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## GRAMMAR LESSON (2)

*Ne* does not mean no  
means *born* among us  
or be *inside*. Only *no*  
means no, famously,  
a cool clean bassoon  
amidst all the tragedy of yes.

16 August 2006

= = = = =

Sometimes a word is enough  
tell me when or once teacher  
upon a time short ago

you held a book in one hand  
and your private parts in the other  
how can they be private when

they belong to everyone on earth  
everyone but me?

16 August 2006

## A BAD DAY FOR SYMMETRY

Listen to the trees  
the absolution  
they seem to hum,

is it wind or just wood,  
a dumb combination  
that consoles just the same

like a flame? Things  
do their job. Not even you  
are far enough away to see.

16 August 2006

= = = = =

When it's hot  
you can't tell what it's really like

like coffee in a paper cup  
by the time it's cool enough to taste it's gone.

16 August 2006

## FLOWERS

How do flowers come to mean  
what we think they mean?

Were we ever really listening  
or did some one of us stand  
out of the crowd or town or caravan

and pay some sort of dumb attention,  
the only kind that hears?

Or was there no love before the rose  
came here from Persia  
with all those golden bees around it

speculating all day long about its powers?

16 August 2006

= = = = =

*Tu me manques.*  
Always blame it  
on the other.  
That's what the other's for.

16 VIII 06

= = = = =

Suddenly grow addicted to the irreplaceable,  
snowdrops in August

I'm speaking discreetly—  
so many mountains I've had to give up.

16 VIII 06



= = = = =

How wordless it is inside me until I have to speak. People sometimes call me eloquent. Perhaps it's because the words rise fresh from a sensuous silence in me. It's only now, late in life, that I grow conscious of this, and even now not yet fully so. This morning I realized that words only arise in mind when I imagine myself talking to someone, responding, or planning an interview. So the words only run current in Eros and Polemos with the image'd other. Desire and strife, complaints, demands, desires shout out in mind, and their banality obtrudes upon my usual silence. Thank Wisdom, it is mostly silent.

17 August 2006

## SCORDATURA

The deliberate mistuning  
of a perfect world  
so humans can live in it –

the mistuning of perfect beings  
so they can live in this fallen world –  
the two paths of Gnostic explanation

lead me out of the book late at night  
to a new freshly blacktopped path  
up a hill I never knew

I stand at the top and know nothing but space.

17 August 2006

## PATIENCE

To move a queen  
to get to a two hey  
this is not my  
kind of liturgy

the night is clear  
the maples full  
I wonder where  
you're thinking now

the policies of of  
are devious but true  
connection links us  
so that I am you

half the time and you me  
half the other a sliding  
scale a logarithm  
of progressive grief

until we meet touch  
hold fold the ridiculous  
emblems of our discourse  
and start to talk.

18 August 2006

= = = = =

Skin in the night dreams  
swell so morning comes  
thicker than ever  
the way music obliterates  
the words it passes through

but then they're born again  
phoenix in musica  
ardescens ascends

stripping off the old sounds and knowing  
meaning in silence.

18 August 2006

= = = = =

What will it be today?

It will be today. A baker  
with a peel of loaves  
new minted, somewhere else  
somewhere else.

18 VIII 06

## WAITING AT THE GATE

A gate is about waiting  
for and to and for the sake of from  
aways and along time still

I saw two columns slim and tall  
so sought between them what I need  
and one said I am the very gate itself

but I couldn't tell which one  
so went between, and only so might I  
or any come through one thing

and into the heart of another  
midday in the broken garden.

19 August 2006

= = = = =

The thing to travel with  
but do not go

beyond the center  
there is the middle

and in the core of the middle  
an eye looks at me

wherever I move  
whenever I sit still

and only sometimes looks away  
when I am no one in the middle of the morning.

19 August 2006

= = = = =

My experiences  
tell me  
be quiet  
about them

you do not need  
the blueprint of  
what happened me  
you need

only what they  
made me make  
of it ever  
for you alone.

19 August 2006



= = = = =

These little testaments these happenstances  
lurid afterglow of sixteen marriages  
a girl in every hedge the beckoning  
secret highways of the mile beneath our meanings  
take me just as far as Königsberg  
with all her bridges don't expect to be believed  
truth turns out to be non-cognition after all  
more like Botticelli or a suntan than  
the miracles of systematic prose that  
other kind of water I drink nights  
from the foolish faucet something very wise.

19 August 2006

= = = = =

Have I said it yet  
the thing you mean

there is a picture of it on the wall  
livid robe around a flaming heart

and your face so patient  
ensorcelling me or anyone who looks

with physical eyes on such esprit  
because that is what we mean by being here

and why the quest for money is so wrong  
though money of itself is beautiful and sweet

full of swift exchanges  
just as truth is beautiful and good

but those who quest for it become  
systematic desperadoes of the mind

and have no time to taste what they amass.  
Ergo: receive everything and let everything go.

Grief comes from grasp. Doesn't matter  
if I believe this or not, it's true,

it said it was true and it tastes like real bread.

19 August 2006

## Political Poem

I don't know anything about the government.  
And you're dumber than I think you are if you think you do.

19 VIII 06

## ANXIETY

What is anxiety? When the future pretends to be present, the mind can't hold the actual present firm. The unreal other keeps shimmering through.

The future, what is the future? The future is like a dismal garage band you hear practicing from far off when you thought you were walking in the quiet woods.

And all the happiness in this little head of the dwarf between your eyes,

the divine Dwarf  
who's actually bigger than you are.

Ah, you think. Maybe not a dwarf, maybe a Child! Help him grow.

Only *Now* can feed this babe.  
The past is poison and the future is a rabid dog.

20 August 2006

## UNREADING THE CARDS

I want to look  
pretty pictures  
and forget.

20 VIII 06

= = = = =

And there was a picture of her doing it  
by the French doors the piano spreadeagled loud  
and one more evening slumped across the windowsill

and she kept doing it. Prima la musica  
duopo la poesia, I learn slowly but I learn.  
Picture her doing it. You see her as the window.

Now she has brought all the light into the room  
and is busy weaving with it something we can hear.

20 August 2006