

9-2007

sepE2007

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### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "sepE2007" (2007). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 705.  
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Holding my fingers  
the way a child would  
never the whole hand

chill morning  
cranky music.  
What is pain?

18 September 2007

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Jump in and start reading  
anywhere. It's all water,  
all touch, dangerous,  
the same all over. Poetry.

18 September 2007

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I'm so smart  
because I can count  
from one to you.

18 IX 07

= = = = =

*(BWV 1006 – Gavotte & Rondeau)*

But the third  
partita the one  
with no chaconne  
hurts. The way  
an old man  
watches children  
not his hop  
and run and fall.

18 September 2007

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Simple minded morning this ok  
it's been cold for three days the windows  
closed I'm in the quiet air where music counts  
the story stops long enough for me to catch up  
Harry Potter our time's Magic Mountain from  
all this claptrap machinery love "one day may rise."  
Poetry is a good way of holding my breath.

18 September 2007

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Every act of the imagination  
slays the dark.  
Logic kills light.  
Dream candles  
lead me to a strange altar.

18 IX 07

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I am tired of waiting for you.  
You are here already,  
as much of you as there is.  
You are the end of the world,  
Tiberius on Cápri, in-  
satiabile Cleopatra you  
bogus money I have  
bought so many dreams with  
nourished by your absence.

18 September 2007

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As if a little closer  
or a radio, remember,  
when still warm to the touch  
in the cold kitchen glad  
and Hallelujah coming  
out of it, enough, enough,  
all the contraltos,  
knead the dough and shame  
the diva, be a girl  
in your hands at least  
or let me get better  
in your least hands.

18 September 2007

## MOMENTS WITH SHOSTAKOVICH

*for C.E.*

I am fourteen it is New York  
he is walking towards me his sallow  
face his glasses the two goons beside him  
keeping him in line the world's  
greatest composer (Strauss has died)  
walking towards me towards me  
I stand in awe but try not to look  
impressed I am a kid as a kid  
I am always performing for myself  
just like the poet I would become  
or am I I am I am a poet Williams  
said was he speaking for me then  
there with the Waldorf-Astoria  
then the classiest joint in America  
hovering over D. D. Shostakovich  
walking towards fat little Robertus  
Jacobus whose heart filled immensely  
with the authenticity of this  
unbelievable occasion me with him  
on this very street in my own town  
forever I am real this is now this is  
the real thing the real world I am in it  
at last here he comes the man  
whose music lives in my head  
we share space I belong to the world!  
By now they had passed, maybe  
he was smoking, I probably was,  
maybe he caught my adoring eye  
maybe he saw it was all too full  
of self-importance to see him,  
too busy with I-am-with-Shosty  
to actually be with him, there,  
on the grey street, a frail unhappy  
looking man between his two  
apathetically vigilant bodyguards  
and they too might like him have  
looked at me then looked away.

19 September 2007



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Having said what there was to say  
I'm free to say what has to be said.

What a dull boy Jack is this morning!  
And now work work work to blame it on,

just Jack. Innate tedium.  
Some boys are just dull, that's me,

that sme. Someday I'll get it right,  
you'll laugh, the spell'll break

and I'll be a clever frog again, winsome,  
smug, waiting to kiss my next Thoreau.

20 September 2007

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Sometimes is enough.  
I wanted it to be milk,  
strengthen, glisten, sing  
as it hits the steel pail.

Grow. Waited silos  
full of wheat. Every  
single thing a mystery.  
Tolerate my ignorance,

sometimes is enough  
isn't it? Not an ocean  
every day, not a maple  
every morning. That

lone thing in front of me  
is a flower, has properties  
unknown to me, heals,  
hurts, puts to sleep.

You know the charm:  
lick the petal. Say  
your mother's maiden  
name. Watch out for bees.

20 September 2007

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Ponderous. An ogre  
in a nail file. Picture window  
with no vista. No house  
behind me. Me medium.

Let everything pass. When  
I was little there were trolls  
and goblins. Now trolls rare,  
rarer than whippoorwills.

Goblins rule. Even under bridges  
you see their patient eyes.  
Ecology of the non-human people.  
Big eyes, color of poached eggs.

20 September 2007

## DISEASES OF CHILDHOOD

Are there enough animals he wondered  
staring at an empty cage outlined  
by sunrays on the empty lawn  
oh empty empty everything he thought.

Enough of his wondering and thinking  
his wishing. He is what he is. Things  
are what they are forever. Hallelujah.  
Maybe. Maybe there's a secret world

coiled inside newfangled light bulbs  
superior to this, we live nights long  
in its fulvor. Glow. Is that a word?  
Once he was a boy and that's hard

to get over. The chief disease  
of childhood is being a child. Incurable.  
No remission. Or everything after  
is a brief remission all these years,

the pretty light bulb, the empty spot  
on the lawn he actually owns  
with room for so many lovely  
missing animals he says their names.

20 September 2007

## SCRIVENER SONG

Prefer not to Bartleby either,  
prefer not to prefer not to.

I would be either or be over, ever,  
if I could be. But there is music.

Usually whenever there is it isn't  
or not to the occasion risen

as it is said. But no one says it.  
I would want to yes if it came

down to it, would dance if asked,  
if feet provided. And if (only if)  
there weren't so much music.

21 September 2007

## **BALLET MUSIC**

How can the dancers hear themselves feel?  
Why can't their beautiful moving parts  
be music enough? Once in Greek time  
they were the orchestra complete.

21 September 2007

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If the ink  
doesn't stick  
to the paper  
who's listening?

21 IX 07

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A car is starting. One book I wouldn't.  
So much left to read. Nevada.

21 IX 07  
*chiasmus*

= = = = =

One sky too many  
and no rain.  
Stone paperweight  
palpable mystique  
of living things.  
Music box  
with magician on it  
as if it really always  
is my birthday  
all too soon  
not soon enough.

21 September 2007

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I am so rich people don't take me seriously.  
How little wealth is money even!  
With every word I flaunt my poverty.

21 IX 07

## LIBRA

Do I disgust you  
or give you a thrill?  
Or both? We are made  
like that, never  
to decide. To both.  
To both our way to the grave.  
But never die – dying  
is just one more decision  
we can't decide.

22 September 2007