

8-2006

augE2006

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "augE2006" (2006). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 749.
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What a pleasure
to be small
again. And then.

26 VIII 06

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Fear of being Proust
unhinges most novelists.
The ardor, the sacrifice,
the labor to sustain
minutest observation
in a state of grace
of what it means to see
and what feeling
actually feels. In him
be scripture, the appalling
bravery of the actual
invented just as it really is.

26 August 2006

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When these are beginning
the rapture is editing

the mistakes are whirled away off the world
leaving the righteous the beautiful the accurate the you

the you.

27 August 2006

INTERLINEAR TO ALANA

“In my hands, from this and back again,” says the Demon about the book that *flies through time*, “I move you to flesh.”

There is no original word. Every word spoken is the First Word. Every letter is a. That is what the *Desert* says, the *plateau*, the place that brings the light out of you.

Or = Light. Ir = City.

temporary tools of mouth and hands – how beautiful that is.

Everything becomes a book. That is, it lasts a while. It can be read.

pulse, the tightrope taut through wormholes of our time : that is the exact definition of poetry. Or of ryc, the song that is heard below words and objects both.

Can we dare to map the future from the way *languages change*? From the sun of language now, a shadow cast forward that is our future. Do we dare to read it? Every letter we get, every website is a linguistic prediction of our structures-to-come.

Why do you say poetry is beneath music?

Not beneath – there’s a seesaw – and music is the Fat Lady always, we poets balance her only with great difficulty.

Poetry is primal, but music is the last-born, the ewe lamb, the Benjamin, the smug guitar.

No secret can be kept. Except maybe by telling it. Once it’s told people forget the primal energy from which the telling told.

The word came first. But the rabbis tell us that if the Temple is ever rebuilt it will be rebuilt in the World of Melody.
Is this music? Or is this something else?

In the beginning is the word. But then what stirs to speak, speak in some other way?

Sei still, sei still! the frightened rider cries, Don’t tell me, don’t tell me!

In Mayan frescoes the sign of a person speaking is blue flame flowering out of his mouth.

27 August 2006

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Let these things be.
A miner or a mason
be, or handle
bibles gingerly they bite

or politics amidships
revolt of the angels
means sickness peace
means boulevard

you get my points
I am nobody but I am
everywhere and I have ears
famous sparrows bathe in dust.

27 August 2006

τελος

Lines get longer
as they reach their goal.
Who is speaking
when the silence comes?

Only the pretermitted
the distanced-from-itself
the alpha cantilena
the God. Count by syllables
the end of time.

27 August 2006

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Then the chances come.
Rain on the county fair.
Cool weather, the warmth
of the heart is needed
but the heart is always
a desperate measure.
Listen. It has the floor.

27 August 2006

BALTIC SCENES

for Ian Davidson

1.

The sturdy scaffold in the mirror's eye
unfolds in Baltic light the rough stone
neat trimmed almost greenish mannerist
façade of the apartment house o what sex
goes on inside these haughty Riga windows
what Tristaning and buggery and blue!
I exclaim excitedly then turn away.
The price of imagination beggars me.
These things cost too much to think.
There and gone forever, lost in the dusty
underbrush of mind, so far from those
backstrain workmen hoisting healing stone.

2.

What's an exclamation doing in a song?
Nobody is listening. And if anybody is
they can figure out for themselves where
they think you think the exclamation
goes and what excites you honey. Then
they look up and you know they know.

3.

Two Polish sisters cute as dolls
three days in the U.S. only
from Gdansk and working well
at the Turkish bakery with
blue eyes and narrow noses only

one of them with a word of
English at all. We have come far
into the actual world. Soft
crumbling pastries baked in French
with nut and honey-heavy Levantine
their sticky pale fingers handle
till their mortal husbands come
in the last act of this delicious opera.

28 August 2006

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So much left to do
before 1 am.

28 VIII 06

INSTEAD OF ASTROLOGY

we could take all the calendars
civic and religious and ethnic
and superimpose them
and come up with much the same
as what astrology teaches

but the planets are easier
they look right at us
we don't have to learn Quechua
or Maori or Greek
we just look at one another

this man was born in winter
I can tell it from his eyes
and she who is so impatient
with me even as I try to speak
she comes from the end of summer.

29 August 2006

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How big can a bird be?

Black. Roc. Simurgh.
Sammurch. Chicken Little
is the answer.

The sky
was not falling.
The bird was the sky.

It comes and goes
on us. Phoenix. An ordinary
heart on fire.

29 August 2006

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Salt candle hears Gillespie
the vaguely orange light through rock salt
renders cordial redundant information
marriage brokers coast of Portugal
old man fleeing for his life along a beach
thrilled by bikini naiads still
o God the musculature of their kidney
glass glitter mica trade-wind peanuts.

29 August 2006

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When things are short
they wear long hair

When things are small
they wake too soon

When things are tall
their teeth are bad

When things are big
the pony falls

Learn these little
things from rain

Who loves us equal
never forgetting.

29 August 2006

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You don't really learn a whole lot from life
but you learn never to trust somebody named Rick.

29 VIII 06

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Antinomies, or prejudices.
I have them too
a few
I will not confess
and some I dine out on
lecturing ferociously
against the Bible, school busses, beets.

29 VIII 06

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An animal of course is something else—
shadow of a wine bottle but it moves
and the mountain sober

you're waiting

for me, I know it,
and I will not call.

You want to be wanted
like any animal. Tiger.
A tiger is a glorious mistake.

Takes to dancing. Falls
off park benches – love
is hard to make
but quick to catch.

Reflect on the diseases of the place:
skin, blood, eye.

The healthiest is a kind of tower
in the park. Thorns, pigeons, sky.
Dedication. You hear them summers
play it in the bandshell, far.

29 August 2006

ROADWORK

Animals missing from their cages
on the anniversary of a disaster
all causes operate continuous
effects likewise, rodent philosophy
Merlin is no pander, marry me
though he bring gold and mercury to bed
together under the universal elm,
nature is just what we suppose

plus everything we managed to forget
plus what we'll never know.
In other words there has to be a heaven
where Pessoa can pull himself together,
the punch line, the spent cartridge
made into a lighter, the Chinese doll
dancing on the mantelpiece,
white with red trim, smooth lord
of suppositions, your uncle stands

breathing on you with a glass of something
you want too without even knowing
what it is, what is it, uncle,
what ails you now, that is how I am
I mean the way we are, we want
whatever is there, and that sustains us
but what we need is what is far,
improbable, can I have your olive,
beyond the obvious the evident,
beyond the evident the actual
grinning at us from the flaming logs.

30 August 2006

ALLOPOENIA

Millicent sits glum in the corner
hating music because she can't
learn to play the trombone.
No one stops her. But the brazen
instrument itself does not instruct,
she thinks a tool should teach
to use it, the mouthpiece
should whisper to the mouth,
instead she spit-spouts into it
and dismal tones blat out.
So screw Berlioz, swing, 4th of July
parades, down with metal,
down with song, down with ears.

I am Millicent. I was born
before the war, any war you
can think of, honey, nobody
is like me anymore. My name
means legion but I alone
am left to bear it, a kid on the seesaw
waiting for someone to come along
and hoist me up into the sky
by the sheer weight of contradiction.

30 August 2006

POETRY SAYS

I can only tell the truth
when somebody's listening

or eavesdropping, as Mill said.

That's where you come in.
You and you alone

are the royal road to the absolute.

30 August 2006

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Aux larmes, citoyens!
Let flow those stifled tears!
The call weeps, the broom
sleeps, the cell is empty,
the heart is praying.
Dumb words, dumb
words. Listen!

30 August 2006

= = = = =

Calendar cycles love you
call an island need me

watch the desperate nephews
clamber up the famous knee
for one is a name one lives with

love me this is an island
and wants no more than this water

glass typhoon tells you and only
you call back

from rock call back from call

31 August 2006

CANDLELESS

Teaparty coast of spines
everything in organdy
a leaf among the old

pineapple scented ski-lodge
why it never weathers
but it laws all down

tumult of books pajama
party layabout slackwitted
easing some new tome

*O Alternate Pilgrim! or
Scotch Hoes and Harmony
or Irish Hod Kabbalah*

telepathy for you mate
don't answer I'm calling
you from your own pale thigh

to invite myself into
your weather step by step
down Pussycat Lane

as I were a farmer you an acre
the signal ceased the mind
went blank overtures forever

o God this miracle of earth
the first act hasn't even
yet begun the rain remembers

to fall the crouching vixen

remembers how to lap
sweet water from the rhubarb leaf

immense outcome of natural
suggestion we live this sweet
hypnosis to the end I squeeze

your hips to hold you to the earth.

31 August 2006

CITY

I dreamed they gave us everything
spirits bikini-ing around in matter
as if we needed hands to see

o this is Gnostic waking for you
this aching bleeding body of the other's other
you wheel from hospital to hospital
always thinking family is your own

but no, family is the very other
the conspiracy of mere resemblances
to blunt your difference, o pull
you back from the mountain, trust me
I kiss your star, I live for your center

and save you by the slightest proposition
uttered, a prayer in the broken tile,
prayer in the gas pump, the blue telephone
stretched above your long unlisten.

31 August 2006

MENILMONTANT

train floating
through night air
street below
a blonde woman
screams – time
drags her
through the years.

31 August 2006