

9-2010

sepF2010

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "sepF2010" (2010). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 139.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/139

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.

= = = = =

The edges have worn off sleep
and the field around the house
is more moon than matter.

Why do we ever wake?
And once we do why
don't we do it all the way?

Then we could be there
the way it is
whichever way you look.

17 September 2010

Piano Quartet in c minor, No.3, Op. 60

Caught a moment
wiggled like a fish
silvery wet
even smelled like Brahms

this western air
like the nape of a blonde neck.

Thought of the Pyramids
all these years waiting
but why do they sound like me?

17 September 2010

= = = = =

Couriers from Vienna
make up their news
as they climb the weary passes
through the Dolomites
and down into insolent Tyrol.

By the time they get
to Brixen or Bozen or Trient
it will all be different,
their horses change color in the night,
someone's always at war with someone

but in King Laurin's rose garden
the messenger has baffling dreams
he tries to forget all the next day—
iron cold the river is,
back home the Emperor's pretty wife is dead.

If people ask him, he has nothing to tell them but his dream.

17 September 2010

=====

Can it talk to me now?

And who might I be

and by what right

Speak or even listen?

17 September 2010

= = = = =

A rose is pink
by petal
lip not leaf.

Far down
any stem decides.

A calm defilement
of the light.

For you and in you
color of our need.

17 September 2010

= = = = =

The nerve of needing
pricked by the needle of want
makes grand boulevards
yearn with traffic, every
window sacred to desire
and the more one wants
behold! the more one needs.
And when it's midnight
fangless serpents creep.

18 September 2010

= = = = =

Holiness on Saturday
sleeping between twin
exaltations (Shabbos,
Sunday) permits
the horrors to go on.
American football.
Liquor store holdups.
The scream of night.

18 September 2010

= = = = =

As if in Italy the cold
morning half-hidden
in the notional garden
made of shadow
made of hills and trees
where the crows move
and the light must
somehow feed them too
their cries the insolent
beauty of their cries.

19 September 2010

= = = = =

Why does one thing have to lead
to some other, why can't it
just be this. Far away
this moment lights a beacon
so I can find my way to it,
where working men are out on strike
beneath the moon's *alabaster rosary of clouds*
and all the coordinates are braided of your hair.

"Joe Hill"

Hofmannsthal

19 September 2010

= = = = =

A relief to see the smallest marmot
still surviving, snug lair under oil tank—
someday winter will come, then we'll need
all the artifice of fur and fire,
even friends, how can I name them
when the sound of them would make
even the cheesiest poem glamorous
like an FBI file blacked out too well
by a deranged minimalist, we need
a footnote here, even so the sun
has risen what are we waiting for now
the coffee's warm, all the crows flew away.
People like me need to be in control—
sonnets just footnotes on feelings passing by.

19 September 2010

=====

My eyes are more like squirrels
than Heidegger. Don't stare.
Things don't want to be studied, things
want to be noticed and desired and forgotten,
like debutantes all caught up in the dance.

19 September 2010

== == ==

1.

Maelstrom of a mind
engulfs all information
and deranges it to its own whirl—

hearing what we hear
becomes the meat of me,
vast play in which every
text is a character out loud,
fluidity of identity, no
such thing finally, a hawk
sat on the lawn and looked
all round, big unnervous
bird. We all are prey.

2.

Waiting for the cows to come home
we have travelled far. Meek
lunches, resolved not to flirt
with the genial waitresses of Earth,
we have done out own waiting.
Rocks in the Mojave envied our sleep.
If you sit still long enough, we said,

everything will catch up with you
and settle at your feet. Zipcode of Eden

3.

Enter here, your dazzling variety.

Don't ever move. They bring you wings
that fly you away all by themselves.

But there is no such place as away.

19 September 2010

ORGANIC

as of carbon, oxygen,
hydrogen, nitrogen,
ancient priesthood
of the living. The lady
left at midnight—
prayer is better in the dark,
the moon's the fattest candle,
wind gave her the words
to say, how well they worked,
by dawn she was no one.

19 September 2010

= = = = =

Have they ever caught the one
who left us here?

Twilight

and green stars happening,

a voice

fell out of the dead rose bush
pretending to make sense.

We lingered

listening.

We thought the dead flowers

were flames,

there was a wall but it was made

of glass, we tried to climb over it but fell in—

don't people know yet we're trapped in a mirror,

just one mirror for us all,

and everything

we see is the wrong way round?

20 September 2010

=====

In this cosmos round here
carbon is a liquid and
steel runs uphill because
the sky is stronger than the earth.
Levity. The only noises
come from inside your head.
You are unaffected spiritually
by these derangements—
you drink diamonds, you bathe
in cool molten copper,
it leaves a salty sugar on your skin
like blood or money.
Probably you're happy—
most people are happy whether
they know it or not but
you tend to know these things
because you were watching when
they first put on their bones.

20 September 2010

= = = = =

Welcome to the other side!
We've been waiting decades
for you to recognize you're here.
You always used to think
you were in nature. Now you know—
someone carved you from a peach pit
and twanged a banjo string beside your ear
and you began. Since then you thought
trees are your friends and music's
good for you. It's better now.
We'll teach you a little Polish
and hold you calmly by the hand.

20 September 201

$$\sqrt{-1}$$

It helps to know the square root of minus one—
it works like Wicca and they'll kiss your feet.
With that and a book of matches
you can reach the moon. Or haul it down.
Even take a bite and claim it for your own.

20 September 2010

= = = = =

To greet the day
calling out its name—
Hey you, Yellow One,
give me back my shadow

god knows where he went all night,
what denizens he blended with
my deliberate silhouette,

I need him now
to conjugate my every verb.
It's hard to find the ground without his feet.
no wonder I fall asleep when he's not here.

21 September 2010

= = = = =

Light glowing in my eyes—
could that be you?

The light that keeps us from seeing
is a strange morning light
breaks through the trees as if
as if nothing is worth looking
at but only with.

21 September 2010

= = = = =

A skeleton in the waiting room
wearing a tee shirt—a case
of premature life, like a postcard
from Hawaii, babes on the beach,
winter and the man is blind.

21 September 2010, Hudson

= = = = =

There's a certain kind of pen
you have to write with every day
or it stops working. Stiff
in your fingers but no ink flows.
Use it constantly and it will
write down everything you please
and many a thing you didn't know,
things you don't even mean,
bird cries, gossip from Aldebaran.

22 September 2010

POETRY THE HIGHER JOURNALISM

News from a working stiff—
nothing happened,
read all about it.

22.IX.2010

THE MEANING OF DECAY

Forget it. There are children
with grey hair, they stumble
on the merry green, they fall.

The shapely cloud above your house
dissolves—

Formlessness vague as music
foams down the sky.

All day long
we are falling through an empty space
faster every hour.

Stop.

Crawl inside this very moment and be still.
But you still hear the sound of everything rush past.

22 September 2010