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99.

You belong to me till the moon breaks
and then the alphabet runs out
then you'll belong to the tiny pointy bracts
around the blossom of the reddest rose
tough masters like all small men
rose petals dance in slightest breeze to please him
and so on into the overworked vocabulary
common as squirrels we need a code
no one can break indecipherable monument
stone Calvaries virgins in splintery old black wood
I call it Portuguese you call it noise
an opulent woman sitting on the beach
she may be waiting for the wave to reach her
or for some shadowy personage to find her
how can her thigh be so white in so much sun
god no it is Nora racing through surf at Rockaway
sorry I let a piece of my history in
even if it’s true it isn’t right

history is a catalogue of wrongs
I can’t help my lyric altitudes
some day I just blew away from Bavaria
my umbrella lifted by the wind and I held on
pontifical beauty of ‘Western Winde’

anyone can be coming from anywhere to love me.

29 March 2010
ART IN A TIME OF KOONS

Wadded in irony painters stand aloof from their productions, secure in the eternal popularity of kitsch. The same irony shields the hopeful collector who is at once investing in fashionable art and hanging on his wall something colorful that suits his true personal taste. All purchasers are men. Of course. All art strives to be a Burberry scarf, expensive, instantly recognizable, fits any neck, boasts its price. Only the gallerist is safe from irony, deep in the profound sincerity of money.

It can’t end like this. Art has had slack periods before, decades at a stretch sometimes. Sing to the brush a new song, coax it erect again, make it do something right.

28/30.III.10
The line breaks and thought falls through
now it is India again but the hills are changing
the awesome confidence of colonists—
unquestioned right to rule dumb natives
like Chinese ruling math class in America

the superior man never doubts his superiority
and never asserts it.

30 March 2010
The wind blows. Last night it knocked
a tree down. It’s still blowing from the north.
It does not say I am the wind.

We wake in darkness and ask Was that the wind?

but we already know the answer,
it makes us feel meek but sheltered
just to say what we think is its name.

30 March 2010
Listen carefully to the other side of rock
you hear gravel slipping down the walls of a pit
someday all the stone will be at the bottom
and the music will stop

Music like that can only say
what has to be said.

It is natural, like gravity and lust and death,
so you can’t learn much from it.

I want the other kind of music
the music that says nothing
or nothing that needs to be said
but we desperately need to hear,

hear or die.

30 March 2010
Who tells me to be small?
Isn’t there a violin for that
and a little man in the prompter’s
box I carry with me
hoping he’ll tell me what to do?

When there is nothing at all to be done,
just sea gulls and wind and UPS vans
and they know their own way around.

Say what you please,
some people never listen.

30 March 2010
Coronal artery sounds good,
like a road around the heart.
If you can find a parking space
drop in and see where feeling’s found,
cooked in the liver and packaged here
then sent out to confuse and charm you.

The heart is the distributor
of your wet fate.
Your feelings do you.

Until the day you tame those puppies
they will lead you nowhere fast
as we used to say when people moved.
30 March 2010
Two days of wind and get uneasy
not scared exactly. It’s like the roar
of the mistral working the house over
shaking down the trees, the worst
of it is it sounds like talking
more than one huge personage
holding intermittent conversations
we try hard not to overhear
since they’re probably all about us.

30 March 2010
IRON

The terror of metal
what fire happens
to it how hard the cold

how can iron go so far
magnet always makes it talk

Iron is a mobster all dolled up
red dinner jacket
girl beside him
always all ready for everything

I see them sitting at the little table
a waitress taking their order even now
and I think: this couple is iron,
an element, God made it
or however, whoever, it’s all round us,

here is iron with us,
his weak unyielding face
so quick it ages,
her waitfulness,
how pure they are,
all about wanting and anger,
determined, soft,
soon beaten into shape.

The waitress has their number:
bozo and bimbo but kinda cute.

No wonder witches fear them,
ignorant and soft and tough,
no magic gets through their thick heads.
30 March 2010
How can this pen have come all the way from Darjeeling to write anything but Dharma?

Dharma is what is everywhere, the *firm*, what is so, and established to be so, and Dharma is the study of what is so and what to do about it so we also can be firm somewhere and of use.

30 March 2010
It’s raining across the road
it’s not raining here
pigs worry about their little house
for the northeast wind
every house is straw.

30.III.10
100.

Acting to be law to self a wolf
hurry the woods back to their shades
to fondle Sarah and from such caress
millions be born what would a young man have done
in this republic transparent as a sunbeam
the only tax you pay is story your telling
constantly levied we want your story
what you make up makes you a citizen.

31 March 2010
101.

Things tend to fall when no one knows
can we count daybreak as our achievement

we survived the night can we reclaim the stars
some say the moon came from the southern sea

some say the sea reaches up to pull her down
some say the stars have no commerce with the earth

but still those seem to be diamonds round her neck
some say thought moves faster than light

some say that everything stands still
some say that all the roads are only parts of dream
molecular flurry in the sleep of ancient stone

some say the earth is a different kind of blood

some say there are no animals at all

men die in India from the tiger claws of dream.

31 March 2010