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augG2009

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1.

All things being ready  
the armature begins to sing  
inside the wet clay.

The statue of the king  
salutes the dawn or closing  
of the day depending

on where the apprentices have stored  
the rolling platform on which he lives.  
A gesture (you know this) is permanent.

Or nothing is except this saying so.

2.

Word is only a handshake too,  
a blind man's whistle,  
a pinched cheek for the deaf.  
O listen to your skin  
the oldest book.

3.

But the king is different,  
says one thing only  
only it means a thousand things  
depending. All we are  
depends. Or some such thing.

4.

Don't be cynical. it's love  
that understands your word  
most accurately, lover's breath  
has something to do with it  
the smell of her mouth as she  
comes close to whisper—which  
is the real word, the fragrance  
of her speech or what she says?  
Everything turns out to be a word.

5.

I think I have picked up this stone before  
and there was nothing beneath it then  
and nothing now. Only the earth, the last surprise.

6.

There is a current meant to ride  
the *joy behind the stars*, a fierce hilarity  
we perceive as the color blue,  
its angers, remorse, liberties, its seas,  
its confounding laughters that crumble tyrannies.  
(Riding the scum of Bacon's images the joy of paint.)

7.

Find me where we are  
in the hymnbook sister  
what number now  
should we sing?

8.

The iron frame  
he built soft bones on  
and made the whole thing  
look like you.

Whoever has a face  
rules the little world  
till he turns round.  
Now sing this with me.

25 August 2009

= = = = =

Eve was my sister.

The book knows nothing of me  
as I was, calls me a servant,

heard as 'serpent', tells  
that it was my fault, my clever  
decoding of the tree of life

into the tree of death.

Eve was my sister. She knew  
better than to trust me,

I said Do not eat the apple,  
the apple kills. So she went  
right to the deep-laden branch

took the ripest she could find  
and ate. I looked away,  
my shadow followed me from the garden

and they thought that was me  
down there, a slithering resentment  
leaving. Wrong. Eve

was my sister, no one knows me,  
I was a voice in the garden  
promising they would be gods.

That much was true. About me  
and about them. They  
are gods. There is no other.

25 August 2009

= = = = =

Selfishness  
of the old  
how the world  
shrinks down  
to what comforts  
them or ails.

26.VIII.09

= = = = =

That there be  
things wait for me—  
who stole my story?  
Θεμης great goddess  
of arrangement  
human magic  
sets things in order  
who stole my story?  
try to answer  
by breathless evidence  
presented  
a writ of right  
a script of weather  
who stole my story?  
villain mystics  
why silence did  
and mock and mutter  
keep this name  
in mind  
forget your own  
we illustrate  
the story digital  
image high resolution  
how much things cost  
who stole my story?



the airy victims  
by lewd molecules  
thou art made  
and made of entrances  
speak the count  
and tell who stole  
my story  
it was on the left  
horn of my brain  
last night tomorrow  
sleep bring and dawn's  
determined light  
we are made guilty  
*by design*  
to free thee  
from thy humors  
the sweet feel  
of being part  
of what has no parts  
a soft deluded  
morning all day long  
someone tell me  
irritants align  
lose my thread  
the amber beads  
roll on the Isfahan  
lost in the sand of wool

who stole my story?  
the wool of crimson  
shaved so smooth  
the hands sink in  
seeking amber  
*seek amber every sea*  
never answers  
lost in the pattern  
nothing matters  
but the smallest  
cling to the tether  
release me  
from my clutches  
we are children  
when we stand  
beside the sea  
it only  
is full grown  
it laughs  
at the silliness  
of our dispositions  
the birds the words  
we put such faith in  
the sad lying oracles  
of the heart  
the sea hears  
teaches us to be

unpersoned  
beyond a self  
no story  
just an ampersand  
to be  
between  
the sea did it  
ocean thought  
woke me  
without word  
wanting sleep  
sleep is my mother.

26 August 2009

[dawn waking]

= = = = =

Lofoten Islands and.

Shiel's other kingdom.

So I wanted water

wind and sky and cold.

Why those and no others,

why? Why do I want what I want?

Isn't that the urgent question

we keep dodging by trying to get it?

I want to be on a mountain want to be on an ocean

what is to be done with me?

Or is always ocean me I mountain must?

26 August 2009

[second waking]

= = = = =

Does a walk in the dark  
equal the grain in cut rock  
polished to show  
the streets of its difference  
lighting through the mass?

27.VIII.09

[woke with that]

= = = = =

Don't think of anything

before thinking.

And speak

before you open your mouth

so the answer comes

as it must

before the question

distracts it from knowing

into life we are lured

so many things to be said

and no one listens.

27 August 2009

= = = = =

Rapturous paradoxes

take the story away

I am left with astonishment

a bare tremble in the me of me

making wonder

but what, a shudder

built into sunrise,

a wind has its way with a house.

27 August 2009

= = = = =

When ready, more is.  
That's why so many birds,  
seas. Name me again  
and I will other you.

Birch trees and their  
names. A meadow  
among pain. Change,  
change is the only pure.

Running water purifies  
itself by running, the mind  
heals itself by thinking.

27 August 2009



## **DODONA**

The basic measurement  
is a star. We replicate  
its rays. Vitruvius  
diagrams it. Everything  
in us means to go out—

let it. The whole  
body speaks.  
Be good to everyone,  
that is how to be good.  
Harm no one.  
Know who is behind your thinking—  
listen to that empty room.

(They come first  
show them the way)

(I wasn't sure what I was thinking  
I was translating the sloka where the Buddha  
tells clearly the three complementary  
practices that form His whole teaching)

(I wasn't the one saying this.  
But then I never am  
—by my theory, theory

sees better than I can  
since it has eyes of your own)

how is the new coffee  
go and see  
see in the sense of taste  
sense in the sense of know

I could two batteries three pens and a watch  
I am ready to begin  
too hot to drink

Let the thought of it  
come back to the place it began  
a thought whose white skirt is stained with grass

because we speak the word  
only the place  
put into our mouths

blue ink in some pens  
what is in the batteries  
acids metals red  
ink in one pen

what current makes time flow?

too early to be awake  
this head needs sleeping

Nothing matters but to keep talking  
death in mid-sentence a terrible thing

Don't you ever worry about what you've done?  
—That anxiety is all there is of me

the voice of my slain brother  
calls out from my mouth

we become what we kill

a few dead wasps on the porch

abstract nouns have no rivers  
have no bones

Seated between bronze cauldrons  
that sing from the brush of a gentle  
whip a boy wields—he too  
made of copper or of bronze—  
the prophet lets the sounds explore her mind  
silencing the usual clamor of the self

and then from an immense distance

suddenly inside  
a voice says things that she has never  
heard but now repeats,  
wondering at what comes out of her mouth,

letting it come.  
The answer has been given.  
Now understand.

I suppose—though the texts  
do not say so—that understanding  
means the listener—the querent—  
travels into the same silence  
to seize and taste the words he has been told  
from her careful mouth  
now try them on his question.

Who can help me when I hear a word?

Shall I say Apollo  
spoke it while I slept  
then woke up and wrote it down?

No names yet. The bright one  
clutch the dark around them,  
our skin their house and bone.

28 August 2009

## DREAM ISSUE

*Nothing but time  
is waiting  
and it knows how to wait*

I washed my hands in the rain  
on the broad marble parapet  
slipping my fingers through the wet

she was inside dancing a new dance  
my god it was like bible lessons  
the way she danced

in a brown ballgown prancing around  
singing her new song about how  
she wanted to paint her ass

she was teasing with a pot of paint  
then someone threw her down and did  
she screamed and cried and let them

purple paint all over her ass  
then all over her, she got up and stumbled  
half naked sobbing—but they were pretend

sighs realistic I had not known  
how good an actress she was—stumbling  
against a bare brick wall and playing with a knife

I stood outside amazed at her performance  
she came towards me, the purple paint  
all symmetrical, raying all over her face

petals of color all over her face her brown dress  
how young she looked she loved the applause  
came out into the mild rain with me on the balcony

saying she would drive me to the airport after all,  
San Francisco, early the day after tomorrow.

28 August 2009