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Within the enclosure
A kind of rhyme
(oats … dawn,
door … leaf)
repellent to
military pedantry
as if a horse could
never be separated from
its smell, dander,
n snort. As if numbers
could sweat.

Which is of course.
And why we have
so many enemies
short breath old
cars and borderlines.
A flash in the pan
Never killed a man

and even the eels of Friesland
they travel the ocean
as if it were earth
evers’ tiny eternity
to burrow tunnels
through water and come home
they never left,

that’s how to do it
go everywhere be everywhere
at home,
    name your poison

within the calyx
the imprisoned light
resembles a flower
you expect to see
growing in such a place
heath or moorland
hill or stream
you don’t know enough
to be dangerous
darling yet desire
holds you for its own.

10 August 2000
Silk is to mesh as
$
\times
$
is to alcohol

some rubbing on your skin
where it is thin
as over a bone stretched
and some too over yieldingness
(define) as might conceive
a pleasure to receive
or administer, as, a dose
or drug or facile
instrument, a river boat
noisily bound for within

ache of the stable.
One comes back to one’s senses
as if alive or two
were waiting scorched
edges between them
defining a space
(what is space?) such as fin-de-siècle gestalt
experimenters gave
the shape of a human face
(define) full face
formed by the edges of
two other faces,
both of them disciples
of each other, astute
as a banana tree in rain.
How long was ago?

11 August 2000
Admirable absence
Sailing up the channel
A leave-of-presence
I spend with you

We are dirt tired
Wandering polygon
The dialect of line
Crisscross a world

Where no one talks
Everybody speaks
English. Rosary
Beads of rain.

11 August 2000
Argonauts in trouble
land on the haunted beach

when I walk in the spume of the lord’s sea
squelching under my hard feet
and no god left to remember

how bold the force would be to spend
all on this singularity or cleft
targeted hiding place fur fugue
graveyard shift of language

these are my last letters home
the front is broken the beasts pour out
and paw the world I tried to make so simple
I need you more than I need me.

11 August 2000
SCRIMSHAW THEOLOGY

Meticulous origami-ization of twisted foolscap oiled with cocoa butter to a sleek of finger tucked into the strong strings of his hair — paladin of uncountable jungle. Tradition

is a lonely god. No bone no knife no boat. What we inscribe is commonplace in airy space. a word wood. A thought caprice, mud to lie in, a big shad dead in the shallows so

it behooves us to walk along the carapace we call the earth and try not to ponder the deep ichor flooding beneath the gates this life this tender world the Buddha’s Eye

but don’t think the other one is closed o no it is a poem of its own always ready to be touched and interpreted and loved this earth I mean is the one eye and all

the unseen everywhere’s the other.

11/13 August 2000
INTERNAL MEASUREMENTS

How short these breaths this local
air it is
how the nowadays
language is breathing

I must be old once
we say you
must be a pirate
I must be a ship and you
must capture me now

waves are discontinuous
will the prow
ever reach the hull

the wind the sail
it is a kind of asthma
jungling the air with spores

breath is the territory
of our inspection

the inspiration is not equal
to the heard song

inside
how many sides
to this figure
Plato how many footsteps in this dance.

12 August 2000
THE GRAND RELAX

that damns glib pax

into economically sensible concurrence

money let us loose on language that was all,
that was war, was art, was what
I brought to laud you with

rushing streams
once
I was a mill for you
and once a bag of seed

and what were you
while things were grinding

while I was nothing but reaction
to what fell

of course I suppose the stars are just
the dust of that operation

you see them chattering
in the night sky even over Berlin
over the train yards in Friedrichshain
when the sky opens to the agony west

evidence of you.

Bless me, for I have been.

12 August 2000
It is something that has to be examined
Right where it fell, a ballpoint pen
Aligned in grass mayhap by gravity
Maybe not. What words are waiting in it

And how can he find out without actually
Picking it up and writing them down? Death
May have left this instrument for him, stuffed
With formulas that will undo his breath

And release all his words at once
Out into the Final Inscription. Quiet then
Like cuneiform curved into a basalt wall
In an alphabet means to be fingered in wet clay.

And that becomes the ultimate condition
To which the words he merely speaks are proximate.
So better leave it in the grass. The grass is cool.
And it has something kind to say to his skin.

13 August 2000
as much as he can — a window

Break summer’s metrical until
the bleak symmetries of autumn
I do so love exsanguinate
the drift of vivid prophecy

and we are left with a stone
a talking stone to scrape
idly with the shepherd of our fingertip
until the moon comes home

over the hill and sidles into grass
one more loved lost found again
thing we hold tight to our chests
and go to sleep as sound as clocks

13 August 2000
In other words not all theology’s speculative Jesus guesswork biography or antimatter propaganda just this single answer a word too hard to speak

13 August 2000
Last war a mill went keening
Death has so gross a flow
then leaves it grinding vainly

*it grinds a man to meal*

also we shine, eying the sun.
There Reaper’s eying us too—
the shining came nearer
there, miss the younger climber
and miss him hosanna!

13 August 2000
Olin; after Goethe’s Flea
VIOLIN

How encumbered with being
Accurate four anxious
Gospels to say at once who
Is coming and whose name

Scarcely pronounced by sound
Itself is being silenced
Into the distracted hearing
Where the wood ends

And could it be a lover stands.
Can’t tell by music
Who might be coming
And in whose name it rains.

13 August 2000
Olin
The sound of course is trapped in the wood
(word) (brass) (string) (clay) the day
comes to let it out.

All I want to think about is horses,
why my father loved horses, drew
a horse’s face that lives with me
still. A sound in a horse’s mouth,

90 years he loved them, never rode them,
seldom bet on them, just loved them,
loved them. O silent word
that has such orphan power,

the wind falls, the screaming piano
keeps taking the music away.

13 August 2000
Olin
HELIOS

Muffle the light too
Much a sick man
Plugged into baseboard
Tell me child
Where electric’s from

And how a house stands
You’d think a wind
Would not endure
Resistance resistance
Is the whole world

And the spheres beyond
A yellow coat
On a naked man
Comes burning down the sky.

13 August 2000
Olin
What the food tastes like
Stirring in the night by sign

Animal nearby but who

Nothing but marks
Sky scrawl
A blur of thunder.

14 August 2000
Be artful sleek and rapt
like a cathedral in your pocket
— are you glad to be me? —

for all that I am west of the Nile
and compos mentis among the deaf
(so sang my phorminx, weird
greek harp hard to hear) hard
to heal. Campus Amenti
sourdough and raw onions

be your mede, my supper,
breadkins and small beer.

2.
Explain your words, hombre.
I am the shadow. I cost
more than money — the secret
says Being of good style is to be
I-less in prosa — mark him

he is apt for reward. Pension.
Pansy. All thirst and no guitar
(youth slouching round the well
to photograph the aftertaste of fame)
I am the shadow and I shine.

3.
People don’t really get it —
But am I bringing it? Do I get it to them
or in the guise of antiquarian sagesse
enter the city with empty hands
humming the famous Emptiness kazoo?

I-less, sleep no more. Be here
in Adam’s vale, a deal of tears
and mother portion of geometric wit
(buying ice cream with Barbara on Sunset)
be binary my children, and inherit space
I have given you all the light there is.

15 August 2000
Exonerate the victim
will you for Christ’s sake

the reincarnation of a rose
casts a pale shadow in your mind
color of Chablis

    a yellow rose
tossed into the bushes
to fade in peace.

15 August 2000