

5-2010

mayH2010

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "mayH2010" (2010). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 474.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/474

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.

just say here we are
in all our differences
we are here for you
because all you need is our answers now
and tomorrow
long after we have spoken and slept
and awakened and kept
a long green silence
only then feed you with questions,
because that is all a human is, I think, for you
a question that in your own time
Dionysus tells me you will answer.

24 May 2010

= = = = =

Exhaustion or a glass.
A fox behind maple stump
or at first breath a deer
stepping through underbrush
pausing here to browse.
What do we eat. Who
do we think we are.
Animals and aviators, bronze
gates of the synagogue
you know who you are.
I lick the bronze. Or in Vienna
rough stone pillars of the Oper.
Something is toying with me
from far away, I feel the heat
stirring in the air above me,
a mythical bird with iron wings'
carries me to the refused desire.
I don't want what I want,
don't make me want it.
The stone answered my caress,
I still taste the bronze, the old
taste of worn down pennies
in the mouth, the poem that
in paperback they called *The*

Song of God. Who sings that
in these days, who plies the seas
with artful constructs while the rain
drowns the merely disobedient.
There is no law—that's what
the Song sings, there is only doing
and not doing. Being seems to be
the first of our mistakes, a thing
not to explain but to forget.
Then there is all the quiet beauty
of not-doing all ready for you.
I will sit content across the room
watching you not doing it. No it.
There is no object to doing or
not doing. I'm being honest now
and saying more than I know.
No it. Only quietly not doing it.

24 May 2010

WICCA

Not had the first
and the second word
stumbled—was it *sword*?
was it *order*?

Were there witches standing around
in satin half-slips making me lapse
in speech-craft,
was I?

Oh the witches are wonderful before all,
they remember everything the rest of me forgets,

a witch is a mind at play
seeking in each thing its essence
then changing it
to prove there are no essences.

They save us from idolatry.
The cat speaks. The cow gives wine. We are free.

25 May 2010

= = = = =

Does it begin?

It never ended.

Even now we seem

to be just between

in breath and out

breath of the strange

animal we inhabit

or is it we are?

25 May 2010

= = = = =

Interruption is a music in the mind
that measures conversations—
talk until you're done and the audience
is asleep. Only when I break in
do you have a chance of making sense.

25 May 2010

RELATIVITY

Last evening golden fading
cool after hot day me sitting
in white tee shirt on the deck
how distinguish this now me

from my father forty-five
years before likewise employed
two soft-bodied anglos
in what he called the gloaming
he thinnish fattish me
now in yellow morning remembering?

26 May 2010

IMAGINATION

Shakespeare's imagination
was all vocabulary.
That's why we still understand
him perfectly.

26 May 2010

= = = = =

The new word

offered.

I have done enough

and it's only today.

Fire siren Doppler effect

dies into bird cries,

life buzz.

His girl (never his)

is gone

(soon back but no his-er),

this bad prophecy also

faces into the trees

where I think this friend

is sad and I am sad

at all the wrong

decisions I too have made.

Not decisions—things

decide us. We tolerate

what comes along

to make us, make us

belong to it. Let

(for instance) the girl

be gone.

26 May 2010

= = = = =

The length of a movie
is proportional to the comfort of your seat
and the faces of the actors.
Calculus is needed to determine this,
a good rule of thumb is just count the money.
Even shadows come alive sometimes
have teeth, wait for you in the street
when you give up and leave the theater
resigned to never having those people
those places. But the shadow has you,
and the shadow also has full lips.

26 May 2010

SIGNS THAT YOU WILL SOON BE LEAVING EARTH

Ants come then shun you.
Snakes appear near your picnic table but quickly vanish.
Your clock starts telling the time in New Delhi.
Biblical passage you read in childhood
suddenly come to mind—a wall
in Leviticus, a tree in Kings.
Uncertainty seems a good idea.
You read late Wittgenstein at bedtime, though,
still seeking. Seeking
is a very bad sign. Stay
with finding. Stick with what you've find.
Between your picnic and the river
a small flock of bluebirds,
gregarious fowl flit from tree to tree.
You take her word for it,
you can't see blue anymore.
Wait—are you gone already?

26 May 2010

= = = = =

You remember Wittgenstein
that Roman Catholic Jewish philosopher
is buried in a Protestant churchyard.
There seems a kindness, a civility
in this arrangement,
a confidence in the importance
and inconclusiveness of naming.
You hear a voice, you look up
from your reading, you answer
to some other person's name.

26 May 2010

= = = = =

Moon soon
full in a soft
month the girl
is waiting

play this
on your flute
your lips
know everything

the words too
are waiting
wearing
her clothes

the bird
flats one note
to wake her
towards you

be ready
with the tone
she needs
and moon too.

26 May 2010

= = = = =

What are the chains that try
To keep the tiger in its trees
So that all we ever see is
An orange snarl and green eyes

26 May 2010

IN THE NICHE

Organized entropy like a niche constructed in non-being where some force could momentarily lodge and take on entity. Are you entity, blue or bleak, person? Is the necessary discord tied already round your neck, swan? “Poison, potion,” we drink with our ancestors, we are made of water, nothing holds. Except the esemplastic power itself, to take every form and penetrate every shape. Place. Hollow. Hallows. The sun is full of stuff like us. A living sheath of warm moist air surrounds each living thing and this pale sheath leaps up. When the wind blows we are naked for a moment and feel the actual

world around us. For this reason spirit is likened to the wind. Or is the wind. What is around us is the key or clue. The inside is no different, but different.

26 May 2010