

9-2013

## sepE2013

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### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "sepE2013" (2013). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 140.  
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**A shaft of light came through the roof  
I woke and heard the geese cry overhead.**

**15.IX.13**

=====

**Some things are easy to grow.**

**In the garden.**

**Some things sing.**

**In the dream we spent**

**a long time just talking.**

**Then she was late for class**

**and I was too, I went,**

**a teacher sadder than his students,**

**but then in a factory**

**they give me lots of things,**

**boxes and a bag to put them in—**

**surely in dreams**

**things are even easier sometimes**

**but then you wake up sad,**

**all of them lost now,**

**even her smile.**

**15 September 2013**

=====

**How to make engines run backwards  
and resorb all the products they once spewed,  
a Luddite scheme, reset the pacemaker  
in the Pleistocene,  
check the heart beat of the aurochs,  
eliminate potash from human diet  
so we stop thinking, scheming.  
Read more write less.  
Teach every child Latin and  
Greek then drown all the books.**

**15 September 2013**

=====

**A word stands for so much.**

**Any word.**

**Its unity is made up of so many pieces.**

**Like that great vase**

**of rare lapis lazuli**

**you think at first**

**is made from a single block.**

**I don't mean phonology**

**and segments and nuances, I mean**

**the million apperceptions**

**hidden in the notion the**

**word tries to summarize,**

**refer to, that**

**particular word, tree,**

**flower. Woman.**

**And each word has a vast population**

**and the power of all its constituents**

**to mean and mean**

**until we finally understand.**

**15 September 2013**

=====

**Above the waterfall  
still summer  
but some of the leaves  
don't know it**

**I watch one tumble  
from a high maple  
across the bank  
all the way down**

**into the quickness  
below, less  
than a second before  
it has knowledge of**

**the catastrophe of cataract  
and it has gone  
a pioneer of autumn  
a quick lover lost.**

**(13September 2013, Shafer)**

**15.IX.13**

=====

**Call for the drummer  
climb up the stairs  
meet his secretary  
on her way down**

**she leads you up  
still looking for him  
you stand on the roof  
together, you see**

**swift moving water  
what a view, you say  
what is that body  
of water why not say**

**river, before  
you can correct yourself  
she's there, way down  
there, up to her hips**

**in it, all that  
swift silvery urban  
river with civilized  
conditions round her**

**houses and temples in and banks**

**you can hardly hear her**

**so loud this sudden**

**distance you feel**

**she's talking but no**

**sense of what she says**

**could it be about time**

**or what you really mean.**

**16 September 2013**

=====

**Jagged narratives  
of the very poor.**

**Elastic waistband  
on sticky tummy skin,**

**everything leaves a mark  
of where you've been,**

**once you climbed  
up onto someone's roof**

**and the sky hit your head,  
you carry the bruise**

**to this day, you call it  
your hair, sing**

**sang sung  
you learned in school**

**but never could  
but god could you hum.**

**16 September 2013**

=====

**Sudden abundance rose of Sharon  
on the north side, paucity  
yesterday on the south  
side of the house, nothing  
is too small for geography.  
Not everything is everywhere.  
Except for us.**

**16 September 2013**

=====

**The star I draw honors my father.  
I want you to know this,  
the number of words honors my mother  
who one day asked me if someday  
I could write something  
she could understand,  
she having no habit of reading.  
I'm still trying. But the star,  
unicursal pentagram, he taught me  
to draw I place between  
one try for her and the next  
so I remember them both.**

**16 September 2013**

=====

Come close to needs, begin —  
How afterlight! How small!  
But the smuggest Park Slope can't  
exsanguinate a rutabaga  
with all the Swedish movies in the world  
Annika! Ingmar! Rain  
on the botanic garden, pink's  
always better when you're wet.  
Seeds! Spiracles! Lollardy  
rearing up again, no respect  
for Ludd or Lady, buzz tweet  
chirp the messages keep coming,  
a sandstorm from Sheepshead,  
Caruso cantante nella Luna Park  
the old ways sneak back  
slowly to us, sounding to us again  
*amor ti vieta* I hear you  
actually talking to me  
from the other room, the one  
all windows and no door,  
when you're there  
you can only see the sea.

16 September 2013

=====

**The voice spoke  
from inside my chest  
as I was just lying there,  
no desk, no pen  
no waking consciousness,  
only the deep will  
of what runs any life**

**and then it spoke.  
A foreign word  
as I'd expect,  
no sense to it,  
but presence, that  
other other in me  
with a voice not my own  
suddenly mine  
by right of hearing,  
the inside  
condescending to be heard.  
Or it was native after all  
and I the foreigner.**

**17 September 2013**

=====

**I exaggerate the urgency  
and wouldn't you?  
Only so many breaths  
left in the horn  
and so much Brahms.**

**We were beasts before  
and now are sailors  
swamped in the sea we made,**

**built for ourselves  
out of sweat and tears —  
nothing gives pleasure but work.**

**17 September 2013**

=====

**I touched you  
when I shouldn't,  
mountain, you were rough  
and cold and some old  
water trickled down  
I also drank.  
I think I have  
no right to anything  
but you. Because  
you are the first  
person I tried to know.**

**17 September 2013**

=====

**Listen to the lamp post  
it will explain the soft bodies  
of all who leaned against it  
seeking shelter from gravity,  
it will illuminate your night  
with stories of the hair  
clipped, luxuriant, faded,  
gleaming — it shone down on  
in its career. For everything  
is paying attention  
all the time. Only we  
ever topple over  
in this swoon of sleep  
or still upright succumb  
to a Scottish *dwam* and stand  
mindless at noon.  
The lamp post knows.**

**18 September 2013**

=====

**Just trying to find  
out what happened  
miracle enough**

**can't see your dance moves  
stand our distances  
a blue satin something**

**all we ever remember  
when we were we  
and other songs.**

**Among the music  
nobody knows.**

**18 September 2013\**

=====

**Or afterwards is a kind of liberty.**

**Here is what we will do**

**we will do**

**comfort needs more than this**

**a rubber band a codicil**

**to God's will, this testament**

**of your eyes gleaming in the dark**

**I follow you up the stairs**

**trying to be somebody else**

**at last the light changes.**

**18 September 2013\**

=====

**Awesome possum  
not as many  
as they used to be.**

**1960 possum raccoon frog pheasant muskrat  
1990 fox vulture wolf  
2010 cougar fisher bear**

**not so many any  
as we are.**

**\***

**What we are doing, and what they are doing.  
The long, strange, symbiosis/war  
among the species.**

**It's not all our fault  
only because fault  
is a poor word for necessity.**

**Each beast its own nature —  
can we change it to wield our own  
can we change the weird we dree?**

**The sharing goes with the Darwin business  
the life on earth and all that mystery,  
the beautiful illusion that intrigues us still,  
me too though I know almost better.**

**18 September 2013**