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Let alone this
today why
is this one day
called two

the lies
are everywhere
they help us
breathe the bonny

noosphere the
mind we call
nous calls us
and so many ways

to pronounce ourselves
all of them
sounding like news
like nows.

21 August 2006

= = = = =

The clouds on their way
remind me to be gone.
Above them the blue
permission to be here.

21 VIII 06

= = = = =

Take it easy
sluggo it's
your day off

a counterpoint
a cat.

Be a song for Christ's sake
or an eel or easy

just be.

21 VIII 06

= = = = =

Saffron satisfied.
A large box enclosing air.
More mystery than anything—
put the space where you think

it belongs. Be wrong.
This is my gift to you
as you lie in bed thinking as you please.
There is more to morning than just a deal of light.

22 August 2006

= = = = =

What could the answer have been
if the question stuck in her throat
she never asked it the sun
went in and out of clouds the night fell
he sat beside her quiet as air

and she could say anything said nothing
the bells of old churches rang out
over industrial canals glee clubs
practiced on the water steps and she
faltered in the heat of the question—

she felt it but wouldn't even think it
let alone letting it out of her lonesome mouth.

22 August 2006

EINE NACHT IN VENEDIG

I'd better learn to swim
one of these languages fast
somebody soon's
going to say something to me
and then and here I broke
my English to talk to her,
took the metro to be near her
u-bahn subway trolley
under Twin Peaks I know you
now, you are silence herself,
you can't speak Italian
any better than I can swim.

22 August 2006

THE DIAMOND

Finding names giving ease
to be to be the hand
in your pocket the grain
you scatter I catch it
in the wind every one
on the tip of my tongue

and so we entered a material world
sage from the earlaps of the Stoics
we could attend the luscious dismal song

that binds us
to what is heard.

Entering matter world you come to the
torsion spot where Activa and Passiva
ceaselessly strive to describe and
prescribe. Before that all verbs were
in the transcendental mood, now just
transitive and intransitive. 'Be' lost
its transitivity, 'do' lost its intransitive.
Verbs that once lived serene
without subjects without objects
on the green coasts of Donegal now
clamor for agents and ergatives,
victims and goals,

brother, and this
is only the first parasang out of Geneden
and already we're sunk, up to our houghs
in doing and doing and being done

o give
ease
give ease
and then a sparrow glided on sweet noise
past my reluctant ear

brother, can you hear with me?
that's all I ask

that you can come to hear what I hear,

as if we both had skin
and the same skin
and were or were in the same beast

animal is a verb
ease is a verb.

I lost my brother on the way to school
later his face looked at me from the window
it was a jeweler's shop
I saw him only for a moment
because a woman was studying the goods
bent to adore a diamond
to whom I went

his face was gone
then I was in America

a mile on the other side of decide.

That year they had
killed the king
they had changed the flag

took the white away
 -- we're not cowards
took the red away
 -- no blood shed in our wars
took the blue away
 -- we're never sad

take the cloth away
 so we can see your face

body body body
that fails me
standing in the sky
but not on earth

that year they took the roads away

and the waters curled and eddied
cleared and stilled

that year nothing moved
and all that she saw in the diamond then
I saw in her

all the changes and his face was gone.

23 August 2006

SOLITARY WOMAN JOGGING

down the road every day I see
what is she running away from
what am I running from
that I am out there on the road
seeing her and saying this?
Every word is an escape.

I am running from
everything
I know

running towards forgetting
I hurry
towards what rushes to meet me

o where is the lost world of the future
when what we didn't know
waited for us over Sir John's hill?

24 August 2006

= = = = =

But things are ready
for the turn. But the brown
connection bakes
sunskin captive night
no room in the room.

24 VIII 06

STRING THEORY

suppose it a little
but the ribbon elastic
glittergold the word
snaked through silence
coughing out apples
into her hand

the slim mycelia renew
we are mere messages!
not mere glib not glib
gull over seashell
plain sun not plain

suppose a knot
a city suppose
anything you choose
and that precisely
is it is you is it.

25 August 2006

= = = = =

Twist Friday and squeeze out Saturday
squeeze tomorrow
soft summer weather
tomorrow's rain
wets my skin now.

25 VIII 06

WORD

It is silent in my head
or at least the noise in there is not word

When words begin
it is mostly complaining

Words are complaints
that things should be other than they are

Praying too is mostly complaining

Language is complaint

If something really is you don't have to say it's so
or ask it to be what it is already.

25 August 2006

It would be better to forget

then the work is No
and the hummingbird
veers near the hive—

people eat each other
and it is a kind of sugar

because the close knows
the far guards

Warder wardress
battlement
over your knees
mohair throw
color of evening

Mohave, Lake
Mono, salt
green, third
oldest lake in the world,
only you and I are older.

25 August 2006

= = = = =

I am where I ever was
or you a spinner
round me I thought
till I was trap and you were go
and now you only are
I shell.

26 VIII 06

= = = = =

Fly flew, still
take. I knew
for me the sky
was upside down

Pyramid shows
how you look to my
interminable eye.

26 August 2006

= = = = =

I don't work here
I just wear clothes

26 VIII 06

= = = = =

Don't look at me
as if I were me,

I don't like that look
as if we both really knew

the score and the game is lost.

26 VIII 06

ASSASSIN

Sparafucile in the opera leaves
on a long low note sustained
as he glides out the door
saying his own name. Scary.
And the purest of all songs.

26 August 2006

= = = = =

Purity is treacherous.
Venom is a condensation

of the personality.
The distillation

of identity.
All saliva is poisonous

alien proteins bla bla bla.
Fanged creatures make a point of it.

26 August 2006