

9-2013

## sepH2013

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**The time to begin  
forget the window curtains  
the car won't go  
by itself, you're hungry**

**and I went too, all  
those people go to church,  
I'm in the woods  
a long time, counting leaves.**

**I'm doing it all for you  
I hope you understand,  
this would've been a song  
but there are so many**

**leaves left to say.**

**26 September 2013**

**of the = = = = =**

**A deer ran by the gate  
before I asked his name  
or learned how to understand  
the language he might speak**

**he was gone, and something  
else was happening.**

**And I couldn't  
understand that too.**

**26 September 2013**

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**Disarm the opposition by laying  
claim to their territory.**

**Premises: all opinions are wrong.  
There is no science of social behavior.  
Anecdote is not science.**

**Political science and social science are made of interlocking anecdotes,  
a sorites, not a syllogism.**

**A statistic is just an opinion in a lab coat.  
Who is counting what and why?**

**All opinions are wrong.  
How you feel about anything is about you, not it.**

**Knowledge begins with knowing this.**

**27 September 2013**

=====

**Cast adrift in Latin land  
my native language  
I thought was skin  
was actually Latin,  
the salt on my tongue,  
the water on my brow.  
They were words  
or became words  
and I feel them still.**

**Father Quirk in 1935**

**That old church burned down in '39.**

**27 September 2013**

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**Will it ever begin again?**

**The silence?**

**What am I listening for, or whom?**

**27.IX.13**

=====

And still the psalms smattered  
write-handed of the things we knew,  
philosophies and garnets you could pluck  
from highway stone with a little knife —  
I have a jar of them somewhere  
singing in another room  
some young time music  
calmas Campion  
on the float of sound  
no rhyme and precious  
little reason,  
enough to knock the knees  
together and apart and breathe  
the lower air in that spasm  
we call dance, dance  
mother of all the other  
hardware stores and basilicas,  
dance, mother of meaning.  
The one thing the earth teachers  
that we did not forget.

Who is that we, dancer,  
and who asked you? The air

**began to sing and who was I  
not to comply, listened  
and all the rest was language  
that second language of the mind.  
Let me die in midsentence  
so my message never ends —  
a song can sing in anybody's mouth.**

**28 September 2013**



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**The poem drifting along with the mind,  
is sharing presence.**

**28 September 2013**

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**Let me read you from here  
before the envelope hits the floor  
the meaning springs cat-like to the mind –  
somebody held this in her hands**

**what does it matter what  
we say to one another,  
dissidents clamor in the heart,  
but a hand made this, a word  
here or there, packed in paper,  
traveled through the immense ordinary  
to reach my hand – we savage  
fourth world people understand by skin.**

**28 September 2013**

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**To see a rose against the light  
to see it dark,  
the green around it brighter by far  
than this ardent red  
burns only in your memory of it,  
but later in the afternoon  
bright in that remembering  
downslope of the day.**

**28 September 2013**

=====

So many things to have meaning —  
organ loft another name for it  
all the things they do to them  
always the other, a block  
around the kid,  
                    the lilac flowers  
remembered in the fall, his mother  
had a yen for them, and forsythia  
he could barely pronounce, and gardenia.

In the heart of a mother  
it is always spring, he thought,

we turn the tables on old proverbs,  
that's our job, we close the book.

28 September 2013

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**Be continuous  
the way a piece of paper  
holds all the words  
together, without effort,  
just by being one thing  
pale enough to be to read,  
wet or dry, on the tabletop  
or folded away in some book  
you'll never open again –  
but there the words continue  
making all the little sense we have,  
safe till the end of the world.**

**28 September 2013**

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**Examine or hold fire  
but not in your hands  
there is a flower  
needs you  
                  it means you  
too, attend  
the college of its corolla,  
the graduate faculty of its sprawling  
petals  
                  ranged in rows to confuse  
you into clarity.  
                  Your own.  
And you're none.**

**27 September 2013**

## **ORPHAN**

**Start again,  
be anomalous.  
anonymous**

**the words you speak  
are your mother.  
You have no other.**

**27 September 2013**

=====

**Wondering about this and that  
the tree grows out of the pen  
I climb it awkwardly  
call it a hotel and go to sleep**

**when I wake I can speak English  
women in grey dresses  
move sioft among the colors  
the air is shining  
things are eating other things  
it must be earth  
too much to remember.**

**28 September 2013**



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**An hour to own  
an hour of my own  
I own a piece of the future  
free and clear**

**an hour before  
I have to do  
anything but this.**

**29 September 2013**

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**A poet at best  
knows to step aside.  
Milarepa, St. Francis.  
Until there's nothing left  
except what speaks.**

**29 September 2013**

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**Seeing enough to see how little  
I know how to do this seeing,  
there's always something more  
hidden in the color, the line,  
the fall of light, and mother shadow  
waiting to give birth. Do I  
even see what I see?**

**29 September 2013**

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**Be water  
be the air  
mist is rising  
in all that green  
only the roses are there.**

**29 September 2013**

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**Locus mirabilis**  
**right here**

**the rose unfolds**  
**the golden organs**

**of its meaning**  
**any minute. Now.**

**29 September 2013**

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**This seems a hallelujah morning,  
or walk in heaven  
where the mist comes from,  
the shimmer of the deciding mind  
not sure yet what to manifest —  
soft, soft, the sight scarcely seen,  
the breath from her mouth  
before the word.**

**29 September 2013**

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**Can I start  
running yet  
colors, tribune?  
Octaves earlier?  
Birdlessness?**

**29.IX.13**