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UNDER THE BLUE SANDAL

1.

**The blue sandal treads the earth
it said even before the dream came
that city of unnamable women**

**I heard, I believed,
I saw the sky press down
on earth and sea**

**from ancient time
when the fiercest adventure
was to follow our shadow**

**and we walked there
on foot all the way
and the sky saw.**

2.

**Now it is with us again,
the weight of long usage
slipped from our backs**

**naked as the law
I'm serious now
o children of Israel, of Judah.**

**we are not the chosen ones, we
are the only ones.
We still walk there,**

**here, the sandal presses earth
we walk between river and rock,
there is no way out of the Temple.**

19 August 2014

TO THE CHRISTIANS AND JEWS

**Because you gave me
words in stories
you belong to me.**

**Be careful who listens
when you speak in the agora,
when you conquer
cannibal islands
in the name of your story.**

**We hear your stories, words,
the names of your gods—
and instantly you belong to me.**

19 August 2014

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**We're all Jews
in the eyes of the caliph—**

**we come to the meeting
wearing our old religions
all filthy with truth and wisdom**

**not his new one
all white and sudden and void.**

19 August 2014

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**Bird
with a cry
like one drop
of water
falling
into a rock pool.**

19.VIII.14

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**The crow rebukes
an idle thought,
inept comparison—
nothing more severe
than a bird's silence.**

19.VIII.14

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**Cast an island
in the sea, give it
to a girl to take,**

**she'll lose it
in Texas, the sun
will tint the**

**back of her neck
she'll wake before
dawn wondering**

**where is my ocean,
where's what you gave me,
where is my smile?**

19 August 2014

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**Filter any occasion:
you belong to me
I belong to you**

**both belong
to the creeping hour
that sly panther**

**who eats our lives.
And we like it,
we pass time**

**watching this or that,
hardly matters—
it moves**

**and we sit still,
Belong to me more.
Need more of me,**

**walk into the tree,
we are organs only
open up to light.**

19 August 2014

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A hurt where a head should be

**fundamentally we have no attention
to speak of**

**things come and go
and we're no wiser**

**sometimes we notice
but notice is a thing with holes in it**

**or a sleeping animal
with an eye sometimes open.**

No wonder pain lasts.

20 August 2014

LIBRA

**Other people have will—
I have only tropism.**

***I tend towards things*—it's
not wrong to call this wanting**

**because the movement towards
whatever it is**

**is like a balancing act, a tending
towards what is wanting,**

**missing. No will but want.
Response to what is there.**

I mean I answer everything.

20 August 2014

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**Wander the images
till you find me**

**By then I'll be someone else
and I'll have to find you**

That's what touch is for.

21 August 2014

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**The one you lost
is the one of you
you thought you meant.**

**When he had to leave town
he took your guesses away**

**Guess again
is what it means**

Guess who you really are.

21 August 2014

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**Losing a friend
means renegotiating
your sense of yourself**

**that's the real pain
of what they call 'loss'—
you have to find out**

**all over again
who you are and what you want.
After that it's easy**

you can always get more people.

21 August 2014

LATE SUMMER

**Everything seems
to be too much for me.
Or too little.**

21.VIII.14

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**Be a leaf on my taffeta
be my upholstery
fold close around me, cover
every thought of mine
with cloth of you.
When I come into a room
I want them to see you instead.
A rose leaf, they think
Or others might think peony.**

21 August 2014

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If I lay down here
I would be slow to rise—

the horizontal
is a lovely law

like Steven Holl's
recumbent Chinese skyscraper,

a speedway through dreams.
So conceive that I want to be

perpendicular to you—
is that a crime?

Stand above me and decide.

21 August 2014

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**'Both' is the only answer
to any decent question.**

21 August 2014

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**Leave in the knife drawer
a photo of a spoon—
true love is never smooth.**

**They had to go far
to other busy places
to find out where they are**

**they had to marry other people
to find each other.**

21 August 2014

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All narrative in film
is for the sake of the *opsis*,
what we actually see.
It doesn't matter who they're
supposed to be or what
we are supposed to
think they're doing—
they are actual named people
who are really doing
what they seem to do.
They are actors,
they are in action, doing
what they are actually doing.
The film is all about them—
what you see is what it really is,
what they want and who
they really are. They give
the gift of their bodies' semblance
to an audience—
they give themselves to us,
any story a trivial ruse
for that elegant donation,
a trick to keep them
safe from our imagination.

21 August 2014