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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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No room. Found sufficient variant for black routine. Spill oil on it.
Oil he explained is the liquid fire locked in every single thing: rock, seed, bone. No room inside the earth for less. Or if the entire contents of this one planet were unpacked into their constituent molecules they would fill all space up to the rim.
And the name of that unpacking is Time, the femme fatale with amber eyes who turns your personal carbon to universal diamond. A Jesuit crosses the ice humming Cole Porter.
An owl swoops away with the moon.

1 October 2005
A door closed off
to a wooden room
calm of rectangles
left alone a quiet box

inside a house
let nobody always
have a place too
something comes of this.

1 October 2005
fifty years later
a ball is just as round
the grass
still makes sense of the rain

Summer 2005
1 October 2005
And all my life
folds, lines of the palm.

Miracle. Things close
to other things. Do not
focus on what passes,

let it go. The passing
is what it means.

Summer 2005
1 October 2005
desperately
the needle seeks north
Blackstone’s *Laws of England*
seek the mind
of a society. Something speaks.
But this book of mine
just barks beneath the oak tree.

Summer 2005
1 October 2005
In the chapel for the funeral of a friend
I read the hymn board over the pulpit:
TRANSFIGURATION.
COMMUNION.
SUN before SUN after
ANNUNCIATION
the places of the Anglican year:
a day is like a hedge to hide in
a day is such a little house
like a heart like a beehive
there are acres in the bedroom
a forest in the parlor
and the kitchen table shoves against the hills.

Summer 2005
1 October 2005
= = = =

All this talk
and while it sounds
in the coffin on the altar steps
the time-stopped body
stays, no longer
an animal, not yet a
mineral and the man part
shriveling under the dark suit
and the angel part
busy somewhere else.
Where our minds join it
for a little hoedown
while all the holy talkers
talk and talk.

Summer 2005
1 October 2005
The other side of desert
is a nomad night.
A dark meaning
waiting to take hold.

Old Catholic stuff
losses and Latin
miracles of oblivion
a little girl saint
forgiving her rape.

And the raptor dies
in prison grieving.
What can we do
with thinking?

Summer 2005
1 October 2005
It is what Hölderlin thinks
that matters –
you don’t think a mind like that
ever stops perceiving, receiving,
responding? You don’t think
really that minds stop?

Summer 2005
1 October 2005
Merchant, milk me
of the primal
heap. Sorites. Skandha.
The Accumulation.
Cloud of absence
with the gold gone.
Rains gold down in on us.
Merchant, you cure me
of prosperity, I exchange
potential for actual,
the living for the dead.

Summer 2005
1 October 2005
Filling my aura
with the aura of the hundred
cows two hundred goats
and sheep at the fair, each
coloring the aura of,
of this beholder. Speak
dreamer. Who are you
who can dream all this?

Summer 2005
1 October 2005
The other side of whatever is is my home town. My flag, my church full of my people. I forget their names. I know all their faces.

Summer 2005
1 October 2005
Then a white peacock
comes walking across my mind
and screams, so the whole
sentimental neighborhood runs away.

Summer 2005
1 October 2005
From the time to the time
from the demonstrative pronoun
to the other kind,
this man, this mind.
Because mind is a pronoun pronounced ‘you.’

Summer 2005
1 October 2005
ALBUMEN

he said
as if an egg
knew something
more than a man
a Mixed Man
like me have
some more pinot
the water table
rises to our feet
that we may drink
like a Latin song
or a dog in the dark.

Summer 2005

1 October 2005
I invite the wind into my arm
let it listen a while to what moves me
and then move, tell its own
intellectual history, pear trees and skirts
and the waves on Vineyard Sound
breaking on the sunken barges.
Everywhere I was the wind was first
but I was bleeding, I was rich
with handling things and pressing them
and the wind was poor, was always
leaving, and a poor man knows everything,
that’s at least what folklore tells us,
elf tycoons dining on the shadow of leaves.

1 October 2005
smart as words a leaf comes calling
depends on you to listen, says.
I don’t know this wooden grammar
I don’t know this soft refusing, says.

2 October 2005
Two leaf messengers
I will read them till I get too cold
one is camouflage
read right away as war,
Kubla’s tocsin, a hundred years
more before a bird can settle
tweeting Messiaen on global lawns
and the other leaf says Don’t be clever
I am a kind of leather
time makes from trees,
mosaic I am, lawful, kind,
I tell you about islands
where slender ships can hide
and then the other leaf accused,
there is green inside the brown
and specks of each inside the other
the way change hides in the weather.
Now who’s clever I want to ask,
are you just a Taoist sermon?
I am great Time herself, he says
and we have come to start your day
in unmistakable readingness. Everything
is on the verge of disclosing, Speak!

2 October 2005
blue serpentine a rock
from Newfoundland
a lantern in my hand one
on the table

2 X 05
I am an animal
to begin with
my thighs speak
commonest Portuguese
New Bedford nights
I share my meal with gulls.

2 October 2005
So many and few
the arrangements.
By day you see right through the house
into the daylight tree out there.
At night the dark inside and out
are common and there is no tree there.
You see nothing but a shape
enclosing nothing you can see.
A light goes on, goes off.
It could be the wind blowing
for all you know.
You need a name to hold to.
You need skin.

2 October 2005