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July24

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Numb quiver from which the brute thumbs arrows.
Make the poor vote against the poor how democracy works.
What you could be if you stood inside being.
Crawl at last in from the deserts of becoming.
You are the trees now they rub against the wind.
Trees tame the light a song that Xerxes sang.

How can I choose between the dark and the dark.
There are no heroes there is only consciousness.
It's something else not light that comes from the sun.
Drink a little every day of the water from which she rises.
We are not bereft of wit or counsel.
We have a Way here too that owns us.

The highway under ocean runs through our old streets.
A highway empowers where it goes the Tao lives close.
The Way ways us and the stars speak people round us.
We belong to what we taste every day what we touch.
Her clothes exiguous tattooed with leaf shadows only.
Enemy of sunlight wrapped in silk woven from the moon.

In my kiss there is no time she promised.

In the soul of the soul it is to be sought.

It doesn't fly in the storm doesn't get reborn.

It stays a long time like a redwood or a hill.

Day and night it asks you what you think.

You tell it you think nothing but it comes out a song.

23 July 2011

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Tao nuns dear dear you you talk to rocks.
Fish from the shallows answer what the sea heard.
All living beings are part of the machinery of earth listen.
I am never far from being you.
We write with our bodies Tao nuns revise.
Passing by they erase the hesitations of desire.

Accommodate the obvious the secret elves will come.
Fauns panting in the wisdom beat out the heat.
Rest after wanting rouse after having.
The way they talk is to make us talk to them.
Tao nuns slip between the weather and the rock.
You shiver at the beauty of their pass.

It makes a song and dance of everything.
Between the water and the fish the wheel and the road.
Crows are vigilantes in this anarch realm.
You can't have breakfast till you come all the way from sleep.
He finds the girl he lost in everyone.
Through her surely you can come home to him.

The myths are shrouded but the names still work.
Good Friday veils thrown over the gods' luminous bodies.
Back then artists were friendlier each one up to something new.
Now anyone who catches your eye might be a Tao nun.
Listen to their love song wind rain the passing bus.
Priestess of the actual alerter sign shower svaha.

Tao nuns running through the rain.
They wet you as they run they are the rain.
Is it really rain or just a word caught in your thinking.
Gentle rain thou'dst make love on me the world.
All we can do mister is align your syntax.
Words come out of dream and stand there waiting.

The gates of Eden swing broken from their sockets.
Pass in and out at will that is the secret.
The path is forgiving everyone and everything.
This is the liturgy your life's work approximates.
Better or worse we listen to the rain.
You know full well the rose is the aftermath of pain.

The theater cracks open and the bird flies away.
Gods of Africa meet Gods of Thule and Greece begins.
How short a mile when you come from both ends.
Soul met spirit and they still remember.
What was that betweenland and to whom did it sing.
Was it sad Achilles first thought death a kind of chic.

Anyone can act my voice I dreamt this part.
Disturbed by quiet sleep rebuked by clouds.
I have never done enough this is me talking.
Me is the one the Parents talk to the world decides.
We choose the ones who choose us merry-go-round ride.
Showoff moon in Leo larger than life amen.

Now you know who you've been listening to.
Wizard in a shriner's fez wet from the infidel sea.
All smoke and no mirrors mirrors are hard.
I baffled them all by sticking to the truth.
I kissed your shoulder and heard a whistle blow.
Our little business part of some vast unseen event.

Softness of roses with the hiss of thorn.
I breed them to believe in us too as we in them.
Love's neat reciprocals we have cause to dismiss.
Hesiod stands in rare snowfall ruing narrative.
We come out headfirst thinking already.
To find profundity break any sentence open.

Pansies in window box by the cinderblock garage.
That's all the child needed then the alphabet.
I learned everything and knew nothing then the other way round.
The answer's everywhere the Stone is floating in the air.
The Stone of the Wise *is* air itself just learn to breathe.
Your body is the athanor where breath turns into world.

I want to make this small enough so everyone can fit in it.

24 July 2011

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Firefly in the bedroom

I was almost asleep

you worried it would not find its mate

green light winking on and off I could almost see

my glasses in the other room

I thought the dark

had no more to show me but you found.

24 July 2011

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