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Aisling

Aisling. The dream
as human society, the only
place where the human is
an independent subject

in a knick-knack world.
All the broken badges of the dream
litter my mantelpiece,
snapshots of beauty queens not yet born.

(O this lad is from another era, he has fireplaces,
he has or has had girls, the cad) (being old
is like being queer, the differences
are louder than the sames) (the seeds
still ripen in the Undertow)
(the universal) (he was a bird
before he was a man
a fence and only then
a city, a garden well-enclosed,
a rose)

(no wonder
he’s so weird now
as kings give up their crowns and ask
for their names at least be kept
on river or fortress or piazza

but they moved Louis XIII –who was he? –
you see his horse’s butt
late night when you stumble out
of one more lecture in the Galérie Colbert)

(gay men are called queens why not lesbians kings)
(ask your mother she has been everywhere
before you and you hate that,
hate being last-born in a used-up world,
family horror show, strange girl at the gate_
(what a pair they make
old too young and young too old,
love prows this dictionary,
scientology, wet-slatted benches in safe suburban parks)
(every day one more exquisitie exile
then it’s off to Philadelphy in the mornin’).

13 July 2006
There is only one person in the world. Sometimes he dreams he’s you, sometimes he dreams he’s me.

If there is any difference, it has to be the dream.

mid-July 2006
Impromptu
the air
    falls apart

you hear a tree frog not far
it makes you wonder

the way everything does
when it suddenly speaks.

13 July 2006
SOUND

Anything you can hear
is the sound of space
licking time

a science thing
like the color of your hands

or why in winter
your wedding ring slips off your finger easy.

13 July 2006
SAPIENTES

In every fire
Bruno is waiting—
it was his door
to another room
where he’s still at work

Those who die in fire Bruno, Jehane, Empedocles
or in water Kings of Atlantis and the rowdy poets, Shelley, Heym
or in earth Moses, Osiris, Oedipus
or air Enoch, Edward Kelly,
or in the Æther Guru Rinpoche, The 12th Imam, Jetsun Milarepa

all are still at work in each his element
to make the green Spagyric work

our planet and its flower-foot

and far beyond it lost in time to come the Blue Religion.

13 July 2006
All the certainties, the sides
down which the oil slips
when the pan tilts over
flash of flame, syllables of fire
trying to pronounce a word
that only women really can speak,

Providence, in the Elizabeth bar,
slumped in a comfortable settee
wondering about the bright
weather outside thank god for dark
in here, where I am, and my kind,
body beings in a nest of time.

13 July 2006
Now on then
never one will be
poised.

A flag
for 14th July
a parade, the town
defiled with tanks
rocket launchers
women soldiers in frumpy uniforms,

all the people hidden off the avenue.
Chiracistan at bay.

14.VII.06
RING

Just as I headed towards sleep
my ring slipped off my finger,
sleepy tried to find it in the sheets,
couldn’t, sailed down to sleep.

All night I dreamt of finding it
here or there, bed or bedroom,
house or road or by the sea
tide swirling out of that gold circle.

When the dreams let me rise
it was the first thing I saw
middle of the bed where I had been
and it was still warm from my skin.

14 July 2006
sparrow

an old decipherment
the soaked paper

said:

the apparent raja
spoke softly to his tiger

*thou and thou alone art free of malevolence*
*the hurt you do is innocent*
*prone to your teevee’s*
*ineluctable machinery*

I think it said.
Or was it raga, tigress,
tendresse, fenders and no hurt,
was it music instead of a picture,
lines of the staff stripes of the beast

which, we are wisps of what programs us,
the inexhaustible mediation

teevee? what kind of word is that

where I come from you don’t talk to tigers

(14 July 2006)
wrote me, then I was other
so the spirit sprinting through my breath
would come to you panting
with adoration, a Renaissance painter
aghast on his back before
a vaulted ceiling three inches bigger than the sky

and painted it (breathless, a girl
in his mind he made Mary,
then made St Agnes, then made
three angels in profile and one
angel with wide hips frowning at hell

and he couldn’t stop thinking about her
so made Christ from her, slung
a brown beard around her cheekbones
and God the Father the beard turned white
but still her grey incurious eyes

would never come to rest on him,
not till the Last Judgment when the grave
gives up its dead and all of them
rise to meet him, all with her face.
Crevasses
in things
the crack
I worship
pour
what I know
comes back
rejuvenated
by sheer
between.

Feeling best
when serving
most that
vanish point
from which all
arrives and comes
to meet me
make me
what I am.
As between
the lips the
clitoris or
between
witnesses
the phallus
stands so
between the
eyes someone
also knows
the final
judgment
court of last
appeal.

16 July 2006
PEDAGOGY

Just lie about
while every book beats
passionately against your naked education.

16.VII.06
Causes of nine:

Sympathy. Megiddo.

Marmot lawn.

All right, I'll give you hummingbird

how you rested on me.

A wooden flute fitted with a trumpet embouchure,

Parmenides. Have I left anybody out?

Commentary:

Parmenides because he got there by horses, but not on them. Trumpet mouthpiece on wood to make soft things blare. You and me, we’re history. Hummingbird excessive lyric observation quick tongue in mouth sugar red. Animal. Touch. Politics & War. What else could fuse or force or feed?

17 July 2006
SINE FUNCTIONS

Blue symmetry.
Some. Here.
We name this proportion sin.
It is the relation
between the upright and the other.
Any deviation
is given a number.
These numbers rule us.
Later they take us to hell.

17 July 2006
Enough math for one myth.
Is it o-pus or op-us?
You decide – you are my broker,
my live feed. How can I make you
listen to me, give me what I only want
you who are all about need?
How can I even pronounce you?
How can I get you in my mouth?

17 July 2006
Eager. Ague
to get, get it,
the want
is always waiting—
but the less want
the more you
do want. Root
puzzle of it,
our predicament.
Who told you?
I learned it from a nearby restaurant,
plump diners inspecting the buffet.

17 July 2006
Could this be Horace’s triumph after all?

Vicisti, Romane!

I have learned to speak about the street,
the one that leads only to one more street.

17 July 2006
Too late to apply the remedy,
enjoy the disease.
Watch the blue wildlife
hallucinate out of your woods.
Remember the thrill of feeling
someone’s skin you never touched.
The world around you buzzes like a fly.

17 July 2006