

7-2008

**julD2008**

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= = = = =

Bring the water  
someone waiting

the disaster  
began with a star

the vowels broke  
the way men wept

in those days  
leaves fell from trees.

16 July 2008

= = = = =

At the farm  
across the stream

over the chain saw  
a cock crows—

things to remember  
if I am ever on earth

again or  
for the first time.

16 July 2008

= = = = =

A lion lying on a patch of light  
who would choose this animal for a sign?

Lion Eagle Wolf Boar  
signs of men who go to war.

Fox and rabbit, cat and dove—  
women stay home, make love.

Loki told me this, he makes friends into foes,  
he's never happy until blood flows—

he is the stirrer-up of strife,  
he is every woman's secret wife.

And all the rhymes agree to cheapen us,  
sell us an easy vision of ourselves

all heraldry and obvious,  
no room in the body for the mind.

16 July 2008

= = = = =

Slept into silence  
the mood is good  
the woods are over there  
mostly but some are here

inside me, as a sign  
or a reminder, a thing  
I heard about in sleep  
and need never to forget

or if so only for a little while.

17 July 2008

= = = = =

The character of Gilberto  
stands before me  
in the upright dignity of being someone  
who has done the right work  
and his body knows it  
while his mind is busy with important things.

His sister or his daughter or his youngest wife  
quiet, pretty, witty, hands us food  
I forget her name but I remember what we ate  
why a pig I am though I ate no pork—  
none of us speak good English anymore.

17 July 2008

1935

Of course when Pessoa died  
some of him went into me

but I tried to do it the other way round,  
made all those poets use one name

only, my own ordinary workaday name,  
dozens of them in the phonebook.

But which one is me.

17 July 2008

= = = = =

Cock crows, dog barks  
backhoe backs up beeping  
the Colosseum is being built  
whenever anybody does  
that ancient thing, breaks  
ground, makes noise  
ten thousand years.

17 July 2008

***A CLOCK THIN AS TIME***

(—*Raymond Queneau*)

hangs on the wall  
a wall thin as space  
divides space from space

divides me from myself  
if I had a self  
to point to (me, a philosopher!)

on the other side of the wall.  
What wall?  
I see only a clock.

Or is it the sky,  
that wall on which the weather  
keeps trying to spell its name?

17 July 2008

= = = = =

Her eyes had turned brown overnight.  
These things happen.  
There's another kind of genetics  
carries on outside the body  
—time, space, lectures on art  
overheard, cat scratches,  
mosquito bites, the daily news—  
that changes what the body  
does with itself. Psyche  
submits to tattoos. Her eyes  
tried to look at me that same  
but all I could see was color—  
have you ever tried to focus  
on a color? It barely has a name,  
maybe the color of an animal  
you see in the corner of your eye, sunset.

17 July 2008

= = = = =

There is something wrong  
in the mirror  
the pronouns  
do not match the face.  
Mean hombre in there  
feeling sorry for itself.  
Ancient monument.  
Face of the me.

[22.VI.08]  
20 July 2008

## THE COLORS OF STONE

everything just one micron thick  
a shimmer only  
color only  
and no matter behind it  
inside it.

If what my fingers touch  
I feel  
only through the operation  
of my brain  
then I could learn  
to work directly with the brain  
and generate the feel of everything

then I could touch the world  
see hear taste everything

in pure neurology.  
Then I would be.

[from a *zettel* months old]

20 July 2008

## OPTICS

It is how you treat  
other people  
begins the mind

\*

Of course we are out of the woods  
but what woods were they we were in?

\*

Know this:  
for myopia a lens  
concavoconvex  
worked from one big emerald  
brings the old world new.

\*

I know it  
or almost do,  
what do I do  
with what I know?

\*

There are the questions to your answers.  
Form is what continues.  
Form is what continues to ripen.

\*

I am the Emperor Nemo  
I have a lens like that  
of garnet though and different-bowed  
it makes what I look at seem to run away

\*

some light sets fire to wood  
or paper  
some lens lets cool water  
pour in from the stars

\*

Poinsettias are just as red in July  
you don't need Australia or anything

\*

Color is part of form.  
This is a great mystery,  
and a big secret still.

\*

Form then is not an expansion of mathematics  
but a condensation of color to its own inherent *margin*?

\*

It is both  
but why do we mix questions among our answers.

\*

Things are as they are  
when the lens falls away from the eye.  
This is the nature of death.

\*

The frontier of a color  
where it passes out of itself  
and into us.  
That is the margin meant.

\*

Saying what has to get said  
will never get there.  
*There* is the place you forgot –  
hint: your shadow gets there before you do.

\*

Keep adding space until it becomes sky.

\*

Cylinder is one answer.  
A cylinder is the shadow of a sound.

18 July 2008

## **PRAGUE**

What would it mean to be Prague?  
Men brush against you in the street.  
Birds throw themselves off towers and steeples  
but cannot fall to earth,  
the life in them flies them into the sky.  
You feel a fresh breeze  
touch the back of your arm just above the elbow.  
You think: I don't know how to pronounce the river.

18 July 2008

## **IN THE TEMPLE**

Reading from the scrolls he found  
a new book in his Bible  
and his voice went on chanting it before the congregation  
while his mind rebelled  
or tried to strive with the angel of the text,  
this new word. But all around him  
the congregation sat smiling and devout  
as if they'd heard these words a thousand times  
he sang out for the first time now.  
You have a beautiful voice, one said to him later,  
and another praised the dignity of his stance.

19 July 2008

## *SCHATTENMESSE*

Always afraid to answer listen  
a dark tube runs through it far enough  
voices of your unborn children  
chant a shadow mass. Press  
your ear against anybody's body  
and you'll hear. Or hear enough.

19 July 2008

= = = = =

The thing takes its being from the name.

One kind of thing.

The way the name fits into the language  
fits into the mind.

So-called synonyms

never fit in exactly the same sentences.

The sentence

– or body of all sentences –

makes the thing the word mentions.

For example the wind.

20 July 2008

= = = = =

If a car could do it  
I would be a car sometimes.  
Everything is trying to talk,  
the Harley shouting between the legs,  
your dog for twenty thousand years.

20 July 2008

= = = = =

Not today the lyre flower  
the hose that sings along your sun dry skin  
the mercy cloud to shield us both  
from a word I know you need to hear.

20 July 2008

= = = = =

Wait all morning for noon,  
wait all day for night.  
Wait for something in the dark.  
And from all this emptiness a hymn.

20 July 2008