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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.*]

6 May 2012

[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



= = = = =

[SQ –gossamer—cont’d]

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  
ear 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

= = = = =

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