

10-2010

OUTAKES FROM UNCERTAINTIES sorted

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "OUTAKES FROM UNCERTAINTIES sorted" (2010). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 439.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/439

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

OUTAKES FROM *UNCERTAINTIES*

A two can't go a three's too loud
all the alphabets of light spilled on the night
all these oldish amplitudes were young again
and every floorboard has its own hour
and lo! it was morning of the ninth day
and out he went to lift a glass mid fellows
and play us wordless music hum by hum
any miracle is shaped like a pyramid
as if I slumbered in molten gold and it was cool
as if I touched you and the touch
because a customer is coming
because the whole business is built to our purpose
because time is patterned on our measure too
but substance self declares us busy listening
but you are free to sit in every chair
Certain times of the day certain parts of the house
changed the way the water flows
deep into dancing whatever dance may really mean
don't let scribes with abacuses fool you
doubt is a dollar in your pocket
everything in this garden is here for you
exhausted by eating the wind dies a little into the bushes
far away from where he was trying to be.
for a good child everything is mother.

From so far away I feel your body
full aware of the refulgence all around me
He loomed a different way that year
he said and reached out his clean hand pointing past me.
here she is again daughter girl friend mother
hope to find an ear that hears in me
how powerful long-distance knowing is
I live by laws I discovered in the wood
I sit across the room wish I were sitting there
I suddenly and for the first time will learn my own.
I'm not allowed to go that armchair is taboo
I'm not lost if I'm not where you are
I'm only lost if I'm not where I am
if you keep using it year after year
in all the world are only nine
in comfort of the back and all eyes closed
in the shimmer of light different every room
inside every prof is a kid reading Byron
is there anyway you can understand
just a kind of cool breeze now
lay its market fullness out on some plane space
moving or your body still
my husband Jane caught two turkey and one fox
neither ever separate from the other
no back there to be in
no two strings say the same tone

Not the end of the road the end of the river
only one can own the drone in your own dome
open the afternoon and squeeze some morning in
Our Lady help me set the things out right
our time the unwise trees had to learn
out over the whole city he imagined
people who live in mirrors learn to throw stones
Peruvian sunlight mother of bees
polish is from *polis* words smooth as any city
presence would inhibit all my sophomores
put on a new suit new girlfriend said him
read like simple children the words they spell
replaces something you don't remember either.
sank into us both like a stone in a river
scandal to touch furniture at the wrong time
she comes to read us all the books
so all the inward children leapt up crying
so make love to all the other truths
so many children to sweep the road and no traffic
so much for me victim of my own identity
so only the truest of them all comes through
so we can see them dancing in our own senses
some to eat and some to touch and some leave untasted
still can't get up and go there it is so close
temperament is lost in feeling
that chair is the night part of the house

that is the music's upright body curved
that stayed there forever and the water
that whispered all night the lactic acid loose
the lover consoled himself with thought
the morning is all going and the evening being gone
the mystery of Friday in Thursday afternoon
the one with sturdy wooden armrests in full sun
the stars will not cease their realignments
The tollgate listens for all the ones
the tone above the octave sang again
the wall you lean against belongs to you
then let them go one brick at a time
then looked out the no-glass window
then you cut it short
there is no past there is nothing back there
there should be a science of relationships
They made me do it of course
this continent needs a scrub an oiling
This time paradise you say well maybe
to organize the mind for quick disclosure
to trick the pretty people into thinking
touched every part of it and it
until they match the speed of time itself our time
use doubt wisely spend it on true things
what a simple number say two will do
who will not haggle and will not smile

why do we call it morning when the love is less
will not say my name but when I touch the money
word after word and they in their time danced you
you are the mass and meaning of the world
you are the measure of all things
you said it led this way I said
you start to remember something
you unimaginable other person just like me