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AFTER READING GOETHE’S ROMAN ELEGIES

1. But it was quiet there
   *a raging weariness*
   face turned to the wall

2. but I have seen such things before
   soft easily divided *offer*
   *what you do not own*

3. do not know then the light comes on
   *sketches for the last* judgment
   heart in whose hands

4. *lamentation from the coasts* of
dissimilars molecular sea-bound
silence is a thing you see, inside

5. whose hand? *the one across*
from you bothering your eye
inhabiting your silences
6.
even odd embrace
cartilage swings sensation
forward the thought of not

7.
you see again that what you see
is what opens sleepers’ eyes
a feast of miracles rained out

8.
slow recovery a rosary of signs
sighs intuition battled judgment
beneath the cypresses beside the yews

9.
then the ivory keyboard woke
a fugal feeling but who dared to know
god how many fingers on this hand

10.
so it comes back from the dead
from all the golden seeming
aspiring to turn your pretty head
11.
so don’t palaver about poppies
no flowers we are permitted
never to specify what you desire

12.
long line at the ticket window
the train to now is running late
now goes north so late to love you

13.
the postcard claimed a distance
from which never soon enough
shadow of a caller obscures the foot

14.
and then it was again again the porter
dragged it up the flight of stairs
never stops you are my only hotel

15.
faultless diction of the rising classes
trying to come back to conscious life
language is just flirting with amnesia
16.

nothing knows you nothing remembers
breakfast is an absolute the thickness
of experience is one molecule

17.
don’t be mad at those who wake
then wake you from the dream of meaning
cool finger laid on your warm throat

18.
random italics of the middle class
idle vacations in the wilderness
mapped by feeling and forgetting

19.
come home and be the one you were away
no picture here for you see
north beyond images we live inside a tree

20.
alone escaped to hum in whose ear
everything the wall said to my sleep
the song neither of us knows.
[0.
And two more to keep in Goethe’s measure
phallic rude and *penetrative to begin*
Eve squats on Adam’s lap

21.
of all the sickness born from love
none worse than the loss of it
live from day to day *by wound alone.*]
[SQ—Gossamer]

Hard gossamer the brittle air
leafless branch enmeshed
in god’s own crinoline
detected — this
is a man’s heart

a man like me
half wood half will
a greenish kind of red
you suck my blood

freemasonry of being touch

the eye that saw this image
is inside a man
sees the pretty cobwebs of my appetites
a flyless web bereft of predator
cotton candy caught in amber sympathy

it knows I want to
get sticky with you
“whoever you are”
who saw this waiting, calling,
wanting in the woods
it knows it knows
it knows what I want
it rebukes me for my shtick
I invented something no one wants
a word instead of a loaf of bread
but it leads me everywhere

in the murk of ordinary seeing
leads me to love

my vague persuasion    my broken stick
Gravity determines
how I look at you
even
    the eyes are the level

*pnei hayyam*, the plane of earth,
face of the sea.

*I want to look at you*
*where my eyes are*

touch nothing—leave it to the air

so we sat down and thought about it:
air is a mineral

what you show behind the trees
is a kind of polished stone

tourmaline we breathe in
colors flourish us
water is a mineral too
we turn into each other

* crines aurae
hair of the air
the light around the skull
from which the thought
disseminates throughout the world
and through which it feeds

hair of the great trees

but a stick is nothing with a hand to hold it

desire is the mineral in which the animal moves

tourmaline problems the whole
earth a shiny pebble
you snug into your pocket

one look and then
how hard it is to find the world again.
But it is geometry at last
shows gravity the way to go
down where the dogs are
down where the unborn children
tease us in our sleep
down where Ariadne
dries her tears for Theseus
and rises higher,
love affair with a god
the twice-born
whose juices surge through man and tree.

6 May 2012
The orders of sound, one
crew hammering fences tight
one tearing the public railings down—

independent actions yet coincident
in time and space exactly
like you and me a love song.

7 May 2012
I’m almost ready to be new again,
field full of inferences green in sunlight
green in shadow same grass a different song
so Lugh the god is everywhere these days
local anxieties ace foreign wars
it’s almost time for Portugal again
life after life is the real problem
if we only knew but there is no knower
for such sequences the cars go by
each car has a little wanderer inside
safe in the privilege of being nowhere fast.

7 May 2012
Distinguish apothegm from aphorism.
Swallow one of each and utter
one immemorable phrase (‘we open things’
‘the clock fell off the table’) and a bird
automatically will fly past your window.
Smart money says she won’t fly in.

7 May 2012
[SQ _ The House the wood]

The ground did cranie everie where and light did pierce to hell
And made afraide the King and Queene that in that Realme doe dwell.

If I could
see through wood
this is what
I could see

a house growing out of the ground

2.
we know a house because a window is
and wood grain sweeps the earth away

Nowelis Flude hath soak’d the Earth
and we are Seeds that Stem from her

3.
for everything that’s seen is seed

the house grows out of the ground
trees grow out of the house
the sky grows in the hands of the trees

so many things seem so few things are
4.
so more are wanted
give me more
give me all
the things that wood
could be, all
the grain and where
it goes, roads,
rivers, raptures

how loud the earth is
ever pressed to the ground

5.
Suppose we could see them
kneel at their feet even
the king and queen of down there

this word I say you
cuts through the earth
and lets the light in

so we can see what’s never seen

(7 May 2012)
Dreaming out loud
because another
is always hearing
up to me to turn
that hearing to listening

the moon is there
whether we pray
to him or not,
nightship, don’t try
to listen to what it says

morning consoles me
with its special silence
the soothing racket
of ordinary business
people doing what we do—
light dissolves language
palest green leaves
on the hibiscus already
daring me to conversation
only in language though

can silence dwell.

8 May 2012
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Everyone sees what’s on the wall
the changes are continuous
hence unnoticed. Kings
change their faces in the night
on their golden coins. And who
is this wife? Even my shadow
looks nothing like me,
the me that I remember from the forest,
the bedroom, the lecture hall
where I bored myself and others
in the name of Being—all the while
a shadow stood out from me
before or beside and always changing,
I always keep my back to the light,
too much light already and just one me.

Or so I thought. But then the wall happened and I saw.

8 May 2012
BLUE

for C

Free heron on the lawn
the sky is green

on the way to the train the sky is close
mist on the river and the heron over.

Hours later you called from another train
another marsh and you said another heron.

8.V.12