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**The birds of the air
arrive in their invisible machine
wires and timetables and crystal axes**

**we run on our own tracks to meet them
feed them, write them into metaphors
in lewd inscrutable Persian odes**

**just to boast that we have seen them
and have guessed the shaman showman
behind their shivaree**

but that's just the hum of the machine.

22 August 2013

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**Have I caught up with myself
or is he forever a block ahead
staring into the window of a bookstore
or a bar with quiet women drinking daiquiris?**

22 August 2013

**In the wild wood
I am allowed
to begin the nervousness
called writing
down before I forget
even this.**

22 August 2013

SHELLAC

So many years this sound
has been shouldering its way
to me through the patient
indifference of air,
a voice great because I still
can hear her, *Ah, maybe*
it was him! she sings, *torment*
torment and delight, her frenzy
growing, the tinny little speaker
chattering on my table,
I haven't been born yet,
but the voice tells herself she'll *always be free.*

22 August 2013

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**You could have all this:
papier-mâché life-sized people
who come alive and run around your dream
and build you houses
a paper house you can actually live in
and hear my voice by night and day
and the paper people are lovely
caressing and making art with your hands
guiding you in what to do next.**

But you'll never ask.

23 August 2013

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Lost in etymology, a lamb.

Fervent night, in gale

unflickered flame!

To want and ask for what you want—

is the world your mother

the forest your father?

Hum for your breakfast and keep hoping

break a stone with that iron I gave you

break and let the wam breath out.

23 August 2013

LAUS NUBIUM

**Beautiful humidity
is when it ascends
all the way to blue
heaven and writes
maps and muscles
all over the sky.**

23.VIII.13

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**After a shipwreck
a man clinging to a floating log
equals me holding onto the obvious,
resemblances surround me
floating on a sea of mystery.**

23 August 2013

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**As much as I remember run
cab in the meadow clock with wings
how hard to be normal
in a world of things—**

**suppose our bodies belonged to someone else
so our minds were really free
and we could know what everyone is thinking
just as we now see clearly
people getting dressed and undressed in the meadow
getting ready for the film shoot,
the actress doing stretches on her Harley
the director signing a paper in the wind, not easy,
what document could be so important,
sun overhead, grasses combing themselves eastward
where the leading man is waking from his nap?**

**Their bodies belong to us
why not ours to them?**

24 August 2013

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**Throne of elderberries
and green on green
a plastic armchair on an empty lawn
sun stains here and there**

**surely Oberon will be coming soon
then Titania with her haughty haunches
will smile at us from the wood's edge
where usually only deer look out
reminding us to keep ourselves apart.**

**But she is smiling, and only at me!
O great green sky
lend me music quick,
soon all the world
will run out of ink.**

24 August 2013

TO BE READ IN THE WIDOW JANE MINE

**Turning things round
twisting on their roots
so that the wind comes
home to its mother again**

**Mother of a word
and who is that?
Or what?**

Imagine: *Two deer*

**Leaving only us to understand
a willow or a wandering.**

**Seeing the springtime greeny-yellow of the weeping willow
the child asks: How does the tree know?**

The mother answers: Her mother tells it.

Is the tree a girl then, the girl wonders. The mother is mum.

**The child thinks: Willow comes first, sycamore last—
it must be an old man tree
all turned white and slow to leaf?**

But she knows better than to ask her mother.

She knows mothers don't like to carry analogies too far. You never know where an analogy will go, slithering off into the mind's undergrowth and getting all things tinged with itself. A likeness drools on everything.

Imagine: *Two deer.*

**I wanted to bring with me
two deer
to stand on either side of us
and close us in the aura of their peace—**

**They could be the two golden deer
who look up at the Wheel of Dharma
in front of every Buddhist monastery.
ri-dvags, the peaceable animal
of woods and mountain,**

**or they could have been
two of the deer who leapt
across the road last night
on our way home from buying
some codfish at Hannaford's.**

Two deer

**when I say that
it also is saying in French
say everything!**

Tout dire!

**To tell it all.
That is our job.
That's all.**

25 August 2013

I AM THE MOON BEHIND A CLOUD

**I am the moon behind a cloud
masculine and cold
(my name is male in northern
languages like ours)**

**I am the moon behind a cloud
you see me vaguely, sometimes
you are disturbed by the veil of light,**

**and I am another thing,
I am a cloud behind the moon
but no one can see that**

**no one sees that me
unless they too have the power
of standing behind themselves**

part of the infinite sky.

26 August 2013

ETUDE

We have other lives and other souls, even in this 'one life.' When I was a child I spent a summer in Ashland. You were there with me, I think. The copperhead that struck and struck but did not slay, did not even sicken me. You saw that, or you were that, and you were not even born. Far from it. Being born tends to limit the scope of one's activities; it takes a long time to get over being born. Birth is a snakebite of its own. The mother in anguish and the child screaming in terror. Why are we here?

26 August 2013

THE SORROWS OF MORPHEUS

that no one sleeps.

Around the would-be sleeper
all manner of devices
wink their blue and ruby eyes.

The sleepers think
all night instead of sleeping.
Their muscles
(those dear little mice
Apollo taught to run
below the skin
to make us strong)
are busy playing golf
or squeezing lovers or
building the wood shed
all night long
while I dream on
neglected. I
am the dream that they should
be having. Alas,
they have their own dream
but with fictive
imagery, that base
money of the mind—
how well they pay

for it all day long
watching and hearkening
amassing migrant
pictures and rhythms
to play with through the night
and never in honest sleep.
I dream above them
and for them
some lucky ones
some new seeds of my sowing
sift down and they
awake renewed,
cleansed of images.
Oh dreamless sleep
my greatest gift I give—
wake through the gate of horn
newborn, let my
silver mask be
the first thing you ever see.

26 August 2013

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**Going all the way means going nowhere.
Or all the way leads off the edge
as after intercourse one is no one again,
Sisyphus downhill all over again
all that yearning to be done
again, that upheld striving,
the goal that no one knows.
The other other.**

26 September 2013

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**Looked up and saw a lion
looking in the window.
How did you like it,
a brave person though you are?
And what good is a window
against a lion? Against a liar?
Or the ticking of the clock.
Or a drop of rain
running down the window pane.
Each the same as all.**

26 August 2013