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The old man with a young beard
where is he now
when the banks are open
and the little yachts trail behind their cars
on the way to the marina,

o it's all bicycles and joggers and golden retrievers
the suburbs have reached out their messy paws
and stolen these hard old roads
that ran through trees that nobody special owned.
Self-improvement is a crime against God.

6 August 2011

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Uh-oh, it's grumpy Saturday again.
Even in vacation I hear Loki's sneer,
a good Jew in his own way, this day is sacred,
it deconstructs the other six and all their works
into the pure empty piety of silence.
All things failed what they could be.
Now we rest and ready to try again
to make sense of the week, all those days,
try to make time make sense.

Every now and then a flower falls—
learn from this great Whenlessness.

6 August 2011

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Be brave against the fall of light,
this mere seeing—a lake of lumen
I splash through mornings—light
is always a kind of surprise,
in all these years I haven't gotten used to the sun.
The mist I guess is what I mostly mean.

6 August 2011

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Curtain call
puff of wind
the roses bow.

6.VIII.11

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Trees. Leaves. Yews. Shrubbery.
To live in so much life
as if I drew my breath from them,
the natural habit of this land
to which I am, like you, an exception.
How happy it would make us
it we could let it be.

6 August 2011

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I don't know much about all this running—
blue cars on green roads under pale heaven.
Nothing really moves but colors.

6 August 2011

*What do you feel, liplove? — I feel a fine lady . . . floating on a
stillstream of isisglass*

Could ever I have said the like
I could lay me down at once and always
glad to have spoken so true word

(o that Djeutsch! I began to read real so soon he died)

o I have been wasting my time
not reading him into my writing

2.

when all the while it would have
1878 Brown Street when he was in Kensington and Zurich and dead.

There are places that continue to inscribe their quiddity in us no matter where we
have moored our hulk afar.

So be it. Union
of person and place
equals narrative
lyric dramatic
satiric elegiac

but not epic.

Epic has no *place*. Hence:

Homer's story could be lock stock & barreled from the Baltic all the way down the several rivers and cross the pusztish plain and mountains (Balkan means mountains) into Greekland the Famous. What worked on the shore of Finland worked in Anatolia. People die just the same. Just the same bronze spears go in.

All his Dubliners I knew in Brooklyn. They're all gone now. The mystery of identity. The 1756 basic astrological types.

Church steeple near the El struck by lightning.

3.

But it was that lip
I bruised on a slip
of paper too long
pursed in my mouth
waiting for the page
that needed it
its semaphore.

That lip and that lady
Isis on the curve of stone.

6 August 2011

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The doctor I talked to in my dream
(young, Swedish, portly, good English, Jewish wife)
interpreted the me you had in your dream.

I am an architect finished with my building.
Time to let go. The building of us is done.
All we are now are times in each other.

Or tides that peak and falter. Always
the shore is there, though. Always the sea.

7 August 2011

AD

Make this bigger if you can.

Take off the shoes, raffle the underwear.

The finished being is a monster of loveliness,
someone you met in dream here now at your elbow—

You: are a red car in the rainforest.

I: am a rough hawk perched by a stream.

We are an advertisement for something.

They call us *Personal* but there is nobody home.

7 August 2011

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Running errands run you right back.

Adoration of the Virgin's Back she's facing the angel.

Every sound is an annunciation.

I know nothing of the man you say I am.

Grasping at rarity the collector moans.

They kissed me and forgot to take the kiss away.

7 August 2011

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Being after being before
a round door.

The moon squeezes in,
girls sit waiting
by the goldfish pond,
there are peonies.

What are we waiting for
they say. What comes next
after the fish and flowers.

What comes after the moon?

And just then the night says nothing.

8 August 2011

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If I were here
it would be for beginning.
Quick songs,
some nasty little flute
in your lips
god knows where it's been,
to make a sound that
remembered later will seem
to have been music.
And that's enough!
It got you through another
five minutes of life
without hurting!
Maybe your mind went
a while with the tune
and eased its way back after,
a little emptied I hope
of what it thought it was thinking.

8 August 2011

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Flowers in the subway
a naked man
on the Unterbahn
a traveler gnawing
on a fresh baguette.
Come here and tell me
everything you saw.
A shadow on the sidewalk
made you remember
your mother and Matisse.

8 August 2011

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Now it's time another.

We are fascinated in wild animals.

They remember something for us
we think they will someday disclose.

So we put them in cages and send
our children to look at them
hoping they'll be luckier than we
in getting the tiger to talk.

8 August 2011

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Do you have doubts about what's said,
do you imagine non-human listeners
eavesdropping on you from inner space?

Every word is ambiguous. Interpretation
is the thief of mind. Make it mean
something that lets me go on sleeping.

Paper flowers beautiful sans bees.

8 August 2011

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Or else listen to them all
fox by bear
few possums these days as compared
and few raccoons.

The populations vary,
immigrants and exiles
flood also the dreamy trees
where everything changes.

We are soaked in the blood of difference.
And the rabies running through it—
earth here is angry with us
neighborhood by neighborhood.
We have made war against nature in a dream
and woke to find the vultures circling
a dozen of them over the glass
roof of the library, chronicle of our mess.

9 August 2011

= = = = =

Of course they're here,
where could they go.
They live with us and always will,
I think we're the mice below their tables,
we are the noisy immigrants.
They live with trees and rock and water
and we wreck their houses in our sleep.

9 August 2011

PERICULUM TONALE

All the sadness of the old people,
Celts, Cimmerians, the ones
we've lost and the ones
still living who've lost us.
The old ones hear themselves
in such music, sweet, sweet,
the way old mildew is
and stolen honey and the peony
that fades brown tomorrow.

Danger of music.

When we listen we are with them
and who knows where our selves are now
or who we really are.

10 August 2011

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The old man with his whippet
slows every morning up our road
from somewhere. He used to walk
with two. Time passes.
He comes back, it's a religion thing,
you do it over and over and over,
each little thing becomes a word
you chant with your mind on something else
and nobody else hears you anyway.
And I suppose the other little dog is dead.

10 July 2011

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Horny hummingbird
and aggressive male.
The world is the same
all the way through.

10.VIII.11