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Sometimes you'd rather be liked than loved.
The way the subway is quicker than a cab
though dangerous, like all affection. Holy
they used to call it, that weird sense of
something being or seeming a whole lot
bigger than it is. The size of things.
How impressive. The caliphate of big.
Green dome on our street, a synagogue
I guess, but who knows what people
really do, or even are, when they pray
when you hear them from the sidewalk
on a summer evening bellowing inside
in some scary dialect of you don't know.
Maybe they turn into angels, whatever
angels are, maybe turn into animals
but animals of a kind you've never seen,
boisterous and kind, giving milk and wool,
sheltering you under the shadow of their wing.
People who say prayers turn into God—
that's my best guess. Who loves you
and even me from on high. Or inside.
Sometimes I'd rather just sit here
and have you like me, right by my side.

27 September 2007
Globes around her she discovers a single globe inside her, inside the globe she finds a face that looks up and out at her when she looks down inside herself away from all the blue globes clamoring around her. “We are always inside what is inside us. I am your mother waiting to give birth to you again and do it right. You are my mother too, and must do the same for me. Did you think I was just a color?”

27 September 2007
Cobra neck
arched over
the dream he
woke from

the shape of music
lifted like a fig tree
downcurved
to shelter him

with sound alone
and even we
are sheltered
by what we see.

27 September 2007
Soup stock
woke me.
Make me
it said
from all
make one
a compromise
with everything
becomes itself.
Become yourself.
Get up and make.
Wake me
from you,
let the difference
decide me
till you are you.

28 September 2007
It is the base of what begins. 
Poltergeist or Portugal. 
Something like that. 
Sun caught in locust tree, 
could that be it? 
You ask the same 
question every day 
and every answer’s different 
yet satisfies you 
in the same way. 
Do you even know 
as they say 
what you’re asking? 
Thief? Relief? 
Is one word good as another? 
Da. The stone said, 
falling into place. 
Any word. Yes 
the air said, 
hissing out. 
The tomb is sealed, 
the word is dead. 
When the stone cracks 
the risen Word comes out. 
That is why I said, weeping, 
I put every word in.

28 September 2007
She gave up wanting to be possessed and gave up wanting him to do the possessing in particular. Free a moment she gave up wanting to be possessed in certain ways. She let instead whatever happens happen. She left herself rest in the arising. Whatever felt comfortable at the moment. The moment. Comfort is the best counselor. The body always knows.

28/29 September 2007

[This is from a dream, from a text I was reading: *Short Cuts* — a series of six short-story-length novels, apparently composed by William Gaddis, and printed as part of a large Gaddis omnibus volume. In the dream I wished I had come up with that as a title. And imagined that someone, even if not Gaddis, had already done so. The poem here is one of the ‘short cuts,’ though clearly not a story.]
Hole in the woods where nothing was I thought.

Heron flying over me.

29 IX 07
How hold the rock?

--Hard.

Who color?

--Tree.
   Tops of maple
   locust, ash

Who gave you such a name?

--Nobody means
   anything by what they do.

But what they do?

--There are disclosures, no.

Whose voice are you listening to?

--My own. At last. Even if my own is you.

Isn't there one right answer?

--One right answer.

29 September 2007
Maybe the hand
is not to have
or trust the tongue
to say some
when must comes
round. Down
in these dull parts
a song must come
every day
an adolescence of
the sun the sun
we hear its hum
even after twilight
mountain ridge
rimmed with mauve
maybe. Again.

29 September 2007
Spill the best weather
into the pious heart: *templum*
the sky is, and from the apse of it
a thunder comes
a rumble in the blue, no cloud no flash,
the sound alone.
And that and that alone is your name.

29 September 2007
So suppose the sounds are roads. 
And hearing means to go. 
So many years this again and again
symphony. I should be there long ago. 
I am there already, really, I am where everything is. 
It was waiting for me. Every footstep of the journey (it is no journey) is right there in the first sound. There never was a beginning anywhere.

late September 2007
(hearing Tchaikovsky’s 5th)
Vines flood with color. Auburn shadows but early evening sun decides the shadow. Suddenly.

Everything is writing, nothing is written. To read is to compose. Luster of the mind thinking its way along. The wind. In that gleam we see to move. Into the knowing. The only knowing.

late September 2007
A woman saw an eagle
carry off a fox
you said, or no, a woman
saw an eagle kill one,

a woman had land,
four hundred acres you
said, and an eagle, eagles
kill snakes and rabbits

carry off foxes, no,
something goes
into the sky, leaves
all that land a woman has.

29 September 2007
White horse in golden
twilight. Maple. Almost
October. Not quite.
He glows like a unicorn,
he leads us all away
from whatever into forever.
Horse, old, twilight, white.

29 September 2007
Barrytown
The pinprick, the soft imagination
    hissing at it scoots
around the walls and falls collapsing.
    A touch
changes your mind.
It felt
    different from itself;
and you were afraid.

29 September 2007
Over the Polish fields
pale turnips roll
round and nourishing

then twilight, then dark.
Those pale roundnesses
continue us.

29 September 2007
The target
aims at the bow.
An arrow
is an afterthought.

29 September 2007
ELEGY WITH FLOWERS

But the flowers droop over the vine
out of the window boxes trail,
last year’s petunias said
to be annuals
somehow renew,
every word has a different word stored inside it
longer than ever we knew,

gladius, the Roman short sword
long enough to reach the end of a man’s life,
Antonius where did you go
when you fell forward into
(oh be simple about it)
not being who or what you were,
if anything is,
these
mauve and violet petunias,
the colors even borrowed from other flowers,
they too are complicit in your fall,
Actium and a tower, a lover, the men of now
will never understand such things,
no sword is long enough for them
to come to the end of their claim,

Lord, promise there will always be winter,
that pale comma in the longest scripture
meant to be read all the way to the end
and there is no end,
no sword
to cut it short, only the gleam
off the sword blade shows
another place another time.

30 September 2007
It’s the kind of day it is
a picture of a crow
photo
took a long time
ago a man I used to know
on a wall in Mexico.

30 September 2007
(étude)
The marriage broker the silver
candelabra the tenor soaring
effortless somewhere above high B

that cloudy regions where the angels tremble
between two awes, of man, of God
while we’re busy buying things

wives and acreage and long silk ties
the game is over the lovers
wait for something and the curtain falls.

30 September 2007