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Are we waiting or is it now?

Some answer, please, Big Tiger.

I need applesauce, my pound of rumpsteak.

There's too much innocence in Gotham.

So Transylvania, OK? So blood

without meat, so flying without actual wings—

I spread my fingers to caress you—

how deep the insult of my truth!

yet truth I give you, pennies for the pilot,

the wrinkled party with the punting pole

pushing us slow across the frozen marsh to hell –

life after life I have paid for your journey,

murder me now. We still won't be even.

Because I have sullied your sameness,

dressed you in blue satin and made the earth

spin beneath your feet and call you Sky.

Among mortals all arts born from Desire.

4 December 2005

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So many orchestras
to play a single note,
the one I found
inside the wood of almost

dead tree, Brazil.

I tucked it in your body
to bring home. Now
all the cities sing it

and we are left alone.

4 December 2005

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A dog calling.

The moon tonight

bright scimitar.

A three-day curve of light

to hold what?

A heron by the edge of the lagoon.

And I don't have to name

anything any more.

4 December 2005

SOLOMON SONGS

The desert was always waiting
under the water, under the thought.
The things that were made – saxifrage?
scramasax? – by us or by another.
the soul of things, the virtues
continue to elude.

Knives and flowers
teach a thing or two. Sincerity
keeps coming up. Who could
be careful of a touch?

A luck. A *lock-in-cup*
(we goyim heard it)
a hole in the head
to spell the vacancy we need,
please mister, make my head empty,
put a hole in it the wind blows through
and tell me I can trust that information.

Please. Smell of lilies. Consider
the raiment whereof, speckled mauve and
mulberry in a furl of white:

Solomon—

a strange figure of a maybe man, king
not a king, a heathen Jew,
he knew and knew and knew
more than any man is supposed to.
Built a palace to protect his mind
and all his thoughts – his thousand wives—
commented like beehives in it
constantly reminding (the way wives do)
of this and that and here and there, until
everything on Earth was in his ken
and several miles each side of it as well.

Who did a temple build
to speak that mind
the way a steeple on a church
is exclamation point, hello to God –
and how many Gods it took to add up to One!

And the Temple of Solomon
was the human brain,
tap my fingers on the walls of it

and say my prayers,
os parietis, bone on the side of my head—
wall-bone, King of Heaven hear me
cleanse my thoughts
of righteous insincerity,
humble me to hear
what the smallest says,

hoist me on the eyelash of the loveliest,
the ugliest, the maiden in the middle
who live in the well at the bottom of my mind.

5 December 2005

GETTING READY TO GET READY TO BEGIN

Does the mind get tired as the year
winds down? Are we reciprocals
of weather or just the same?

Now is the time for variations: choose
some other mouth to speak from
then learn listening – is that the way,

Bach and that red-head from Venice,
listening to make song.

A word of other is worth ten of me.

5 December 2005

=====

Place people waiting.

Only people ever.

No one but people here.

People wait.

It is blue with them

and a little red

There are books that tell what it's like.

Do you believe the books.

Do you have a name too.

Names and nameless names

the tightrope walker with sweaty skin

has something hidden in his armpit.

Who? Ivory chessmen

not a full set – pay for the smell.

The water of the soup. Pay

for the air inhaled in that special place.

Pay for the mildew.

Sine wave. Sandwich the sound you mean

between you don't and you don't.

That way meaning like Nature

loves to hide. I love to hide.

Here come the pronouns

dancing on their knees.

2.

Punic alphabet spelling Aryan name.

A kind disgrace. Taste of salt still.

Tunisian anchovies thick with Roman law.

Climate turns out to be the whole story

(a game at chess) (pieces

incomplete) (blue

a little red). North a full set

of stars. Colors. What Dr Dee called

Æthyrs. And the Aires.

They are speaking in you right now

because you (just you) are waiting for me

under the old dead oak tree.

It is an ancient reciprocity

shaped like some other kind of tree

long after long after. Midnight.

Falstaff humming as he knots his tie.

Men die. The appetite goes on.

Marriage. Meet me in that shade.

5 December 2005

PALEONTOLOGY

By Bolton

Spa

hole in the lake

blue scupper

a tormented whale

embedded in our

sweet water

accommodates –

as we to *air*

that foreign element

one time learned to live in.

Maybe one day find another.

(6 December 2005)

HYDROLOGY

The fluidity
is animal

I reckon
under.

Bird plow
air. Picea
hammer my house.

Woodpecker.

Adventure
in the earth
a cablecar of liquid
down the cavern –

and there a one-eyed wonder sat,
Chrysmissa with her golden shoe

bottom of the lady of the bottom.

(6 December 2005)

CHEMISTRY

Take some of this
and add that.
Hold it a long time
in your mouth.

Listen to a Scriabin sonata.
Then spit it out
carefully in a little glass
and hide it in the dark.

A thousand years from now
someone will find it,
will take it in hand
and say I think this is gold.

(6 December 2005)

ADAGIO OF THE SIXTH SONATA

But who is listening?

He died at 57

or so. Or so the dates propose.

Go out on a date

come back in a box

the Irish pox

is superstition,

there is a fate in the littlest things.

(6 December 2005)

IN THE GARNET

In the garnet a gleam
in the gleam a door

doorway to another world
authentic world

Everything there is red
everything that is said
sounds like that color

Other place other place
bring me home.

(6 December 2005)

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the recurrence

of memory is more
than a mineral

though a mineral it is
a crystal of identity

a crystal growing in the air

my mother's sealskin coat
snug in the closet before I was born.

(6 December 2005)

MSG

AFAIK

U LMLAB

BUT NMH 4ME

BTD

CMIW

BUT FWIW

TNSTAFL

TTTT IK

TYT

OK X ME NOW

KOTL

N MEAN IT.

6 XII 05

ESCAPIST MANIFESTO

Any page in a storm.

6 December 2005

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And here we are
waiting for the electricity to fail
so we can see the stars again

and waiting for the hospital
to burn down
so we can die in our beds again

and waiting for the mind
to stop meaning so we
can stop wanting and wake again.

6 December 2005

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Castaways in Christmas trees
like sons of light and daughters of color
trapped in one form, as
A Shiny Apple.

World before the fall had
red and shine and appleness
freely distributed, not morphed
all together and then locked in form
alas into a single *Static Animal* or
Thing. Fairy light. Spun glass.
Shining streamers. Icicles. Angel hair.
Then the glass globes
that break like the glaze of caramel
on crème brûlée
then no more ornament.
Ornament. To decorate a tree
(itself a godspeak to decorate a world)—
Freya gave her love a hawthorn tree.

6 December 2005

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Examine everything but the evidence.

Everything else tells the truth.

The evidence is always up to something.

Wanting somebody to die to prove it.

Believe everything is what you want it to be.

If you do die, we all do, you'll die glad.

6 December 2005

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How to fill a pen.

How to walk again

after you turn into a tree.

Dante had no way to show you.

A ball is round,

it knows how to roll

and go on rolling.

No kind of bird

teaches this kind of song.

6 December 2005

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Is there a house
in the night?

Is there a magnet
that pulls Time?

A tower full of air
divided from
the ordinary atmosphere?

A sky where the stars
from the corner of your eye
write Hebrew words

gone when you look straight at them,
no word anywhere.

6 December 2005