

8-2013

augC2013

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "augC2013" (2013). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 277.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/277

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

=====

Not to hear dead people
talk outside my window—

writing is not for that
writing is for *this*.

7 August 2013

=====

Walk there
always a chance
the ground will hold you up
and rock abide

or tomorrow
the Great Change
suddenly come
and this earth like the sun
shift its magnetic field

the Big Switcheroo
when all our atmosphere
furloughs into space
and then comes home

who know who you
will be then.
Or even now.

7 August 2013

= = = = =

The letters light up

I have to read

I have to press my fingertips

against each one

there is a braille of light also

texture of the visible

Then I'll know what it says

whoever it really is

and what I meant all along.

7 August 2013

= = = = =

As I grew older
I learned the simplest words

two cyclists glide by
snatch of conversation

and the internet radio
Paganini I think

drifts in and out.
And we too, all of us

we're interruptions
in some conversation

previous to our being
we jabber to find

our way back
into that silence.

7 August 2013

= = = = =

Who knows the real rapture
if the cloud wrapped us softly
and never went away—

the sun is the smirk of a pretty girl
you want to look
she makes you look away.

7 August 2013

=====

To these flowers come
bees butterflies and hummingbirds
which one am I —
flowers are teachers of tolerance
welcome every guest
feed them if you can.

7 August 2013

= = = = =

Nothing counts
unless you have the numbers

till then there's food
and all that isn't.

The phrase 'the natural numbers'
haunts and taunts me—
I am walking suddenly
west on the main street of Saint Jean d'Aulps
towards the hospital
out of town
to the ancient lepers' chapel on the hill

and I have nothing to count
not even years
all the numbers idle in my head,
nothing to pin 17 on
and no place ever all my life
to bring my tender zero to.

7 August 2013

A WARNING TO THE STUDIOUS

To memorize
holds you back.
The remembered
poen chains the mind.
Every scripture is
a fence against experience.

7 August 2013

COLOPHON

In the eighth hour of the eighth day of the eighth solar month
I conclude the second volume of my traveling life
through the noetic world seeking always
the ineluctable sacredness of the flesh
and est the body of the Other revealing one's own,
the gnosis of death, what comes after it and
all that should have come before, the dome
of Sophia herself, the blue stone. The third volume
will tell of nearby famous cities and what lies
beneath them, you'll be surprised,
the catacombs of Berkeley, the vanished hill of Roxbury,
the upside-down cathedral in the heart of Newark.
It will celerate the articulate virgins of Merrymount,
rebuke papal arrogance, explain the cipher of the harvest moon,
decode the rat's path through the corn field
and the grace-filled story of how I learned
but learned too late the humility that suits a scholar.
There will be no other volume after that.

8 August 2013

= = = = =

1.

Sandbars on the sumer river
some bare-bottom gravel bleached by sun
I have to remember *something* from those years
those little travels in a friendless world
before I knew how to say 'you'.

2.

And then kingdom came
the sun slid through the grass
and girls had names.

3.

It was enough to turn a game
into serious play
the way the world began
earlier that same day.

4.

But that's as much as I know
about my childhood
I only became me when I met you

(that is a philosophical not a romantic
statement) before that
I was a dream of weather
a cloud reading books
aquivering appetite a silent child.

8 August 2013

= = = = =

When the world began to leak
some sense came out—
enough to guide my ship
from storm to storm

always searching for the reef
where the sky keeps court
hiding in its hidden tower
and the moon his glad vizier

rules a commonwealth of dreams.
Meantime wind and rain sustain me
and I lick the nice salt off my hands
and uench my thirst with vowels

sounds of savage languages
sweet tunes I filched from Gustav Holst.

8 August 2013

INTROIT

[Preface for a reading in the Widow Jane Mine, 25 August 2013]

*Facilis descensus Averno; noctes atque dies
patet atri janua Ditis. sed revocare gradum,
superasque evadere ad aures, hoc opus
hic labor est*

*Easy enough to go down to Hell
Dark Pluto's gate is open night and day
But to call back your steps
and escape back o the airs above—
this is the Work, this is the labor.*

That's Virgil.

Who followed Aeneas down here and brought him back.

I think of those lines I learned in school
they seem a talisman for me where I stand now

