

8-2009

augB2009

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "augB2009" (2009). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 569.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/569

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.

= = = = =

Once you've said everything
you can really begin to talk.

Because talk takes—
(follow consonants through given language)
talk tells what you don't know
the two of you who do

= e verything spoken
now begin to speak

= when you can think of nothing more
she comes through the door

= even rhyme, that cheap thing,
sometimes forces you to sing

= but true method is underground
like subways, swift and loud

= get there by saying so
ten words at one time

= cluster of images all in aleph
every color grape on one stem

= lift the light right off the lawn
and give it back to the mind

(that left it there
thought it was done with,
revived overnight
here it is now,
a sparrow in it)

= practical disease you learn something from
diner at midnight and a spider bite

= and now at last you stop
even thinking you understand

= looking for something and finding it
is the finest thing

= it fills the day suddenly
with all the time to come

= or seems to: seeming
is semaphore and saying so

= a list is the least lust
yet like a master leads the way

= to write what no one reads

is to have a universal audience

(think of that Welshman

at the bottom of the sea

how much he has to read

all the lost words found

postcards from every known catastrophe

he licks the stamps off

and tastes who they came from

whose bones are now his only instruments

of music, meant)

= keep talking the light may yet

come down and interview your mouth

= go to the coffee shop and talk a loud voice

someone is bound to remember

= but who fastens them

strapping their tender bodies to what they hear?

= go to the gutter after a nice rain

and sail a page of writing to the sea

(where everything gets
eventually)
(you and me)

= now it's your turn to tell
and what you tell will turn into me

(why do I always feel
some cross between
I'm doing something wrong
and I'm not doing enough?)

= but any me you see I claim
will be different from the one I am

= I am the other one in any set of two
but who are you?

= one of us has to be left by the roadside
if the road is to have any hope of going on

= who will it be
after it tells what is told?

= alertness to our own despair
is the best way of getting there

= but when you do
again who are you?

= or where is there?
ask your father

= who is my father?
only your mother knows

= all of these
are just trees

= you can cut them down or move away
and stay where you are and listen hard

(only when mother and father
have died is someone worth listening to,

his mother and father have died into him,
an orphan has everything he has
and has it all inside

only an orphan can tell
what has to be told)

= all the rest is speculation
all action and no talk

= the only good thing about time
is that it never passes.

5 August 2009

= = = = =

Something this side wonder keeps me
cast out. Of all the margins I have been
the one that hurts me most's between
the thing I can think and the thing I mean—

Delbrück kept his slime molds in an old fridge
down in the basement—this is what he *did*
in the midst of all that education, these things
had a narration of their own, and such

alone can save us from insanity. Politics
as the normal form of it—the animals
always seem to be remembering something
that we forget. And there is slime too

in our brains or something like it
without which there would be no thinking—
it is a matter of texture, consistency,
viscosity, velocity, flow. Not much to know.

5 August 2009

PLEIADES

out tonight but not for me
the full moon and the earth
hide such sororities
from midnight appetite—

Hesiod had them in his hand.
And I once, if you give me credit,
held the Rainstars in my arms
and let them soak the world,
you feel it in you now,
the metal masters, who turn Her copper green—

mice in sacks of wheat. Children put on masks
when morning comes they forget to take off.

5 August 2009

= = = = =

When I put on a pair of shoes
I hear in my head
the noisy agony of that animal
whose skin squeezes me now—
the narrow thing, the death cry
that is no word at all
now locked in leather.

5 August 2009

= = = = =

Mystic means silent.

Those who speak

are not. If I could

speak I would say

the inside *is* the outside.

One quiet heart

calms the whole town.

5 August 2009

LOT

Lot fled from his sin.

His wife turned back

to look at it.

If in scorn, she deserved

her immobility.

If in yearning, I lick her salt.

5 August 2009

= = = = =

Find an open time—

I think I long to copper.

am in later era, heal

by electric, I still connect

invisible voices (radio)

bodies (tv) untouchable.

Media destroy caste structure—

we are all *mleccha*, disburdened

of our social context, free

in glamorous poverty:

owning nothing but the images.

5 August 2009

= = = = =

I was willing to dance even
just to get my hands on your hips—
no more was needed,
the arc was completed,
the currents flowed.
We became thoroughly suddenly
people who had known each other
and now there was no way not to be that.

5 August 2009

= = = = =

Or time is not the usual
itself (I dreamt this pen
into my now hand)
like a kind of wind before rain
but no rain, and no one stands
under the maple for shelter or shade.

6 August 2009

METALFOLK

for Nor Hall, her "Irons in the Fire"

You show me how far I am from iron—
or iron is a maiden's sport
all hot and hurt and wielding
but copper's mine—a wire not a sword
a message not a weapon.

But we are close kin in the world
we metal people
and so few gold and so much aluminum.

6 August 2009

= = = = =

There is a hospice on the road to Hel
please Lama let me die at home—

let me = show the way
and bless me on it
a puff of breath sent down the wire

the spineway to my core—
3000 years the same path
through the same woods.

How could there be another forest
than the one I'm in?

6 August 2009

= = = = =

Lift the cup of milk
the morning left
and bless it
then give it to your mouth
or another's to drink—

milk and water both alkaline
the camellia flowers cover the hillside,
their dried leaves will bring the *pH* down
to human scale, mouth
of a man grown “to man's estate”
needs the needling tannic acid
to keep him green.

6 August 2009

= = = = =

Wake up trying to figure out
why my shoulder hurts
and step all the way up out of yesterday
but still be the one who
not so long ago fell asleep holding your hand.

6 August 2009

= = = = =

The core of the watch is eternity—
that's why the hands wave at us
and you can hear the little
whickering laughter of it all inside.

6 August 2009

= = = = =

The light is getting sky
cars are starting to roll around
insects tinnitus no bird far train
the stream rushes past the house
when no other noise covers it.
Things hide in things.

6 August 2009

= = = = =

Truck at the door
full of noise
analyze this: it is music

a signifier of this age
of commodity
and makes me another

(sensorium
of the spectacle all
their lives are mine)

whereas the instant between
perception and reaction seems
to be free — last range

of the larger animals in me.

6 August 2009

= = = = =

Sometimes crows look white
when they take off
up from a sunstained lawn
the light comes up with them
their wings, their wings.

6 August 2009

= = = = =

It's time I became a Yankee fan
drag the NY Lares and Penates
out of the garage and set them up
in daylight –is that sacrilege,
to be for once on the winning side?

Yes. Rome has to lose, Troy
must burn down. All greatness
is in the losing. Stay with the Sox.

7 August 2009