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= = = = =

Caught by the arrow in its flight
a mercy, bird's feather
but the bird is safe

the feather kilters towards us
and when it lands its barbs
like barcodes read us some truth

we catch the words
but miss the tune, something
from the sky comes down

maybe that's enough for us
to reckon with
autumn snow inside the molecule

archers shooting arrows in their sleep.

25 October 2012

Sins of my senses

what the spoon held
or let fall or stirred
into the oval skullcup
to drink distance and time
with my hands like this
on someone's bone

a word could only
make it worse
try pushing real things
to the margin
of thought, wisemen
pyjawing by the river

odor of the passing
woman he scent
unmoored me
from my intentions
and my feet turned
to follow her
into the Bolinas fog
and I broke time.

25 October 2012

HAWK WEATHER

Hawks frequent
their keen skreel
frequent these days

the raptors
come close

if they have fear
of their own
it's not of us

Only we fear us
we who put
the kill in skill
as over desert towns
our drones
scream from the sky.

26 October 2012

= = = = =

Can a sound hear?

Can it hear itself being heard

feel itself being felt

by someone it never knew

this is not me

it is another animal

waiting to be set free

cold stone cold

sky full of rain?

26 October 2012

VIS MEDICATRIX

Suppose all the doctors
worked from the outside in
and treated only what they can see
with Goethe's vision and a quizzing glass,
treat the look of the man
diagnose as he comes through the door.
One look is enough. Why trust
anything but vision, presence,
feeling, the first instant's thought—
we need a whole new pharmacopoeia:
things that just leap to mind.
Diagnosis is Gnosis.

26 October 2012

= = = = =

Leaves almost gone from the rose of Sharon
last year still had flowers till November
or is that just what I want to remember
the mauve-pink blossoms in memory alone?

26.X.12

= = = = =

Long while since I have worn
these vibes to write,
bare branches, dark green yew.
sky made of chalk.

26.X.12

= = = = =

I saw the Virgin last night
 platformed in seven stars
 above the head of a speaking woman

small room full of temple—
 all I could make out of her face
 was light, lights, and all
 her mantle seemed to be
 made of a million living beings
 human as she is.

As we
 occasionally gazing up
 to see from what place
 —is it a place?—
 all the information flows.

Words are water,
 Pindar's hudor,
 all we have to do
 as with wells or pumps
 is prime to make
 the water come,

rise
to us, against gravity,
against the whole world
from the invisible

and she speaks.

27 October 2012
for Sylvia

=====

Sunrise
is Earthset
We bow
before Her.

27.X.12

A CAB THE OTHER WAY

Agitation as of a fugue
we measure against the weather
the cabin empty in the woods
a starling walking by.

And then another
poltering through linden leaves
scattered on blacktop
o the world is jusy prepositions

—this is the animal we are—
a house in trouble

because the worry
welcomes alien seeds
and these things grow

thinking makes things so
cars with lights on top
are cabs or cops
but always interest us

some are called free
and meant for thee

—daylight on earth—

others are bosses

one day the earth stopped turning

just long enough for all fall down

and no life after,

call the doctor,

the princes survey us from the clouds,

the archons of Annandale

bright above us

and every single *Place* their priestess is—

and every region has its crown—

and for all that there is color in the sky

a pleasure thing amidships

taking the day to task

taking a cab and walking back home

nothing is so far as now

no one will ever get here again.

Tired eyes and no surprise

no one knows the other's misery

we live in fear we live in doubt

nothing changes that unless we do

this silent we that calls itself I.

27 October 2012

= = = = =

Hunters shooting at the river
killers lurk in culture every
only the quietest
morning seems to have such beasts
a river arriver departer
the bird just dead enough to fall.

27.X.12

DISJECTA

Uncertainty manciple
will it slip off
my wrist before it wipes my lips?

*

The smell of ink
celebrates

*

Tiny thumbnail photos —
I thought one was me looking
old hair very white
but (enlarged) it was
just a yellow flower.
Another I thought was a vase
with no flowers in it
set on a table but this
was me, in profile, reading.

27.X.12 (late)

= = = = =

Always something.
Once the mind
is wired to the news
no hope of solitude.
Silence a commodity
heart yearns for
but how to buy.
Nobody round here
has that kind of money.

28 October 2012

=====

Be tough. It's not all O'Hara
the thinking man's Bukowski.
It's Rilke too, the unappeasable
romantic side of you. Yes, you.

28.X.12

= = = = =

How to be on top of the situation
and under the weather at once?
Hope the wind is still my friend
hope the rain I love
will love me gently back.

28.X.12

= = = = =

Interpreting the obvious
is deep skill.
Nothing more hidden
than what everybody can see.
Their eyes obscure
the meaning of what they see.
Quantum deformation.
This is the great conspiracy
the one called common sense.
From it few are free —
struggle against the evidence
to find the truth — I will follow you
as if I were the only one here.

28 October 2012

APPREHENSION

means trying *to take hold*

of what is not here

to be held

or not here yet,

hurricane, elections, war

we inhabit the impending

we build decks around our houses

but there is no sea

What the world makes us think.

But who is the world

a green Jeep passing along the lonely road.

29 October 2012