

2-2010

febE2010

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "febE2010" (2010). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 459.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/459

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.

9.

Silver bracelet no one wore
one rose for each day of the week

weeks like our sad sevens anyhow
where are the works that reach

the hearts of the people he sang was it
people or the people my own heart worries

the difference also is a band around the wrist
steel or silver Billy in the derbies that

is one more reference to a culture lost
into the richness of its own becoming *No Blame*

the line of the hexagram said so Nixon
went to China you went to California

who knows what places to touch the heart
of people what infection we bring with us when we come

strep-mind and the walking dead blue factories
explode round the reigning he-whore of the hour

a popinjay in power an angel fallen
he was Romanian and wouldn't talk to me

stay home and wend nowhere and get it right
fill in the place names later

to site the loves you met and mingled on the way
no road is better than here today

all the maps in the world show
nothing but the wood grain in your table.

9 February 2010

10.

Asked if she did get a tattoo where would it be
a small red rose on the left side she decided

remember the names remember the roses
soon you'll have nothing left but wheat and afternoon

so many people have to talk to you
before you learn to listen, too late to be

a virgin of the inner ear Romanesque arch
Henry James gazes at in the Touraine

no names please we're all women here
that is silver roses strangling our wills

a name is a baffle of identity no names
to measure up against no names

because a name is just more politics
I was never born I am not with you I am just here

like a scar on the wind
or a blind man singing in an empty street

never mind never mind
and I'll give you a rose.

9 February 2010

11.

So much saying and no waiting
a suit of clothes she knows enough

to pull her hand away when too lightly
he lays his Saturn finger on her wrist

as if he were a bird landing on a wall
she's supposed to be afraid of losing him

once again to the all-devouring air
from which he'd fallen bruised and fluttering

not ten minutes back when she came to his house
and settled plumply on his hard Irish chair

trying to make herself look protestant and plain
then spoke he and to her consternation proved

the very father of her unborn thought
his DNA all sticky in her dreams

get out of here she wondered but it was late
the roses were all bloodshed and the road

sneered with sunlight o who can be seen
walking alone at noon along all the marriages

so they went common shopping by some market
in her poor wrist just the feel of his fingers and no pulse

terrible terrible what men lay on women
thank god there are few of those male animals left.

9 February 2010

12.

Beyond namable genders the truth begins
and gods move one by one among the orchards

intact from Eden I'd name you tree
if there still were names gone home

before that pompous demarcation two races
all two complementary in their *dispositif*

the evil symmetries of copulation
break down at the merest mirror

standing pool from which your unself
looks out and taunts you to become

just as she-he is a trick of the light
a loving yearning before any gender fell

nine iron nights from hell and tore apart
the seamless web of inner difference

uprooted mycelia drying leathery in sun
that once held conversation in the thick of earth

but there are no roots and the girls are boys
and virginity an incurable disease.

9 February 2010

13.

So what *is* in your mind, you wine,
what schemes to dominate desire spill

down the spiny arroyo all too full of you
so far from summer but a fly on the table

carries you back before any war
when littlest things scared you and you fought back

the way we nowadays mid-sleep
can fight peacefully with one another

no government can interfere
so you crushed a ripe tomato in your hand

you let it drop and pulp all over the sidewalk
you thought So this is Troy I must be Helena again

a war in a mid-wife crisis o I don't mean that
who can I send my thoughts to harry now

when all the world is married and asleep?
I'll get you in your doze my blue radiation

will creep from my hara to your happenstance
I don't want your money your religion your desires

I want the other side of water
just the momentary whims of wind

that spill a though from one glass to another
till the alchemist sets down her tumblers

content with how well mixed the seeds are again
fire with water water with fire.

9 February 2010

14.

Certain times of the day certain parts of the house
I'm not allowed to go that armchair is taboo

the one with sturdy wooden armrests in full sun
I sit across the room wish I were sitting there

in comfort of the back and all eyes closed
full aware of the refulgence all around me

as if I slumbered in molten gold and it was cool
still can't get up and go there it is so close

that chair is the night part of the house
and every floorboard has its own hour

scandal to touch furniture at the wrong time
I live by laws I discovered in the wood

in the shimmer of light different every room
so much for me victim of my own identity

but you are free to sit in every chair
you unimaginable other person just like me

what a simple number say two will do
if you keep using it year after year

to organize the mind for quick disclosure
lay its market fullness out on some plane space

Peruvian sunlight mother of bees
Our Lady help me set the things out right

because a customer is coming
who will not haggle and will not smile

will not say my name but when I touch the money
I suddenly and for the first time will learn my own.

9 February 2010

15.

Use the afternoon to pry open the night
then silence the dream all morning long

until one word is left just one
then write it down and show it to a friend

this is called giving someone something
or the Lie of Noon it loves you

and loves your friend and no one's harmed
except the starving animals you left behind in dream.

9 February 2010

16.

Or go to a country where they haven't used it up
you know what I mean dew is still fresh at noon on the lettuces

follow your body where it tells you Take me
your body is the anteroom of that country

that which points to the other they call it
down there in their ripe destitution

crowded in a jungle people everywhere
to answer if one day one learns to speak

where is all this getting to? a false
description of the mind, a 3-D plastic

model of the brain that doesn't work
the parts are mixed, the names are just colors

left over from your paintbox when you were six
and the colors are all wrong

the colors called when you were young
but you would never listen

now it's too late now the False Brain
is stuck with harboring the True Mind

your eyes ache every morning you can't sleep
snow lingers in the shady sulcae of your head

animalcules seen in microscopes abound
each one with a new disease you were born to cure.

9 February 2010

17.

Sometimes we like people and that's just too bad
we do nice things and take them out for tacos

too late too far east on Sunset to indulge
pretending we are pleased by what they pretend to be pleased by

then we all share indigestion but are in love
so the years pass and mostly you remember

the pork fat glisten on her lips as they curved
seriously as she began to speak the word Consider

and you have been considering ever after
what she meant and who she was and why

people leap up into the mind and fall again
into the neglecting and all you have left

is just that curve in phony mindlight
where once a woman was you tasted cumin on

and that is what you called love
and no one thought to contradict you

they all thought so too we all like tacos
pigeons spin in the air over Echo Park

what's not to like they say nowadays
I'll tell you what we never give anybody enough ever.

9 February 2010

18.

Do you know what you mean when you say the word 'god'
no but I don't know what I mean when I say the word 'you' either

so I just keep using words
till some guy comes along and tells me to stop

and even then I probably won't
till someone else comes by and tells me what they mean

and what I meant using them all these years
word after word sunshine rivers using you god.

9 February 2010

19.

Because the form proposes by itself
and the propositions it declares are void

of any abiding truth
a cat is a dog

the blue miracle goes on untouched
by all the red catastrophes

and the shape of the thing is all that matters
that and matter

how we rebel against the obvious
the eyes at the back of every woman's head

you have heard all this music before
so why should I stop

isn't repetition the blood of money
and your mother bought a record to hear *the same thing* twice

you listened too till you were filthy with light
like a passage from the Bible

preachers screech at captive children
till the cup runneth over and the dog dies

but the dog was never alive to begin with
culture is what rich people leave behind them when they die

we live on crumbs but they make us live forever
forever Jesus said the poor are with us are us.

10 February 2010