

8-2007

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## SOMERSET

Where they still  
shimmer round you  
when twilight falters  
and something else that isn't night  
shows through,  
                        comes through,  
                a country of dark air  
in which they move  
on their secret ancient ordinary businesses  
but for this one hour let you see.

In Somerset you see.  
They come in  
and become part of you,  
not just a souvenir of a place or  
something seen  
                        but a way of seeing  
ripe in you now,  
                        earth's ancient guarantee.

5 August 2007

THE DEATH OF LENSKY

*Смерть Ленского*

Not Olga. Not the snow  
in which he stood  
waiting to be killed. The duel

itself. The usual. The society.  
The way that all things go.  
It is easier

to die than live. Something  
about honor. Something about love.

The sounds of words  
linger in the poet's mind,

even the bullet in his heart says something,  
what language is it speaking?

But he gets the sense of it  
at last and falls.

5 August 2007

## TRÜBER TAG

To see the sky again  
grey close  
as if come calling  
after all those  
days out in the blue

now here she is  
close close her skin  
I understand at last  
the earth's her  
lap I bask.

6 August 2007

AD

Something here for everyone  
it is a book  
of poetry that is to say  
a book of beginnings  
only, all the sketchy elsewheres  
suddenly here.  
But nothing else.  
Now what to do?

6 August 2007

## PECCATOR

Don't you know that I am he,  
the one who did the sins  
you're so fond of reading,

I am the one, and everything I say  
is a lie to myself  
I have to test for true  
to explain me to myself,  
to console.

That's what language  
does, gives  
a shimmer of deception  
to keep me from seeing clearly  
all my stupidities and crimes,

crimes for which punishment itself  
is only one more gimcrack consolation.

When I lie in my bed alone in the dark  
sometimes that's the closest  
to truth I come. Then sleep  
arrives, the ancient sickness  
that is our deepest consolation.  
Healing is forgetting. Awake,  
health is freedom to do wrong again.

7 August 2007

= = = = =

Everything I do is wrong.  
And even that's a consolation,  
comforting generalization,  
a little snatch of graveyard song.

7 July 2007

= = = = =

Time to catch up with myself  
another. Voices and fences.  
Making the doll talk.

The way you press its belly  
and the frog says urk.

No pond, no tree. Something  
in the ear itself  
reaches out—

they never tell you about that  
in school till it's too late.  
It reached. You listened.

7 August 2007



## TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT

You're stuck forever  
with what you've heard.  
A word.

7 VIII 07

= = = = =

Karma hurtling now.  
I can't say bad  
even about a single blade of grass.  
Everything holy, and holy it seems,  
and the true light lands on it.  
And only I am wrong.  
And why am I not holy too?  
Or am, but only in my silence.  
I make too much noise  
in the endless corridors. I speak.

7 August 2007

= = = = =

hat under eye  
under machine  
screen under light

speech say me  
look up and say me  
here for you am.

7 August 2007  
Red Hook

## CITY

A city sounds right  
but never meant.  
Just said.

A joy,  
a construction site.

Roadwork a place  
over which to else.

7 August 2007  
Red Hook

= = = = =

If I were wise  
or foreign  
or could invest  
to decide

The ones who died  
were a tree,  
the leaf  
anonymous.

It is like something—  
south? Street  
in a suburb where  
they still know how to die?

7 August 2007

= = = = =

Death and girls  
what else is there to talk about  
limits of the craft

the sledge of art  
drags Czar Peter through the snow  
to found a new city

beyond the actual.

[outtake from *Fire Exit*]  
(7 VII 07)

= = = = =

Sweat it out  
no sense  
make make

sense make no  
make touch no take  
out sweat not think

bitterman easy  
clothwit August snow  
eating meatstew

under mountains  
sense no tell  
waiting for the midnight stationmaster.

[outtake from *Fire Exit*]  
(7 VII 07)

= = = = =

Come back after all the dying,  
be Coleridge walking around Devon  
be a word in anybody's mouth, be the sea.

[outtake from *Fire Exit*]  
(7 VII 07)



= = = = =

A wind comes out of sunrise  
to create something  
is to take the place of something else

room for every word  
but tell song begone  
let sense stay

no guitars in foreign gardens  
no flowers but the ones she holds  
firmly on her way to the vase

Outside the window two men discuss  
the various courses of brickwork laid  
using their hands to describe

because this house is made of wood.

[outtake from *Fire Exit*]  
(7 VII 07)

= = = = =

It is sunrise all day long  
and a wind coming out of it  
is what never stops talking

it is the beginning still beginning,  
the heart is something  
that still has to be done.

7 August 2007  
(from *Fire Exit* notations)

## ÉTUDES SPAGYRIQUES

1.

Lay the burden  
down. A dog  
will come.

2.

A day will come  
when every preposition  
will be obsolete,

when everything at all  
stays just where it is.  
And you do too.

3.

The solvent of distances  
froths in athanor.  
There are no more places.

Crystals pick up vibrations,  
messages from nowhere.

4.

Staring long hours  
at the living face  
of liquid mercury  
the operator sees  
accurate visions  
and familiar words  
in an alphabet  
he almost knows.  
Little by little  
he is poisoned,  
killed by what he reads.

5.

A pheasant walking in corn fields  
prepares him.  
He recalls what he has read  
and it's all unsatisfactory.

It does not account.  
It does not add up to what he feels.  
A bird walking.  
A woman he wants to know.  
The sheer resistance.  
The resistance.

6.  
The character  
sealed in skin.  
The nerve of things.

8 August 2007

## GOIN EAST, MISTER?

*after Harry Partch's US Highball*

When a man turns  
his back to the evening sun  
where else is he to go?

He pretends to his wife and children  
that he's going to meet  
the new sun rising

tomorrow, out of Colorado,  
Kansas, Chicago, Cleveland,  
the new sun, the new chance.

The opportunity.  
But it is always the same sun  
the one that slips past us.

And where will he go then  
when the east is done?

8 August 2007

## ARIOSO

A high sweet voice lifted  
every field's a graveyard and  
a battered Kelvinator  
on its back, its door ripped off,  
full of green water.  
Mosquitoes. Their voices  
not half so sweet. A man  
proposing to sleep in the field,  
the stars above him  
going off like bells.

8 August 2007

= = = = =

Or let a word overwrite another  
of course the palimpsest  
of course the autumn breeze  
in August already—  
the first day when time shows

through the vines of letters worked together  
an unborn word shows through.

9 August 2007

= = = = =

Experiment.

Bare brush.

Ink on the loose.

Meaning

prowling in the undergrowth.

9 VIII 07



= = = = =

*answerberries* it sounds  
like who could know  
the green road across  
what you were thinking

with scissors the way  
or boiling, the precision  
of a surveyor needed  
in the woman's lap

be honest be Aeschylus  
there is always someone  
cooking there is always  
water we know that

it is here before us isn't it.

9 August 2007