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=====

Canst history? Nay. Or spell?
Some days. Faith hiller, climbst?
Aye. And from the summit see?
Lady earth dependeth from the Sun.

24,V.09

=====

Cleaning hows. Mildwords let
slowly out. Swept,
the floor gleams, luminifer,
emptyhood. *Now say.*

24.V.09

=====

Mind diamond

cuts

through everything

so easy shatters.

24.V.09

=====

Is it almost time
to be time?

Train the tongue
to taste silence
before you speak.

24 May 2009

= = = = =

Everything is some sort of clock
and an arrangement with space.
Time's cartel controls our days
and reaches deep into our nights
as it can. But there is a dark
time cannot touch. In and far away.
Now I am China where no other is.
Now I am yesterday as much as I want,
and tomorrow just as close, just over
the rim of this remark where it all
is silence, where it remains to be said.

24 May 2009

=====

Everything
calls out to be less.
Don't listen.

24.V.09

=====

Loss of things
also sings.

24.V.09

= = = = =

From the bottom of my hearing
heard. Frenzies of waiting
around me. Soon it will be over
and it begins. The stuntman
from the stars fetches down
a fresh eraser, chalk-white
but chewable soft. I rub
out my wrong words, I rule.
I rub out patches of the night sky
and let the light in. He stands in for me
while I sleep. He addresses
the congress of the smallest republic.
How persuasive I am when I'm asleep,
people believe whatever I tell them,
I almost believe it myself. My creel
is full of fish, but alas I am no fisherman.
The quick stream runs right through me
and I just smile at them as they
silverly slip past me and are gone.

24 May 2009

A FIGURE

It might have been a slave
certainly it wore silk and the ship
was gone already and this one
figure all alone on the strand

steady as a swan on a rock pool
foot-firm on damp sand
from which the tide had gone
leaving scraps of agate underfoot

and there was singing down there
but who in me would dare to hear?
Let the wind have the sounds,

wind knows how to use them,
how to let them speak and terrify
and make love and drift away.

25 May 2009

= = = = =

Wait west some new
I have sinned
against the syllables

in this religion
one does not equal one
one is more

and even the smallest
breathes its own time
a syllable is godliness

a syllable says.
One is never plenty
often too few or too many.

Language
is the mental illness of our race,
we have words as dogs have fleas

he sais. and silence
looked good just them
before he spoke again.

25 May 2009

DER BLAUE ENGEL

Who was the blue angel

(masculine in German)

for whom the café was named?

Does every color have an angel of its own?

Mine be scarlet, and a morning sleep.

25 May 2009

= = = = =

Affectionate with leaves
standoffish with trees:
me on parents day,
hungry for pears.

25 May 2009

= = = = =

How to be wrong:

Speak.

How to heal:

listen.

But not to what they say.

Listening hears more than hearing does.

25 May 2009

VAC

There is a voice beyond what is said.

Not behind it, almost inside it.

Over it maybe and under it yes.

25 May 2009

= = = = =

A lovely day
for being
in that special
somewhere else
called here

when you find it
for the first time

(the who inside the when
the where around the you)

25 May 2009

= = = = =

A bad thing a failed thing
a shadow too light.

Come lie down in what you remember—
kind out of mind
a kiss you hate the sex of,

we miss the genderless grammar of geology—
stones have no sex

Or is that one more mistake
is there a sex beyond difference,
dark vortex, whorl in malachite,
leading eternally in?

Is sex just the same as in?

25 May 2009

= = = = =

I want to be alone in the hour
when the gold grass combs the wind
and shadows shunt the light in

and I am window empty
a place of passage and no thing at all,
alone, alone.

25 May 2009

= = = = =

The irises endure.
Very cold and very hot
in one week (frost;
96°) and the flowers
stand it, tall
in purple thoughtfulness
not done yet with
their ideas, no matter
what weather happens
to us all,
vigilant I suppose
or hardly noticing,
like Socrates
in the doorway at dawn
drunk with thinking.

26 May 2009

= = = = =

Castaway in thinking
an island rose,
random sperm
in tropic surf
engendering Atlantis.

26.V.09

[dream]

I stopped by the side of the road
to say hello, she leaned in the window
and asked how my children were,
naming them, the boy, the girl.

A strange feeling flooded through me
right there in the dream and I said
This is the first time I ever thought
that they, the girl, the boy, really
were flesh of me, had been made
from parts of me. Astonished
with this theory I woke up.

26 May 2009

= = = = =

How dare you say out loud
what's in your mind!
Who gave you the right to speak?

She was angry, she had a point
I suppose. But here if anywhere
“language” had to be the right answer.

26 May 2009