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[SQ – The House the wood, cont'd]

But wait, I want to understand this house I see
who lives there and why
and why do we live in houses when
we once lived in air made up alone
of fugitive molecules of scent
a man could grab and globe together with his hands
and some man did we called him god
and saw him through the window
walking in the orchard in the cool of the evening

this is pieced together from Charles Stein's dream
enacted itself in me as he told it
and I a second or two in advance of his telling

and from the Bible, that ghostbook of half a planet
gaunt feathers of a dead bird's wing

what if it's not a house not a window
geometry fallen in the woods
a house a broken flowerpot a
house

but you saw it there

and the elvish trickery of vegetative powers
shivered in the foreground, *see me, see me*
they whispered, *do not see what you look at*
till you look only at me.

But what did you see?

Robert Duncan walking through the woods he never did?
Apollo toying with the leaves of who she'd been,
licking them, leaving them long moments in his lips
while he thought of *another thing?*

(8 May 2012)

=====

Things that just plug in
be weeping at the sound of
the Green Man humping in the woods—
for only he is permitted
to make love among the trees—
you remember how wrong it is for us:
not the good wrong of naughtiness
but the deep bone-aching wrong of
wrong place wrong time wrong me.

9 May 2012

=====

The body is an unborn child—
preserve its life to come.

We go from small womb of mother
to the great womb of the world

—all men are brothers—and then
here and now in full life be born but how?

9 May 2012

=====

Thinking of father thinking of now
parts of a world

till I am alpha in my own way.

9.V.2012

ORCHARD

And then the apple tree answered
and we were rife with understanding
—feel of pale cloth, scent of open sky—

“humans are the phase between blossom and fruit,
all leafy profusion and sighing in the wind
and artful shadows cast, but not much meaning.”

10 May 2012

=====

What is the real name

of this sentient being we are?

Human says not much (we walk on the ground)

People's just a horde of the lower classes—but what is any one of them?

Man means mind but where is *she*?

Woman is a wife to man but we're no closer.

Person is a mask we put on but who are we when we take it off?

We have no name.

We are someone else.

10 May 2012

CHACONNE

H.G. plays J.S.B.

Calling away from shadows
his voice through her hands
his voice for a blessing.

10.V.2012

=====

Lifting the spear upright
be the same as music

or you know
how to love the gleam of her

and leave it there
you are untrammeling now

a broken pot
only at the rim

holds water still
but very hard to pour.

11 May 2012

=====

Outside men build fences
 the valves inside slide open shut by day
 letting the heart light out the while they swink
 it is a blue field, master, with a white
 turret on it, a hillock made by fairies
 and the Queen of All raised it with her smile.

2.

We have Spartan manners now
 rude musics more hop than hip
 collide on the north side, bible spills,
 youths exhaust themselves with pondering
 what other youths may think of them.

For we are mere doubts in shadowville
 cross-smutched for the wrong crusade
 (o analyze other! o cost yourself!)
 for we are worth it too no matter what we say.

3.

Elephant bone Latvian amber
 make wreath a rosary to slow the mind
 until it sees at least the shadow
 of itself moving fast from

south to north again forever.

This jangling string we finger till the pole.

4.

Compress analyze listen and expand—
four hearts in no-quarter time. No wonder
men build fences, women shut their eyes.
Something's happening—must be the sky.

11 May 2012

=====

There is something to be said for pain
a headache woke me
i don't know where this is going
because all the odes have come to sing
and some have stayed. Vers libre
of the ancients, like Aristophanes'
divided spheres turned lovers
seek to be each other, strophe 2
bends to take on the form of strophe 1
and it sounds like heaven honey
we bend into each other to be love.

So call that poiesis without mytho-
anything, let the story of the gods
and the creation (ha!) of all things
spin out of the measure of your song
and all the words it sucks from mind
that sometimes stick. Gettysburg
in autumn mist i saw, all the blood
was in the grass and flowers now
and some in me of one who fell there
and got up again and went home

but there is no home after warfare,
a soldier is a wandersman forever after
and part of your great exile, sire,
is this small me, some civil war
still sullen in my head, your wound my now.

12 May 2012

NULL PROTOCOL

for Liz Grey

The character of the thing
is the problem, Liz, there is
no pattern but the sad bad
mad glad pudding of the head
the brain or what mystics
licking the mirror call the mind.
Here I am is all the stanza says
a room for you to walk around in
take off your clothes and be
in danger be in delight or sleep
falling asleep in the poem is best.

I mean there is no conscious
strategy no matrix no algo-
(Greek root for 'pain') rithm
no template no procedure
just write down fast as you can
the devious splendors of
the almost-waking mind.
There, I use that word too--
we all love the taste of glass.

You could call Narcissus
god of this world, who looked
on what he saw and called it good,
the image and likeness of
o my god we all need to believe
there is someone out there
who looks back at us.
Read me into your dreams.

You delight in finding patterns and symmetries that are present a work. But certainly in most of my work they may be there—but unintended; they are *rang.byung*, the ‘self-arisen’ systems. The sum of all of them is probably what we mean by the mind

So I’m sure there are patterns and procedures embedded in *Uncertainties*, but they are there without any intention or awareness on my part. I would not be (in Blake's phrase) enslaved by a system—not even my own.

12 May 2012

=====

The trouble with both sides is neither.
And then the kitchen fills with flies
and the husband shrieks and runs to the garage
where though it's warm the flies are slow,
sleepier—this is what is called exurban summer
this is the ash left after city life is done.
Lilacs withered in one more cold night. Grass
lush as it is will freeze you if you sprawl.
Hot. Cold. That's all you feel anymore.
You're a citizen of the weather and no more sleep.

12 May 2012

FOILING MEPHISTOPHELES

Being with the quiet
letting it

come and go
let slow

happen head
all the quick

be meek love
at peace

only in
behold.

2.

Argument after
the deed, recompense,
betrayal, abandonment,
Gethsemani, surcease
of dreams, desires, rude
waking, cave, cavity,

hallows, caverns
of the Dordogne. We
are where we have been.
Darwin's Natural Agency,
We are tethered to our tree.

3.
So just for once
procrastinate,
verweile doch
not because it is so
sheen so fair
but forbecause
it's all there is.
Lingering is
the same as going.
There is nowhere else.

13 May 2012

[SQ— BLUE POOLS]

Light misbehaving.

Light, you
took our things away
not even their shadows
are to hand, you
left us just your self
and not much of that,

your radiance all umber'd
and all the brilliancy
condensed to three blue pools

(color of the square halos
of Byzantium, dignity of devils,
every being bad or good
has its own glow)

the dark keeps answering

And then I see it could be woman
could be rocked loins could be breasts
the parts of promise

shimmer pools
becoming the dawn sky
and storm light at the margin

margins of desire *margins of thought*

and we remember the great poet
who sailed past us two dozen years ago
into the like, luminous uncertainty,
strange light, light misbehaving,

yellow-green light of earthquake and Golgotha

that a woman stands in darkness
firm against equivocation

what can they be
who speak to me?

Look longer,
set the buried caverns free

personate wall
and all time is burin'd in my hide.

13 May 2012