science a blown-out light bulb.

Summer on the porch deleted underwear.

Even the newest kind wears out

and then there's nobody but you.

1 September 2011

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The swing or bascule of the maiden swung
 in her own night the crank creak of chain
 from swingset hung against the ordinary cricketing of
 this kindly place we try to remember
 and never will, we are so caught in.

Forget having. Verb a young man needs and never gets
 hence 'need' hence Sokrates on Love's penury
 Erôs in tatters, ever *dürftig* as music.

Surrender surrender. Adorno was a bitch.
 Elegant fat man of the right to blame—
 Epiktetos, answer him in your soft Chinese: *No blame*.

2.

Of course sometimes the maiden's me—
 I'm as vulnerable as any warrior,
 soft as you, needy, bitchy, full of requirements
 the City is not meeting, dragging
 people where I think they want to be next.

3.

Does a house ever come back?
 That's all Cæsar needs to know.
 Taxation supports evil.

There is a bank in Bochum for ethical banking.
The crow calls in the Himalayan forest just like here.
There is a river that washes money. Find it
and the king's thigh place will heal.

4.

Organdize your kitchens, Ma's.
The sheer light knows you and every
breakfast an Athenian
autumn New Year begins.
You *have* to live a sacrament.
It has to be ritual or wrong.

2 September 2011

= = = = =

To taste the no of another.

To parse the kisses.

We live in a small part of the disease,
the world at bay.

Bring me so long the apt etude.

Monsoon meanings too much all at once.

Be bible careful or keep low to skate—
now the body reasons! and the long song

only the hands know how to sing.

2 September 2011

= = = = =

The unreal real that rings around my head.
The things that something claims that I remember.
Playing ping-pong with Sonia in Crown Heights.
As if it mattered that the blood still heats
from the central copper boiler deep in a man's body,
nothing matters so much as that heat does,
the star inside, the cosmos snuggled in the loins.
I gripped the paddle by the blade the way we did
show-off I still feel the puckered rubber the puff
of ball off it the clatter on the table when who
invented celluloid what do I really want to do.
In her cellar rec room. Sixty years pass. Poetry
happens like that all the time. The smell of movement
but nobody dances. Sometimes we're too
close to care and once again the poor skin
moves in to take the blame. Be far! Listen,
it is the Angelus ringing on a blameless earth.
And only I am wrong, and the fading light agrees.

3 September 2011

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Hemispheres of innocence still exist
but the ball cracks open
the air inside becomes the air out here
and all the game is lost.
And we can preserve only what we lose.

3 September 2011

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This old car knows how to reach the moon.
Or what am I not saying,
are you really interested in my confusion
or am I just one more cigar
you lick before lighting?

3 September 2011

= = = = =

I knelt before you and said Kneel before me.
It was my way of running away,
my little way of dying before they kill.
And they aren't even there.
So this is not writing, this is the dark of the moon
trying to turn into light.
Women raise their voices in the trees.
"Everything defiles me, everything is blame."

Imagination is the beast that ruined me.
I thought I saw I held and fell away,
forests are for strangers, I lost your name,
I followed the shadow—
does hungry bird need your permission?
Change the way you think and everything comes to life.

3 September 2011

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Fixing what went wrong when nothing did.

Grey humid sky port of Douala

in the rainstorm the leaves have faded

the terrible crime of telling the truth.

Voices, voices! I have come to Africa

again. At last. Loud boasting tone.

As if I were myself the whole jungle.

3 Septener 2011

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Each stands before some sort of mirrors, asks
Why did I choose this form to be human in?

It is your death that stares out at you from the glass,
ballrooms, corridors, glass doors,
your reflection is the double, the doppelgänger
a man sees before he dies.

Every mirror shortens your life.

Huge empty ballroom not a sound
not a music not a soul to dance it

but in the woods there's plenty trouble,
the real unreal of memory and desire.

3 September 2011

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Blue flowers growing up the hill
mist monsoon the jungle almost cool
for here is everywhere.

Magic—

promise me
you won't read about it
you'll just do it—

an ape among feathers,
a sea in your ear.

2.

Leave the gate open, the moon is coming in.
the sweet gestures of your departures
sudden shoulder, flirt of hip among the tombstones,
for *Here Lies Summer*

Full of Sin

sunshine's poisoned kisses
grace-hoping alcohol of lust
o dear child avoid the weather,
men can hurt you but the world can kill.

3.

How weak the script I wrote to carry us
the stage creaks and wobbles beneath our steps
commodious sound of busy emptiness,
watch me strut for you, darling,
men die of silence.

3 September 2011

= = = = =

Storm breaking. Freaks of smoke
pluffed off the grill, once
men ate outdoors they knew no better—

now keep the out out there safe from us,
from our inside where hurt is habit
and language sulks, a family
walking in the woods spoils the woods.

3 September 2011

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Dignity of the sea
expressed by a shell,
a lover's cry
by sausage coiled
over bleak embers,
will it ever be ready
will it ever speak?

3 September 2011

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A long poem bleeding history

Under the rafters of a ruined chapel
hide-a-bell hide-a-bell the Angelus is weeping
men knelt down in the fields—
she was thought to have said Kneel down to me:

every man wants to become the Mother of God.
And be the god she gives birth to.
And the villain who hoists him to the cross.
And the baffled lover who lifts him down.
Every man wants to be the tomb of Christ
the flaxen shrouds all nard and sweet boswellia,
the tomb door open, daytime straggling in
with startled women reaching out,
every man wants to be the risen Christ,
every man wants to be the simple morning light.

3 September 2011

