

9-2011

## sepD2011

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The bridegroom seeks her in the bushes  
she's in red but the night's dark  
red is black and close is far—he reaches out  
touches, she whispers: We both belong to others.  
Then they do what the night meant all along.  
We are servants of the time time takes.

12 September 2011

## **RECOGNIZING YOUR OWN VOICE**

now that everybody's on record  
nobody gets that wonderful surprise  
of hearing yourself as a stranger hears you.  
It was a kind of instant love affair  
or shattering divorce. A mirror in the ear.

12 September 2011

= = = = =

Looking forward to the sound of rain—  
does desire make anything happen  
or just us unhappy most of the time.  
World: a cave stuffed with replicas  
of what someone else wanted. And I  
have to live in it, barely room  
for my knees under the crowded table  
and I lie down matted and foul  
on someone else's dreams.

12 September 2011

*sub umbra alarum tuarum*

this day and ever  
at the synapse  
the spirit ventures  
into time again,  
touches, teaches  
us open to  
what is our real  
identity, outside—  
tree, gallant  
partner, white sail,  
hard hat, highrise,  
windwill, rock dove,  
evening breeze, rose—  
that is who we are,  
we are the *insides*  
of a great body  
we move in Whom.

12 September 2011

= = = = =

You be the drive.

*Dérive.* Let legs'

memory of some

other place

walk you through

this town. These

woods. Mapping

is a muscle.

One gold slipper

seems to have

gone before you

into the dim.

Find her or him who

lives only in the traces

left. Drift, love, drift.

12 September 2011

## ROMANCE OF SPIRITUAL MATTERS

and wooden fences. Spirit.  
Buckets of rainwater  
with leaves in them,  
yellow, we call them dead.  
They fall. Autumn alchemy.  
Science of nobody knows.

12 September 2011

## CAUCHEMAR

*couche mal,*

and yet I slept ten hours quiet

into hot morning.

Maybe there wasn't even a nightmare

to call my own, maybe just this bright

green waiting into which I come

is someone's dream I have been saddled with

I carry towards noon. Or no one.

13 September 2011



## AS IF

Chuang Tzu had  
no butterfly to dream  
and looked around  
at waking  
in vain for a likeness.

13.IX.11

= = = = =

The hummingbird  
flying towards me  
makes a shape  
quivering with  
light and speed  
sign of the cross.

13.IX.11

## **MEDICAL ADVICE**

Hold on till the body  
knows itself well.

13.IX.11

= = = = =

Quiet in me  
one day  
hummingbird  
enough to watch

because in all the  
changes of  
the fugitive world  
this fragile  
thing seems permanent.

13.IX.11

= = = = =

Because I am old a rose  
of Sharon has come to grow  
outside my window  
and hummingbirds come  
to know it quickly, deeply  
while I linger, smiling to myself  
and think: I am an old man  
at last, watching hummingbirds.

13 September 2011

=====

Years I went  
now I watch.  
But I hum.

13.IX.11

## TRIANGULATION

Change the shape.

For fashion is Reason.

\*

We are addicted to being  
instead of Being.

\*

Every word is a closed mouth.

13.IX.11

## THE STORY TRIES TO TELL ITSELF

There are green mounds  
over white bones.  
Very slowly indeed the leaves lose color.  
Only this quiet sitting together makes any sense,  
with all the furor safe in our mouths.  
All the rest is society and paying dues.

There has to be a better way,  
a mutilage to hold the soul in place  
the way iceplants holds the soil down on highway berms.  
Because the soul too wanders, winds  
of passing lift it, the soul's in love with wakes,  
currents. And when it travels  
where can it ever go but to you,  
  
the bones said.

The grass said nothing at first, then yawned  
and looked fondly up at some clouds—  
that is my soul up there, I see me every day,  
see how I change and what's on my mind.  
What did your man think about  
when he was still thinking?

The bones didn't remember.

All a bone remembers is quiet times



when lovers sat beside each other  
when energy from one body flows into another.  
The bones are where all shared feelings go,  
we are what's left of love, and love  
is the only thing we know how to remember.

14 September 2011

= = = = =

So many summer buses pass,  
the obligation people feel to travel,  
need to be elsewhere.

But elsewhere is here—  
wrong, elsewhere is nowhere  
and not even here is here.

14 September 2011

= = = = =

*Incredible but there must be  
a thousand people just like me.*

Try to look alive: the cheesecloth  
draped over a coathanger  
with a slide projected on it  
of a face, could be mine,  
a nightmare face anyhow  
folding and unfolding in the breeze.

14 September 2011

= = = = =

But there are people in the woods  
I mean inside the trees  
inside the fall of light through leaves  
and they have faces too

they know how to talk  
but it's hard for me to listen  
my brain so full of what I want  
that I can hardly hear

their wantless being.

14 September 2011