

9-2005

**sepC2005**

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## WAITING

Waiting for it  
is being there before  
it but are we?

Does the wit and,  
in white  
have a house

of her own  
now? Or  
rove

veering to left  
ever like a new  
thought

in nobody's mind?

9 September 2005

**(Craftwork)**

To break how the line thinks  
for itself to strew the mind  
in local habit, the saloons  
it hits on the way home or *poetry*,  
the savior knee-deep in what it saves.

9 September 2005

## **Tell me all you know about goodbye**

the doctor said. I am a sailor, here's my card,  
Merchant Mariner, full of farewells, deep voice,  
tattoos on my eyelids that spell your name—  
a clever trick I learned in Singapore, blue dots  
that every woman reads as her own name.  
Never mind my own eyes, hazel and hazardous  
ha ha my mother used to say. Yes, I had one.  
To be honest (that's a laugh), honest as I can  
my whole life I've been trying to say goodbye  
to everything. But women are the only ones who listen.

9 September 2005

(class exercise, my first line)

## **THERE**

To be further  
and you.

A pause  
in the middle  
is the middle.

Exactly.

The way a photo  
of a splitlevel ranch  
1973 shows  
one single fact  
a wordless unity

‘house’ won’t work  
or ‘time’ no closer  
or even ‘here’  
because it was then  
right now  
and there  
in the middle of itself.

To find you  
there, or there  
in the picture  
could be any time  
azaleas bloomed  
and who knows  
any better  
than to follow  
them in their doings  
so deep in time

or be a house  
to which the traveler  
hastens at nightfall  
trapped in his desire  
to be someplace  
special, you  
for instance, to take  
refuge from the night  
in you, for instance,  
as if any place  
were so different

from any other,  
as if everyone  
were not the same flower  
and these flowers  
were not common as the sky.

Who will cut me free  
from the web of time  
stuck to my desires  
I weave and weave?  
This isn't a psalm or sutra  
it is a house  
a little lifted  
from the level  
of the old street, straight,  
the ever traveler hurries  
as before, maybe  
in his anxiety  
this time rushing  
past the thing he means,  
thinking: this house  
it has no center  
no room for me

inside its flowers.

How wrong he is,  
this house is his  
own palace, core  
of the universe,  
angels mow the lawn  
and devils sweep  
the blacktop driveway  
to the built-in garage,  
everything he hastens  
towards is terribly here  
terribly waiting,  
everything and nothing  
the simple colors  
of the chemicals  
propose an ecstasy  
bending inwards,  
to live so long  
in the look of a place  
alone. To hurry in.

10 September 2005



## **BATTLEFIELD**

Paschal victim  
passing this dale  
bled white  
a long ago

this being nearby  
this quick  
to answer  
demand of stream

never in my  
years has this  
run dry a kind  
of earth dyslexia

putting the rain  
in the wrong place  
I would be proud  
to misunderstand.

11 September 2005

## **WORLD IN WATER DROP**

A diamond in Harry Winston's window  
pays compound interest on the ordinary light

a diamond is an animal of it  
or autistic, silences  
into radiance anything it takes in

and gives it back  
most generous stone.  
Splendens. Nitens.

All the Latin  
for taking light  
into your own hands.

It's a bargain, Harry.  
Like a bistro on the moon  
we watch from here,  
come money me.

11 September 2005

**OLSON**

his direct  
cut through rhetoric

a scar on silence

Nothing ever easy after.

11 IX 05

## THE DISTANCE

Return to dream  
be near the thing  
it came from bone  
no measure no  
gold chain ankle  
becoming anybody else  
in the subway look  
across the car the  
dear friend the dear  
friend is anybody else.

### Commentary:

That was the horror story. You are with your friend in a public place, train or street, some kind of busy easy going. And all at once your friend, your dearest perhaps friend, without being in any way changed, is not your friend. Not even anybody you know. A stranger, but without the strange.

Now you know your friend is somebody else. And when your friend is gone that way, your life is gone too. Maybe now you are no more yourself than your friend is your friend. A self might be

as fickle as a friend, or subject to the same sort of mysterious wind, blow away, blow away. You look at the fine gold links of the chain round your friend's ankle and know that this familiar, soft, meaty, foot beside you is as far away as anything on this earth could be. An irrevocable distance has happened. There are people standing in the aisle so you can't see your own face reflected – thank God, you don't have to see what face that might be, that once was, like the friend, your own. She is someone else now. You try to console yourself (your self? is that so sure?), thinking that maybe else is just as dear as she was, not so long ago.

12 September 2005

## MORALISCH

Answer all your mail  
or go to jail. Speak  
politely to the eagles overhead,  
pray they lead you  
soft to a quieter destiny.  
Ask, but don't tell.  
Chew, but don't swallow.  
Your body's out of balance—  
could a star up there be broken  
in the sky? *Ich bin geschwind  
als wie des Menschen Gedanken!*  
he cries, and his high voice  
tells you that he the Devil is,  
the Yetzer-Fellow, the quick to want—  
the hand of a child reaching out.

12 September 2005

= = = = =

Everything begins at the wrong time  
which is the right time  
on some other planet  
where the moon is a pearl  
hung moveless in the sky

but on this land of broken dikes  
of fallen towers of lying mouths  
there is no right time anymore  
no καιρος.

                    The harvest  
has come and gone.  
And left us here alone.  
We are stubble.

13 September 2005

= = = = =

I keep thinking of your word.  
Won't me myself think of you  
your mouth speaking the word.  
precise lips shaping the natural  
universal air to say the one thing  
you mean, the thing that may  
or not mean me, don't let me see.

Seeing waits  
on the wrong  
side of being

where tigers slither through the rain.  
We come to any place at all  
to meet Judgment there,

end of the world every living minute,  
the voice of the tiger.  
The judge's eyes so busy seeing  
they make no room for love—



I was waiting. I wanted  
to be the tiger. Autumn sunlight  
striped across the leaves,  
shadow on tawny tree-fall,  
my whole body pronouncing your word.

13 September 2005

## CAUGHT

The air itself

caught

as by a crucifix

held suspended

two lines, two meager

simple weightless crossing lines

to hang a god on.

It is the shape that kills.

Geometry

crucifies the man.

!

We suffer from the angular. Heaven

will have a different kind, a trans-

Euclidean condition

at the end of Paradise,

a Persian word for that garden  
where we began  
and can come back to  
since every word  
breaks the seal on the door.

13 September 2005

= = = = =

This thing you're about to do  
you've done before.  
And you're still where you are.  
Don't do it. This is Purgatory,  
every action that we plan  
or that we will  
has been proposed before,  
done, done already.  
Not to do again.  
When one fine day arrives  
when nothing at all is done  
you will be free. This is Purgatory.  
Not the afterlife, now. This planet  
just as it is, between hell and heaven  
poised. Come to the moment of doing  
and don't do. That is the way.

13 September 2005

## FEAST OF THE EXALTATION OF THE CROSS – THE FINDING OF CHRIST’S GTER-MA.

That things are buried in the earth  
words in the sky till  
we who need can find them

but so few are finders  
the headache of desire  
makes me blink at that bright spot

where something’s waiting  
in the why of soil  
I think only an eye that wants nothing

can see everything,  
can spot the *differences* aloft  
in cloudless sky

and draw them down to speak.

14 September 2005

## On the Day One-Serpent

Where things are.  
The butterfly  
spread. Last night  
we saw a little snake  
first on our road  
this whole summer  
and then two dragonflies  
in their mating  
dance on the wing  
flying together wildly  
like a small bat  
I thought at first  
but you knew better,  
snake-feeders they call them  
a thousand miles away.

14 September 2005