

8-2010

augF2010

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "augF2010" (2010). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 454.
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What happens to you with the year
every second story over a bookshop
apartment on Main Street is the same.
If you open a window a fly comes in.
You're close enough to the street to think.

But afterwards, when rose bushes
come your way, and afternoon
is a lax epoch in a sultry dream,
then the book you read in your teens—
The Count of, or Moby, or The Mysterious—
comes back, anachronism, lubricity,

you turn sulfur into mercury and God
smites you from the linden tree. Schubert.
Thomas Mann. But there is no God
in this doxology, glory alone to him
who knows how to turn women's heads
as he saunters (or is it dodders) by
dreaming the interior musculature of all things.

So much for roses. You come to a nice park
where dead men sit discussing their new plans.

20 August 2010

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Odd numbers make good friends.

People from Benelux get up pretty early

and know things before you do. In big

countries the news drifts slow, sacks

of money hobbling its feet. The ankles

of intelligence are slim and neat,

too easy tangled in the bolas of belief.

Love everyone trust nothing—emboss that

on my business card. Not even money.

20 August 2010

THE SCANDAL OF BEING

Best to keep quiet
about it, a rage
otherwise arises
to explain. Leave it.
A red bird
flies up from the seed.
Something
is continuous.
Leave it. Know
better than to know.

20 August 2010

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I'm a stranger to this world
a fish allergic to water.
Lonely as a Swainson's hawk
swooping over prairie,
you never see two of us together.

20 August 2010

BAGATELLES

If you have to ask how hunger feels
chances are you're white American

Woodchucks don't eat roses,
darling. Plant roses, roses.

A candle on the desk upstairs
folded over on itself in summer heat
drooped pure white hoop.

Chipmunk fled
the din of rattled
tin. Apologies!
But no blame.

Best are the shoes from Israel
where they invented feet.

.....

What would we do without the Bible,
taffrail you can lean on
safe from the endless ocean of cosmology?

.....

Santa comes down the chimney
because he is not as you suppose.
A breath of youward yearning vapor
flutters a moment in your clothes.
You shiver. Sudden thing under tree.

.....

Santa is the opposite
of everything you usually are.
Comes down the updraft.
Gives, not takes.

.....

Summer is the best time to be cold.
Learned that before they made me go to school.

Show me your actual
diagram. I want to weave
my lines in yours.
Yantra palimpsestical—
look it up and blush.

21 August 2010