

9-2005

sepA2005

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "sepA2005" (2005). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 811.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/811

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

ÉTAT

Dark forget
the not is too
remembering

a state is a gun
held to your brow
sky hard arrival

pray
give your lips to do
when is no kiss

1 September 2005

IDEAS

The older the anarch
matures comes
to doubt the out

Only in simpering closets
ever some hush of truth.
We are our clothes.

All those odd slippery
silks too can be put
off we think we thought.

1 September 2005

= = = = =

Walking into it
like an amazing thing
a heart flicked open
by just a glance
like all the seedy
romance in your father's
barber's, a girl
on the wall showing
more than you ever knew
there was to give
and I was you
and swooned with wanting
wanting to merge
deep in that image
to explode there
until I made the wall talk
the door fly open
the woman cry
something happen to the night
and it was dawn.

1 September 2005

= = = = =

The hum of reeds : say wind
the shovel of fire
heaps air high
all this around you : you don't know
all this chemistry

they call it science it is a song
heard best by them who know it least
like a young man seeing
a strange girl on the overpass
at sunset wind in her clothes.

2 September 2005

EMIGRÉS

We are at least where
they thought it was happening

Wise as they were they knew no better
and here we are, Blue Bullseye

the target planet testing ground
for the Big Sin. To touch your skin.

2 September 2005

Earth is not an element

What is it then
fire's mother air's enemy
water's sister

There are no men left in the world

only relation
the male motive
subsides in mere geometry, no solids,

only numbers.

The edge of the edge. Angle
of the angle. Earth
is the Buddha's eye
that sees and sees.

2.

And where did they all come from
all these weird dancers

Bismuth, Copper, fugitive Lawrencium,

refugees from simple three,
three's enough, always, three

you can't even think of anything
that doesn't come in threes

not even me,
quiet as earth

quiet earth listening to me.

2 September 2005

THE END OF SOMETHING

Whenever the hammer happens
spent pigeons homing to Hades
the unseen obvious a little blood
trickles down her back the small
open by force the hidden avenue
exact the sphinx's message never
a question always an answer now
enter your favorite colors just
after sunset power failure go
the key is palpable the music will
never be released from the organ
that sad penitentiary of sound
an oak tree is its opposite o you
among Dodona's fallen leaves
explain my final meaning every
answer is a sly relief a counterpoint
of acorns pelting down or apples
roll down her spine don't ask don't
ever ask is Eve the Elmess
no fruit but polymer all Greek

and no gristle like me like me
says the bird on the windowsill
how sensible her skin is a word
will leave a bruise an echo
the faltering desert sinks beneath
the baffled tread of stoned Israelis
looking for a star by flashlight
sunk in the palanquin a sad old bonze
reading a dead man's palm (history)
or licking dust from the sidewalk
to see if it's daylight yet and what
language women speak here (science)
or talking in his sleep while other
sleepers listen (poetry) never a
technique that actually avails
the hawk knocks a pigeon from the sky
and angry moralists make a feast of why
after history there is no state but only
the rule of force again as was before
we slept since history is an interlude between
frightened people with no story at all
don't leave it at that go love a sailor
an amateur necrologist a priestess

learn a new leaf or spill a caravan
over the prairie weather is the only matter
it is a dead land worn out by self-doubt
they die in desire and come back as wind
strategos means general makes dead men rise
and fight again this planet is one long blue war
and this war loves you what can a hand do
or lick the blood that trickles down her back?

3 September 2005

= = = = =

let it live in a tray
let it wait the season
when wheat speaks and then
let it sparrow, a lot
let it grieve less than grovel
because earth never hurts
let it wet

3 September 2005

SUNDAY CYCLIST

Not from anywhere
the Sunday cyclist
cries past my house
the bird woke me
unfamiliar now another
blackbird whistle or
who are you in trees?

Now the play is fitted
you and me and the stranger
passing on skinny wheels
shouting to his mate
something too early
and everything is evidence
and already we are sun

the curtain torn the broken dawn.

4 September 2005

= = = = =

What can they be meaning
worth the words to say so?

Ask this of Other. The spill
of will wets all our clothes

deluge of casual intentions
to swamp the trickle of

what you actually mean
Blake said to Jehovah

why my drawings show so
sleek bodies in the spirit world.

4 September 2005

= = = = =

Wanting to hear and have.

Wanting to have.

Listening to a friend's lyre

the winter finds me

or the sentence of the court is stilled—

live forever, quiet man.

4 September 2005

GOLD

Gold does not do what it's supposed
to do. It does what it is.
And that's why people love it so,
gold is a beautiful young girl
a little spoiled
but everyone's so happy when she's here.

4 September 2005

= = = = =

His poem ends when he runs out of things to say.

What kind of poem is that?

A poem should stand alone, on its own feet
and go on talking. Doesn't need him
or me, we're just handy to get things started.
I don't write, I prime the pump
and it does all the work.

4 September 2005

= = = = =

Mossy stepping stones
watch where they go
vanish around the corner of the house
the mystery of everything.

5 IX 05

= = = = =

Going on and going on
a metabolism
works the mind
the emigrants arrive
refugees from an idea

Deep in this land
for its long diseases
rise again from soil
where everything waits.

No wonder they called it sin,
this business of being.

5 September 2005

= = = = =

Or, to ask it just this once:

if life and death are both phases of Being

what is the condition of Not-Being?

Is there a Life phase there too?

Rounded by some other kind of death?

5 IX 05

(Biochauvinism)

We're all ungulates
aren't we in the sense of
having toenails?

Only horses though
stand on their fingertips.

5 IX 05

= = = = =

The things I thought I knew
are the flowers on my table.
Dead now but still colorful,
other-colored, yellowfade, silk
and fatal mauve. Life stories
read as a child. You have to live
each one in your fashion
and this living every image
all the way to its end
is called forgetting.

5 September 2005

OMPHALOS

or tell the truth
the little miracle
that breath can talk

and how we take in
our life is also how
we give something back

a word
happens to the body
in the body

a word is the only real
thing we have to give
all the way from

me to another –
makes me think sometimes
only a word is real.

5 September 2005