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Depending on the density
the hot water
the freight
crawls south along the river

ice packed easy in the middle channel

it gets deeper in me
so much I am what I have been
becoming

for a break in mind
the freshness
surging

and the train is stopped!
Dawn and mist and ice
motionless, and the train stopped!
A sign. I accept the omen

to hear the wind.
Walk in a conchshell, hearing my way.

27 March 1994 KTC

everything turning to river
the Waterless Stream
shaken by doubt
electricity car Monday
flee from work
the terror of no time, no own time—

the time has always come
the window rolls down in the train
the night flies by a waft
of candle stalks, a stink of wine
you priestly morning full of alphabets
I shiver on the porches
victim of what I am willing to become
naked reasoning
free impulse liberated even from itself
(the light goes out, it's morning)

and the mist comes up a little
I will be vague in telling
for this breathless story I need bronze
scatterbrain and cherrypie, I need a diner
open all night or early for hunters
the pause between my life and my life
this waitress hour where the danger coughs.

28 March 1994

AS IF AN ENTERING

orthogonal, from here
to there, scant
angles of fly-by
these

small from their reed
nests temporary
rising
cross into light

still as it seems to be down there
under the quick water
where under the streaming weed
you see sometimes fish

lurking as if the pull
of all that streaming left them cold
and they were studious of where they were
and content with that system,

our system,
we eliminate exhausted decorums,
marigolds arrive richly in gala occasion livery, damp,
sprinkled with innocent violet essences,

revealing her orchestra. Defer obvious
demands, engage noisily deep ravaging our nights.
Nattering ancillary tunesmiths urge reason's side.
Just blackbirds.

We are where we're supposed to be,
a tunnel inside the air, a light hidden in brightness.
Nothing fancy, like the flame
on the match tip to light a cigarette

on a bright afternoon when you should know better
and the seals bark in their pool.
there, where I am in the gone.
It is something to do with geometry

something to do with crying.

28 March 1994

W.S.

Star system, map of tours
we need by smithereens of light
to measure knee-high on rollerblades
the poor woman haunted by the car—

serenade, man with the abominable guitar
o it was Wally's dreams that made him popular
not his reason, but dream fed reason
as they do, and was pretty, and we understood

jingle-jangle of the loose change of his mind
spent on the carny comforts we yearn for too
sugar and sequins and Santa Claus.
Hark! His broken china analyzes us.

29 March 1994

THE FIFTH FREEDOM

Pop culture fascinates.
It makes us fascist.
It fastens us to our easiest desires
(fast food, slide fasteners and fun)

preening on new fanglements we flop
into the same old flabby flash,
a fling in Frisco. A folded fan:
When everybody wants the same things

what is there to do but fight?

29 March 1994

It is not needed to reveal the weaving, “invisible” it said in windows,
Calumnies of light when last night’s *stain* shows clear, clear instrument
And dawn dismay. A candlestick with wax spill, scarlet on brass, a king
Could have no prettier. The heart’s a sump-pump too, that clears the chest
Of all the long aching seep of memory, down through the shale of evidence,
Into the pain of now. Pump clear. *With whome mine essence soever mingled*
And who is that? Who is the bird that never moves, waits in the heart of the sky?
Weaving? Water? O waterless river of our endless need, a man remembering his life
Like a king taking a census of his people. Specifically forbidden by God.
Holy Week, high heels in Pesach-tide, coincidence of clarities, weepe ye, sad
Fridays of the world, burnt Venus, the actual stream is fat today,
Heartless fountains of labeled reminiscence, overdetermined desires,
Vast sequences of self-indulgent prose. Letters of a lewd lover
Answering grace. Antic obviousnesses, exercycle on the stairs. *Seul*
Ensemble. Get rid of it. Radon leaching in. Poisoned yearning. Sole,
Assembled though in meaning-challenged arguments of benches.
A room full of people waiting to be me. Hence weave, hence
The streams of water sensibly commingled. Case in point:
An uphill jogger stops to let her white dog stoop to crap.
A fractal image receding infinitely inward fleeing from its own shape.

29 March 1994

We need description in our books.
We don't know what things look like anymore,
and things are all that matters. Things
are what count. They tell us how to feel.

It does no good to say: she sat upon a chair
turning to the right. The chair is economics.
And when she turns we don't know what she sees.
What does who see when she turns her face

from what she has all this while been
seeing and we will never see?

30 March 1994

Edgewise to Lulu

As if in revealing something
something where revealed—
her breasts for example
on the posing stand
in the Hamburg production
we saw in video courtesy Ilse—
but not so. Nothing
shows itself. It is, is only,
a trick of grammar.
Blue shutters, vague house.
An evening with the wall
in critical discourse. Time
tells. The performers listen
to what moves past them,
gravely, despite their earnest
moves to make it music.
Distempered by time, a wall
or kalsomine, is that a word,
chalk white to make it,
or go to a dentist in the Rockies
when that molar broke,
a music, listening to poetry
till the teeth break, was ist das?
I change my politics every afternoon,
a civil shirt is all it is. All it ever
is, academic music, it sounds
like magazines. Snow White
and the Twelve Tones, god grant you,
Sir Knight, good repair. It is
a kind of railroad train
(no doors no seats no windows)
and no station, just an angry
locomotive on a track.
Go there for me, from dark to dark,
android manners, and bomb Trieste
with anarchic poesies, a flower
in the sky? Don't you believe it,
it is an artform and a risk at heart,

go there for me, water it
up there with earth-minded rain
leaps up to drench old heaven
with our horny symphonies.
Water it for me, a potted plant
from Hindustan that's dry for winter,
sensuous melodies repair my tissues,
salt rinse, lend attention.
Thou silver flute! Thou alba long!
Dawns soaks all through the day,
all still is damp with beginning.
Aspects of pure geomancy,
use a mirror as a door, caves
of Tsopema. Place teaches you to stay.
Formal structures of all this.
Sonata a quattro. Eia, popeia,
Wir arme Leut'! The hair
remembers the colors morning had,
ma jolie rousse, Alexa Wilding
had it too, sits for the painter
as a man might stand in the rain
patient for his true love waiting,
enduring rain as she
the analytic glances that leave traces
on the canvas and her consciousness,
uguale, Pound said, there is
no necessary difference to be our God.
Over a lifetime the skin of our backs
changes with the Unseen Text
you read there when we sleep or naked
turn our faces from the light
to find one more of all we've lost,
hidden from ourselves in the endless
seeming. And you see our skin then
clear, that pallid writing, naevus,
birthmark, salt lick. Nervous violin.

2.

Describe the piece of music to a friend.
Naked version of giving your whole

life (*Lulu*) to being desired.
Thus never desiring. That is what
music is. No wonder Alban
was so fond of her, the cruel
permissions, it hungers, be attend.
And music does not desire us, that's why
sometimes at the end or core of it we cry.

3.

That would be wonderful but it will have to wait.
This city is too full for streets, too crowded
for people. Too beautiful for rain. The touch
you promised would only confuse me —
is this you or is it a someone else who looks
and thus looks like you, we are our eyes, only
our eyes turned to what is there
by seeing it, is it you, my eyes
focussed only on your hands, can I be sure?

4.

Cadastral music, every form filled in,
the moon in triplicate, the aching stars
cashiered into the urgent absences of space,
that Eye of Ordinary Dark before the hint
of seeing anything at all. Space mind inside.
We talk things into place. In Duke
Bluebeard's Castle the voices of them
—one man, one woman ever changing—
the voices make a wall, or stone
(I meant to say) is made of pure saying.
Bell under water, dapper dark men in fezzes
talking calmly about Brahms, a century
has passed since first I knew you, and you
are afraid of me still. How calm my mastery!
Every few years I hear that bell again
every time clearer, diesel in the night,
or last night at two a.m. the sky was loud,
the wild geese suddenly seemed
landing or dispersing, fear of water,
dread of continuity, a little tune

across the strings, thrown for a loop,
in love it was, Terpsichore,
a thousand poignant little phrases,
formal structure: any body's body
bone by touch by soft by known.

5.

As we by weird permissions
aspire to some warm mud to slog through
(use them kindly, farrier, your own hooves).
Night art now. A friend's face
caught in the webbing, star-strapped,
moon overboard. Delicate
dappling of flutes. Pale blood.
Talmudic, decorous, devious and dull.
I have sound your blonde permissions
all my days, to sink into the
soft of your seeming! No more
enterprise than that child stuffing
white bread into his unchewing mouth.
Music in the sense of three-leaved plants
low, sense of spring coming, bloodroot,
myrtle, names. In the Palace
of the Empty Signifier come dine with me.
Sleep no more. Scorn anything
I can actually taste. Discontinuous
as if bliss. All the tiny orgasms aligned.

30 March 1994

Dare sun. A gleam
ink. Stateless personages
blue with going.

Winter nears its end
—o first bright day
build a library

to put his day in
and put the sea
in at its side

and the moon
as a loaf of bread
no, sorry, springtime,

the matzo moon
baked fresh and nibbled
hot. Put

the sun in too
in the shape
of a golden cup

and the mind that drives it
in the form of water
inside it

that is always fresh and cool.

31 March 1994

