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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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The sun is looking at me
with all her Right now!
Right now!
yelling out of the trees

She knows where I live
she knows what I need.

26 November 2003

MP3

making a small recording
of remember
and let the numbers
do my annals for me
just turn the gizmo on
and forget the mind

wander off
into those what you thought were
mountains and now who knows

who cares
as the wisest man I ever knew
sometimes out loud remembers.

26 November 2003

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS, 1642

Of course he'd be coming
from the ground. Follow
Christ's eyebeam to find
the resurrected man,

somebody's brother,
somebody's lover, look
where Christ tells him
to come out.

And suddenly
he is with us again,
mostly just a face
is what we see, i.e.,

an identity.

This was Lazarus.

This man died
until he heard a voice

denying his understanding
up to now of his dark condition.
The voice said to do something,
come, come out

of where you think you are.

The face of Lazarus
peels off the ground.

Already he begins to talk:

you can imagine the story
he'll be telling year after year
constantly enlarging, embellishing,
interpreting, maybe finally even

understanding the way he was,
the place he was, the thing
that happened to him and then
the thing that happened to that.

I was dead and then was not —
who else can say that but me?
We're tired of hearing his story
but we love his face,

face of a voice who listened
to another voice, listened
and came out of the ground,
our face, seeing us at last.

26 November 2003
Boston
& in the presence of it, at the MFA

Pause in the Flight into Egypt, 1645

empty lines so light
(a father picks
his daughter up
to see the picture)

the fine lines
so light the bird
Mary and her son
Joseph busy

the apple pared.

26 November 2003

Boston

(NIGHT SCRAPE, BOSTON)

What I caught caught me
a devil in the vegetables

Rembrandt's monk screwing in the cornfield
people have to do what they have to do

how long it was or will be
till pleasure was or will be considered good

for all love is licit
and I listen with my ear to the glass

desperate for what the other world is saying
the you of things, the over there

all those waves of speech
that beat against the tympanum

against the glass and squeal
the simpering tragedies of men

hard-benched on the galleys of desire
roustabouting through the sea

pomegranates wheat fields anything
is sweet is different is Valencia

in the Mission is a window with a person
looking out and speaking

a long walk on a cold night
with friends among the broken oranges.

26 November 2003

Boston

OFFRANDES

We have come so close
in all our cork our cinnamon
the stanchions of desire
guide our thick traffic
and we rhyme with a leaf

but does it finally avail
in the sense of a seacoast
as off Brittany an island
and the women in charge of the ferry
take you one way only

as if you had to prepare
for sunrise but what about me
all churchbells and candlewax
everything shaped like a woman
say and an owl flies out of a tree

I can't tell what kind at all
because everything is island
and hungry people of different sizes
gather around the gluttonous buffet
ancient tilers lay a temple floor

we see images of bulls and men
for we are we again and eagles
scare us less now, vultures
towers, half-forgotten brands
of cheese or cigarettes, iron law

wages and gluttony, prayers of the dead
and the neat waves arriving at the beach
hysterical terns shriek around their nests
because we understand things perfectly
but forget the little thing we know

the idea that is the phallus of the world
fit lodge inside the womb of as they are
but every morning I forget the trick
and start again, yeast and cormorants,
little bowls of water set out with reverence

to offer sky the reflection of the sky.

27 November 2003

Boston

FARANDOLE

(NIGHT SCRAPE, BOSTON)

The farandole means by hands
alone to hold the figure of the dance
the last one the one that takes
the dancers out of the house and night
hillsides have them, outlined
zanies scribbled against twilight
hand in hand a long line of them
wearing false memories of a social
joy it is not human luck to share
but the line of dancers keeps jogging
forward like a man remembering
details of somebody he once loved,
fast they dance and by a beat called
furiant or jubilant the investigate
the borders past which the darkness
has no hands and so it's up to us
o Christ, us, I didn't mean us to be
part of the operation, out of my minds
with tenderness the dancers reach the sky.

27 November 2003

Boston

LYRICS FOR THE DEATH OF GOD

The door nearby
nearly opens

it is a sea fog
come up Bellevue Hill

a fog with lights
east where the city

mostly is. And you
are with the scallops

pilgrim in another
weather over the edge

saltimbanque of some new
desire time

after time one
comes again to this

street hill dawn
clueless in bliss

never knowing
the place again but

loving it as if
and for the first

time itself.

2.

singing was,
mourning our mother
with the beard
our brother with holes in his hands
our sister snuggled wordless
drunk in our hearts

and all the busy you's
of poetry could easily
be decoded to mean you
lost one, neglected
name, idol
of the enemy
our deepest friend

3

remember us
your members
long before
you come
to life again

in us again
summoned (a
god is what we call)
by knowledge
of the absent self
knowledge
our of us with you
awareness shared,

28 November 2003

Boston

The body of work

meant the resistance
we offered to language
on its way through us

what happened
when it spoke

so it is a body
a place mark in the world
where someone for a minute
shaped the flow

a child's hand dangled in the stream
and the water flows curvilinear
around it leaving traces
measurable, brief

a word is that ripple.

28 November 2003

ANAMNESIS

Lazarus:

the scholar the analysand

his whole life became remembering.

28 XI 03, Boston

AN ARIA BY MOZART

something there
was there
something he heard
inside a flute
spoke gently to
telling it come out
come out
there is no danger
only the rain
glistening mercury
easing down the road
as if we of all
people had
anywhere to go
and ever every
antiphon is a woman who
answers us too.

28 November 2003

LETTER TO THE LANDLORD

Let something answer
the brute of speech,
High Maybe
in the brittle sky

you used to, you used to
and the whole ceremony is an old
voice coming over the stockade
what happens when

and to you too
as if another
silently sure waiting
the bus never comes

you get there anyhow
you leave phone messages everywhere
one of them has to be the truth
an ode or a node

hard to tell the cure from the disease
joyfully on your head
so distant her song
determines to be here

don't want some melody
want an animal
in your clothes
postcards from the gulag

a fix in a showed
a welt on the small
and low to behold
an image an idol tree

for I bent down to worship
and the sin persists
sure as lockwork
the door comes running after me

spirochetes of violets
temple of the body's
fane a fox trots in
shock priests shiver shun

this happens when a thought
demands emission
books read other books
old men wake early

there are no many nipples
and no as ifs about it
more mornings more mornings
take her littlest fugue.

29 November 2003

INTO THE FOOTHILLS

There should be a bird a bit
and then the operator has to come
unwind the light

you don't know it
but the world is changing fast these days
the new management revises atmosphere
— two patients with ALS in one afternoon
that used to be a rare disease —
now all the harbor lights are on
and every ship is coming back

do you know how to live in your body
and live it outward, green eyes,
sitting on the counter speaking Hindi?

our maladroit desires
so quickly pleased
— don't blame the president
don't blame the turkey for your indigestion —
there should always be a difference
detective try to find it

colorful Mexican tile? a spider?
a bowl of green tea? specify
sister, then you'll get fed

— a rampant cuddle reflex
the things we fail at —
the mink is dead, the squeeze
the Pakistani paramour
green opaque eyes
all love demands a furrier
to map her in the beauty of someone's dying
wrap her in her feeling —
bleeding corpses of the active will
fed to the friendly dogs

some pressure in the nasal passage
train north through the Punjab
go first class the weather warrants
it's not your money eye
you're just an agent of what you used to love

and it still carries
get off before the others
and go by road or on foot
up into the soldiers' hills
you can see the mountains
from the middle of your name

but you left your window home
and every village has a million explanations.

29 November 2003