

9-2009

## SepG2009

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### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "SepG2009" (2009). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 476.  
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Mormon, or less  
the road harries  
delinquent travelers—  
every footstep is your home.

Deseret, they said,  
land of *melissa*,  
honeybee, whose hive  
—man-built— holds  
all the dry air

from salt too  
a honey comes  
rough  
from its white flowers

the cubic garden  
a man's voice  
speaking in a woman's mouth.

29 September 2009

## THE RISK

Who dares to listen  
when anything at all  
might be speaking?

29.IX.09

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The future stares at us  
with the innocent empty  
eyes of a deer  
by the side of the road  
at dusk waiting  
for all this to pass.

29 September 2009

## LOST

The constitution of it, the *dispositif*  
of all its angry instruments  
in musical array: a poem  
fallen from the mind.  
It was telling  
    something to us  
about paradise – a Persian  
word for garden – we swallowed  
everything we were told,  
we died for a living.  
The burning sword is only in our eyes.

29 September 2009

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Put the female figure  
against the wooden post.  
Set the male alongside her.  
Where their bronze  
gazes come to focus—  
out there, anywhere  
out there—is where it is,  
the town you're looking  
for, the town you want  
to be born in. They  
have the hard reliability  
of things, not the soft  
of feelings. Follow  
the thing—the thing knows.

30 September 2009

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It was a world where it knew how to snow but wasn't snowing. All kinds of flags fluttered from rocks and branches. After a while you noticed there were only five different kinds: blue, white, green, red, yellow, always in that order, all different sizes, some of them so old and worn you could not read the pattern or inscriptions stamped on them, some so old you couldn't even make out the color except by its position in the series. Some so faded that even that was not possible, flag after flag faded utterly. Shivering grey. The sky had eaten all those colors already. Colors are the only thing the sky understands.

30 September 2009

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Mention me, I mean it.

There are trembling  
and almost comprehending.

What is the knowledge like  
you seek?

Like a flower  
on a rosebush a cold morning,  
very.

Who gave you  
to understand these  
might be something to know?

The place said so  
and I was ashamed  
not to listen,  
it told me  
to ask you, I believed it  
and I asked.

What kind  
of flower is that flower



so cold on some rosebush,  
couldn't it be snow  
or a trick of the light on you?

I was brought up to believe  
light, the one thing  
that does not deceive/

Then go close to the flower  
but don't touch. Mention  
my name to the flower  
but don't think it,  
let your lips  
                    do all the work,  
your lips are part of the light.

30 September 2009

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What ever happened to France?

When I was kid a French

kiss meant my tongue in her mouth

and vice versa. Now it seems

to mean two dry pecks on the cheeks

and you can actually do it

right in front of priests or even mothers.

How words lose their meanings.

How cultures curl up and wither.

But the mouth still wet, still waiting.

30.IX.09

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How much of what we know  
is less than we know.

30.IX.09

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All time  
comes back  
now.

30.IX.09