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**Somewhere finds the way in
as in the book you borrow
someone else's reading karma
dogeared the page you open to**

**and now it's yours, the fear and lust
brought you to this page,
this stilted conversation,
canned description, a coin**

**maybe of a vanished country
minted before you were born.
And here it is in your hand.
Art. Spend it if you can.**

4 October 2013

=====

**Suppose each color were a different night
you have to sleep through each
to know the truth of them**

**that's what the old painters did,
endure the dream of red
the violet neighborhood on the way to dawn**

**where light, mother of all colors,
absorbs them back into her white self
and scalds the eye with seeing.**

**Don't look at the light,
don't cross your eyes
trying to peer inside your skull —
trust the colors — they are the real
words that It said.**

4 October 2013

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The sun is same.

**That is the likeness
of itself is everywhere.**

**In shade I hide,
knowing no better —**

**dark music arrives
quick blood of listening.**

Listen again, yellow.

Leaves. Orange. Umber.

Name your children one by one.

Eventually

the family is complete,

the fish swims to the table,

the moose bellows in the yard.

This is the dispersion,

the dream called waking,

hello everybody again.

4 October 2013

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In childhood

we solve all problems

by getting sick.

Sometimes we can't get better.

Even when I don't have to go to school.

The cure outlasts the first disease

and becomes the second.

I inherit horror from myself —

the trees will not leave me alone.

4 October 2013

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**Casting about for something exact—
a spirit maybe or a guide
walks down the air and speaks a language
I used to know. Now
even the city of it is forgotten
though there was a bridge
and a light across the river
a big store where they sold lamps**

**and nothing else. Find me,
I beg, I'm not proud,
or I am proud, but only of how well
I sometimes seem to listen.
And then I know you. So please
come and know me, this**

**is not a song thing happening,
it's a blue need, like dungarees
in August or the mist over Yamuna.
Well there's a time and there's**

a place and what more can I do?

It's up to you. I spread the curtains

startled by the sudden legs of light

standing right outside the room.

Who are you, who are you, I ask.

And not for the first time.

4 October 2013

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Exact resemblances

elude the Paris theatres.

We shiver backstage

knowing our lines too well.

This is your language, I

am only along for the ride.

The curtain rises. Scene:

a living room in the provinces

pimpled with knick-knacks.

A dog perhaps alive is curled

under an oval table, on which

a newspaper lies limp, open.

Someone in shadows seems

downstage to examine a painted

window as if there were a world.

We know better. Outside only

**more people talking. Semaphores
on 19th century railway tracks.
A rusted tank half-sunk in the marsh.
Only language lasts, but not the words.**

4 October 2013

INSCRIPTION FOR A TOMBSTONE

**You of all people should know
how easily I'm manipulated.
For instance I am dead and you're alive.
A whole religion could be made of us.**

4 October 2013

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The privilege of offering

to be the with world

as it works,

to be by mind

apart of that

which goes and that which stays.

A cup of tea offered,

or a sweet wine

out of childhood,

or word or bread,

everything the mind can lift

you raise to being.

5 October 2013

=====

**Motionless on the move,
the light trick
ever arriving.**

**Pass through me
also, we chamber
each other only
for little moments
cut from the tedious weave
and they incandesce.**

Whatever that means.

**Something ancient, Mediterranean,
humanist, sparkling,
shiver in the thighs, brief.**

5 October 2013

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**Where we began so there we are
losing battle against the self**

**doomed from the words I heard
doomed**

Adonai a cry

**Why are the words scattered
on the page in the Song of the Sea?**

**Because it's poetry, she said,
a poem is *Sator*,**

a sower of seeds

**across the fallow page,
to see what meaning will grow
from all that space
pierced with those scattered words
— the place alone
speaks to the mind eye.**

5 October 2013

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Flower philosophy

Coals all burnt

little fruit trees too

availabilities of

walking by the woman gate

to sell release,

you never have to

walk this street again

“no more work”

because sun spills grass

***cesped* you say**

from a far poem

or the sea, the sea.

5 October 2013

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Accidental prophet

his words

temporarily true

meaning is like jogging

a flash soon passed

so I wrote a book

to say it, to keep

you from listening.

5 October 2013

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**My chemistry set.
Do they still give them
to children? It was
my favorite gift,
Gilbert's was best.
Or tall olive green
cabinet ranged with jars.
And what did I learn
from all those chemicals?
To sit alone and work
and think about the names of things,
how different they are
from what they do**

5 October 2013

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for Sherry

Cats are the normal ones.

***We* are the magic ones**

maybe. They and their kindred

(wolves, tapirs, salamanders)

are the natural inhabitants

of this beautiful house,

this strange house, strange

to us lovers and warriors

who come from Mars or Fairyland

and try — so difficult, really —

to be at home here.

On this weird earth.

Lady, the cat you lost

was your landlord

who taught you how to be here,

make love, to think

long thoughts and lie in the sun.

5 October 2013

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Vultures

fly into a cloud.

Maybe eight of them.

The cloud coherent.

They fly in and don't fly out.

It is as I have thought —

a cloud forms around a mystery

some God or some death —

the vultures pray to it now,

unlettered sextons in this high church.

5 October 20913

THE DUCK AT THE DOOR

Something innocent is always waiting to happen.

**This menacing world may make you smile
as at summer's end the trees turn gold.**

**As once we sat out on the back porch
and saw come stepping of the long driveway**

two white ducks. Never knew

where they came from, they lived

with us a year or two, here, eating

all the treats we could think of

(read "The Home Duck Flock" as our research)

or across the road in the stream above the falls.

Then one day they were gone, one we think down

the eapids to the river, one I fear

into the fox. The tenderness

they gave us lasts all these years.

I see them still when I look at the stream.

5 October 2013

