

10-2013

## oct12013

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## AUS DER WERKSTATT EINES INVALIDEN

1.

Bless less, less room for more

something

like an angel —

what would that be?

A sailor or a smiler?

The hat trick:

three hours without a single thought

(and they call it springtime in Australia)

(paint your car yellow and drive me there)

She came back to say thank you

for all she had given me.

2.

So that's the material

I have to work with.

What kind of bracelet

can I make from those rough-cut stones?

And for what kind of arm?

3.

A cross made of stars  
they say can times be seen.  
It belongs to the first  
person who sees it.

*Fingered softly the farewell*

as if a music by Reynaldo Hahn,

— not so far south,  
just continent enough  
the hilly countryside. The home.

4.

Which makes you (I hope)  
think of sand, warm, a porpoise  
out there spying on us,

gulls on their noisy pilgrimage of appetite  
just like me,

and we too have our currents,  
updrafts, bulletins of breeze,

I've been reading you so long you feel like me.

**5.**

**Never be mean in the dream—**

**no way to take it back.**

**Everything that happens in the dream**

**becomes your lexicon,**

**nothing to do with (everything to do with) you.**

**6.**

**It's over and done with. And done.**

**The sailors try to steer the vessel  
out of the bedroom and onto the porch.**

**A hull like hers is worth displaying  
even if the town turned off the water  
years ago. Nobody remembers which way is the sea.**

7.

**I dream what you do and you  
dream what I do.**

**Ten thousand miles apart we  
wake up smiling.**

**You live on a rubber plantation  
I live in a cornfield,**

**we are common, half-civilized,  
untrustworthy, full of gods.**

**Someday we'll meet in Italy  
and go to Mass together  
at some heretical chapel  
run by gay girl priests.**

**And they at last may understand.**

8.

**But what is an angel?**

**A thought you haven't yet  
gotten around to thinking.**

**An altar lost in the forest  
still wet from sacrifice.  
A word heard in passing.**

**Yes, but what *is* an angel?  
Is it more a conversation than an answer?  
Is it more a woman than a question?**

**28 October 2013**

**1947**

**Something broke  
on New Year's Day  
and still is broken.  
He never told me  
what it was or who  
could fix it.**

**It hurts sometimes.  
A disease I caught from sleep,  
phosphorescent cut-outs  
of stars and planets on my ceiling.**

**It may heal by itself.  
On the other hand I may remember.**

**28 October 2013**

=====

**This magic desk—  
sit down and it  
begins to write  
using my hands.  
I bought it at auction  
from a Swede for £100 —  
they thought it was a plywood table  
but I knew from the first touch  
it's wood from the one tree  
that used to grow on the moon.**

**28 October 2013**



=====

**If I wanted to turn  
something into something else  
I'd use a magic spell—  
to wake the molecules  
up from their usual  
consensual dream  
and make them dance  
another figure in the whirl,  
only a thing never before.**

**(from old *zettel*, summer?)**

**28 October 2013**

=====

**Suppose they pretend to believe me  
and go out naked in the forest**

**every night in their bedrooms alone  
whispering the pre-Celtic unrhymed spells**

**I give them coded in these so-called poems—  
would they get there by morning?**

**Will the deer look on them with favor  
of the brook speak English at last**

**and after love struggle, sweating, the sun would rise?**

**29 October 2013**

=====

**sometimes without leaving your house  
you can meet your own body in the hall**

**your skin feels something cold  
a hair touches your shoulder**

**and there you suddenly both are  
you and your own body**

**alone with each other at last.**

**29 October 2013**

=====

**All the things I can do  
resemble a wood pile in autumn,  
stacked and ready to be burnt away  
for the comfort of others.**

**29 October 2013**

=====

**They go by in little cars  
knowing no better.  
The radio leads them on,  
by its own beat firmly  
they discover yesterday.  
The confusions they use  
so much technology to reach  
I can achieve all by myself.**

**29 October 2013**

=====

**Blue shimmer  
slight through slender  
bare now trees**

**I wake — a pure sky  
someone is playing**

**organ in an empty  
church we all are.**

**29 October 2013**

=====

**Yew hedge  
I hide behind  
lurking in your medicine  
the monadloly  
of Christian love  
a mirror in the sky**

*o sol iustitiae*

**Sun shows us who we are.**

**I crouch down in shade  
so there be less of me  
for me to see.**

**29 October 2013**

=====

**Late night summer gone October frost  
makes me wonder: we hear about  
beings (souls, consciousnesses, ipseities)  
reborn in times to come. What if also  
or in fact when we die here we are  
reborn in the past, some past we deserve,  
a history we have served or violated?  
What if being born and dying truly do  
form a circle, and when I go from here  
I'll be reborn in a thatched hall  
shivering in beast skins, huddled  
on a beer bench marveling at Beowulf?**

**29 October 2013**



## **EARTH WORK**

**1.**

**Let the mine out  
set the ground free  
let it spill all it wants  
or go to sleep.**

**How big everything is  
the wildcat at the door  
the bare hillsides of Tibet**

**I can only tell you  
more than I know.**

**2.**

**Against excavation.  
Therapy is relationship.  
Its value is not what it uncovers  
true or false, fantasized or remembered,  
there is no difference,**

**but how it covers  
each one with one other.  
A new system of signs and allegiances,  
new dream companions, transferences,**

**friends,**

**I face you recognize in sleep.**

**3.**

**So in Tibet it is said  
in the old days no one dug  
into the earth but took  
only such stones or metals might  
happen to the surface  
or the river, wander into our glance.  
We would be glad and leave the rest**

**unviolated in the depths.**

**This may be folklore  
but it points the way  
a new way of being with the earth.**

**4.**

**So many nations, so many miners,  
don't be a miner, be a digger,  
unleash the people from the masters  
— but first find who the masters are.  
Dig down in the earth you'll never know.**

**5.**

**Come to the meeting and be near.**

**Silence keep while candles burn.**

**In the glow a word comes clear**

**that you alone can hear.**

**Then let them put the candles out.**

**30 October 2013**

=====

**How long ago  
everything will be  
by the time it gets  
around to being.**

**30 October 2013**

=====

**the sun comes out  
to chide me for happiness,  
the quiet kind, nobody around.**

**30.X.13**

=====

**Meeting is all.  
Everything after  
is just a story  
one among too many  
never enough.**

**31 October 2013, dreamt. held long in mind**

=====

**Was it really dreamt —  
or was the border already crossed  
between dream and that other space —  
*zwischenland* or common shore — between  
sea and land, dream and waking?  
Limen, the threshold — live there.**

**It turns out I didn't  
even know what the word meant.  
It means a thick book on a dusty shelf,  
a well with a spiderweb grown across it  
sparkling in sunlight in the dew of dawn,  
it means a sound you think you hear  
half asleep but are not sure, it means  
your mother's voice calling your name.**

**31 October 2013**