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KINDLY SPAM

The beautiful Russian women
are waiting on their telephones
to link gold Rolexes on my wrist
and slip blue pills in my lips
that will make me strong and good
or take all pain away. Truly
strangers are kind. They give
themselves to anyone who calls—
just like God, or language,
as the beautiful blue sky
gives light and air and everything
free to the child who cries out.

7 August 2009

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Metaphor as caviar—
children spit it out at the first encounter.
Metaphor is salt.

As when God's lover
tells the Lord *o tear*
the fabric of this sweet encounter

the body by which I know thee,
what is God to do?

7 August 2009

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The corporation of indecisiveness:
stop meaning things.

Be as small as you like
someone will always see you.

Slip a few words between sun and shine
let the wind recall what you forget

your heart sickened from reading spam
selling phony Rolexes and Russian wives.

You bought nothing. It turns out
it wasn't you after all such mail addressed,

no, you were an earlier forester far away
an ailing fawn on your shoulders

walking slowly towards a healing well
smelling the young beast around your neck.

7 August 2009

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There are so many senses—

to know *her*

and not just anyone—

that's where the trouble begins.

The specific is the weight of God comes in.

That is culture and Western Civ.

7 August 2009

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Just wanting to be no.
While around the house
various tigers prowl
in all their skies and sizes

and the past be past at last.

8 August 2009

SEMAPHORE

it's an old world that comes now and again into my hearing to get written down or even said. It is a sign of a sign of a meaning on its way, bearer of evidence to come, or some hidden thing around the bend, a thing I must make evident, now, out loud.

And it is so, and such, that there are such things in this world as semaphores —clackety old wooden signboards that snap up and down by railroad tracks. I can still hear them from childhood left in here still rattling. Here is where I am. Or “I” is just a tall semaphore that means someone is here. Here. Here where now and again the word in-hears me to say — the sound of a sign!

So forgive me if I say it, and say it again, and start things, other things, invoking its name, or sometimes, like a victim of a sluggish case of Tourette's Syndrome, just blurt the word out. Semaphore. There is hardly any context where you'd expect to hear it, yet in almost any context it's bound to make sense. Semaphore is all about making sense. Now you have to do it, make that sense it's gesticulating towards, make it yours.

Forgive me, it's just one of those words, words that find you out. Me, in this case, the word finds me, on its way to you, I'm not much more than a carrier, I carry it to you, I become what I say, a little semaphore myself, bearer of a sign. You hear me meaning towards you, my bones stir in the wind.

8 August 2009

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Get something started by saying so.

Doesn't matter who's listening—

give him an ancient drug

to make her understand.

8.VIII.09.

9.VIII.09.4:25 A.M.

Of course in the dream it wasn't in the dream,
it was tomorrow.

I had to get up and read a book
about the names of places—
only that could be food for me—
music in the forest suddenly close—
of course not real music
no soft red mouths pressed
thoughtful to their instruments—
just biting a stuffed cloth sack gently on the wall
as if it were another person—
someone wants “to spend the rest of my life
like this, with you” but what is this, and who am I?
Of course the dream makes lies of everything
of course there is no waking in this place,
thank the Lord for actual food for actual waking,
for any other place but this.

9 August 2009

A SHRINE IN BAIJNATH

Finding the names that move
behind me all the time—
tiger behind the temple,
monkeys inside, imitating worshippers
or we ape them. Who really knows?
Who taught us how to pray?
Watching them squat quietly
by the stone quern where Tilopa
ground his sesame. who knows
who taught us to sit still?

*

It is said a Buddha rises up
in every phylum of the house of being
and preaches to the damned a word
that wakes them—
for dream is of the species of all pain,
a little purgatory maybe
but long as hell inside
when the dream seems to be all there is.

9 August 2009

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Now the turn of the time one comes,
the new one, for the new
always re-speciates—the owl
flies by day—you have an osprey
by your pond can I fish there
can it be Roman weather everywhere
and Christians not yet come?

9 August 2009

ONLY ONE RELIGION EVER CAME

call it Egyptian
or call it Judaism—
last survivor of Pharaonic wisdom
and root-stock of everything after,
Judaism and its two great heresies,
Christian, Muslim,
write our whole story as *The History of the Jews*.

The Commandments
are mostly decent laws
of how people might behave
without hurting each other too much,
but have no trace in them of doctrine,
transcendence, liberation.

In a soul-less world, and no afterlife,
no rebirth, no migrant consciousness,
the commandments would be adequate
for safety of property and person—
how strange to think of religion
without a hint of the spiritual.

And that is why the big religions today
inveigh against 'spirituality'
that comes to replace going to church to temple to mosque.

Is this a sermon for my
Null Church,
not the lord's house
but the Mind alone
with lord or love or its own
selfless self.

(Or is it enough at last to love the neighbor?
God is so much easier to love—at least in daytime.

But at night the terror of failed theodicy.)

Here I am talking
what I don't know,
a flightless bird aloft
dreaming of cloud peonies
where no ants creep in
and all the sugar turns into light.

9 August 2009

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Because I did not summon
she came to someone who could be me
in the great library's intimate stacks
floor after floor of them as if I were
myself a part of its commodity
a function like the little open elevator
rose through shallow floors of books
and could run through her too
and guard against the moral tenderness
that strikes scholars in the heart
of their researches to be briefly
pierced and analyzed and let go.

9 August 2009

CRO-MAGNON

No passive voice. Crows.

Where should I catalogue this day

between the roses of Sharon and the thought of rain?

I have carved out this cave against the common Sun.

9 August 2009

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I could be a vessel too
if only my house would let a stranger board—
not my man-way to yield
passage to even my own thought
let alone your Sunday afternoons.

9 August 2009

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So many waiting to
misspell the word they're given
to pronounce—
 we all
hear them say it right
but secretly they know it wrong.

(This is my only poem about sin, shame, public, private
—normality itself is the terrible black veil.

We don't know what we do
when we (so skillfully) do
whatever it is we do)

10 August 2009

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Around some other corner
some other animal
reaches for the disclosure,
the pain of not being known.
And of being always
the same unknown.
An animal. A word.

10 August 2009

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what to think
about when it's raining
big rock in no meadow
or earth beneath it
still is dry, why,
there can never be enough
rain, the earth's on fire
inside, we need all
the sky to douse us
enough to live
sunless in the lap of love.

10 August 2009

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Go back and cut words out
and give them to The Lady—
it is almost time for flowers
the sugar that colors open up for bees

you meant to be a margin
maple but it all sinks in
suddenly everyone is listening to you
as if you had something to say

do not fail them, open and proceed
your argument will convince the dead to rise
as rise they must the day you say the word
as long as everybody else says it with you too.

10 August 2009