

ARC for Robert Kelly



Tamas
Panitz

Arc

1.

The sun paused
for successive nights of pleasure.
Pleasure dominates time.
Time's provenance
in dalliance lingers.

2.

An Egyptian goddess
I can't remember who
climbs up the stairs
it's all in the cup
the balance of her
everything we touch knows that.

3.

Allergens waft in
at night. The house
opens against me.
I open against me.
Remember this
when I come to your door.

4.

An oil
smooth as stone
as wild
storms from the wood.

5.

I chase sunlight
across the room
the way water seeks a level.
Any law is preferable to reason:
release your facts into the wild.

6.

Don't know what's next.
Get rid of logic
the fortune telling
those *gorgeios* still believe in.

7.

I sleep, but never
at night. This small
sun of prayer.

8.

Pull the light out
one ray at a time.
This is the crown of thorns,
radiance of self-control
owls love to land on.

9.

Water flows through
the air, white noise
whispers from the sides
of its palette:
between, between,
the salmon up their ladder leap.

10.

Expect
what you can't accept.
Rain. And more rain. And more.

11.

Matter is everything that says yes
accrues qualities
theories, gods.
So it is a body
like ours that cannot lie.

12.

I will tell you less
than you have ever known.

13.

The golden leaves
have returned.
The golden leaves
do not fall.

14.

If you lie
but you're not sure why
then it's not a lie.

15.

Chamomile and ambergris.
Rare fragrance over
from the shore of sleep,
roses bred for smell
that cannot be seen.

16.

Morning rushes to meet
the smallest bird
impulse that will press
the pen or hex,
morning as various demons
built to suit.
Technology is their language.

17.

Ask what it knows
and it will see you, and you will see
others who want to be seen.
Perseus I sat
on the stone and left
sore, thinking of gorgons,

the enemy is already within.

18.

Read to yourself
so I can hear.

19.

Cricket drone
without saliva
without the white blooms of water.

Insects guard the door to the vowel's flowers
treasure too soft to touch.

20.

I bob in the salt bath
evenly with the invisible.

21.

Language can't forget.
A trail of hungry ghosts.

22.

Try to notice nothing
tame the nameless ones.

23.

The animal cures
as mesmerists showed,
down through Reich.
Break up the family,
release the gods.

24.

Waves of letters
in the fluid pull of spelling
I follow in a glamor
run with cats and dogs

down the narrow street.
'The doctor who was also a zombie.

25.
You write this
when I hear you listen.

26.
Green arrogance green
scepter of the Hidden Hand
that sends concept
to steer my thought.

Syncretism is free labor.

27.
Fragments are the creation
thrashing of the dead
who lead us in the dance.

28.
Never asserted but reasserted.
Listen and it gets louder.

29.
Structure shorn of its resemblance,
a haunted cave of thought
amid the sea of resemblance.

30.
Die Farbenlehre, Color Theory
impracticable principles
that cannot not be true.
Science as ritual.

31.
In our old-timey daliance
we'd watch the waves of magnetism

undulant machine to which
spirits and such as ourselves are drawn.
And something always comes.

32.

What you notice
makes you visible.
Mind and seeming.

33.

The poem admires symmetries
alchemy believes in them.

34.

An arc of days, deer, years,
some counted and some not.
An apartment building
its rooms tuned
as Lamont Young pointed out.
I lose the object and
gladly mingle
hearts and rooms and guests, caress,

lustrous for others.