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ANIMALS

Each of these people

has a word for me

to suck on in my mouth and learn to speak.

Each of these birds that soon

as dawn comes, not long now,

will fly by with a message

for me, and some I hope to read,

catch on the wing, handle

a while then stop to repeat —

all as if I were talking,

all as if I had something to say.

7 September 2012

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Rapture of inequality too
the way the mind
soaks into the sumptuous body of the other —

what part of the mind?
And into any other —

welcome or unwelcome
the mind pours in
and takes the shape of what it inhabits
and knows it from within

and then it can go home.

7 September 2012

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Even remorselessly the light increases
even in the dark season such beginning —
dawn also is a threat as much as a promise —
naughty lovers must part, the worker groans
and gets ready for the mortal job.

And all the rest. The Middle
Ages never ended —
all we have is swinking and swiving
while rich men say their rotten prayers
to rotten gods we know not of.

7 September 2012

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It is a different world they dwell
I'm trying to avoid a rhyme with hell
but it's not easy — we suffer
and they make us suffer. Sometimes I think
their compulsion to own and use and cast away
is more anguish for them than our simple
unterschlüpfen, our muddling through
poverty and grief and simple triumphs of enough to eat.
Our masters never have enough to eat.

7 September 2012

DAWN

Could there be a street
with nobody in it,
sheer prospect of transit

a thing called straight
to walk or ride on
anywhere but here

paradox of streets
the street you are on
is never here, always

bound for somewhere else
a street runs parallel to
the identity of the other
the one you love
the one who will slay you

all power to the others

for whom and only

a street is made

for them to come, for them to go.

7 September 2012

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Far up Cedar Hill

one streetlight won't go out.

What personal darkness

does it mean to tend?

Won't go out? Or hasn't yet?

How can you expect me

to know the future?

Should be enough for you

my communiques from now.

7 September 2012

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I could go back to bed
and do all this again —
a day with two mornings
and in between them
a little mist on an empty road.

7 September 2012

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Propane delivery —
roadbuilding machinery
fishing boats snarl through the Cut

waiting for Anima Mundi
to disclose herself

 once more,
or time and again,

as if the soul of the world were just
exactly this showing forth.

Know enough just to touch.

Toccata.

Making love is mostly nervous busywork
around the core of intensely being known.

7 September 2012

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Not easy to let yourself say what you know
the other side is always waiting
for you to spill your alphabet —
then the flowers won't know how to blossom
and no apple will ripen on its bough.

I knew a man who spilled his alphabet —
a war became and took him overseas.
A shadow married him and took him to her mother,
half a fish and half an alarm clock —
he tried in vain to teach the local children
not to kill the little frogs that come out after rain.

7 September 2012

for C

To say how much I love you
would be like moving from a big city
to an even bigger one, an old one,
into a clean old palazzo
right near the cathedral,
and we'd hear the bells tell the hours
and pigeons all the time.
Not Venice, not Paris, not Vienna.
Just you. You.

7 September 2012

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Trying to find a way
to walk through the sunshine
and find the shadowhouse
the cool *tomb for living*
the mind of a contrarian
needs. A bathyscaph
would also do. Down
into the sea of you. Try,
try, always a way.
Always something needing to be said.

7 September 2012

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Live

like light

like

live light

always coming

into yourself

from afar.

dreamt, 3:30 AM, 8.ix.12

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Ajmac, the day “sinner”

and if I were a sinner

what would be my sin?

Because a sinner

is not just a general no-gooder,

must have a special

violation wins that title—

I would be a commentator,

a fulsome scholiast

fouling the world with praise

of this and that,

till that and this

had no quiet left

to be themselves.

I will tell too much.

And do.

Signed: A Sinner.

8 September 2012

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Waiting patiently
on the other side
of nothing in particular
for something special

“the big idea comes late in the day”

said the day’s horoscope

to me or to itself —
the thing about language
you never know who’s talking
and who it’s talking to.

I woke up and was Nietzsche,
the young one, professing still,
my head full of Greek
and far from the howling old philosopher.
I wanted a new thing,
a “new conversation” the horoscope said,

something I have to trudge
all the way to noon to reach,
and through that maddening summer heat
into the declining day
to get there and let it speak,
in me to you to speak.
It is not dawn yet
and I make my plans —
already I can see your skeptic eyes
knowing how easy language remakes the world —
armed against me already
but somehow eager too, eager
to hear what I will say
to spoil or change or illuminate
everything that has been ever said before
the task of a philosopher, you'll say,
before madness comes
which starts in each of us each night as sleep.

8 September 2012

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Built to be a nerve of us

I can't stop sending

the miracle of meaning

happens in the thro-rangs

just before dawn

a young woman stands

in the cleft of a rock

and tells us she was never born

I will spread you all over the sky

to welcome her,

will drive

to a small city nearby north

so the world will come to know

that they — and later we —

can come into the world

unborn, with bodies

sumptuous, made of mind and absence and light.

8 September 2012