

8-2011

## augC2011

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## PROGNOSTICATION

*You may hit a wall today.*

May I?

Punch a wall and wake a genie in it?

Some knowledge buried in shiplap and plaster,  
fire-spirits sleeping in the brick.

Those who live in brick houses live in fire,  
in wooden houses live in water  
stone houses in earth.

So I will build my house of air  
and be myself at home everywhere.

10 August 2011

= = = = =

In torrential rain a small roof leak  
soaks the top book on a stack—  
heavenly footnotes dithered on the pages.  
I look at the mess and know it's my fault.  
The leak certainly. My fault the rain.

10.VIII.11

= = = = =

Carve the blue sky down  
and write the wind  
A little breeze cool skill  
from night and through the rose.

11 August 2011

= = = = =

Who is coming to my house  
said the welfare mom.

It's the government outside  
come to take your life away.

Can't you come another day?  
For people like you it's always today.

11 August 2011

= = = = =

Try again. History  
is a flower  
that withers  
in our fingers.  
The smell  
lingers. History  
is a flower we  
hold and we are blind.

\*

Or try again and tell your love  
there still are feelings  
and under all the irony and attitude  
a child is whimpering in every heart.

11 August 2011

## FROM THE ANCIENT COMMONWEALTH

What are these creatures who live in the wood  
live where they would

high-stroked pilasters  
ranged by the entrances

leading to bed?  
Solomon saw some of these,

he brought them home  
luminous in his courtyard and close  
around the folds of his body clustered  
the thoughts of them,

maskers in the trees  
who take all forms, who are the owners of form,  
their love

is in the touch.

And he grew  
pregnant from their embraces—  
deep kisses and caresses only, understand,  
no copulation as the humans know it—

pregnant with lyric  
built a temple to sing it in,  
pregnant with a god

imagined hearer of such music.

For men can't hear  
and women barely,  
contraltos, barítonos, sopranos,  
the different ways to tell the truth.

He listened with his skin  
and built outside  
the shape of what he heard

measured in cubits and fingertips,  
the sacred measurement from me to thee.

2.

Break his song here.  
There is politeness to be done,  
the long haul of ordinary music

and when I say that word  
you mean a different thing

O rose go faster  
into the red seeming  
we hurry after  
into fragrant withering  
he sang,  
and the priests he paid tried to write it down.



3.

In Egypt travelling he learned the secret,  
we rule the world by sitting down.  
Not just Pharaoh and the queens  
but all those named persons  
who sat for their statues, who sit  
four thousand years on their stones  
in the vibrant serenity of flesh  
shown at peace, their minds at rest  
surveyed, controlled, the world.  
Nothing is far from a seated woman.

And in China he was told  
when they spoke of the Great Sage  
beginning to tell this or that,  
guiding his eternal neophytes  
they always began the Master sat

and then he spoke and possessed  
the authority of a mind at peace.  
So wisdom came, automatic,  
it must seem to flow  
like the simple hips of Hatshepsut on her throne.

4.

They taught us.

But who are they,

we saw them sometimes

sitting ahead of us

in the forest,

and as we watched them

everything came to us—

the quiet mind sees all.

But they hide from us mostly,

playing with us, or to teach

the stillest mind moves quickest,

we hear them stirring in the woods

and call out in our little voices

Who's there? and sometimes

we hear them answer You are.

12 August 2011

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Body slow  
mind quick  
every being  
its own speed.

12.VIII.11

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It would be a day to mountain.

All the brave particulars  
of being somewhere else.

Always the far

is closest to the mind.

Odd how much can fit in.

12.VIII.11

= = = = =

Cancel the obvious then Sainte Thérèse is left  
smiling her lungs out and no one knows.  
How deep the help she yielded and how much  
pain she took away from them, the ones  
who were us at that time, Eurosavages like now  
always on the brink of war. *Tong-len*  
we call it in Tibetan and she prayed  
Jesus to give her all human suffering instead.

13 August 2011

= = = = =

Praises. *Lauds* should they be  
a book of celebrations name by name  
my hero-folk, endeavorers, magi,  
a few decent high-souled patroons.  
Praise the scientists who do not trust  
less than everything, for them a mystery  
is consolation and life's work, the few  
who made music hold the mind.

13 August 2011

= = = = =

Another moment another woman.  
I'll be your gift—we will lie  
side by side barely touching till  
the inward animals begin to move  
you call them neurons I call them dakas,  
dâkinis, elves and angels alive alive-o.  
They feed on us like horny birds inside  
and leave colors in their wake, the glow  
of light in all that greyness, the colors  
we call thinking. Feeling. The moment  
when you touch someone else's skin.

2.

They live in us as we live in the world.  
We are entitled inside.  
The multitude Whitman admitted to  
was no metaphor in him. In us.  
You can when you're honest hear them—  
we give them voices and they give us what to say.

3.

Because size is not what matters  
as my little smartphone reminds me,  
Wagner had all the gods and hell and heaven in his head

already and he trained himself to listen.

That's all art is. What else could it ever be?

4.

I am the spokesman of a transfinite  
population. I cry out and you laugh at me  
indulgently, understanding me all too well,  
only puzzled that I bother to speak out loud  
what is so obvious. That's the very thing it means,  
you say. when we were children and held hands.

5.

To touch is mingling infinities.  
Galaxies inside galaxies, size  
is not the issue. Brightness is.

Soon we'll be at the end of what we know,  
then the fun begins. The busy aftermath.  
The way two students look in the café  
meeting the morning after their first night.  
Who knew you were so many?  
How can you be there when you are so incredibly here?

13 August 2011



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Things to say to you  
the dismay of silence  
unworths us—we wit  
together and that  
deeps a kiss between  
some other day  
that never touched.

Just stay with me a little  
longer it will happen  
what has to if it does.  
Our will is spent on better things.

Opus. The work  
of each our alchemy  
making a mark  
where none had been  
a tone that echoes  
somewhere far inside.

13 August 2011

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When I say  
you could I mean  
all of you who  
make me speak?

13.VIII.11

= = = = =

Let the forest  
walk into you  
full moon.  
You can stand  
here oaker than any  
and let the place  
do its own work,  
the shaping, the in-  
turning path  
damp-footstepped  
her name still  
on the tip of your tongue.

13 August 2011

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Could I bring you into a room  
and turn out all the lights.  
Then turn the sky off  
outside the window. Could I settle you  
on a daybed one side of the room  
and me in an armchair the other.  
Then we would be.  
No distractions. No nervous gestures,  
no compulsory skin. Just the dark  
we stay in till we see.

13 August 2011