

8-2013

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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

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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

