

5-2006

mayB2006

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "mayB2006" (2006). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 739.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/739

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

that is hard, isn't it,
the colors come on their own feet from their own forest and we can't
do anything but let them keep telling us
what I've been trying to tell you all morning
but the music keeps making me go somewhere else.

6 May 2006

"I HAD TO PAY HEAVILY"

he said in his old man's voice, the tortured jaw
in perfect English, among the flowers and foliage
of Hampstead,

his own voice, the only words
of his I've ever heard,

the master, smiling, bent a little forward,
rueful, admitting.

This is Freud, talking. Something happens
in my chest when I hear him, the gentle
old voice, speaking my language, so clearly,
something happens in me, this is a saint I'm hearing,
a holy voice that goes right through me,

saying that bourgeois thing, that Jewish thing, the cost
of everything,

the weight of everything, the weight of money,
the compulsion,

I had to

pay

heavily,

pay for the flowers, for the garden they grow in,
for the land below the garden, the dream below the ground,

the dream below all transaction, that this

is mine, that I can give it to you,

to you for something

that is yours,

the dark beauty of transaction,

of an old man standing in a garden,

I hear a few words, somebody's home movies of him,

he's speaking,

and his words speak to me, in me,

this is it, the famous 'talking cure'

and suddenly I am healed.

6 May 2006

=====

Name of the sir: Sir.

Name of the moon: sun. Mistake.

The machine breaks up

into bright bands of color

codeless messages –

what you be is what you see,

there are no camels

no packboats crowding the Seine.

Fishless you prosper, oceanfat,

illiberal, mine own.

7 May 2006

LOVE SONG

Of course I want to walk there with you
you are my ear-trumpet my warhorse
my catalogue of sins my Vatican
stuffed with absolutions. Of course
you are the only one for me, my heel and toe
soft shoe Orphic interlocutor
Port of Spain. Of course you reign.
I dither at your side alarmed
into music you grace to hear.

7 May 2006

HALLMARK

Never leave me never believe me
a catalogue is what I do best
like all chronic desirers, a list
of all the things I need you be.

7 May 2006

X

X marks the stop

A typo in the heart of space

her grandfather signed

his marriage contract so

as if a chromosome and not a man

but what a chromosome!

A bird let fly from the wrist

never comes down!

Sunset on the moon.

A man never comes back to the sign.

7 May 2006

Jesus said: Become passers-by.

Gospel of Thomas, 42

AT MIDNIGHT

This is a postcard.

It shows a pretty child
standing in a flowery meadow
smiling, holding in one hand
a plastic bucket, a little
scoop or shovel in the other.

The picture is called

Absence of the Ocean.

It is religious and very sad
despite or because of the smile.

7 May 2006

=====

I find in my pocket a paper
says *Open windows*
bring the summer.

Something about attitude.

Something about control.

8 May 2006

=====

Marksman's music:

if I sing there

(looking at a point

in the sky only he can see)

that beast will fall.

Suppose we didn't have to kill.

Suppose we could leave the sky alone.

8 May 2006

=====

After the wonder we started the numbers.

What a difference 2 makes! An ideal

shattered, a young woman found

riddled with bullets on a bare road in Iraq.

Or the moon any night.

Long before you ever get to three.

9 May 2006

=====

That we choose the wrong one.

That the opera accelerates.

That the man feels comfortable with formally similar propositions.

That anaphora is close to prayer.

That prayer is close to that to which and by means of which we pray.

That God talks to Herself using our mouths.

That things like this excite him in a way he can barely contain.

9 May 2006

=====

Try to tell the truth once.

The kayaks tonight in the cove
the swimmer with the cellphone, see
I'm lying already.

There is no one there. No one
even remotely talking to anybody else.

9 May 2006

OMPHALOS

Earth navel. Something waits.
Not just at Delphi –
there is more than one Earth
in the Earth. Spheres coincide.
Sometimes we live between the shells –
that is the hour of the suicides.

A disease is waiting
for the least of them,
the them who are us also, in their red
coats their dark blue coats
their green parkas their Breughel togs.

For I am a log lying in a marsh
and a girl knees by me, her elbows
rest on my bark as she gazes into the trees.
God knows what she sees.

9 May 2006

THE ACTUAL MILEAGE MAY VARY

The swans may be sullen,
refuse to turn back into princes.
It may not rain. The petunias
wither on the windowsill. Up the valley
potential skiers are buying real estate.
Vae, vae terrae! Woe to the earth,
it is as if Europe died and no one knows.
We're still in the "as if" stage of our downfall,
examining foreign travelers suspiciously,
you never know. It's like the flu,
suddenly it's there and your grandmother
lies in the churchyard. And still
no swan, no rain, no name.

10 May 2006

=====

“The writing pen cleans itself,” I wrote.
Miracle, that it happens that I remember
something that someone I’ll call “I”
said or did some other time. Some world
where we would perish without approximations.
Oh somewhere is a planet with no pronouns
just hard edges and particulars to give life.

10 May 2006

THE ALIEN

We have no society
we use just what's in your head

the bluegrey whatever in you

Society is something you made up
because you can't hear yourself think

we can

11 May 2006

=====

Getting closer. All days
begin with a gerund.
Everything raps. That's
the trouble, there is nothing
that doesn't rhyme,
no unrhymed space
left for the mind to not hear,
to not connect. Not doing
is a species of doing.
Take away the gerund, that noun
disguised as a verb.
Nothing doing.
Even nothing keeps going.

11 May 2006