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juIF2009

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Instead of growing old
there is another animal
walks through those caves
we call our bones. Dark
when you first go in
but deeper down there is
a bone-light knows the way

27 July 2009

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Offerings of water to the god of rain—
it is good to make matter laugh,
can you do that, principessa?
Over Stuttgart a haze of light,
some old writer idles on the hill,
leaning on his elbow, *Solitude*
with View of Distant City, but solitude
has a picture maker in it to render
the ridiculous proportion: giant
foreground man, tiny city.
The writer is too important to smile.

I think the human mind
is a trap some other being sets
to catch whatever it is gets caught
when we do think. But why?

28 July 2009

= = = = =

A word-count would tell you who I am.
I thought I was a beaver in your lodge—
or Antarctic potentate of ship
strung out along the sea
slung from the clouds by its rigging,
a puppet queendom and no free.
So many nouns I thought were me
and so few verbs. Verbs
are exhausting. Verbs sweat.

28 July 2009

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Wait till the noises stop
then milk the cow.
Have you ever seen a man think?

Was it like starlight over the Valley
that powerfailure night
when we stood on Mulholland

before the grid came back on
and all the stars
spread out on the ground?

28 July 2009

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I don't want to hear music and don't know why
is it something in the air
or not in the air

 a rubber dam the dentists use
now stretches over all the streets
 and makes all music sound dull and Haydn-ish
and taste bad,
 music has a rubbery taste today, the thought of it sickens,

I must have been him in a former life he bores me so—
only one's own self could stink like that.

28 July 2009

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Forget the ad—
think about the thing
itself, far
from its admirers
isolate, the south pole
of your imagination.

Can you find it,
the wood, the wheel,
the wool, itself,
far out there
at the furthest reach
of your senses
making its own time?

29 July 2009

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When you can say Yes
it's magic,
the trolls brought you this skin
to feel with.

The gods gave you this sky
to be out of reach.

If you can learn
the size of yourself,
that's science.
All the rest is poetry.
Religion is the nightmare
you're almost awake from.

29 July 2009

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All art can give
is the world made strange
so we can see the old things
for the first time—

that would be Aristotle's version.
But I want an art that shows
familiar all the world that never is.
And yet must be.

29 July 2009

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I want to believe
the unity of *line*—
where one can be
another can join it
or persuade it to
some river journey
or even ocean-faring
to a far text found.

A line is an immigrant,
a colonist, a pilgrim,
a conquistador—

watch it invade, watch them move,
do not accept the frontier
some author sets by mere personal will
around a text—text
is a permeable membrane!

A line travels to find a new home
unknown autumn island
yellow with old elms.

29 July 2009

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In shimmering purple
as if an animal
no such color could
armed for poetry
and anxious to go down—
wide windows,
restless stirring comforters.

29 July 2009

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This manipulation had the expected outcome: more persuasion for messages coming from the left.

Means messages from the left—
focused on or through the left ear—
are more persuasive.
The right side of the anterior agrees.
Contralaterals avail.

[29 July 2009]

= = = = =

Too many pages on a page
ever to turn it—it
was one of those pages,
you get there and that's the end of going.
You go no further but keep reading
downward and inward and lopsided lust—
letters will link if you let them
infinitely.

30 July 2009

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Sometimes one has said enough.

This is called death.

Or is it only silence after all,

for a while?

30.VII.09

= = = = =

To land on an island
but not settle there.
Walk in the surf, shade
under the aspen trees,
shove off before sunset.

But are there enough islands
for your world?
Sail the indigo danger and see.
Sometimes though
your cuffs are still soaked from
that one particular surf,
hours later, no land in sight.

30 July 2009

= = = = =

Sometimes a nerve opens and I hear.

I hide from myself what I want.

That's what dreams are for
anyhow safe from daily practice.

30.VII.09

WITH PEOPLE

I hide what I want from myself—
two meanings. We all like things
but sometimes I have a prayer
where it is dark though plenty light
just seeing nothing or at most
a small rectangle of stones like a hole
in nightspace in front of a stone wall
or pebbles on a winter beach—
I taught them everything I knew
and they used their hands to touch me.

31 July 2009

= = = = =

Morning always comes me from the sea
ever recurring instant evolution
from some dank sea creature stumbling
up the dimness to be a man
by the time I get to the end of the hall
and the window shouts at me
Well, try again. We'll try again.

31 July 2009

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Anxious to read this book
I think I'll find a word in here
or else a rapturous silence.

31.VII.09

(Corpus Poeticum Boreale)

= = = = =

Dear Diary, why?

And why won't I let myself
read a book before breakfast
and why do I wait two or three hours
before eating that minimal meal
(raw barley flakes and yogurt)
so any language has to be me
doing it? Do I have to use
all the words up before I go for more
like a kid having to bring all his books
back to the savage librarian
before he can read an untasted word?
Ah, Diary, my little invisible book
with so many thousands of pages,
all about you, sleek milch-cow
of my whole life sustains me,
we live on life itself, that's the secret
out of me the milk I mean.

31 July 2009

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Make yourself wait
for the flowers.
Be strong.
Lent lasts all year long.

Your obsessions
are your bones,
all your abstinence
your sweet blood.

31 July 2009

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A man's whole life held in his heart
is the sustaining nourishment.

31.VII.09