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mayG2012

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Dreamt text:

[Came upon] this notion
hiding in the shallows of the mind.

28.V.2012

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There was a kind of chemical to it
the way a man feels when he looks
at a woman admiring a horse,
vivid and complex, the molecules of dream
assemble such images at dawn
and we wake gasping. The loss.
The reflection of that big white church
on its surrounding waters, skulls
rowing through the image, baptism
of desire. The waves keep moving
but the water stays. From a plane
the sea looks like a stone. And we
are mostly water, mostly mineral.
The little trick of life. That made
someone build a church or row a boat
or sit around all afternoon talking in sun
about what they may or may not have done.

28 May 2012

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Horse trailer heavy goes by.
An animal is a terrible thing.
Compact alien energy. Has
a different relationship with gravity
from me. What do I have. Mass
without motion, heat and cold,
Fear we have in common, fear
is what makes everything move.

28 May 2012

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One night seventy years ago
I went to the fair. The lights
were very bright, brighter
than they have been since

and I began to see. No idea
what came before—scenes
are not the same as seeing,
stories the light told,

stories interrupted by the night.
Come in now and read a book.
A book is all telling and no
seeing at all. Then that night

the lights said another country
and I was there. Called it France
then but that's too easy,
this place was more than France,

this place was the inside of the eye.

28 May 2012

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Sometimes cry out
as if in pain.
But no pain, no thought
just the groan.
As if the body itself
knew enough to judge
the perilous pilgrimage
from one breath
to the next and cried
out to the wilderness
of its loneliness.
How absent sometimes
mind leaves the flesh.

29 May 2012

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Not just that archaic Kouros
with the smile halfway between
woman and man, between
divine and human, between
the self and some secret self
everyone now and then intuits
but only the rarest finds

but all of them smile,
all the ancestors, the ones
who made us or shaped us
or stood seemingly idly
at the side of every road
we ever walked, all of us,

all of them are smiling.
Smile of the ancestors—
from where they stand
outside of our time but
still inside time's dome,
from where they smile
they cure us if they can
of doubt and woe
by smile alone.

Not just
the beautiful and the simple
and the long ago, no,
all of them smile at us now,
and from such luminous exile

even Dante smiles.

29 May 2012

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Not to think of not proposal
a saltcellar a split-rail fence
defining morning. Hesiod woke
and carried the warmth of sleeping
out into the morning chill. Balance—
a constellation in the sky, poetry
struck between desire and the actual.
Stuck. He rubbed his eyes again,
we all are shamans when we wake,
every breath a fumbled prayer. Magic
everywhere (= the mind tangled in matter).
He looked at the hill and said out loud
the world never began, it always was,
it always changes. Crows in the linden
were silent. He took that for assent.
Signs everywhere too. His feet getting cold.

30 May 2012

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I lend my spirit to a cause
then time sucks it back.
I have to ply again, drive
the idle sheep of my will
back to the designated turf.
Stay there a bissl. Browse
till you have dunged it
with your care, and made all
fertile there for other wills
to come and practice theirs.
For will is spirit, and works alone.

30 May 2012

CALME

Just stop here. And let the road
go where it goes. The prayer wheel
turns in sunshine. No other wheel
enters the picture. My eyes
want to be asleep. A phase
of the creative. A praise of idleness.

30 May 2012

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Wait, I think I'm falling into the sky.
Who said that. It's Hudson, long street
down to the river but no river is seen.
The sky is bright and small with clouds
and the sky seems to be sucking
everything in. The gravity of Warren St,
as it slides to the river is no help,
it is up I go, falling up there, where the pale
blue is inexorable, the cosmic police force
hustling me home. I am a runaway,
I confess. I thought there were people here.
Wrong. Only me. And the hungry sky.

30 May 2012

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That there be close to us
or ornate a forest
peopled with that glad life
the books call wild

seems to me tamer than ours
each moving in its decorous
will uninflected by
commodity.

Here
is where it's wild—
wild means to make choices, choices,
mad compulsions under a salesman moon.

31 May 2012

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All the late is waiting—
another clock determines us.
Who is us? Be leafy
while it can. Green
and brown are changing places
never endingly. So we
(who is this we?) presume
to choose between and say
this is my favorite season
o my dark sacrament of snow.

31 May 2012

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All of this wanting to be
but who is listening
to the clamor of selfish ontology?
I'm talking at random
because a leaf is enough.

To dwell. Plato
revised, such simpler
attentions and I don't know.
Will we ever get there
again, the street
and simple attention,
zen without samurai
without discipline,
just being present
to each thing each one
without control?

So here's my plan:
revise my eyes.
See only what speaks.
Say only what I see.

31 May 2012

ALLE MENSCHEN WERDEN BRÜDER

Are we even ready to be we?
That word gets poets into trouble—
angers readers when she or he
gets subsumed in us. Who gave me
the right to you? Or are we
really sister and brother
after all, as pale men thought
two hundred years ago
and said so in many an ode?
That seems so old now
but Pat Smith's colored
drawing of monkshood in flower
last in his garden's year
seems new. And this pine cone
on the table, this twist-tie
thick with a rubber band, these
are new as Eden and good morning.

31 May 2012