

8-2007

## augD2007

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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

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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

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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