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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE WOUND

ice fell or your father's daughter
not mine a broadcast value
seminal in lame earth yet
by some dint blossoms—whose?

Are you listening gorgeous? Famous
lunches of the Athenians, nurses
prompt to pleasure, navy base
an island? To wrap myself
in you as distances blue with mist

*importune your animals
by whisper be it said
that bare muscles hear
whose wettest song*

Then when morning finally got around
to getting here with all its buses and blank
faces our notebooks folded and we
too ismised among the weary nurses
and the city did painterly shimmers for us
across the ultimately uncrossable lagoon—
a word ill-suited to the ever-falling snow.

28 January 2011

= = = = =

Had to catch enough of it to begin
take myself out of the game later
the way the wind falls out of the trees
at five o'clock and the earth breathes up

replace me with a more accurate theology
just let me find my glasses to find the shelf
that hides the book I'll take my glasses off to read
adventures in Wombat Land when god was young

because there is something old about the place.
Any place. As if it were here alone long
before we came to visit or infest it. And that's
palpably unlikely. Nothing was before we are.
And what could it know itself with without our eyes?

28 January 2011

BLISS

that's a snow word a loaded word
gone west in our sinister acropolis
(in shadow of Ionic columns
rubbed her back on a pilaster)
because it is always appropriate
to walk slowly around a thing
holding a twig of pear tree in your fingers
lightly as if you'd gone to dowse
the intentions of the Coming Beast
(roll over, you're snoring)
I need my coffee, religion
is too far from here in human weather
(teeth of ancient rhetoric, zeugma thee
with me or is it a much bigger bird
strouthos to hoist thy chariot to me)
pelt of a virgin, torque of a Celt
(what is gold? answer at the back of the book)
in fact love is exactly like algebra
but I can't at the moment say why can you
liberty has something to do with it, solving
for two unknowns, but why in Arabic?
Children wait for politics to be over

have you noticed all the naked dancers
who celebrate city ceremonies in the clouds
how they cavort solemnly as liturgy
talking only with their moving limbs or
scordatura of wind chittering oak trees brown
those corpse leaves left to mock our summer
(o come to me again this time I won't
or let you go, take off your clothes
there are so many books to read)
aggressors natural this climate got to eat
nobody ever counts the flowers in the vase
or if they do don't bother with the petals so
we are surrounded by an innumerate beauty
(earth has fingers we touch no skin but our own)
my prize icicle is four feet long
in polished silver card-case see the lily reflect
last night's music unheard now reechoes
(a property of morning like stubble on my chin)
touch me I am a foreigner hear me awake
do people live in houses for wrong reasons?
is there a climate where Cleopatra's still alive
still young audacious and skilled in chemistry
linguistics she with the great *pharmakon*
she who was the last to read the stones?
(listen harder if you crave her attention)
the birds are weary with their own clamor
like playing children waiting for nightfall

voice of the mothers bidding them come home
away from the contingencies of other people
(no one can suffer like a child don't you remember?)
roll over and talk to me at last or is all this
just a one-night stand but the night never ended?

29 January 2011

= = = = =

The figure walking where we know
an uttermost animal
no matter that she speaks
it is between us and the snow—

language made me, and the marshes
of Long Island, not much more than that
I know, some agency I've always known
just out of sight but prompted me

clearly, sometimes I listened.
Who is she after all
except the apex of a triangle,
me abashed and the great unknown.

30 January 2011

=====

A piece of word
lying in the snow.

A board. What
could lumber really mean?

30 January 2011

= = = = =

Gave too much seed and we got rats.
That's a few years ago but the point
holds. Not the what but the where.

Be generous far from home. The Oxfam
principle—local suffers need not apply.
Our gifts are glory overseas.

30 January 2011

= = = = =

If only they didn't smile
so much or make me worry
about the cause of it or them
and I don't even know who they are

a two day storm is brewing
in the west if snow and ice can
be said to brew and here we are
sun shining on hot coffee

we know what that means
the speakable becomes the thinkable
while crows inspect the air—desire
is one, but has so many faces

like greasy fingerprints left on the sky.

31 January 2011

= = = = =

Is it there yet, the achieve thing
like a boat battered on the rocks
till it's stoved in and sinks
except for the stuff of it, wood
and cord, the actual,
which goes on floating
as long as water is,
its design scribbled into the universe.

31 January 2011

= = = = =

Plan:

to write the poem
into things

not like graffiti
but like an echo
slow to die away

heard again
each time you
strike the rock.

31 January 2011

= = = = =

After. not before.

I'll be upset afterwards
after the circuitous meeting
and the dismal memorandum,
then there is time to wonder
at the incestuous union
it is to be with any human.

Or those prints in the snow,
animal? Human? Whoever
came close is gone now.

Will it always be so?

31 January 2011

μουσ □

To be docile
beneath her
only sometimes
half protest
or seem to,
she silences
my emptiness.

31 January 2011