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Waiting for something anyhow  
just this amazing silence  
of a rainy morning, the cars  
occasional on wet roads  
only grace notes to this *grosse Pause*

the word  
is shaping itself  
in the wet woods

listen!

Prick up your ears, my foxes,  
this word once said  
will not come again.  
But it will stay. Be  
the first to hear it, this  
word shaped like today.

29 August 2009

= = = = =

Walking up the hill to be worthy

and when you get there waiting

naturally as a bird pecks seed

is what we call religion—

reading over and over again

the scriptures of your memory

and the new testament of your desires

try to make sense of how you stumbled

uphill and fell into the sky of this moment

this is the mountain beyond the mirror

you have entered into yourself and this

landscape is your only science now,

what the weird priest meant by saying

Stop thinking in between two seconds and just listen.

29 August 2009

= = = = =

So I read the paper  
and the day was still there.  
I read it over last night's coffee  
while the new one was brewing  
  
and I feel like such a wastrel  
reading about what only happened  
or what people think did or what  
they think about it or say they do  
  
my fingers stiff from clutching  
the big pages close to my eyes  
blocking out the world—  
but here it still is, wet and green  
  
its quiet ringing in my ears.

29 August 2009

= = = = =

Forgive my Nestorian manners  
to keep in black and blue  
the annals of everything

*sêmata tês hodou* the sacred  
whatever comes to mind

to the road  
which is the mind of the world

and all I know is what happens?

I shrine it in this white cave  
so all in future times may know  
one sparrow just now settled on some grass.

30 August 2009

## **MASKS OF THE THING BEING DONE**

I am lost in doing no time to write it down  
what happens when we get around to letting it  
happen is words we let out that make people  
behave out loud and do things to each other  
the words make them do in public with almost  
full conviction that what they're doing is what  
they want to do at least right then with the words  
in their ears and their soft wet mouths whoever  
they are speaking into what somebody is doing  
in them or from them or to them it is all just  
one thing to say or being said or seeming to do  
actors acting jugglers juggling not actually juggling at all

30 August 2009

## CRISIS

The line of a poem  
is friction to the feel of breath  
ropes and partnering and dance floor of it

I mean the rigor of how the morning's breath  
determines or allows the day's first utterance

*lets it out*

that once out proposes a system the breath  
softly follows for a while until a changed  
thinking happens, a bell rings, a contralto  
calls, the system falters, a new strophe begins.

The shallower the breath the quicker the mind.

30 August 2009

## SYLLOGISM

I thought I wanted you  
it was simple as that  
but what does wanting  
want? And what  
does wanting have to do  
with you? Desire  
is its own predicate—  
its substance is accident.  
I don't pick up the phone.

30 August 2009



## PLAYTIME

Situation is glass  
a glass door  
mirroring the city  
leads out of it

things have a foreign accent  
they seem to possess  
a dialect of meaning  
something all by themselves

sand liberated  
from the hourglass.  
A dead bee  
on the windowsill.

30 August 2009

*hommage à Tati*

= = = = =

Caring for us

*Currus* – triumphal

chariot the parade

the float passes

through masked figures

silently down torchlit streets

a naked personage

enthroned thereon

this singular Passenger

holds half aloft

a spindle on which something

spins the whir of it

the only sound

in all this crowd

God looks down.

30 August 2009

*after Petrarch*

= = = = =

I don't think there would be enough of me  
to answer No if someone asked. The ship  
is almost out of sight, hull-down they say,  
just some geometry of sails and masts  
annoying the horizon. I don't think I'm on board  
but you can never tell, and there are  
too many of me to tell where all of me is or are  
and nobody clear-minded enough to keep count.  
The waves, the waves! Each so different,  
inveigling ecstatic inspection becomes introspection  
and there we all are again locked in what we see  
everywhere. But not on the sea (not on the sea).

30 August 2009

## **FLEEING INTO MY LIFE**

The hum inside my head  
is anybody else.  
You can't hear him but I can,

him or her or whom.

The *indeterminate*  
entity that is pure saying.

Some famous rabbi said  
an angel is nothing but his message  
nothing but what he says

if there were two sayings  
there would be two angels.  
And all this while trying to be one.

30 August 2009

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The gleam of thinking  
sparks the shadows  
under the rock face  
into meaning.

What do I mean to them?  
What good do I do  
to the stone either  
at the edge of the road  
someone carved  
*VOTE WILSON* on  
a hundred years ago?

30 August 2009

*The Horatii and the Curatii*

Broad gentle excitements of Mercadante  
remind me of a manifesto I'm supposed to post  
all over New York:

The civil war is always  
between poetry and prose.

The civil war between Orpheus and Aristotle,

the blond barbarian shamans and the rational brokers.

Ireland and Switzerland.

And they are all in us, in you, in me.

Nobody could be Swisser than me. .

Between artists and curators. This war that speaks me  
makes every other possible—men wake up  
from incomprehensible dreams and rush out to kill.

After ten thousand years do armies make sense?

Only a dumb rationalist could still think so,  
rationalists never learn from experience, only poets do

but they sing it all away and soon forget  
so that they can take hold of flesh and sing again

how to stop wars, throw all the weapons away

disband the armies, have only as many children as  
you can teach not to kill.

Roll the rock uphill  
where no deity snickers at the crest at you.

Blank sky always ready to forgive.

31 August 2009

= = = = =

What would I tell you  
if I could talk  
(why can't I?)  
or you could hear

(but you can hear  
all the time  
I think) ?  
Would it be

something about me  
after all  
do you need to hear  
or I to tell)

or is there really  
something I need  
to tell you  
you need to hear

even if neither of us  
ever comes to it,  
hearing, speaking,  
looking away?

31 August 2009



= = = = =

I wanted to write to you  
because you are a university  
and a silk thing saying yes  
and other alphabets. Cycle  
there and see. Then stay.  
I will pay for every circumstance  
in funny money. Here,  
a 37 zaba bill. Picture shows  
me when I was pasha of it  
can't remember the oasis's name  
somewhere by the sea or not.  
A broken wave. A grain of sand  
left in the crotch of my fingers  
beneath the ring waiting for your hand.  
Send the music back  
when you're done hearing. And the word  
when it finally gets through.  
We are privileges for one another—  
what else could the tree have meant?

31 August 2009

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The snake said nothing. It reached  
gently stiff from the branch  
like an emerald green tree boa  
and licked her ear. Eve  
did all the rest. Became a γοης,  
a shaman, opened up her mouth  
and shouted what she saw.  
Bad times coming. Exile and war.  
Sons killing each other forever.  
Childbirth a nightmare of embodiment.  
The bible is her prophecy  
in some detail. Not all of it  
means what it says. She saw a lot  
but left things out. Things too fierce  
or sometimes too sweet. The licked  
ear opens up the voices of all things.  
Birds and such, and foreigners,  
and the north wind, and waves on the shore.

31 August 2009