

8-2011

augG2011

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "augG2011" (2011). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 267.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/267

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[READING GENESIS]

Can we read Genesis as a kind of Egyptian-Hebraic bardo thödol, a kind of desert Book of the Dead? A text telling the tribulations of the soul after death? Moses is the alien soul guide leading the soul from the death throes (all of Pharaoh's armies, all death's weapons) across the Styx (the Red Sea) dryshod into the 49 days (40 years) of the desert of bardo visions, personages, decisions, despairs, then finally rebirth in Canaan, the new life. Into which Moses does not follow, of course, he being needed on the death side to go on guiding the next escapees from human life. Something like that.

27 August 2011

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They teach us fear. The media teach us fear, suspicion, anxieties we ought to appease by expense and commodity, is that how it works now, the weather business? Weather as news? With the imbecilic dualism of nice day / rainy day, they keep us bobbing up and down in a pool of satisfaction and its opposite—we are displeased with the weather of some day that has not yet come. Judging the present and fearing the future—what a gloomy mindstate we have been taught to inhabit. At the Vanishing Arts debacle yesterday, all people could talk about was the hurricane to come, the soon about to vanish weather of the days ahead. The weather should be nobody's business.

Live before now.

27 August 2011

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One of the worst things about wars and catastrophes and weather events is how the mind (or mine, at any rate) can't leave the situation alone. Witness what I am writing now. The mind can't recoil on its own luminous forms and pregnant darkneses, can't be with itself.

28 August 2011

= = = = =

They took Glastonbury away from us,
made a commerce fair of what had been
stark earth memory—
nothing remembers better than geology.
The Tor, rising conical from
the sea level plain.
And on the fore slope, Guinevere.
And Arthur lay buried for a while
until they rose him elsewhere—
and thousands come each year to listen
but not to what Arthur or Morgan or Wenhaver say,
although they are still speaking.
Money comes to drown them out with music.

28 August 2011

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And if I wrote with milk
could you read with bread?

28. VIII. 11

= = = = =

So many waves
to ward a coast
from what is hiding
in the sea,
 each lap
a warning but of what?
Something meager, something mere.
Something to feed. Or on us.

28.VIII.11

= = = = =

Flood and poor tree down
a home to who knows who,
dryads, maelids, what are you—

the roads an inch deep under.
And the sky is very blue, Octobrine
lucid. And cool. Now
let me *draw* my weary *mind*
from the prancing weather—*fainting I follow*.

Weather means woman in the language of the wise.
Tom Wyatt told me this, tears in his eyes, in the bright green morning.

29 August 2011

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How to be ugly or be me:

the word link left.

Be a full stop for a change.

Draw a breath. Form

your band: The Two and Only

and go on the road. I let the two of you

come out of my mind and do it

per musicam on the stage

strobe lights nibble on your toes

it is 1968 again and Boston rocks.

What do I know, it's all silence to me.

I am a ballroom and winter passes.

The Finnish girl crouches by my stove.

29 August 2011

=====

Getting somewhere. Being maybe.

I swim against the current,
sentence the through backwards flow.

I am someone near you in between.

I am weak till the word form something said.

29 August 2011

= = = = =

644.

Spoiled by the news and nothing known.

Pyramids of certainty burnt in the shriveled pyramind.

Suppose not one word in ten is true then who are you.

Are you the one hummingbird braving the wind-tossed hibiscus.

Or is that Chuang-Tzu again that sexy epistemology.

A thing I saw from my window seemed like the world.

645.

I saw a man carrying a window you never know when you'll need to look out.

I saw a sky that had left all its clouds at home.

The naked blue reminded me of you.

We came home late sat up comparing notes.

Hell was a forest by night heaven the same by day.

This love was all windows and no doors.

30 August 2011

= = = = =

Green rooves decisive evidence
the way the wind moves in
crawls like rats among the tiles
the Talmud falls open here,
this tractate fell from the moon.
Lilith. Lavana, the light
on the town's green rooves.
The Church built churches—those avail.
In those walls we quiet time.
You can hear beyond yourself think.

(late August 2011

= = = = =

I am him you seek he said

now bring a face to fit my name.

“She was one of those, very few,
such that when we first met I knew
she and I had some work left to do,
the first glance was a solemn yes.”

But can you trust what two people are up to
when they think they have some divine
permission to be together? Nobody
knows anything. We sit silent,

waiting for the Operative Word.

31 August 2011

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Did I pick up the wrong pen to write this poem?

Did I try to cut down a hemlock tree with a spoon?

31.VIII.11

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The wars they all are coming back

First as weather then as steel.

31.VIII.11

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Flowers shout allegiance to a most familiar god.
Where the Goose River meets the bay the boy comes home.
He came to the sliver of time where he could stay.
Old as he is the wide marshes are still young.

31.VIII.11

for S.M.

AFTER THE HURRICANE

Great walnut tree

the wind wrenched down.

What was ours?

The tree? The land it fell on?

The wind?

Things annul ownership.

Things erase themselves.

31 August 2011

= = = = =

We write to unspecify desires.
Bright light is something to eat
hunger is so dark.

The way the alphabet fits the hand.
Day letter.
All technology by its nature is obsolete.

Pencils they sell these days
fake graphite hardly writes.
But the stories they scribble tell the only truth.

31 August 2011

