

5-2011

mayB2011

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "mayB2011" (2011). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 150.
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Always something specified
among the arteries a pause
to let me parse again
the simple traveling of to go.

Eími meant I go. *Eimí*
meant I am. We are I suppose
lawn sports for the friendly gods
cast shadows on us

we live deep in their grass
yet for all their size and potency
they seem to be our children

their heaven just one more room in our own house.

6 May 2011

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Now I don't have to think I have to be.
There are workmen in the clouds suppose.
Too little traction to be legible.
Arrogant interludes of making sense.
Easy meaning like easy virtue.
A bird could do it if a bird could fly.

Remember that far ahead.
Now the rhythm is all in the thinking nothing heard.
The deaf snake does not fear the music.
Songbite a bitter prophecy a tune to come.
Now I leave you joyous in the present land.
She hides in my vocabulary.

6 May 2011

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The size of being kind is being kin.

The other side of this only place again.

To be born is where the rest is when.

Forgive me narrative a broken egg.

I called for music and geology appeared.

There is no logic like the Swiss frontier.

Follow the hero's tracks in the no.

Somewhere has been here before.

Someone has drunk strange water and said grace.

It was empty till you came.

Closets full of nothing but remembering.

I was empty till you came.

6 May 2011

New York

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Restoring each of us to our begin.

Again the traffic's quiet bay at always evening.

Weather inside the clam shell what shall this flower in hand.

Entropy means loss of heat the word cools down.

How to open things came all our meat.

Children remember former lives by touching things.

Things My grace and goodness shew She cried.

Because a mercy means us and no mildly.

The boat cracked and the fish came out.

Origin of animal life on earth to make a mineral speak.

Sleek limbs then the concert of them when I think.

Neurons kneel down at the name of Isis.

To be born by water or a bay is be held.

Meek habit of all days before.

Now inspan the bigamous steeds of the Apeiron.

Climb the harvest and let it chariot.

Weigh far more than we suppose the animal.

The part I love is always waiting.

Always saying thank you never sure to whom.
You I know but is the you I think the you you know.
It doesn't matter much of stone to utter thanks is all.
Rilke says our only job is praising itself is chemistry.
Stuff the rough cloth into the copper athanor.
Things love being suddenly together.

Silence language so that it can speak.
We cut the levee to let the meaning blur.
Will is the opposite of paying attention.
Listen to the color red and ask no questions.
It tells you everything if you listen.
This whole animal is called permission.

7 May 2011

New York

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Listening affirms no matter who speaks.
Clouds are the longest part of what we art.
Trees full-fledged in early May when will you fly away.
Walk on the steel grill over quiet hell.
A doorway says it all the whole house just listens.
In my confusion I know the clouds know something.

You're never alone when you have a sky.
Numbers began one day when men were too tired to think.
There must be more to me than this.
One extended oneself and so two was and so four.
Too tired to think men could only count.
Logic like self-abuse satisfies and nobody gets hurt.

The great thing about language comes so many ways.
Blue pole barns under obsequious cumulus.
Charles Sheeler went to heaven heaven is not far.
A house is the strangest work of humankind.
All at once the numbers were all gone I had to count something else.
Bees tuned the girl's piano the window glass was on fire.

Cold that music was and dead men hummed it.
All consonants no vowels the language of the dead.

8 May 201 (Amtrak)

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Why make things bigger aren't even small.
So little of the eye sees what is blue.
Narrative repels desire narrative is anxiety.
Learn what you can't ladies not what is told.
How good the telling to the teller how old the told.
Don't hear me darling just listen to me.

Now I am ready to begin he thinks and sees a tree.
How can we repay the old poets Kalidasa Sophocles.
It is measure keeps us moving.
Over the hill is Italy and they say springtime.
Over the hill is a rock with no meaning.
Birds at the feeder know all I mean.

Grateful inadequacies that keep us sane.
A line is long enough to reach silence that's all.
Birds in the soffit region nesting nesting.
The inner word compels us to compel.
That all is silence is.
Speak like a spinnaker wise from behind.

What is moral got there from the ground.
I knew the ones that loved or other flame.
Who cares what I think some what I say.
The middle of something is always again.
Cut your finger wonder how anyone can kill.
Terror needs no logic gives no milk.

Don't know whether I'm alive or dead.
Went through the white mouth gate and fell.
Tile is baked but always cold on skin why.
Every picture is a doorway to come through.
Everyone you meet is a door to open and go in.
The tree inside hangs heavy ripe with fruit.

9 May 2011

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Things the dreamer said
sometimes remembered.

And then the morning
like a great old tree
cut down in the night
so the broad white flat stump
gleams in new light.

A loss, a splendor.
I think I will lose everything and find it all.

10 May 2011

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Remember more.

Like a girl on a knee

the size of a father.

Or putting on his green coat

in a mirror.

Whose is which?

Memory appropriates everything.

Memory says everything twice.

Me more, I less.

The mind flees from what the hand touches.

Or flees into it for good.

And that also is far.

10 May 2011

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Sombrero season.

The cat knows
enough to run away
from nudity cupidity
that big hot thing in the sky.

If we had true eyes
we would see
the sun is a quiet woman
thinking calmly of everything
sitting on a stone in the middle of the sky.

10 May 2011

CHEVELURE

They brought a tree indoors
to scare me, they deposited
a grey steel office desk in deep woods
where I'd find it and feel guilty

but also feel at home.

Maybe guilt is hearth and home?

Hair in my eyes. Some barber
waiting to bring me back to social scale.

I have been away too long,
so long they have all turned into me.

10 May 2011

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Green rooves decisive evidence.

Talmud falls open here Tractate Levanah.

When the moon fell down on the town's green rooves.

Dogs worried the bodies of dead soldiers still do.

The Church built churches these still avail the stones of quiet.

In those walls you can hear your not-self think.

10 May 2011

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The overactive pituitary induces trances.
This particular trance is called the way we live now.
Enzymes take care of things by themselves.
Men build bridges over rivers the king's deer swim.
I don't know much about living but this is now.
Physiology is the thief of time.

His lovers missed all the small disorders.
Something crackling in the canteen a cliff falls.
A plover dabbles wingtip in wet sand.
Lead me away from my nighttime.
Into music's atrium where rain's meant to fall.
Orchestral density my heart on fire.

Not any name suits animals they need new metal.
A cup of maybe with a slice of hope.
The phone rings in the Vietnam War I answer.
We are far from what we need is seed.
There is no earth left the sky won out.
The world is a mineral with windows in it.

11 May 2011

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Things add up to lily mornings then.
From lilac blooms an earwig fell into my hair.
This sunset hour to privilege prone.
Again the light and again the light and again.
Call for harpy comfort and skin comes too.
Aligned with the obvious so no one wakes.

Yellow buses drive them to the obvious.
Count the noons and multiply by minnows.
Hurry the river the stars are impatient.
Pedagogical value of silence absence night.
We need to be here before we wake up.
Blue glass mother-of-pearl an ocean.

Don't think it let it lip it leave.
The sound of a thing is closer than the thing.
Exhausted soldiers in flooded barracks.
Elements in disarray thanks to human passions.
They think through us pestilence tornado.
Wanted to hear but the light was off.

Your eyes staring at me from the heartwood.
They listen best who leave before the end.
Carry the unfinished with you your life finishes.
Bridges go nowhere that is the secret.
You can't cross what's soon gone Styx is all round us.
In a Slavic wheatfield someone standing tall.

Now the news hath filled the belly with the wet wind.
Leaves of sunlight represent the trees.
Help me with the names of things again.
See through the earth and beg the ones beneath.
This all is true and tree and wonderbeast again.
Because I was new I got things right at last.

Marks in clay remember bleeding men.
We mean less when we weep my hard heart.
Bird in the roof strange zoos colonize us.
Castaway a century ago still in damp clothes.
Bide a beach a beam swivels and falls floats.
Ragged but regular a regiment of knives.

For lore lingers as long problem isn't.
Tree craft and low arriving drink from your hat.
Once in the street they never come back.
Nowhere further in the world than here.
Mow the lawn the lawn mows back.
A tree's a machine for standing there our teacher.

Aberration I want to bring perverse to you.
Hermetic backsides of the Marais.
Put me to sleep so I can tell.
In trance my advocate in dance your magistrate.
Listen to me try to meddle my footsteps with.
Mourning dove! low murmur voice of grass.

Barely coherent who at the most of times.
Cogent phylacteries damp upon your breast.
Peacock my way through your syntax solo.
Old rock related to a troll by marriage.
Around the night cape with bell and chimera.
Be thee for me and I by replication thine.

Lamb on the table turns wise eyes within.
The tree inside keeps talking me.
Ancient raga of martyrs' reliquary brass.
Touched each other's in the library.
I am the book you always never meant to read.
The gleaming aster foretells the end of time.

Sound of a kickstand supporting someone's wheels.
Orchid from Peru she brought me in the dark.
Me here means anybody and certainly you.
Evening insects unfurled interview your state of mind.
Policy comes after cathedrals men forget women never do.
I know everything as long as I don't think.

12 May 2011

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The candle talks to me
amazing how much one flame knows
knows everything that fire
ever saw or did
every cave or hill it ever lit.
Its flicker is the tongue in it
telling. I speak the actual
words it makes me hear,
it speaks all languages, silence best.

13 May 2011

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The back door to come in remember-music.
Hymen was the littlest god ruled all the rest.
Where the crow walks the rain must remember.
Isolate in underwear when the daylight failed.
Verbs don't tell to whom or why but you.
Academics gaitered in long-march polity.

A star in heaven crosses someone out.
Light itself is hyper-focused silence.
If we were really silent we could see everything.
Robust chancleer impersonates encyclopedias.
Speak soft to baffle dormice on the roof.
In thatch to catch all wit to weave.

13 May 2011