

8-2013

aug12013

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "aug12013" (2013). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 260.
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The future is a woman standing at your side

(let this morning gentle after the vex of night)

who tried to take too many care of few

ransoming high hours with the grunt of yes

who loved the core of No, though, the huge

contingency of emptiness,

the sheer, the possible

implausible silken sinewed aftertouch

of everything when the truth is known and all come

home to a foreign place, odor of apples.

27 August 2013

=====

**Nothing is a fruit
of its sweet own,
the core of it O
the echo of the wheel
long ago rolled past,
the moon in calm water.**

27 August 2013

=====

for Sam Wong

**From seminary
a flower remembered**

**a knee massaged
that pain dispelled.**

***Dow Ja*, a liniment.
Three years of care.**

Now where?

28 August 2013

===== my father was not handy.

Intelligent but not handy.

I take after him.

But the way they measure intelligence

in crows for example,

tool improvising, tool using,

if applied to me

shows me dumb.

Let alone what they don't

know about crows. And me.

28 August 2013

=====

**You would get tired of standing
if you were standing.
A grey shimmer of dust on the broad leaf.
Rheum? Burdock?
You have to tell me these things
we're not born knowing them
or are we? Were you?
The sun is always shining
is a complaint. Wait
for the wilderness to come again.
The cave. The dark
water slipping down the rock.
How blackness gleams inside.**

28 August 2013

=====

**Things are happening to the road.
Surveyors. Death of the place.
Anything more is Sander rack and then read
blood of the Dragon who once lived here.
Shall we all be gone that way
someday? How hard
a cave is! The
unforgiving floor
the rock. Let me
remember the soft earth
outside when I was me.**

28 August 2013

=====

**Gaining access to one's own premises
preconceptions, templates of thought
you never knew you had.**

Contingency

holds my hand.

But I fear change.

**It's on the road now,
has a hard hat on
things never leave you alone.**

**Measure the night for me
instead, surveyor,
and what's left pour out
as this strange day.**

28 August 2013

=====

**Some find comfort in the unceasing
paradigm of whether or as straw
poor changed by the wind to the next loop of stream—
does anything remember?**

**Or are we the ones, the only,
charged with memory,
Earth's servants built
to keep her deeds in mind**

**And all our little downstairs squabbles
of kings and presidents and prophecy and wars
just some kerfuffle in her kitchen
while the real history
happens in rock and fire
and maybe someday in us?**

29 August 2013

=====

**Camphor rises cumin goes down
but what does a bird
know about the air?**

**Does it even care
what thoughts it flies through when
it flits through our outdoor spaces,
sparrows on piazzas, pigeons on the roof?**

**And yet the air hears everything we think.
And the spices of India prick or deaden thought.**

29 August 2013

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Start the journey
be at home
instanter, right
now as the
Romans said
who never left
they made their
house so big.

30 August 2013

=====

**And if this were another kingdom
a heart on that shield some stars above it
and a pair of wings of some weird bird
and all of it written on the body,**

**what could even Sappho write
worth the paper it was written on?**

**Tracing idly with inky fingertip
a whole new Bible on her new skin.**

30 August 2013

EXEGI

**The tree is full of flowers
and we have hours**

**when ours are gone
what's left still stands.**

30 August 2013

=====

**Getting it started
what is that flour,
Cattleya,
 blossom
of euphemism and sly
evasion,
shy and braces
in the rolling carriage,
car we'd say
parked at dawn
along the empty road.**

30 August 2013

=====

**Children of the lock
laughing down at the girl
on a canal boat
lowering into the next reach,
lowlands at last.
She doesn't know
to hide or shy
or laugh with them.
What does one do
while water is doing
all the work
and children laugh?
At her? Or at the minor
miracle of a boat
going down the stairs?
She closes her eyes
and remembers the stars last night
before she too
slipped down into sleep**

30 August 2013

=====

**All men are the same man
only women are different.**

La Serenissima.

**We crossed the little bridge
turned a corner.**

**I put both hands
on the horns of your hips
and pulled you to me,
close, close, so you felt
me squirm against you.**

**We stood a while
just watching
on the other side
a little church
in colored stone
that rose and rose
out of its reflection.**

30 August 2013

=====

**I wrote the same poem again
only using different words.**

**And we have all of us
written Keats again
and Basho and Hölderlin
every time we stop for breath.**

**30 August 2013
end of Notebook 360**

=====

**And all things answer us,
no need to question.
The city floats on rock, the rock
on magma. There
are only four elements.
Or maybe only one.**

2.

**The mind said that
when I was only half listening
my thoughts (nothing
to do with mind)
on some person in the woods,
maybe no one, a land shape,
a shimmering of sunset when

the light looks like skin
of someone you once knew.**

3.

**Element. A new
one every day.
The metal, the one
called day.**

4.

**Listening after,
a breach in time.**

**Writhe to escape
the years coming through.**

Reality is a squeeze.

A city as I said.

**Floating on what we think,
when we turn away
it vanishes. The lake
beneath the sea.**

Your hand on my cheek.

30 August 2013

=====

**The nobility of it
scheme of the herald's claim
that words bestrew the shield
and every quartering
says a touch of you—**

**here magic starts.
Not what the line says
but what it makes
happen in the hearer's head—
that is meaning.
That is poetry.**

30 August 2013

POETRY IS WHAT IT DOES

**it said in me
and rested.**

**But there was more
and the woman knew it
going down the stairs
down and down
to the filthy furnished room
of what I mean**

**and find a friend there,
a lover even.
Lover of me
and of the dark.**

**i thought touch led the way,
that silent tribute
to the fact of otherness,**

**that someone's there
and i can reach out and be sure of it.**

Without a word, without a thought,

actual, powerful,

without the slightest meaning

in the quietest night.

30 August 2013