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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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IN SICKNESS

My hand moving through space
encounters an invisible book.
Solid, feels just like a book, a thick
octavo, feels serious. I can't see it
but I open it anyhow, leaf
through the pages like a kid
with his flip-book. Strange, all
the words are there, moving fast
in the dark, can't see, but hear them.
I hear what it says. Memo to self:
try this trick with books you can see.
Leaf through the words and listen.

14 August 2007

= = = = =

Your quiet skin.
It had a knowledge

it had me and let me
and there was nothing

said, what is there
to say, the quiet fact

of being so long
in the world

an hour forever.

14 August 2007

= = = = =

Trying, a rock.
Something you can pick up,
hold.

Should I call it a stone?
A name weighs heavy in my hand.
The choice. The choosing.

15 August 2007

ASSUMPTION DAY

assumpta est Maria

What we say
is taken up
into heaven in
the form of a woman

and is known there
and she speaks
our doubts with tenderness
and our certainties with a smile

and heaven listens
heaven always listens
and she asks
how she can help us

and they say You
have done enough
already you have said
their words

and your own.

15 August 2007

IN SICKNESS, 2

Maybe this is enough poetry
the beauty of the beautiful blue ink.

15 August 2007

= = = = =

The calendar falls through my fingers
the Peacock Angel
picks up my pieces

the madness cannot end now—
these people have sinner against life
and we live in the shadow.

After the Holocaust nothing happens.

I don't have the logic straight,
there is one, the murder century
goes on. We put some faith
in Mexican prophecy,
 end soon, end soon,
 we have stained the world

I can't think it through.
I don't know enough to make sense.
There is a shape to it though, I feel it,
something just out of reach, something familiar
that makes all these atrocities the same—

the huge obvious everybody overlooks,
hung up on micro-explanations,
sound bite analogies.

 The big thing
stands there. Kill for identity.
It pleases somebody
 who is trying to be me.

16 August 2007

SICKNESS, 3

I lost my week.
My gold ring.

Ah yes, the farrier
comes horseless
to his skills.

How. A sort
of sickness after all.
To be no better.

+

Then the dreams stopped.
Nothing happened in the night.
The dog did not bark
because there was no dog.
The owl did not call
though there were plenty of owls,
it was that kind of forest
I lived in but no dreams.

Stopped cold. Nothing
to remember or interpret.
Nothing to tell
of what the night had done.

Skilled physicians
conned my sleeping face
and saw no tell-tale
they take as evidence
that dream is dreaming.
No dream at all. Tabula
rasa mornings. Inky
lights out at night.

+

How can I live without those stories
for which my waking life is just parentheses?

+

Ink washes off paper
does not wash off my fingers.
Words gone. Evidence
of a crime remains.
A vain inscription.

16 August 2007

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WITHIN
LIFE'S
LINING
WE
FLEA

dreamt so,
17 August 2007

= = = = =

Could I be raindrop or common crow?
Am I who go
the same as stay?
The red tree that roves through flesh
and wines the mind, this highway.

A failed mark.
World currency, molecular, the cell.
The Blue Nile flows down from the moon—
that is why no one ever comes home.

17 April 2007

= = = = =

Some time to wait in
like a mezzanine or
unfallen bridge

but the river is broken
but the lights
floating take me

take me.

17 August 2007

OR IT COULD BE SOMETHING ELSE

a songbird on barbed wire
a Catholic hiding in a graveyard

who knows how weird
things really are,

who can tell the actual
bloodlines of the nearest tree?

17 August 2007

= = = = =

One great solemn quick explosion
still proliferating of
which anything I know is fragment
only not whole. Never anything whole.

Except the experiencing of it:
meaning, the slightest thing you take note of
becomes a unitary thing, a plenary
session of your supreme attention.

You make it whole by holding it.

17 August 2007

= = = = =

A light in the woods
a while
~~I know it's there~~
~~a certainty~~
~~know~~ it's not someone
it is itself
~~a sliver of light~~
a light in the woods
and then it's gone.

17 August 2007

= = = = =

caught something there
a key a pencil
smooth stone for a pocket

things are memories of some
other sort of existence

a thing is a shadow of

17 August 2007

= = = = =

Every fox is sure
of its red feet.
Nothing else. Every
forest counts its trees.

17 VIII 07

CONCERT

The young and the old
are both indifferent
to how they smell.
And how they smell.

17 VIII 07

STELE

first column:

A failed mask.
I thought I was.

Keep it short.
I was.

Shorter then and smaller
sand. The feel
of sun was good then.

Then was such a country
or still is.
No one smart enough
to be a citizen.

second column:

Everyone was pharaoh then,
that's what it meant.
Schoolboy's scuffing through brick dust,
the moon tsk-ing at their red toes.

Oh fuck you Egypt
I have lived too long.

18 August 2007

= = = = =

Something has to change
the phone is ringing.
Something has to stay the same.
Don't answer it,
your anxiety is message enough.

18 August 2007

= = = = =

Write these young words down.

There is a man
with a hat on his head.

But no hat. There is a man
he wears a penny on his head,

a big one, the kind I barely remember,
with the old queen on it,

a queen on his head and warm brown
of old copper.

This is the truth of matter,
the world *is* gay.

i.e.,

every version is a perversion
of just sitting still.

18 August 2007

= = = = =

Or as if a coelacanth
detected living
ages down in southern waters
after so many surmises—

yes, but what is that likeness
to be likened to?

it stands alone: no,
 it is an idea,
 a fossil of some words.

18 August 2007