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Dream caught mint
green wet as leaves
from the generosity
of flesh learn.

Maintain the principles.

The word means
hold it in your hand.

25 August 2010

= = = = =

Was Brahms ready to tell me yet
who I really am
in someone's mind
playing him but thinking—one
moment—about me?
The haystacks of Staatsburg
seen through rain-dappled windshield
Monet? Everyone locked in some
work of art? To find it! To see
(hear, touch) it is to be free.

25 August 2010

= = = = =

Panoply, but not too close.

Argosy, but not too far.

Philosophy, but not a word!

O see, can you say,

by this dawn's early write

the noon I promise you

but not too soon?

25 August 2010

= = = = =

Walk away from the tailor
your feathers are your own
because cool weather gives way to heat
and nothing is more durable
than the air you fly through
except the effort of you doing so—
muscles atrophy but the will's a triumph
of staying in a gangling gone. No bird
but heart. No nonce this grim eternity
of making and being beautiful.

Schönheit muß leiden!

what a weird way of saying it,
hard work being beautiful

25 August 2010

SALON

Beauty all so many problems.

Focus. Draw an orange highlight
around the picture of the one you mean—
the face rimmed now with color,
the one you want to be. Forget the police.
The need you feel to be this somewhat
other person, one more Iliad with no words.

25 August 2010

ROOFTOP

The party climbs from where the elevator
ends. How did he fetch a jungle in the sky?
Even here it's hot but through the clearer air
sunrise at last over the East River,
the Queens' daily gift. Your hands are dirty
from rooting in that unexpected flowerbed.
The rest cluster round a spyglass on the railing
peering at early risers in upscale Williamsburg.

25 August 2010

TRUE LOVE

Sitting at two tables
in the same café
revising each other's
latest book.

25.VIII.10

= = = = =

The dwale of afternoon
sipped at morning, why?

Nothing can be sometimes
that I care and would be always.

Not the romantic
always but just now
quietly going on.

25 August 2010

= = = = =

Walked a quiet
particular
 nothing
rhymed, certainly
not time with sublime,

two soft breast feathers
an owl maybe, a stub
wing feather from another,
tougher

living amber
butterfly
made sure
wings annotated
seminary of little eyes

rusty bottle cap
everything legible
a sultry afternoon
river close
invisible.

25 August 2010

KON-TIKI DAYS

Between log and log you see the sea.
You are sustained by what separates you
from the place that made you. Land.
Every moment is umbilical. And eyesight's
worse, links you to every random shore.
A passerby mid-ocean. Everybody
worth a look or two. You're close to it now,
proving something by sunburn, thirsty,
turning time into space yet again. If
you can do it now someone could have
then. Birds know the whole story,
have been here from the beginning,
gull here, crow on land, but land is far.
The simple guesswork of your images
fills the night. Star stuff, vaguely personish,
all fade by dawn. And you forgot the wine.

26 August 2010

= = = = =

The liquidity, the ecstasy
of the day's
beginning, writing. The poem,
the act of it—
I am in a far place then
writing my way back
from the place before language
to the place in you
after it. In me too. Language
the only way beyond language.
The poem is my death
from which you are reborn.

Incarnations move
slantwise through time.
No father and no mother but each other.

26 August 2010

= = = = =

There is a large hall

as if before music.

It is filling up with the dead—

not the general dead, not zombies,

but my very own dead,

the moving forms of all those I knew

but never knew enough,

all these hundreds, I knew them all,

I know them all, and they know me.

I stand up at my seat in the orchestra

looking back at all the entrances

through which they throng in.

Do they think I am of their company?

Have they come to tell me what I failed to know?

26 August 2010

(from note/experience of 21.VIII.10)

=====

Can we hear me?

I was only after talking
well before thinking.

If I were famous
I would be a stone
shaped like me.

As it is I can move
a toe or a finger
now and then.

26 August 2010

= = = = =

People who make a fuss
about getting rid of The Self
are often the ones who seem
to have nothing to fall
back on when the self is gone:
draw a Tarot card
of their predicament.
Call it “The Lovers,”
Gemini, the angel weeping.

26 August 2010

MUSIC FORGETS SO MUCH

Come back and go
then live in control
mine or another's
we are sisters you seemed
facing the same fire
or I am no man's brother

Every poem
corrects another poem.
One day we'll get it right
two suns in the sky
one single intelligent light.

26 August 2010

= = = = =

That animal alive in the wood
is another sort of man. On the railing
sparrows: so many kinds of sparrow—
breeds? races? species? Who
is the owner of manyness?
Nuthatch head down on the tree.
Ontology. All beasts my brothers.

26 August 2010

= = = = =

Caught being

iron forest

iron trees

being caught

in being,

landscape of your palm

I read the reason

There are so many

waiting to be you

no arguments no violin

It would instead

be a good thing

to own time,

we have walked all day

to the end of a day

that has not even come.

26 August 2010

= = = = =

O pour briser . . .

The queen sends her lovers
to the Tower

those who hate God
are given churches to teach in

sometimes a circle
of friends becomes a noose.

27 August 2010

= = = = =

Sprites of modest woodlands
roar and grow vast iron wings.
They break every circle, wake us,
things are new again.
Tyrants moan in their last sleep.

27 August 2010

= = = = =

Squirrel leaps onto window ledge—
catastrophe of the suddenly seen,
Towards us they are always coming
from the boundless pantheon
of conscious entity—the gods.
The animals. The viruses. The us
and all the rest of living things.
Is life the sponge, or is it the wine
squeezed out of it. Does anyone
know less than I do? To accept
the air around you is to be further
into this world than I have come.
I bartleby my way along left and right,
demurring at everything, pretending
to be all the gods I want to exist.

27 August 2010