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The mother’s Anthony
his grain on fire
madness in the skin
when the whole world is

inside the victim
turns green with sheer
becomingness. φύσις,
the physics world

insanity of the soul
but who dares believe this
not even I in love
with form can look away

far enough to see
myself the actual
outside the constructs
of the sly senses

the atlas the catechism
of mortal mistakes
one day I would
turn my back on.

23 January 2011
Who shall listen
if it’s a question of falling
the cold and the answers
keep coming
I am starved for a question
that makes sense.
A Turkish girl is pretty,
a Swedish girl is serious,
what can I make
of or with such information
when it comes like birds
past the window and goes?
The sun is in my eyes—
that much is certain.
Liberty for all,
money for some, a garden
in the suburbs and a Mexican
to take care of it, ut
begins the scale, pearls yes
but would you really trust
something an animal made
especially one with no face
as Dr Gordon used to say.
Liberty. But there is a mind
and a memory, fuel
of conscience, anxiety, 
remorse. I would bite you too 
if you gave me half a chance.

23 January 2011
Resilience of raptors
stoop again from god
to glamour bite a poor
ter bird up. But hunger
is just one more habit.
Deep down we need
nothing but to be.
Being with no stink
of becoming, being
exact as an empty sky.

23 January 2011
if, a chant,
if an order
if a night
with no stars

stars with no night, if,
someone thinking of you
if, if outstretched
and face to face who

is that breathing
mosaic law gently if
on the back of your neck
nape, if, you feel it

all the way to Jericho
they tell the oldest
city what is straight
what is a street

the subtle memory
of an ironic afternoon
among the mauves
among the umbers
two malachite columns
mark mansioned stanza
all the grief grasp
dead millionaires

in Portingal the sand is black
the and is easy because
there are so many every
seabird has a name

the sky is white with you.

23 January 2011
THIS CHANT

So suppose it is time for this
but this hasn’t come
what shall we do
do without this
this absence,
or use that instead?
But this is what we wanted
and this is what we need—
what can help us but this?
Across the Sea of Bothnia
rimed wooden dories
float rudderless unmanned
and seabirds scream
just like every ocean place
loud loud and all of them
seem to be addressing us,
we feel ourselves mocked
by their cachinnations, they
know this, and know that this
is not with us yet, they laugh
as if this is with them all the time
while we go cold and hungry
watching pack ice crack and slide.
Or anywhere else besides,
anywhere where this
has not yet come
or has come and gone
what will we do without this
another night? Does the sun
have anything to tell us,
it’s always the same story
with the sun,

I come I go
I come again
wait for me if you like
it’s all the same to me.
No hope in waiting, this
must be somewhere,
we keep thinking this is near,
might be at hand, close to us,
it makes us more frantic
in our search,

if this is so near
why can’t we find it.
take it, use it or be with it
or let it be with us here?
Is it our fault,
why is this so far?
Or is it? Is this it?
Could this be here,
could this be this?

24 January 2011
Walking there
if th came a youth
on horseback
lance in his hand and hawk
on his back
and it all was as it used to be
would I speak would I allow
him the courtesy of fantasy
and lead him to his dragon?
No. Or hint where it might be found?
Not that either. Whenever
I meet such an ancient apparition
then deep in the breathing of me
where the words are made
I suspect that I am the dragon.
I smile at him and go my way.

24 January 2011
1. The open lion the golden angel
the streets of West L.A. the coast
awash in coin I glee with you in marshes
by Inverness the bird place the walkabout
destination of the blue spirit we are servants of
each girl a pope of her own religion

2. blue spirit wake a word at morning
does lips at night to spell a sleep on us
spin the prayerwheel of the Place de la Concorde
all the roaring traffic shouts the name of god
name means ‘praise me’ I am who I seem
everybody is bleeding somewhere find the wound

3. unspeakable raptures of forgotten nights
curdled with pleasure I still walk your beach
if I am not quiet no one will forgive me
ask sparrows to lift her from her cushioned chair
send that lissome shade across the metarsia
our dratted winter weather kiss that sun
4.
we keep wanting to listen without grieving
grief is muscle grief is body being body
grief is a field of snow with anxious crows
a scrim of new snow across the tired light
I have been waiting for the obvious but where was I
we have enemies the way the mind has thoughts

5.
the Emperor married her she had known every way
orbis terrarrum he held the whole world
no man with his hands full will ever be free
the mouth of things the swallowing the sea
I followed you among the birds you didn’t notice
it’s all call call cry cry and never a word

6.
to clarify each nascent appetite devour me
send sand back to the sea it longeth
silver-plated afternoon all wanting to become
because you sat in the sand in midnight sunlight
the peace of the world lasted one day longer
we do what we can all we can do is serene
7.

inspection of every surface never judge it
no probing of the dream interior where god hides
when Venus is willing to be seen she advances
so that you know but never more than know
what you know is always adequate but never enough
clear-skinned comes to you and there’s no one there.

25 January 2011

[End of NB 332]
The rosary of resemblances
blinked before the door
I knock on wood
I kiss the doorsill of your dear house
I bite the sky above your roof
I am a kind of rain indoors
a snowstorm round your bed.
I am classic, you are forgiveness
we hear bassoons in the backyard
who could be getting married
at this hour, aren’t all the lovers
asleep for it is dawn in Watchoveryou,
priests are shoveling coal into furnaces
pigeons cluster in the campanile
no audience below to thrill into flight.
Floyd Bennett Field! Victory
through Air Power! Purple 3¢ stamps!
What are we living in if memory
is still alive, isn’t there anywhere
that is just now? Can’t we forget anything?
Zeppelins float through our vocabulary
dragons skim over the Bodensee, lake
at the bottom of the world, count
your minarets and eyelets on the ocelot,
everything has a number.
It is Switzerland, thank god.
Money can buy happiness.
You just have to know where to shop.

25 January 2011
Why speak your native language
when you can anything?
Green Amazonian attitudes,
angry flags and dopy parrots—
isn’t life enough? Forget
the dreams, trust me, this
is something you can dance to.

25 January 2011
THE ORGANIZATION OF HEAVEN

is another matter. The kind
we hear when Strauss sopranos
soar over an octave into
the fateful dependability of feeling.
We trust what we feel, and fall.

We cannot go on habit feet
into those slim-waisted cloudscapes
all ice crystals under a crust of sun
far, far as a lighthouse from a foundering sloop.
“All the elements agree,” heaven
has to be right here. It’s up all right
he said, but up to you. You do it,
the lunatic distortions of desire flex,
forgo. Potentilla anserina, flower
with edible tuber, sweet. What is that
about? Heaven made itself known here
once, manna, troma, wheat. Food.

Hell is the same as forgetting.

26 January 2011
INMATE

We do not what we do.
It’s a dream or stems from
and then it’s all around,
like money. The ennobled
politician gave a speech
declaring that the Messiah
had already come. One
month later declared
that he was He. You could tell
because the week now
had eleven days, one named
for each of his sons. Or lovers.
For he was gay as everybody
knew but he would never say.
Someone should marry him
and take him home. He needs
something we have no word for yet.

26 January 2011

[Dream about Peter Mandelson]
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The castigation  the emptiness  of night
sea captain  his own wave  crashes among pebbles
something far  remembers near  agate
the water does not move  the movement  moves
through the still water  lifted  and let fall
along the way  where the sea  is coming from
just by being  there  be clear
there are volcanos under it  valleys  towns
alphabets  forgiven amplitudes  of silenced churches
sea bluster  a Mass  for those in peril of the cloud
a candle  burns beneath  the sea try
to love  a little more  the stones of Avalon
too easy  make me  come again
no she said this  is not the time  music
waits a hundred  years to be heard  anew
the estuary I said  the waters of arriving  the salt
I said it’s the stars  the astrology  of listening
who would dare to  clatter of chairs  the wind
snarking the ogive  windows ivied  you call
a round sound lifted  mercury  a silver spoon
blue pills  the sky is one  eternity
heal me  do not believe  the word I say
can’t make this easier  ever  and yet I do.

26 January 2011
OIL

What would be the simplest oil
a fish could bring it up from Nagayard
among the everlasting blue. A seed
could cook it for you in micro-ovenry
fueled by the eight-minutes distant sun.
How far we are. Sometimes I think
we are her only daughter, other times
that we are the edge and all we know
ends right here. But over there,
just beyond the rim of seeming.
all the rest begins. The real.
That has its own oil, lastingly.

27 January 2011