

8-2009

augC2009

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### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "augC2009" (2009). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 575.  
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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?

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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