

8-2012

augK2012

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "augK2012" (2012). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 255.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/255

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= = = = =

Geese crying.

Daylight knows me.

Just once.

Oh sweet heathen,

bring the world back,

the much of it, the all

of it, go to bat

with a violin, sing

with the skin of you back,

lift your shadow off the ground

and lay it on my lap,

for it is cold this

morning, and David old.

27 August 2012

SPYGLASS

for SFR

Birds she said know
when they're being
spotted and don't like it.
Don't like to be seen.
Zeiss lenses 7x42
no aberration at all,
clearer than reality
the way a good lie is.
Who sees me now?
Churches used to have a big Eye
painted on the organ loft—
God Sees You it said.
That's why we're
nervous all the time?
No. We are not birds,
most of us, not yet.
We remember
too much,
 understand
too little. A bird
understands everything.

27 August 2012

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People sit on the sidewalks watching no game.

Sitting. That we sit defines us.

Somehow

reminds us.

Always something between us and the earth.

Structure.

“They squat on the ground like foxes”

the Chinese said about the first yogis they met,

Buddhists from India and Tibet.

27 August 2012

NUTHATCH

They walk down trees
they have pointy beaks
they understand me
better than I do myself.

27.viii.12

RAIN

They know nothing about me
but what do they need to know.
They listen for years
and know nothing of my skin.
How much it matters
to walk in the rain with you
or you are the rain.
You are the road.
You are the road to me.
If I love myself I must
go by way of you.

So I call you rain, and footstep
and (forgive me) I call you skin,
mirror of a shared identity
each of us knows half of.
This doesn't have to be love,
it is geology just as much,
how the veins of other people
run through my rock. Your rock.
I am free of what I say about you.
Challenge me, strip off
my assumptions and tell me facts.
But there are no facts

in a person world—
just seeming and feeling and sense
listen while I explain the wind,
the driftwood fire on the beach, the rain.
Try to touch the one who tells
in all this telling. It is so simple,
they think the soul lives in the skin,
they think the soul is a curious
colloid of always and never,
they think you can touch it sometimes
but never do.
I stood in the rain a while at dawn
and knew all this about you.

28 August 2012

= = = = =

So there was actual rain
and getting light
only at seven o'clock
so rain it is
and the luck of having
streetlights.

Recorded
music. Luck
of having knees.

How timid
the Secret has to be!

For if it be told—
all power goes from it.

Foe desire is a mask
we wear when we face
inward on ourselves—
if ever I took my mask off
god knows what my
self would make of me—
“who are you who have
used my whole life

as your own?” or else “all
this while I thought you were rain.”

But there is no rain.

But you don't know that.

You are not even you.

28 August 2012

= = = = =

I could have been your Holocaust,
the disaster you investigate,
study intimately, moonlight, ashes.
I could have died a million times in you,
bones of me the structure of your thought.
We have to be alive before we can die—
that's the hard part you needed to grasp,
numbers mean zero, numbers are numb—
only the living are worth the minute
attentions of your care. This one life
is all the deaths to come. Embrace
the tragedy of any possible me.
It was you I wanted to be my scientist,
wanted you to work hard at knowing me
while anyone alive could still be known.

28 August 2012

= = = = =

Study me.

I am large and irregular,
copious and half-asleep.

Wake me
with luminous interrogations.

Make me
your tree of knowledge and climb high.

There is a fruit
only I know how to produce—
taste this
and let my structure ravish you
for my shadow is sturdier than bone.

28 August 2012

LE IVGEMENT

But why does the angel wear gloves?
Is that rousing trumpet blazing hot? Or cold?
And why does the risen woman look
at the risen old man, not at the angel?
The old man is looking at the angel,
the unknown third resurrected one
with the small tonsured head
stands half out of the tomb also looking up
and if his or her eyes are not closed
is also looking at the angel
the angel with white gloves and so many fingers.

28 August 2012

OF SACRIFICE

When it comes to sacrificial
offerings in the temple,
the gods like best what I like best.
It is never wrong to love,
to offer what you love.

26 August 2012

(29 viii)

= = = = =

Water from a slender spout
shivers, sparkles clean
whatever it may really be--

the light comes from falling
just like the daylight that charms us
and makes us stay

in what really is this dark world.
I love the look of water
spouting, alive and clear

it is gravity that makes it sing--
everything that falls
is a sudden voice

one more god word on its way.

26 August 2012

(29 viij 12)

ARIEL

so we could have weather
wherever we go

we called, we thought
it was a bird, it was a color
only and it came to us

thinking us another
of its kind, a quality
of light and no thick flesh

but we were flesh.
But we were flesh.

28 August 2012
(29.vii.12)

= = = = =

America as if it
 really were possible
 to fly this country home
 all the way to its beginnings
 Jefferson and Winthrop
 deists and alchemists
 and not a bigot in sight

the germ of reason came here from Bordeaux
 a stowaway among the Puritans,
 give us putains any time, Raison nue
 aloft on elder altars,

America I want your wing
 I want the billion feathers of your seeming
 I want the lift of pinions,
 primaries, secondaries, whalebone stiff
 and duckling down, I want the up of you
 the noisy flapping towards the moon
 the geese of dawn swift to a boundless lake--

but the Owners of Things are talking in Tampa,
 they stole the name of the Public Thing
 (res publica) for a cabal that steals everything
that stole the common from the sheep

to privatize it.

Means takes it from you.

Means takes it from me.

In Tampa

they tell lies and try to believe them,

and money whispers to them as reason sleeps . . .

(29.viii.12)

= = = = =

Where are you where are you calling from
I am Scotland I live in the sea
but why are you calling me
who else should I call
but who do you think you're calling if it's me
don't you know who you are
you tell me who you think I am
it isn't you, our conversation as
St. Benet says is in heaven
but why do you call why is there a telephone
why is there a road a contrail across the sky
why is there a sky
what is all this luggage anyhow
nouns and verbs and things we think to say
why do we carry so much so far
that's why I'm asking you
maybe that's why I called.

29 August 2012

DEAR DIARY

Cool enough this morning to close the window. Hollywood starlets secede from the earth. Right now the augmenting moon is yearning for one of us to come back. It's been too long, it thinks. It has so much to tell. So much is stored there waiting to be disclosed. When we do inhabit the moon, its chief exports will be mental and psychic. It will change forever the way humans think. Mind minerals. Mind materiel. Now I will go with the starlets to heaven.

29 August 2012

in mem. N.A.

= = = = =

Just look up. The sky
is a notebook
filled with someones' thoughts.
Someone is many.
Just start to read.
If ever a cloud was telling me something
this pale blue sky is.

29 August 2012

= = = = =

Remember me
for all the waves I have emptied
the tired roadways of the heart.
With me the wind is clear—
I praise myself so that you'll listen
if only to scoff. But in that mockery
a seed is laid to earth in you
and you will more and more remember me.
To remember someone they must be far away.

29 August 2012

= = = = =

Different colors of saying something.

Need a week's worth of words

to speak the simplest. Riddle:

what has two wheels and says goodbye.

The sun is too bright today for me.

It shouts at me when I leave the shade,

screams at my skin. They say

five days from now some rain might come.

Stream. Oak trees. Empty house. Glass.

They say the colors fade now, they say

I've said too much already. Answer:

a clock.

29 August 2012