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Where, as if running from,
woke and no thinking?
Just what the hands do,
sink, drainboard, kettle.

The offertory. It all is offering
the little displeasures
around the heart, pain
not quite, the sense
far off of some glory.

Be persistent.
Upstream. To source.
As the origin
of your language
is another language
always. All
the way back to here
where language itself
tries to begin.
Nothing began.

Wash dishes, watch
remnants scour away.

The circulation
of water as it goes away.
Nothing has to be said.
Outside it is getting
to be light. Already
my hands hear.

19 August 2012

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How can you be any more so you?
Snapshots are convenient Euclidean
diagrams of where a face would be
if we had faces.

Under the boardwalk there are tigers
trying to make love with the human sounds above
lashed by the stripes of sunlight
we resound.

Everything is performance. For the form
endures while all the shadows
climb down the subway to go home
always far away.

Sometimes at night you can stand by the shore
and see the ocean not for what it means to you
(playland, bikini-raddled squealdrome)
but for what it is,

the close lips of the immense sea
meaning only itself, softly forever.
You shiver and then you go
home too.

19 August 2012

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The picture of you with eyes.
What is it, try to wake it.
Look at me for a change,
am I not a man, hence Aristotle,
hence a kind of car to carry
you even if not all the way?
Isn't my whole life
worth a blink?

 Sign me
with your fingers,
I can read any language
I don't have to speak.
It's not just you
I'm waiting for
everything to come to life.
And stay a while
if only because going
itself is gone.

19 August 2012

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Turning into someone else
happens all the time
your friends hardly notice
your children look the other
way anyway. your body
changes slower than the mind,
still keeps a curve or two
of who you were.
Before the dance
moved away and left you
moveless in the immense flow.

19 August 2012

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Don't think about it
is the best way
to think about it.
Curve balls and sliders
may get you there.
Don't be as obvious
as I am right now.
Listen, don't listen to me.

19 August 2012

Back roads are best

an arrow can't
reach so far
beasts tolerate your gait.
The snake waits.

So many years
and so far come
avoiding the pontifical
highways, the theory
boulevards
and here you are

in my clutch at last
a glass of water
from the original spring
clear

and cool of course
slaking memory
and making me now
I lick the few
smudged fingerprints

of those who found this place before me.

20 August 2012

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Generators outside country houses
stand like altars.

We manufacture
providence, to *abolish chance*
never one throw of the switch does that.

Lightning wakes, coiled in heaven
behind the massive cloud-bank hither.

The only escape is to sink
deeper into now.

20 August 2012

VESTAL

One wrong touch
puts the fire out.

This round house
the hips approximate
was where the Original
Woman lived

 and in
this model of her pelvis
keeps alight the first
fire

 from which we come,
man-folk, cooked
by that primal alchemist
our mother. Vesta,
Hestia, Girl at the Hearth
at evening
 creating
man-kind.

 These virgins
serve at her shrine,
keep the original germ alive
unblended, uncorrupted
through all the degenerate ages

to come,
 till we are,
still formed
by the fire before time,

seed of the first loins,
mother seed
before it was shared.

Where is that fire now?
Help me find
the woman who re-members it,
maybe keeps it still
in some clean bowl of her own.

20 August 2012

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Now the time begins
to need to know
and be slow about it
sweetheart the way
pale clouds knew
how to go by
overhead without ever
really being here.

20 August 2012

MAXIMS

Inherit myself.

*

Get dressed inside my clothes.

*

In priestly mauve attire.

PERSEIDS

These stars for you
the sky and what
you see the eighty
stars that fall

fall past your seeing
to be known
to be held inside you
until they become

what the night intended
that is maybe nothing
at all like what we
think as night or dark

or sky or meteor these
passengers of our
weird vesseling
bodies ever on.

20 August 2012

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Mist (mauve)

rounded letters spell

rounded things

needle not noodle—

yet a thong is thin.

So pick another number—

music slays me

as she used to say—

meaning something positive,

as if from certain sources

resources stimuli

it is good to die.

Not that either,

try another—the wind

will disperse the mist

if sun doesn't do it

first—now you're talking

but as you're looking

it gets thicker.

Why do people write

love letters anyhow

confessing to papyrus

what the reeds already know?

That's better, that's
Egypt, where even
a loaf of bread's mysterious
and a fish is the deepest
secret of all—Christ
is Osiris risen twice—
digenes—they waited
for him, they build
a thousand tombs so he
could rise up
from one of them—

so many sepulchers —
the girl is waiting
for your answer.

Don't write it
just think it her way
the mist will whisper it
her linen will be damp
with what you say—
oh Irish flax
sensuous ambiguous and rough—
she hears you even now
—the sun doesn't move
today, the white van

lingers by the bakery door,
the baker's boy fills it
with warm loaves, the mist
told me this, insisted
all events are simultaneous—
he burnt his thumb
on one hot loaf, sucked it
and grew wise—
there is no sun,
there is a mirror in the sky
collects, reflects our doings
a single image of all we think

—you think he's right?
Thank God for dreamless sleep
Egypt again and all
good night—engine
running for the climb
bringing baguettes up to the alpage,

culture such an upright thing,
we pray to mountains
in our simplicity
because there's nothing further—
anyone who climbs there
all the way to the top will
find on the rock before her

the shadow of God—

the mist is even thicker

when the story's told—

we don't believe

in all these words

this time's ironic, more needle than noodle,

the poor don't count,

their letters are all wrong—

irony is the neo-con of mind—

I love your daughter—

that's enough about now.

21 August 2012

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Hold it together rigid
rigorous grammar of sand—
only the stiff is
truly supple,
sloka after sloka
till the untold's told.
Last night a family
quarrel on the moon.
Love ever after
till the rising of the dawn—
then the old poem
scrolled up again
safe in Sanskrit
and nobody listening.
Day clear
a new word needing.

21 August 2012

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I say I can only
think what I write
but there's another
thinks in me
but holds his judgment—
watches me breathe and guess
and thinks another
plane another way
to which my syllables
only now and then
have access. He smiles
like a Turk, drinks
inconceivable vintages
of certainty and doubt,
opens the door and lets me out.

21 August 2012

NATURE'S MAN

for Barbara, for her birthday

If all the men were green
and all the women loved them
like a horn-call in deep woods
when no one's there

and all the women loved all the women
and all the men were always willing
to share their green and said
What is green in me

I give to you, now make me
any color you choose, and they do
and all the green men are everyone
anyone wonderful nothing special

and all the women love the woods
and all the woods are green.
We have come back to the beginning
where only one man is green

but all the women are new.

21 August 2012