

9-2013

## sepA2013

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**Is the face the center of the self**

**(I point to it when I say me)**

**like one of those capitals**

**far away from all the rest**

**like Tallahassee or Albany**

**leaving the body to take care of itself**

**farmlands of the belly Great Plains of the back**

**and only the winking smiling smirking brooding**

**lip-proud eye-flashing broken mirror counts?**

**1 September 2013**

=====

**We who read each other  
must touch each other too**

**or is that what we do  
already? It's confusing,  
I read your words I think  
in the canyons of your body,**

**my eyes close to those  
intelligent disclosures,  
the swoop of syntax  
this smooth of skin.**

**1 September 2013**

=====

**Only get into trouble  
by telling the truth.  
The nails they'll drive him  
will hurt just as much  
but they will in fact be  
congruent with  
all the pains of earth.**

**1 September 2013**

=====

**The least of what I meant to be  
thunder in the West**

**I know that Dragon**

**he has been in me**

**and half of all my fire almost  
comes from him.**

**Now in the mountains she.**

**But by morning I will have to use  
my own breath again.**

**Midnight and after,  
the roads asleep.**

**1 September 2013**

=====

**All those coins once  
silver now god knows what  
jingling in nobody's pocket —  
dead men reef no sails —**

**and so the words have their way with us,  
learning the bad things we want to  
and doing them to us. For us.  
We shave the bark off living trees  
to keep a record of our names  
in case one fine morning  
we wake up changed.  
Someone else answers our phone.**

**1 September 2013**

=====

**The answer to seeking  
is not needing.  
The wind woke me  
from inside my spine.  
Messages run up and down.**

**1 September 2013**

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**Walls would be speaking  
the lost child found again  
the chris'm'd fool  
a king without a shoreline  
not a tree in sight.**

**For I was fire  
and I thought the world.  
Then I was air  
and shut my dream box  
before the heart slid out —**

**so cherish the night,  
o you lost children,  
I see your eyes sometimes  
gleaming from ruined grown-up faces  
wretched lives of self-service  
brute obedience —**

**for I was earth also  
and tried to fall away  
beneath your feet  
so you could fly again  
or float with me  
around the big blue seeming**



**for I was water too  
and all the elements are only one,  
and all your chemistry  
is the trick the numbers play  
upon the hasty living.  
You can't name anything that isn't some alive.**

**So Robert roared, or Prabhakirti  
or someone who could have been me  
walking up a trail in the Terai  
always higher, to follow the footsteps  
of a shining one who walked ahead.  
Who are you, master, I cried  
and he or she gave answer: you  
of all living beings should know that.**

**2 September 2013**

=====

**The sign is the sky.  
Looking carefully  
she saw a rainbow  
over the distant landfill,  
green hill, river.**

**We die to rise again  
it said, the miracle  
would be if we did not**

**2 September 2013, Kingston**

=====

**Before we lose in clarity  
the smutty little secrets  
that make us different  
from the owls in the woods  
this first cool night**

**but not so different  
from the rain**

**that touches everything it can,  
we are born wanting  
to be sea again  
we came from,**

**want to be contiguous,  
continuous, a mind  
spread through every molecule  
and no memory but now.**

**Consider the sea. And be me.  
Is that so much to ask?**

**2 September 2013**

=====

**Fix it now  
and mess it up later.  
Parable of the Wolf  
sharing a pot of stew  
with the priest.  
I have no idea  
if this is an idea.  
Or a miracle waiting to happen,  
a bird on the phone line  
changing all the messages.  
I thought I was beginning  
but it was only the rain.**

**2 September 2013**

=====

**Members of the world  
so many things.  
Mausoleums of neglect —  
  
all the books I never read  
chatter all night long.**

**2 September 2013**

=====

**Memory is the small of your back  
between what you sit on in the broad above  
that takes the blows or bears the weight —**

**the small we say but it is all,  
the memory lives they are rippling in the spine  
Mercury in your column, a glass  
that reads you and sometimes tells  
and when it speaks you can't ignore.**

**How nude to remember nothing!  
What a Tahiti for the soul!  
Is that what death is for?**

**3 September 2013**

=====

**My hand told me  
don't take too long  
saying this.  
They love it  
when you get to the point  
even if there is none.  
Or especially.**

**3 September 2013**

## **JUDGMENT**

*The Bridge* a masterpiece.

I slept for hours.

George Sylvester Viereck spoke  
of a passing leaf

a masterstroke.

**3 September 2013 (dreamt)**



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**Hawks. And crows.**

**A day of shadows**

**crossing low sky**

**no hurry**

**but seem far.**

**So much I don't know,**

**so many sixes**

**so many heavens.**

**They might almost be praying**

**the way they walk**

**across the visible**

**and then not.**

**Or is it me,**

**always hankering for a church**

**lost like music**

**when it stops,**

**the drowned**

**concert hall, dead city.**

**All the false analogies**

**for this hawk, this sky.**

**3 September 2013**

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*Eia, popeia* she sings.

*Wozzeck*, hearing it now

in high school

like the first time.

the years. One

more, so what.

**3 September 2013**

=====

**There are so many words  
for what we do.  
Only one of them is singing.  
All the rest are you.**

**3 September 2013**

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**Mars — his blood  
and his rust**

**for we are not the only ones  
who can be hurt –**

**Mars is time too,  
and dance of elements  
and Mors. His sister self**

**3 September 2013**

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