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72.

More days than deeds all night the plumber
plies her silver tubes with logarithmic calm

did you say might or did I hear the kingdom
fourth state of matter flush away the skull

they called it a child annoying on a flute
I too am made of tin or Zeus's own

pronounce me in northern mists a cliff
a climb a cleft to hide in and imagine

you're part of something just by being
here where this house is must stay

nine days then down a luminous muscle
through the body's dark awoke and pulled the day to you

I wore a caftan with you doing it
I was a picture on an old man's wall

skull means what is left when the chemicals
blacken down to not much but there's juice in them

the ash of all our asking
a newborn foal tottering a typewriter

not the bone of the bowl just the fruit in it
pale thigh spread aliquantum

just a little on the answering chair
as we say in Latin the all-seeing word

sit down beside me and be me

I am tired of not being who I mean to be

we need a more radical chemistry

there's too much love in the world already.

11 March 2010

73.

Have no story it wants to tell

judge be the light and jury the wind

and this much do: a citizen

death's reluctant commonwealth

fence out the neighbors' gaze those tiger eyes

they have pines and we have maples

one great linden where the ash once stood

caput mortuum the form of words

I tried to lick your alchemy you moved away

opened a collar let the cat run free

what cat a forest of benches not a single tree

just that poor man nailed to the wall

somehow makes you better why is that

kids will be Christian soon enough or worse

rock and drugs lead straight to Calvary

sex just some cheap hotels along the way

I want to be the priest of ghostly dreams

stand up in you all night and lead you on

this utterly alien theology the way

through the mirror and under the door and touch

and all you have to do is pay attention

I want to god your sleep and boy your waking

what is *wrong* with that tree

the acrid terebinth I peddle as my syrup.

11 March 2010

74.

I I we say but not every I is me

I is a grammatical convenience

halfway between screwdrivers and machetes

a bottle of glue you can't touch without sticky fingers

walking through a house can be climbing a hill

some rooms are hard to find you finally come in

gasping for air but that's what doors are for

mouths of space you're inside now and don't know why

you're just a convenience too a somebody or other

who fumbles with the doorknob slumps onto the davenport

leafs through a perfect stranger's photo album

looking always for the Perfect Stranger

you breed tropical fish bite each other lips

anything I'm afraid to touch you do supremely well

burn this letter sift the ashes into milk drink the milk

a sober drunkard suffused with wisdom

now you are everything it ever said

the words are in you cellular and fresh

you call all your friends one after another

every window in your house has a monkey in it.

11 March 2010

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1.

Robust entanglements of desire

what can you tell me about this salt

why is it pink where does it come from

why do we have to move

mountains from one country to another

2.

Let there be blue again our neighbors.

The big cats and porcupines are still here

the wild turkeys of Eden stammer-footed step

none too wary down the hill.

Everything is always new.

3.

rNying means old of things and customs

rGan means old of living people.

What use such words when everything is new?

Sometimes you want to talk about a windmill

or distinguish it from the miller's daughter.

You shouldn't think about those things.

The world is new.

4.

Any resemblance at all is coincidental.

Also wrong. There is no drawing,

no outline, no master plan.

Just pieces of bright tile from which one day

a mosaic might get married then dispersed.

The cool little pieces in your fingers are enough.

12 March 2010

PATH

Is there anything to be said the rain doesn't know already
or what can you teach the night fog lifts
so quiet first faint among the trees
as if at the end of the day they too exhaled
weary from a work we see every day but can't imagine

can you, the practice of trees?

12 March 2010

75.

Let me begin with this

pen bought in Darjeeling ten rupees ago

now 3x9 years later made to speak

sing if you're lucky

who have rested lovelorn hips on granite

waiting for the sheep to come back to life

but winter is forever summer's just some colors

soon gone – add it all up and subtract me

kids on the fire escape wait for the air

under the streets the sewer's urgent dictionary

it reasons us right out the door

Bougainville sails home perplexed

ah the curious customs of humankind

sad little girls playing house with the world

I learned all this in the mountains so simple

women came first men are their creatures

the latter never figure out the former the former

puzzle all life long at what she's made and why

go stand in the sunshine go wake your shadow

it knows the whole story but it's raining.

13 March 2010

76.

Spring rain in mercy's fact

a presto by Johann Philipp Krieger set me hoofing

now he largo's and I get logy

o quiet morning before the world

there seem to be crows living in my house

silence in heaven my wife on my lap

I have lived my whole life on kindness

is that something else I can give who knows

stars hide away in daytime but they're here

hide from them in sleep well-fed by dream

without sensory input would not last a day

therefore have I painted this story to play in your ears

story? if there is no hero there can be no death

awake or asleep no end to listening.

13 March 2010

77.

This is the one I wanted you to be

now take I and you away and be just be

the matter world thinks green again

the small rain remembers everything

tighten sphincters aggress aggress

nonetheless I liked the look of you sitting there

legs crossed to keep from speaking

by now they're allowed to forget

speak kindly to your fence is breathes the distances

so close you can almost touch your hands

every word you speak thanks you for being

I was standing in the cellar worrying about the light

get the buried gear into daylight the dead years

how to forget a book you read

it's busy remembering itself inside you all day long

at night you dream alternate solutions

let your bones take over

they'll walk in snow to accurate outcomes

the man in the mask was your mother

the stolen emerald is a bridge across the Seine.

13 March 2010

78.

The deer walk through our woods are not our deer
or we are theirs by sharing blood with sunshine

we are all little footnotes in the same absent text
he said and I allowed his imposition

annotations come in all sizes and alphabets
I will be as big as your momma windmill

and you can sip sherry from my daughter's shoe
he parried and I said I do not drink

I do not even think the day is dangerous enough
you have saved their shadows but let the birds escape

that is what it means to own a plot of ground

land refines your identity day by day

sometimes the earth tells you what it sees in you

to let you walk freely there and not be smitten

swallowed up eaten by the lion on the ridge

he said I said there is no lion and he roared.

14 March 2010

79.

Two deer is all it takes

to say everything at last for the first time

be near the Other Party and hear what's said

when all is said and done and what is known

somehow less than you expected from the cock

the fuss of sunrise and all that heralding

you wake up screaming too from dreams

and all you recall is the sound of your own voice screaming

am I corrupt to find the dawn so dangerous an alba

the night was bad enough and now comes all this

slender woman with your mind set on the future

no wonder I'm nervous when you're around

verb system with no present tense

I'm just a shadow from what's yet to come

a memory in flesh and blood across from you

half plaster and photography already

I am your past hurrying towards you

only this moment exists and not even that.

14 March 2010

80.

In Syracuse a servant of the state

how can the intellect escape from rational vantage

soul power only! anima in animal

that leaps us past what reason's calculating

or else society dies down philosophia arid

soul's ward we are and soul wards us

no desire should ever be examined

desire should be embraced loved accepted but not done

desire is the soul's own language

no body is needed to fulfill

desire for something or someone is not for an object

it is the subject of desire and mode of its chant

live inside desire and let it sing

don't spoil it by supposing an instruction

desire is soul shine, need shimmer,

the soul's sense of things

Plato perhaps came back more soulful

when we desire justice do not build prisons

for law is the parody of justice

and satisfaction is the parody of love

he said and I was glad to hear him

matching his meaning to the feel of your skin.

14 March 2010