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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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**Soon they'll be able to forgive me
raptors of the lower air
and those blond sentinels
with such dark eyes**

**and all the wings of heaven
scatter dust from my table
and I will be alive again
cloaked in autumn morning**

**and who will answer then
the reproaches of all the old bishops?
I am the new year always
and I come to stay.**

**Rosh Hashanah
4 September 2013**

=====

**The sky, he comes up to me
as if he owns the place
and said I own this place
and many more besides.
How can I help you?
Are you the same as everyone?
If not, you'll have to go
down into the earth
where all the special ones
glint and glimmer
gemstones in the dark.
Up here I am for everyone.**

4 September 2013

=====

**Planes cross my airspace
and reck not of me,
I am an insect
to their attitude,
altitude, their
innocent noise aloft.
We pass through each other
in much the same way
and you are just my weather.**

4 September 2013

=====

**Interact with me –
let the angular
vocabulary of the velocity
dream on its trajectory
the way children dream of
Santa Claus, the last
omniscient deity –**

**interact with me
the way peach gum acts in August
in the northern hemisphere
or how a young boy reading Lenin
suddenly understands his father**

**interact with me
the way a nightingale sings
midday in the scented
Garden of Ivoire,
under the tower,
there, only there,
but silent sings
in a thousand poems
though not much anymore,**

**interact with me
the way a poem
does with its reader,
precise statements
leave weird shadows behind
we could be saying anything at all.**

4 September 2013, Shafer House

=====

**I have been kept alive for years
on a life-support system
called the lama's compassion, love
and kindness of others.
Maybe you have too.**

5 September 2013

=====

Sometimes it's enough to say what it said.

**Sometimes you have to say more. But
why? Why add to what has been spoken?**

A word is enough.

But what word?

**People read poetry differently
from the way they read anthropology.**

This is a big mistake.

**We are always saying the same thing
god forgive us!**

5 September 2013

PARTITUR

We hope the music scores.

Soars. The sores

sounds leave

in the wind

wound the heart,

an organ other

than the lump in the chest

in 2/4 time.

No, it is this smooth

biglobular south-pointing

capsule of feeling and fearing

that encloses us

(looks like a Valentine

stings like a bee).

Every confusion is its meat.

Meal. This writing stuff

is only a sketch for its score.

5 September 2013

=====

I have to get several hours worth of poetry
into fifteen minutes — I'll have to read fast.
But I read very slow
and poetry is intrinsically fast.
Or are you?

There are trees on the leaves —
things are remarkable enough without us.
And conversely —
I always like saying that word
because it makes it sound as if I mean something
but also as if it means
con-verse
as if *with verse* or poetry or as
if we are having a conversation.
Now do you believe me?

5 September 2013

=====

**Stand on the boat
and cast your line on shore—**

**the elements know you now
and will do your quiet bidding,
drink fire, bathe in air,**

**it all knows you
knows you the same.**

2.

**For I was miracle
and danced with your mother
in my fountain
lively, not too lewdly,
long before we were even born.**

3.

**He changed things around.
He waltzed while I read
I found him dancing in my book—**

never try to share what is not your own.

4.

**Always the allurements,
the call note (*Lockruf*, Rilke called it, the cry
that brings you to me, bird,
a need-noise that comes out sweet)
and to that lure the bird leaps always
into the dangerous air.**

5.

**Then I was with you there.
At the seventh degree of Virgo
children touch each other's
fingers first. Then travel
skin by skin until
all they know is touch
and that's enough.**

6 September 2013

=====

The resources *are* the waiting.

**While one waits
everything increases.**

**Access proliferates,
everything is open
cold air comes out of the cave mouth.**

**The woman is near her child,
the grown man grows a little less dependent,
it is the first day of some month —
an animal appears
with a calendar in its teeth.**

**You want to sleep
but there is so much time to fill,
time crowds in around you
like a flock of birds.**

6 September 2013

=====

**We have such a good relationship
let's not spoil it with friendship—
there are children in Passaic
who know more about their
feelings than we do, we blink
and they're gone. But it's so good
talking with you, let's not be friends.
Let's go on talking forever**

6 September 2013, Shafer

=====

**Let things know themselves as music and
they'll never go back to poetry. Or even
painting with red ocher the outline
of human hands, their own, on the wall.
What a satisfaction to see a picture,
something with lovers romping or sheep
interrogating meadowlands, ah *polyushka*
polye, the old Red Army chorus, ah,
those ten inch LPs pressed in Latvia,
all the old things, the precious bullshit
o\$ a young man's Liebestraum
when he still thought he would one day
be, even he, a grown-up, but not so.
Never so. Time brings no maturity
except to peaches and persimmons.**

6 September 2013, Shafer

=====

**The imagery is far away to see
to seek. Waiting
is the wind. Skill
is the water. Together
they make the craft go —
the craft is keel-bottomed,
can't move without water,
can't even stand on dry
skill-less land. A vessel
such as elephants carry
on their backs or mules
down canyon walls
on zigzag paths,
burdens, burdens
of all the other others,
averse to this one purpose
I propose:
 to wait and be propelled.
Astonishing something said**

7 September 2013

CHAPEL

Find some say that works.

A mass. Blue window

is my mother. Would God

it were all simple as that.

It is. She said yes. She

chose to be chosen. All will

needs two worlds.

Two words. To ask.

To answer. Give, receive

and then one. Then none.

That is the clear glass window.

7 September 2013

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**We are cages
to keep monkeys in.**

7 September 2013

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**A bird no bigger than a butterfly
assails the morning flower.**

**I'm alive, I made it
through all those dreams,
the emptying, the dreamless
dark of cosmogenesis
when it all starts over again.**

**A slip of the tongue,
a finger slips off a key,
a spoon falls. Christ**

**it seems to me
is born every single day.**

A Mexican hummingbird told me so.

7 September 2013

=====

Reversal of things.

**Age rolls backwards —
where did you think
all those children come from,
not from inside women's bodies
surely, no, time
rolls us back and
does us again.**

**A paperback book
blowing open and closed
in the wind.**

**Forward and backward
each story runs.**

But who is the wind?

7 September 2013

SIDHE

**The sidhe
control me,
they make
green music
in me
by blood.
The surprise
of seeing my own
hands
doing this.**

7 September 2013