2-2012

febB2012

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Waiting is various isn’t it or not
depending on a woman or the soul
quiet eighth floor salon where furs are sold
counting from Babylon the great outward
how many towns before the sea’s
sleek sumptuous vocabulary
words are the edges of experience
d dogfight over the moon nouns are tatters
I have done this to my mind for your sake
gutted envelope with the priest’s address
no story here only a lock of hair
who had me when I was me
give yourself to someone one whole day
young women go and come back as young women
feast of Pentecost the red-silk feast of waiting
every line is an open door
myths are the mycelia of mind
go on forever every neuron more intricate
a net to catch thee in
send thee sprawling on my satin equinox
always a leaf left somewhere on the tree
you understand each minute but the hour’s lost
amounting to an upstream plod a hidden source
can’t wait for waiting takes too long
there were no edges on the apple he gave her
by the time we got there it was gone
a child wakes up eager for his toys
deep secrets of human poetry
if an animal comes in the light goes out
no structure here a tune of follicles
even I a gap for some you to plummet
make all verbs transitive and then be me
waiting is made of nine parts soul
the klezmer band is sleeping in the park
shadow moves in sunny woods
broken fixture in the hallway risk
dominating cardinal bird insistent
space is space and never nay me
or noonday riot of the finches
each hour shriveleth the rest
Sarpedon a fixture of exchange
people who study money are part of the problem
they’re just impoverished plutocrats at heart
they valorize the weapon of the enemy
old gold coins and chains and quiet fingertips
the world has no back to turn on you
a formless mass like fresh curd forming
I will be any shape you require
I will enter every door
I will wait outside your every window
I will be fire in your winter
I will be rain when you sow your seed
I will be night to snatch your day away
I will be shaman to concoct your dream
and you will live me ever after
not afraid of making up the truth
language by its nature is just about you
you are the part of language that knows how to answer
too many rabbits and not enough islands
with eyes neither open nor shut
two trees from one root shape a V
light chiseled down to a hidden point
do you think light wounds the earth
you know the answer always does
bird on the roof in the Atreus
I woke up and was Orestes soon
peddling my story to the papers
for there were readers on the earth in those days
dense foliage around the little fountain
from those stones the great Danube flows
pray to the river to take me away
for every man wounds his mother
for I was black in Lindenwood
and never told my parents who I am
still trying to be worth the birth they gave me
fontanelles and forceps and a cry at noon
so much suffering to make one of us.

5 February 2012
SOME ETERNAL

Moving things around isn’t getting there
by no means isn’t getting them there
there are black policemen on white horses
this is the end of the world comes every day
listen out your window to the trumpet call
all too faintly tumbles down from heaven
the eyrie of the Polish Falcons crouches there
under the white cliffs and a tattered flag
still smell barley ancient ale of Egypt
firewater drunkards roller-skate uphill
fifty-three foot semis snorting nothing
gets there faster than the unconscious will
*der Ewige* and then the power station’s on fire
“blue trees” are born all over again a man
let him remember what he has done
the broken articles of his belief
he sleeps his way to industrial genius
breakthroughs in the civil arts
annoy your creditors become a lake
when they come complaining be some different tree
hug tight the woman who screams at you
the same truck keeps coming up the hill
dragging the surface smooth with road machines
time for humblest orisons my mate
ponytail springing up the street prance of light
orderly decay of objects by distance
clothes cost money is the first revolution
angry at me cause I can’t forget
dead trout in the trunk of a loser’s car
just suppose the distances had real hands
no need of feet or wheel or wings
make them touch you from afar and speed
inward like an origami billet-doux
we live snug in someone’s bosom whose
how many deaths I’ve shared with you
how do I know I didn’t die that time
how do I know the axes of this gleaming crystal
dear god but why do things have edges
absence interrupted the taste of music
a small trumpet played by naughty children
Mother Spider is trying to stay asleep
stop running up and down the hall
endlessness soundless spacious not even now
just want to walk the woods with you
lie down between thick roots of trees
language did this and made me to suppose
fireflies trapped in a hole-punched lidded jar
not light enough to see by just to see
this glim is meant to lure you mate on me
soft jade light some girls give off
amertume thirty miles into Normandy
slept on his elbow and thought about her apples
o memory o ratty cellar sick with images
in that country also houses have diseases
in Leviticus the walls have leprosy
going nowhere fast is what I call my yacht.

6 February 2012
WITH EARS TURNED INWARD

What can I hear with
when you have drowned
the hammers of color?

*

There are disappointments
tht despoil
lavender has roots
the sunflowers
I tried to hide
in their upreaching
skyfoldness
they all whispered a same
heavyhead sagesse

It is madness to care
so much always
must be taken away
The dreamer is a better poet than I am
but I have to work all day long.

The lion’s mane is full of wind
I wonder what he hears in all that rough fur
breathing the air through

   a word?

* *

But the dream—
maybe I should take my cue from that dark flâneur,
learn to float in and out of wordfulness
the irrevocable silences of deep sleep, rouse,
mutter a glib enigma and hold my peace,

but it’s not glib, not easy, those shining
sentences that crest in sleep
and spill out as
   all I can make of morning.

Or when a man, even me,
stumbles up on the shores of waking
and knows nothing,
not even who he is,

only the words he’s just heard
and carries with him
trying to find their way to his mouth

*

So every dream a question is
a day is naught but answering.

7 February 2012
METHODS

Purging the alternative
keep the pen near the radiator
baseboard heater
in the sun

Be ready
for the faltering breath
to spill a word.

How To Do It.

That’s the thing, the method
counts, one false move,
rabbit-wombat-thylacine problem
natives vs. immigrants
and before you know it
the whole continent is knee-deep in bunnies
and the sad old wolf is dead.
Plague is the usual strategy.

2.
Confucius
sat. Spoke a few words—

Never hurt the mailman.
But the silent man
set the dogs on him
who thinks and does not say.
Unspoken thought is the leprosy of the soul.

3.
Everybody who stands on earth was born here—
our glory and our tragedy.

What a town is is a fence
to keep outsiders out.

Go be born somewhere else.
Then come home and be born.

7 February 2012
HYPNONOMIA

As if the civil calendar
had birds of its own
told all the secrets
the body knows and still
has a covenant with death
to change the light
to break the alpha-male’s
hold on this dream planet

in between lives one sees
a friend who has no face
who shows why one is not free—
then the individuated life renews

infant born in slops and agony

2.
So there is an outside with no blood
its birds are language
and its death is money
—one dies so that another lives—

and in between loves one also sees.
3.
Carapace of waking life
protects you from the dream
still festering deep inside
from all the tumultuous sleeps
all the dark manifestos
it is death to remember or to ignore

you carry the night around with you
it shows sometimes through your skin
the dream map pulsing blue

the arches of that outside-in cathedral

so we blame you for the weather.

4.
Because of this and because of this
(squirrels scolding morning in the woods)
and because of even this
you pack your bags and run away

you become the place that busses go
you live in Maybe down by the tracks
you think the wind that stirs in the bushes is wind.
5.
So come back.

The world has no lap
we were born someplace else,
we quarrel in the marketplace
we smash china, we break
even the light.

6.
Intervals of repression do not final goal.
Adolescent nations cling to disorder.
Look at the mail van and the oil rig
then look at you and me and tell
what we’re supposed to carry or produce
with our two narrow feet and our
heads so far from the ground.

7.
The night did it.
Pulverized by dreams
we have to make do with what’s left
and call it waking. Call it working.

8 February 2012
What would you see
if you could really see into the woods
what woods?
the words what would you see if
you saw the woods really
the words the roots and all
a root reaches out along the ground
seeking water that is why trees
you stumble over the raised roots of
when you’re chasing through the woods
or trying to get away from the words
if there’s enough ground water if the water
table is high is nigh the roots
stay underground and you run free

water your words
water your words

there is enough enough water till there’s too much
the roots of words snake out
across the floor of all discourse
they trip you and you fall
no one can see you though as you sprawl
rhyming with nowhere on the ground
you whimper you make a noise
that is no kind of word
a whimper like wood creaking
a branch breaking ready to fall

the branches of words split and fall and hit you
you never know where a word
comes from or where it goes
a word pretends to be wood to be matter madera
pretends to just stand there like a tree

a word is a tree
it is hard and rough and horrible at night
when you stumble through the woods
through the dream where someone is speaking
the trees are always talking
even now at morning you think
you think some words
you think you see sunlight sweet
morning sunlight going through the trees

you see all the way into the woods
you think you see
you follow the light in
you follow what you think you see
you follow what you think
what are the words saying now.

9 February 2012
NO EDGE TO THE LIGHT

no person ever understands
what her or his
own body says
is always saying
to other people.
Only other people know.

So forget body, body
is a rainstorm outside
your snung house, you hear
body sometimes howling down the chimney
or rattling the shutters, shaking the door,

you sit snug by the fire of your will
reading your thoughts
practicing your appetites
and know nothing of that monstrous
beauty all round you
outside you
that only other people know.

Your body is outside.
If you think of it at all you call it your soul.
Your body is everything you cannot know.

9 February 2012
A little dusting of snow
some cake the lazy
moon was nibbling on last night—
the sun licks up the little she left.

9 February 2012
The sun licks up the dark
little by little
all the night song
shattered. Silent day.
The stones keep their secrets.
No body knows. No body home.

9 February 2012