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Freed from

or is it peace of,

one fragment of our loss dissolved
in all-wine

the *pharmakon*.

The silence in my head keeps growing,
going,
soon it will get there

wherever it is that silence is heading.

8 July 2006

EMERGENCY OPERA

Sudden need for music
makes a man stand out his hand

across the street she hears him
with the corner of her eye

and all the cars that roll between
chorus of simple villagers praising Baal

while the two of them seek the one true god
just where their fascinated eyebeams meet.

10 July 2006

TEE SHIRT

Yours, printed with a comic poem, can't read,
the way the words hide among your breasts,
it's like those paper placemats diners used to have
What Is Wrong With This Picture?
How Many Can You Find, well I find plenty,
I find your shirt, I find your hand
too far away from mine. I find our knees
don't meet under the table
in the great abyss down there where
lost spoons make love. I find I have been writing
your initials elaborately on my napkin
but you are not writing mine. There are so
many things wrong are there any things right?
Maybe your eyes. But they make me start
counting all the things that are wrong again.

10 July 2006

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Not for long to be wrong again
fan at midnight shakes
gently the deep orange roses' petals
their deep green leaves and I am done.

10 VII 06

not something you know
but how you know it,
know anything at all,

I look at your face, your face
remembers a mountain.

11 July 2006

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And in this apathy
a gleam that needs me

I get angry when
you go out playing with children
when the Orpheus in you
screams for his lyre

only the bones of your hand
can stroke it, calm
as fingers on a smooth book
idly caressing,

 only the lyre-horn laid
against your breast can
tune that sound and make
his, yours, the *most*
thoughtful of all music.

The busiest city is
a ruined abbey, shadow-birded,
waiting for your
insistent call-note.

Have you ever heard the white-
throated sparrow sing at nightfall?

Just fill the words in and let me hear.

11 July 2006

THE FAILURES

of what will not fall
close-fitting rapture
tongue on your throat skin
licking up

The truth is coming,

Verity is naked again,
all the punitive judges excited
by the tumult of their observations,

ah the senses, those perjured witnesses.

11 July 2006

REFUGEE FROM THE BIBLE

I am who. Everybody's
relative.

1.

In my day I watched
the strange Egyptian prince
that poet enraptured with the sense of exile,
afame with resentment,
in love with outcasts, swarming
out of Egypt with a host of lepers
tinkers gypsies convicts chemists
true believers, the empty places

*give me the empty places Lord
and I will make them speak*

how could he trust that rabble
but he did, flattered maybe
that they trusted him.

2.

He took one god and left all the rest behind,
maybe he took the one nobody wanted
back there, the only god with no face,
no animal stand-in, hardly even a name,
and you knew he was there
only when something was on fire.
His fire caught in you, and you knew.

3.

Was it ever in me?

Was I ever one of them?
I was born in their encampments
born into their precious exile
their darling wilderness

But I was to them as Prince Moses was to Egypt,
an outcast born, an embarrassment,
I wanted gods with faces,

faces with lips, gods with hips and breasts,
with mountains, gods who cast shadows,
gods I could feel
in my body, their hands reaching
down through my arms to become my hands

my hands and all that they could learn to do.

11 July 2006

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In a house lost
in the woods a man
an old man play
a golden harp
to a deaf woman
a little younger.
It is the saddest
story I ever heard.
It is heaven.
All depending.

11 July 2006

THE LADDER

Tell Jacob I'll take
the later ladder
the one I look down
to see ascending
and follow no one
up the rungs to
ipse up there, the thing
itself not far from here.

11 July 2006

OUT TO DINNER

I remind a schoolboy that I remain
a schoolboy waiting for his dinner.

That is, we are both sinners,
body always focused on the easy

beyond the abstruse appetite for words.

Stop talking, make your mother
give me something to eat. Silence.

Self in other. The best thing

about kissing is no talking.

The privilege of silence, immense.

A schoolboy stuffs his face
while reading a story

about another boy in another place

walking through crazy trees

heavy with succulent fruit

o god the smell of them and wanting.

12 July 2006

AUBADE

No one is entitled to identity.
Fire engines pass at dawn
weird to think of fire
that it can be at work so early.

Bless this food so that
in eating it I take on properties
of use to you, construing
you as plural-universal

like a cup of tea left unfinished
cool, anti-oxidants enough for all.
May I always be a glass of water.
May I always be a chair and table.

May I turn into what you seek.

12 July 2006

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Some one small
sees me from the trees.
I was dozing. The woods
around my house—
nothing to be seen
but all of them seeing.
I wake into observation,
a part of landscape at last.

12 July 2006

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Trap smoke in a bottle.
This was Nero's Rome,
this is Alexandria
when the books were burned.
Smoke in a glass,
the slow precipitate,
gas is invisible
something happens to the air.
Old Rhineland poets
discovered the middle class —
for them pretty girls were invented
and adventure, texts of interest
only to the stay-at-homes,
the knights of salient economics
wrapped in their golden loricas
read about real trees.
Deep in the forest also
sleepy dragons read romances.
Open the book and the smoke sails out.

12 July 2006