

7-2006

## juID2006

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Super ego ague  
that wool again  
over eyes already hot  
with self-deceiving

who let the weather in  
or the purple flowers on the hosta so  
shrivel as they wake

My shoes are wet  
This is a car.

18 July 2006

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Go to bed  
the leaf says  
I am another  
says the other

no end to wisdom  
and no waiting  
everything ever  
is right here.

18 July 2006

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The men walk in  
the women linger in the stoa

their turn to turn  
silence against itself

look, a new weather!  
A dove flies out of the sea.

18 July 2006

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So much listening  
makes the skin pale.  
Remember Vienna,  
the way the morning  
fell through the window  
and the stone heard.

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A snick of sound  
small iron big gate  
wood squeak squeal  
of swing open  
footsteps who  
to my opaque door?

18 July 2006

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File this among anxieties  
things the heart's trying to forget

easy answers like flowers  
true for a day or two and then

if I read my Gnostics right  
anxiety made the world

taught it language taught it to kill.

18 July 2006

## AQUA PURA

Who would tow my boat?  
Would wave. No  
rain but the hear  
had broken. The stream  
across the road told  
jokes on its way to work.

But the falls were empty  
no mills no wheels  
just water. We mean to do,  
all of us, just do. Doing  
is the surest cure for being.

19 July 2006



## DANTE KNEW

What if one day you could not feel.  
You could sense pressure, heat, cold,  
pointed, rough or smooth  
on your skin all right  
but the feeling didn't feel.  
It meant nothing, no more in you  
meaning than the tree across the lawn.  
Your skin outside you,  
really outside. Your skin a stranger.  
What is the loud world you move in  
suddenly stopped saying a word?

19 July 2006

## WAYS OF BEING INVISIBLE

Leaf in woods.  
Standing behind the eye.

Blink the room  
as if the walls were an eye.

Embed yourself in shadow,  
wake.

19 July 2006

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from *this one body*  
*many bodies* come

clouds  
piled up on clouds all the way up the sky  
like Arizona, like a man  
standing alone above the earth

and all his bodies rise to him

19 July 2006

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meet me there  
at the top of the stairs

the Divine Absurdity

here begins,  
meat for our age  
to eat with that special  
narcissistic anxiety that spices all our food  
*is it good for me, does it make me young and thin?*

what did Durante eat for lunch – lupini, olio, formaggio,  
a glass of watered wine?  
And *pane*, where would we be without pain?

19 July 2006

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I am inside you now  
follow me down  
into the heart  
where we can embrace  
and vanish into  
whatever happens

19 July 2006

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we all are creators  
we all take part  
in it, every turn of mind  
to act or act to thought  
pours into the mind  
that makes the whole

19 July 2006

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A brick coming slowly through the air—  
that's History. A dream  
half-remembered at waking,  
a knock on the door.

20 July 2006

## VERITÀ

Truth leads us to a gulley  
where forest ends and desert begins.  
We stare into the arroyo  
and think Oh it was that kind of truth,  
we want a different kind.  
At that moment our shadows  
hide from us, ashamed.

20 July 2006



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Something, thought maybe,  
faster than light. You're in  
the woods at night.  
All at once you know  
to look over there, and there  
a moment later a light  
appears, far off beyond the trees.  
This happens. I'm sure  
it has happened to you.  
How long is that *moment*  
before the light went on?  
What else happens inside  
that no-time? And why  
are you waiting even now?

20 July 2006

## SPAGYRICA

(1)

At a certain moment  
at that *one*  
everything green turns blue

then it is to be culled  
with the thumbnail tip  
of an expert virgin

or does it say experienced?  
It is the color we're a<sup>1</sup>er,  
rub it on pure white linen

her <sup>3</sup>hawl or apron  
then di<sup>3</sup>card the leaf or stem.  
Only the color matters.

(2)

Take the color and refine -  
this fire takes no fire  
and no heat you can feel.

Keep bringing the color to it<sup>3</sup>elf  
u<sup>3</sup>ing the pure<sup>¼</sup> water  
from dew-cherishing flowers or

that <sup>¼</sup>ream below your meadow  
or from her lips for that matter  
we are <sup>3</sup>eeking is omniform,

lucid, lucent, liberal  
and water has a color of its own.  
Beat color gently with the wing of time and <sup>3</sup>ee.

20 July 2006

### Spagyrica (3)

Question the alternatives readily,  
³peech. There are better ways to ¥ow.

Spell the ¥ower into the dark  
then read its ardent letters glowing

þraight overhead, where the þars  
conjugate univer³al a|e¼ions  
into pureþ bal³amique ¥ux.

You have found ³omething better than Language—  
You have found the þone.

20 July 2006

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Leave tracks behind  
when I leave the human world  
so you can follow me.

20 July 2006