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To hear heaven
or sometimes only
way to have it
have it

in your ear
fragments of the god
discourse the clatter
of those Ideas

seep out the locked
doors, the seals
of that country
leak a little

whatever happens
in our head
is the shrill of it
her soft cry.

28 October 2007

OF THE BIBLE CONSIDERED AS AN OPERA

whose music we have strangely lost
but kept the intricate libretto,
in the last act Dinah will forgive me,
John will come up out of the Jordan
smiling at me, I will hear
the orchestra at last, gleam of his wet knees.

28 October 2007

THE BISHOP

It is morning the bishop
stares at the sun gleam
on his official ring,
the evening amethyst
divines the light, leys
a little go, his eyes
wet with tears a little,
why, what can any
crystal know?
When any man
sits quiet and studies
the accidental light
he knows that all
he's done makes one
beautiful disaster
and this also is his
gift, unburied talent,
last trick of the light.

28 October 2007

APOCALYPSE

All those horses
all those riders.
Not the horsemen
kill us. The colors do.
The broken seals.
Let heaven sleep.
No colors in the dark.

28 October 2007

= = = = =

You don't have to be a car
to drive down this highway
or a star to light up my horoscope—
you can be a army in the air
a woman with her feet on the sky
or anything you are, exactly
what you are.

. . . 28 October 2007

= = = = =

Walking is a mountain.
Sitting down is running away.

These are things I've known
all my life and learn today.

Maples scarlet over Lanesville,
the ashes of Veronica Lake.

late October 2007

Ce que je te dis ne me change pas.

—*Eluard*

All these words we keep repeating,
is it God speaking to us sleepers,
bible after bible babbled out
between one nightmare and the next,
the REM state quiets, the dream
vanishes, then the dreamless answers.

late October 2007

= = = = =

How long do you think it will be
before the heron
weary of staring at itself
in the calm pool beside the stream
looks up and flies fast
diagonally through hemlock trees
into the mere sky? Long life
and patient appetite. Blue
shadows quenched in running water.

late October 2007

= = = = =

The pope in that long white dress
wears a glass crown.
At the midpoint of the liturgy
he smashes it on the altar steps.
This is the secret
all music is meant to conceal.
And then the bells begin to peal.

late October 2007

= = = = =

To migrate the information
across the myth of matter,

I forget how to do this,
this sing, a foreign alphabet
for my mother tongue,
I wake up dumb in splendor
they call it color, autumn,
light – all the imaginaries
around me like soft birds,
what am I doing? Why
do I call this doing anything at all?

29 October 2007

= = = = =

for Tanya

The length of a lifetime
divided by the man next door
equals your terrified car ride
over the mountains from
the one you don't want to leave
to the one you don't want
to be with and the same is true
when you come another night,
another storm, back over the same
mountains. They at least don't change.

29 October 2007

= = = = =

The speakable
saves us.
There is a door
in what is heard

as a word
no matter
what it thought
it was or who

made it sound,
a door most ordinary
wood, opens
on that other room.

29 October 2007

= = = = =

All names.	List them.
Sparrowbush.	Pinebush.
Sparrowgrass.	Aspergum.
Leiris.	Luristan.
Maroon football.	Mundsley-on-Sea
Spirit me.	One gesture.
One spun.	Home run!

2.	
Spartan customs.	Hush baby
October horse	spillway leaf
onager manners	serene lunatic
empty sporrán	dread unease
threaten thrift	hungry nun.

3.	
Other country	after all
wizard wisecrack	grounded wit
shut-in diversion	radio plays
hearken Hamlet	

the real action takes place offstage. What Hamlet sees is mostly illusory, what Hamlet does is cranky, uncontrolled, morbid, soon fatal. The real action spits fire in the hearts of the audience. Those who hear what they see. The real action of any play is always sinister, foreboding, a threat to life itself, a punishment for joy. Behind the shimmeriest comedy a bone cracks. And lets the death concept creep out. Only butoh –or such mime by muscle— can silence death by silencing life. We live our shabby eternities in a scant gesture. A lifelong marriage in a single well-placed touch. An eye seen in an eye.

30 October 2007

LOVER

A.
I drink from you,
I lift you in my hands.

B.

Isn't your order wrong,
don't you have to touch
before lifting, lift
before drinking?

A.

But I was speaking
from the logic of the heart.

B.

What is the heart?

A.

The heart is method,
with the heart
the goal becomes the way,
the destination becomes the road.

B.

Do lovers have to say everything twice?
How do travel that road?

A.

I drink you starting with my hands.
And you pour into me already
from the first touch.

B.

Then why lift me, why drink?

A.

It is part of the heart's method
to go to the end of everything.

B.

What is at the end?

A.

Over and over I find you there.

B.

But the way you are,
wouldn't you find me anywhere,

everywhere, no matter what road?

A.

That's exactly what I meant
by the logic of the heart.

B.

But why do you call it drinking?
However much you lift me,
however much you absorb
there will be nothing less in me,
no sinking of the level in the cup,
I am wine all the way through
but you seem just as thirsty as before—
maybe your method
leads you to the cup
but has no mouth?
Do you have lips?
Is there a hollow place in you
that I can fill?
I don't feel diminished
by all your lifting
but you talk so much,
how can you be drinking—
no wonder you're thirsty still.

A.

I think I drink by speaking.

B.

That's weird water then.

A.

More like wine.

B.

Weird wine.

A.

Think of this as exploration.

B.

But we are found already!
What more is there to find?

A.

I think that being here with you
is what I call drinking.

B.

Then what is talk?
And who is speaking?

31 October 2007