

9-2008

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As if (late) were enough  
the gloss (glass) Strether sees  
a yellowed yellow paper book through's  
opaque with memory  
that annoying muzak of the mind

that shapes the things we saw  
as we witness them again  
inside. By the usual hypothesis  
of how the thing is done: something *then*  
turns nowish in the mind,  
one's own, one's bijou theatre,  
shallowly within,

He must wash his hands  
when this happens. Plunge  
them in the half-full basin  
of the old porcelain sink  
and leave them there  
watching the bluish shiver of  
cold water till it calms down,  
till he thinks of nothing at all.

21 September 2008

## **CRATER**

Coming close to the rim  
we understand in.  
The heat of the earth  
explores our faces.  
The terrible mother  
never stops meaning.

22 September 2008

= = = = =

Can it be  
on time  
or only me?

The rain  
came when it  
said I would.

(old Palm note)  
22 September 2008

*(towards a Shakespeare interlinear)*

- - -

find the lines between the lines—

each sonnet is a *month of Moon*—  
now find the days between.

Nor is a sonnet a sennight  
but a fortnight, why?

To hear one and see two—  
and make us know that there is more.

sonnets:

Handling old lace  
smell faint on it  
still a woman's  
skin sweet dead  
three hundred years.

O Lord our stains outlive us,  
and we call these Sins a *book*.

22 September 2008

= = = = =

Beyond the woods  
the big man rises.

Through the trees  
I see his blue feet  
no they are the sky  
several-eyed

by branches broken  
or intercepted  
on their looking-way

a deer steps  
over his toes.

(in dGon-po practice)  
22 September 2008

= = = = =

Let the eye light  
on what it lifts  
from the rubble  
of the seeable  
unsayable.

Let the leaf  
so listed slip  
back into the unobserved—

one moment in between  
those twin permissions and  
salt on your lips, a quick wind.

23 September 2008

= = = = =

(Hide what I said.)

Apollo hovers  
teasing me with shadows

the gleam on things  
some mornings is enough

the weather as one long  
rich slow epic  
signifying what all epics do:

people who lived before us  
saw more. Felt more,  
thought less, and died in blazes.

We have just glisten left  
morning on the words  
after all our sad dreams.

23 September 2008

= = = = =

Marry us again in dream.  
Packages trying to tumble  
from my arms so I set them down  
careful on a little table  
packages of food. Each one  
is an accusation. In this bad  
restaurant though the old  
owners were courteous,  
the prices cheap. You couldn't wait  
for what I ordered, had gathered  
with some strange small pain  
for us to eat. I was petulant,  
you got angry, displayed  
your own food, speckled meat  
inside a sandwich. Oh.  
And then you were weeping  
inside a smile, your hand  
pointing to an image  
on the bright pictorial wrapper  
of our food, a bird maybe  
or a curl of blue that looked  
enough like one and I was crying too.

(dream)  
23 September 2008

= = = = =

Deathsong so lovely  
wakes me who

shall be my sleep  
when the leaf

takes it into its head  
to fall and I

into mine to go  
with it where

such things go?

(listening to *Im Abendrot*)  
23 September 2008

= = = = =

Blank screen. The devil  
is the gap  
between god and god.

Where I am waiting  
for my turn.

Luck  
is someone else.

With luck I might miss.  
Stumble into brightness.

23 September 2008

= = = = =

Wonderment  
of getting this far  
of being here  
no lilacs, a bronze  
oak leaf and a fox  
discerned  
on yesterwalk by you  
brink of the high  
meadow in the autumn  
gate –

you brought me  
here, safe among  
the trees of all my years.

24 September 2008  
*for C, on my birthday*

= = = = =

Random, like a walk  
disorganized through Paris  
books fall off the table  
somebody dares to read  
what that one page says  
flops open.

The crowd  
disheveled sidewalks  
folksy too close together  
in the Marais but you  
resist ethnic marketing  
targeting, knowing only  
too well the price of  
such music, later  
when the windows break.

Celebrate nothing you're not  
prepared to lose.

24 September 2008

= = = = =

There goes the morning  
bright-whiskered into gloom  
rainy afternoon  
like any history book

our first mistake. To think  
that history has a shape  
is like a little old man  
recalling his first kiss.

24 September 2008

= = = = =

A bird I didn't recognize  
was eating from your plate.

We stood around the way  
we stand around in dream.

The bird, then another.  
stood on the rim

with long thin beaks  
picking from a creamy mix

dark little things—  
capers? peppercorns?

no need to get all  
metaphysical yet,

it is not even clear  
that death's at issue here.

25 September 2008

## ANTLERS

*How come the partial weed  
in every angle favors?*

Locust tree bark  
back by the garage  
shows where deer rub  
velvet from their antlers,  
bark broken, blood-soaked,  
brown. This is where  
they do. So this  
is where they grow. We  
are just witnesses, witnesses.  
Immense processes elude  
our sense of meaning. This  
also is what, or all, we know.

25 September 2008

## EVE

And a blue branch  
broke off the sky  
and fell. Eve  
picked it up  
and breathed on it  
new human breath  
along with what was left  
of God's old breath  
in her. The branch  
quivered in her hand,  
spoke. This  
was the first thing  
ever said. She  
listens in me still.

25 September 2008

= = = = =

Could her beginning be here?  
Alternating current sun in Libra,  
Meeting for coffee, girl in trenchcoat  
carrying book – look for.

The message doesn't say what book.  
Under the left arm Proust. In the right  
hand a small umbrella, handle  
shape of a duck's head. Beak.

But it was not raining, the cloth  
was dry and red, study carefully  
the symbolism of your situation.  
Wander disconsolate back and forth.

A slice of lemon in each glass.  
But where is the moon? And why  
wasn't it raining? Who slices  
all the lemons? Lick your fingers.

25 September 2008

## HEMEROCALLIS

What am I thinking,  
ever-blooming  
daylily,  
          ever, even autumn, only  
one at time though

the way days come,

a day a singularity  
drawing all our pasts  
into itself, the mood of now  
irresistible, overwhelming history,

however sunbright, the dark day.

Comes yellow, single trumpet  
lifted from the little plant  
just set down this year

what could it answer, be bothered to,  
an arrow by day

and what happens to it in the night?  
And what happens to the night?

25 September 2008

## **PAS DE DIEUX**

God's nimble footstep  
annihilating itself

God passes through the world  
dances here  
dances with us

leaves  
no trace of his passage  
outside of us.

25 September 2008

= = = = =

Quiet till not know.

Then the shape  
shows a little

not a shimmer more a feel  
of what is to come.

Then not know.  
The only peace is witnessing.

26 September 2008

= = = = =

And if that were all  
it made him say

would his ever-after silence be  
adequate agency?

26 September 2008