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CROMWELL : AN ODE

as often as the necessity
opens the doors onto the balcony
they slide I know you don’t believe me
and why should you
given the history of this part of the Via
Lactea I think we’re on the edge
of something new, something meaty
as a gymnast’s thigh I wonder though
whether the soft tissues of desire
are stronger than the tendons of
intention how about you things
are closer when you’re small
you lean against the sideboard
at eye level with the cut glass dishes
cranberry sauce a mound of yams
they’re really sweet potatoes
yes I know but when I was young
they called pomegranates Chinese apples and avocados alligator pears nomenclature is the lifeblood of taxonomy don’t you forget it the way Milton did imagining Pandaemonium abrackish noisy incoherent place, sportsbar under the earth’s mantle whereas devils are the very masters of vocabulary, annihilating all that’s said into the purple shade of what words meant before you say them to prphrase another Puritan bard, this one with venery on his mid and wouldn’t you isn’t after all sex the only cure for politics?

2.
Cromwell died today the ships
desert the foundering rats
and blonde women stalk along
savagely hacking at the maize
after all the ears are gathered
and theit blades leave only stob
behind and it’s Nebraska
but never mind it builds up
an appetite and a vocabulary
why do people think schools
are good for you when these
bodies are lexicon enough
ot even sweated in autumn cool
what my grandmother called Fall
though nothing fell since all
the trees were gone and so
their ponytails whisk as they walk
side by side like iambs in blank verse
until the song is done the man
is mourned by some and blamed
by hectic Romans in the underbrush
shall we be funeral or Dutch
lift a glass or hoist the shovel
what is a lifetime when the voters
solemnly troop to the voting booths
and vote dead wrong and there’s
that word again am I the only right
one left in this jungle of misprision
I must be and it must be so since no
one riaises a voice to answer me.

3.
Now we dance the whole thing backwards
employing Aristotelian Analytics
to prompt the well-thewed limbs to practice
what they learn inside the music from the tune
between the tones the uplifted breath
between the beats there is a name
for what I mean but they wont tell me
for i have sinned in dance and song and looked
with ill-veiled contempt at some my betters
and there is no hope for me in philosophy
or sophophily or philophily or sophosophy
which is my dear own domain though she
reluctantly receives my dissertations
sometimes returning them with red ink on
as if what I thought that I was saying
only made herbleed and suffer more
o engines of disparity and blame
we roll up to the walls of one another
or lurk with vengeful blades like cat-ice
in the mrshes of Québec. 19 September 2014