

9-2013

## sepl2013

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According to the Times  
Literary Supplement *The  
Last of the Mohicans* was  
painted in Düsseldorf  
where all the planes go.  
And an Italian a few  
years ago explained  
convincingly that the Trojan  
War was fought in Finland.  
Who knew? The Greeks  
turn out to be Swedes  
or something but before  
those Germanic types  
rolled in we usually think of  
blond and pink and blue-eyed.  
But turns out everything  
we think is wrong.

29 September 2013

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Because is on the other side of yes  
or is it maybe I mean, a sparrow  
beak-down shivers on a rain-soaked leaf,  
no, a bell is ringing far away, that's  
what moves me, the national anthem  
of tragedy, of all the losses of  
what you never knew you had,  
a funeral with no corpse, women  
grieving for what they no longer remember.

29 September 2013

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I see your cattle  
grazing on the clouds.  
That much breath I have  
and then the silence rises

the blue thing from the shade  
of maybe a maple  
too far, tending orange,  
too far to tell

I see them shift their feet  
silver sparks their heels kick up—  
that's almost too much for me  
I gasp it shorter

I see your hips sway  
as you shamble through the house  
rub against what you pass,  
I swoon in similarities.

30 September 2013

## **PHOBIA**

To fear something  
is to sink to its level.  
Or rise.

30 September 2013

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I saw a panther  
streaking through the light  
autumn trees  
his meekly jungle,  
but my mistake.  
My mistake.

30 September 2013

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Go and look or stop and look —  
which sees better?  
Seeing without looking is the best of all.

30 September 2013

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My uncle Charlie  
or a girl in the basement  
up to no good.  
All the lights are out again  
in the dictionary.  
Nobody remembers  
the smell of gas too late.  
Or paint the light bulb,  
one touch will do a life.  
Go down to her  
over and over again.  
Coalbin close to heaven.  
Old streets of Montréal.

30 September 2013



## **LATE**

Autumn.

I'm still enough flower  
for any bee.

30 September 2013

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Cars pour along the road.  
How can I remember all this  
so you can have it? All of you  
who need this news.  
This rose. These roads.

30 September 2013

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so many wanted that touch.  
Hermes *was* Aphrodite,  
the skin of his hand  
understood all mysteries.  
In those days  
touch was enough.  
The mind breeds from that.  
The pure engine of our feelings  
from which the words  
take color and courage to be said.

30 September 2013

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language has murdered spirit  
and given birth to soul.

...

I write this with a Chinese fountain pen  
my wife bought in India  
an imitation Parker 51.

Perhaps my thought resembles,  
is a cheaper version of,  
some earlier thought I never read or heard  
but still is out there  
in the thought world humming,  
buzzing. Nietzsche. Klages..  
Anything that was ever thought  
eventually someone will pick up  
from the air and write it down.

Any thought is a message in a bottle.  
We are the sea.  
And which of us steps  
(like the agonist out of the chorus  
back in the days of Thespis)

out of the mass, out of the waves  
and learns to read and does  
and writes it down, for what purpose,  
does that even happen, ever, you decide.

30 September 2013

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Being irritated  
is a kind of candle,  
hurts your eyes a little  
but lights up  
parts of the dark room  
you forgot is there.  
Only parts — the crevices,  
the folds are still there.  
Quiet. The wasp  
comes home to its nest.

30 September 2013

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An island where everything is different.

How long a mile is here!

And the sunlight seems the same  
color as the shade. The waves  
crest and break far out from shore.

You've never seen such birds  
but they don't sing, they talk,  
some of them, like women at the bakery,  
or like brides who lie down in the rapids  
until their wedding gowns turn  
into foam and wash away.

I've lived here all my life  
and nobody knows me even yet.

30 September 2013