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As long as the driver wills  
the car beseeches the road.  
Wise men of divers races  
hurry in from the desert  
where nights are so clear  
the *stars cast shadows*  
they say and who is left  
to doubt but me? We  
all stand in the dark  
happy or trying to be  
with the stuff that comes  
into our heads *rises*  
*to be thought* or do  
our thinking for us star  
by star until we hear.

1 December 2007

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But as if it were something written  
or writing itself while we watch  
—priest and acolytes and verger and choir  
all together, only the organist's back  
turned to what we see— but he  
sees everything we see but inside out  
mirror over the organ tilt he follows  
the inverse or backwards of the Mass  
—the holy (as opposed to what?)  
communion— and the writing goes on  
incense spirals curving iffy  
words on blank cold stone.

1 December 2007

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Silk scarf for aviator  
long time ago  
to wrap a throat in cloud

weird insignia  
on fuselages  
three gold crowns

a bundle of sticks  
with an axe in it  
a checkerboard

terrible history of  
flying swastika  
color of dried blood.

1 December 2007

*[=Sweden, Fascist Italy, Croatia, German-occupied Latvia]*

## DAWN SURPRISE

More trees  
Than before.

1 XII 07

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As if music from another room  
had words in it suddenly  
as if the air itself was afterthought  
and the mind leaves nothing to the mind

As if only the density mattered, intercourse  
between things and persons unlimited  
hot metabolism of steel consents to know you  
you look down and see the pulse in your wrist

as if an opera happened in your hands.  
Is this adolescent suicide or mature addiction  
to this blood thing be alive and kicking  
no habit but conventional mortality.

2 December 2007

**ET EXPECTO RESURRECTIONEM MORTUORUM  
(Olivier Messiaen)**

deep gong  
winter twilight  
the pale dark so loud

and they don't even get to be dead

it speaks inside a dream  
that made me  
when one falls asleep  
sitting upright  
asleep but also listening

listening to the word inside the music out there  
the concert hall the funeral Mass.

2 December 2007

## THE BUNGALOW MYSTERY

I came into the world  
the wrong sex and the wrong year  
for Nancy Drew  
alas because I love  
a smart woman with wise solutions but  
I did not come in too late for bungalows.

Not at all. The bungalow was  
constant in the affections  
of the lower middle class, my aunt  
even lived in one so called  
a brick bungalow in St Albans, Queens,  
with a brick fireplace that burned  
an everlasting stone or concrete log  
with blue gas flames dancing on it.

Tacky, I knew it even then I loved it  
anyhow the way one does.  
Bungalow I suspect of being Indian,  
India-Indian, from the days of the Raj,  
when a Government Bungalow  
stood alongside many a road or path  
ready for the well-credentialed paleskin wanderer.  
What makes a house a bungalow,  
is it an attitude?

What makes a girl a detective?  
She drives a convertible, parks it in the trees,  
follows dubious characters my age through the dark  
as they try to get rid of the evidence,  
she's right, I'm all about evidence,  
all about getting it down on paper,  
my endless volumes of confessions  
artfully disguised as trendy poesy  
but enough about me.

Nancy, Nancy,  
I think I'll set one more snare for you,  
a trap door in the haunted bungalow,  
a bicycle with ideas of its own, Nancy,  
maybe this time it will work, the brakes

will be sabotaged, the wind will be my partner,  
I'll catch you at last and set you down  
by the blue-tongued gas log and demand  
a clear analysis of what I've done wrong  
year after year. Nancy, are you  
even listening? Am I just a foolish  
criminal who failed to find his crime?  
Come with me at least to the bungalow—  
is even tomorrow too long ago for me?

2 December 2007

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The words I wait to say  
wait for me in the sun gleam—  
upholsterers conceal in wadding  
speaking-crystals from Martian radios  
to keep track of lovers' conversations,  
the export business in Lies and Prevarication  
is significant in our trade with Saturn,  
planet of truth – they need our false.

What the sun tells me suddenly fades,  
a cloud covers what I thought I meant.  
Secular rollback: my mother  
is having slipcovers made for the sofa  
choosing big pale floral print right now  
sixty years ago these cabbage roses,  
look at me stock still in the desert  
desperate for a good idea, a destination  
what the French call un but as if  
somehow you could undress right now  
and find your body in there, a goal  
for other people's actions, affections.

You are here, I mean I am—  
in an honest world they would mean the same.  
But here we are on Earth, *Tellus*  
as the Romans called it, the Speaking Planet  
where every word lives in a city of its own.

3 December 2007

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Time doesn't so much pass  
as get tired of us

how we never pay attention  
and it just slips away

If you could be fine  
and stare time in the face

and really pay attention  
this would be forever.

3 December 2007

**"IT WAS GONE BY MORNING"**

*(a prompt from Cooper Jacoby)*

It was gone by morning  
the crows were out of town that week  
but something else —hawks,  
harriers— had ridden on the night  
and snatched it

They left a ship  
to sail the lawn, a big wooden  
wheel spinning busily  
with no yarn on it but light

So many things they left but  
what can I do without the one  
thing they took away?

3 December 2007

## SPACE

Something searching space  
the hardest element  
to find we're  
so packed in here the fronds the mountain goats  
the very cloudwork wracked around our rock

the other element the thing you have to die to see  
when in the autopsy chamber they disclose  
the densities inside the beautiful cadaver  
that was your self or mother once  
now thronged with tortuous meats

density density no space at all  
density destiny we have to guess  
all the packedness of our situation  
compels a wantonness  
by imagination work  
a clarity with nothing in it but our speak

newborns in emptiness our mouths the only opening.

4 December 2007



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Pictures always tell the  
same lies my eyes.

Or just different enough  
to make me doubt.

The whole process never  
seems to witness  
an authentic you.

Mists of seeing  
cloak the seen.

The actual founders  
far out to sea.

4 December 2007

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I don't want to sound grumpy  
I want to love you to pieces  
I want to use the feints and rhythms  
you use to discover yourself  
I want to learn from your beautiful mistakes.

4 December 2007

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Structure this.  
One color  
among so many  
but only this one  
is this.

4 XII 07

## LECTURE ON BEAUTY

photo of square in Providence RI

