mayE2009

Robert Kelly
Bard College
ARGUMENT FROM MUSIC

But music is a kind of enemy, isn’t it, because it pleases or displeases so quickly, before we even know what it’s saying. So it divides me in and from myself, caressed in the dark by unknown hands. Intending what?

Is that why music-lovers believe in God? It must be love if it can touch me so accurately sad or glad, they think, and this love must come from somewhere, and that bored horn player, this narcissistic pianist, they don’t know me from Adam. But someone knows me, knows me through music, knows who and what and where I am. The music does.

So there must be a place from whom this music flows.

15 May 2009
SERMON

Hoping to do, one does.
Hoping to rest, one sleeps.
Hoping to win, one hopes.

Hope harries hope—
sleep. Sleep harried by hope
wakes. What to wake for.
What to do. Do.

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It is commonly only through comparing one’s state as one perceives it with
one’s imagined or projected state as one wants it to be, that one lives sad. If one
clings however to the dual verity: One does always what one deeply wants to
do, and, It happens to one in accordance with what one does – then grief and
misery turn into fine analytic tools towards discerning and accepting, not ‘fate’
or ‘life’ or some such thing, but what one actually wants: Say to yourself at
any moment: Look, you have fulfilled your most intimate desires.

Now look at those desires. They and they alone brought you here. If you want
to change what you are, change what you want. Especially: change the
ignorantly chosen mental pattern (‘success,’ ‘career,’ ‘failure,’) that has been
given to you by other people, parents usually. Then you become yourself
alone, not somebody else’s son or daughter.

16 May 2009
SATURDAY

Haven’t found the key to the day. Day.
The story that tells me.
They call this Loki Day in Iceland
where they don’t give Thursday anymore to Thor.
Thursdays used to be weird in Iceland
they tell me, early closing and no TV.
That must feel like Sundays here
when I grew up, nothing nada and nix,
just dry leaves blown along the pointless
streets of autumn Queens. Bizarre
when people claim certain sunrises
rise up strange, legislated, busy stuff
some old book demands. Isn’t
every day a miracle? Or insult?
Or a question? The sun has risen,
the paper hasn’t come, the maple stump’s
roots still snake overground for water.
Water. One thing the sun doesn’t bring.
Or maybe it does in Iceland, glaciers
melting or snow from the house eaves.
But there’s not much snow in Iceland,
strange, just an endless line of Thursdays
limping over the horizon, a kind of
dull story, isn’t it, but a story still.

16 May 2009
The girl who does everything
does everything. I heard Brahms
listening to her. I saw a river
move behind us, her left hand
grappled with earth and made
certain personages rise up.
She can do that. The mountain
behind me small as it was
was swallowing the whole sun—
I could tell by the way the light
fell from her clothes. So this
is evening. In long robes
those quiet people came
climbing up out of the music,
shimmering with dark
in a strange way, they left
their shadows inside the piano
and moved through the room
knowing us with her hands.

16 May 2009
I love to live in the land of crows
so came soon as I could to country measures,
getting gone was easy, not so the green
spondulics I spend so, special pleading
with the deities of desire that they’d deign
to fit some finesse on all my fumblings—
I’ll have a house they’ll haunt for me.

17 May 2009
Wish upon want!
And the craven
waterfall too soon
slips into the
sea’s hands.

17.V.09
Was it wondering? It was milk. Just milk. Peruvian lilies it seems all this season stood on the morning table. Nights we eat standing or lying down spreading stale bread with fresh sunlight.

What do you really mean? All this is foreplay and as I foretold, all actions vanish into words, words vanish into music, hum, humm, and something comes – anew like a sparrow and less attended, nobody’s eye is on these little birds, surds, sonants, irrational entities we nominate after our curious bigmouth fashion as action. Deed. History. How is a dream of meeting Napoleon different from tasting an apple? Touch, Thomas, is the darkest of all our senses, hidden in our hand from the beginning of time or to say it in Chinese: touch
is the only thing that isn’t time.
Is free, is now
and now is the skateboard of the mind,
like poetry or piety, up inclined
plane a youth-filled leap
breathless pause at top then clatter
leaves the cement of my sometimes
crouched and cracked and bleeding.

17 May 2009
Who of you if I said Come close and let me know you or just touch you would come and be handled?

Would you come as a lamb to the pagan priest me for something like slaughter? Would you laugh in my face but let me? Or sneer at me with secret welcoming? Are you a sacrifice, miracle? Are you game for anything or hate the idea but have to have it happen to you just because it could, and you want to be monarch of every possibility?

17 May 2009
If I lived alone on this island
it would rain every day
from four o’clock till dark,
be foggy every day till noon.
And I would not be alone.

17 May 2009
SPIRAEA

by
this porch stood
twenty years unattended
one year broke into
song an eye could hear
a million white flowers
each one no-account
but all together a cool
burn of bush, now then
for ten years ever since has
similarly spoken,

    loud
white words all over it
—never said a thing to it
but it still answers.

    Things
have childhoods of their own
and all this flowering of theirs
is not about me, not even us—
who knows what all this white
is really for? Bees? Then who
are bees for? Flowers? And whom
do flowers serve?
In dark streets of time
they blossom for strangers.

18 May 2009
Argument is itself
an armament

listen to the quarrel
and know where the arrow's

likely to strike
hard in the heartwood

but of what tree?

18.V.09
Know who
everything is.
Uncounted though,
like the faintly holy glow
some sensitives can feel
around doctors even
to this day,

the sheen of caring
that comes off them,
the aura that says
*they have done well
by other people, no
matter what they had
in mind, their hands
helped.*

Moral:
People’s real motivation lives in skin—
feel it there, not in what they say.

18 May 2009
Not much said and then begin,
the banjo’s as good a place
to die as any
    if you’re clear
about what to do after,

or stumble out in the woods and lie down
the way I did and wait for the little foxes.

18 May 2009
Do act. Write ort
part of any art
is port part starboard
a word’s between.
The insertion is.
Act. Write. Do
it in the word’s between.

19 May 2009
Aspersions of the dim light we speak with doubts. Yet by doubting we uncouple will from its willing. Free us to be no one for that moment when everything new comes in and sits down at the table speaks from our mouths, brings out bread from a hidden pocket, shares it with us, every one.

19 May 2009
things nourish us
we thank them by thinking

19 May 2009
VARTABED

Vartabed means clergyman or priest but one without a stiff white collar or if he has then hides it safe beneath a big beaver of a beard slung down. Wait-a-bed and bide-a-wee and all those amphimacers—quick lightweight words that save us from solemnity. Wait till gravitas itself is green and giddy, calm down, go read Coleridge below the comforter.

19 May 2009
Corporate madmen wear socks with sandals
bricks toppled from a pile of bricks descend
slow-mo as shadows, vanish in money.

Nothing remembers. That’s a fugue all by itself
in a city I used to live. But the water is still there.
Solo escape into everywhere, hey that’s my smile
you see scattered in all the shiny bits of sea
slooshing under the kindly old wharf. Sheepshead.
Entry of the second theme, the ordinary groan
of memory. The thing I mean when I say me.

19 May 2009
A chess board and some naked fingers
shoving letters of the alphabet
up legal pathways but a wicked heart
wanting to break every line – a line
is misery, color is the debtor’s prison
where the light itself is captured
enslaved to man mood and free fall
until we see that color is just shape
and break the shape – your hands
quiet, stroking a book on your lap.

20 May 2009