

9-2005

## sepG2005

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**Sky the color of milk**

hands so loved so missed  
move through the molecules  
that make me, make me  
kin to wood and stone,  
make sure each stone  
has my name on  
and it is written deep in me  
the way a child  
butts into the conversation  
of the whole world  
pronouncing carefully  
every tree, the stone  
you find for me  
gives me my real name.

25 September 2005

**Chirk. Squirrel**

scolds. Bowl  
of dry cereal  
relaxed in milk.

How am I different  
from any other  
morning man  
finally. Dry

leaves no rain.  
What do? Think  
water. Thinking  
like water.

Be a hand  
bringing things  
back. Certainties  
pursue you

can't escape from  
pines from rivers.  
Dry rivers.  
Dry rain.

25 September 2005

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**Knowledge** like a leaf or a bottle of milk  
it rained today darling and the woods smell of you  
it's been too long too busy forgetting  
a lantern or a submarine under pack ice  
or a steeple on a ruined chapel nobody  
believes in that god anymore a few  
blocks north the gods are healthy  
I bring them candles thinking of you  
*may get what wants!* I pray grunt  
grunt *may get what's good!* the candle  
flame flickers so I know you'll hear  
the gods hear too nothing speaks louder  
than a flame if not a flower but I have none.

25 September 2005

## GARNET

The glitter of it  
on top of the deep  
of it the color  
only in some lights  
a twist of finger  
shows a stone  
from underneath  
crystallized around  
a yearning for the sky.  
Red. The world  
in my hand.

25 September 2005

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**Nobody very sure.** The ink  
lasts until the end of the decree  
the candle dies at dawn.  
The ink still damp while the man falls.  
People sleep deep in what they've done.  
We wake before remembering. And then

26 September 2005

## SOMBROSO

I like the Eighth Book of the *Æneid* best  
somber upstream lyrical with beasts and leaves.  
Like discoursing of the Crucifixion on Christmas  
or trembling at the shudder of a car door  
slamming in the night. Who comes?  
Who even is here? The weather is a bird,  
it screams all the time, feathers scare me,  
symmetry, clear signs of purpose, something  
going somewhere. Where? I have spoken  
the inappropriate word in the inappropriate  
place and the great tower fell into its church.  
Beauvais. Next time build with paper,  
let the wind lift it, carry it to Rome, also  
a Saint Peter. Evening traffic in yellow light.  
Sign of the cross. A woman in vague peignoir  
from half-shuttered window studies the sky.  
Up here. The sky never laughs, Christ  
never laughed, there is no word in our language  
for Happiness Induced by Observing Clouds.  
She feels it though, and takes the feel inside.  
I have not yet come to earth, I am part indeed  
of what she wanted, but the wrong part.  
The airship drifts upriver where there are trees.

26 September 2005

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I always write sad Christmas cards she says,  
little shards of disquiet  
slipped into the glittering envelope.

*The sun stands still to read your heart with its knife  
or This babe is born to die for your blunders.*

It is the instant into which all time is wrapped,  
not just He but we are all incarnate now -

that kind of thing. A star with bleeding arms.  
A cruise ship ablaze with lights sails into a typhoon.

26 September 2005



## THEORY OF PROPHECY

I think that when we sometimes foretell the future and get it right, we are reading not the event in the outer world but our own *long body* that stretches through time before us and behind us, ever vaguer as it is distant -in either direction – from this imaginary point on the time line called now. We are reading our bodies. We are reading not the events to come, but our bodies' *reactions* to those events when we learn that they have happened. They are ours to read. We do not prophesy the outcomes of war and sport and love, we prophesy how those outcomes will make us feel, and from the feelings sensed, we extrapolate or infer the conditioning event.

Isn't this what intuition must be, the safe journey through our own rivers, our temporal and genetic extension through space and time? Our cells know when we are due to die - that knowledge is the nail that holds the whole time line taut. Life line. The line quivers far away, and we read now.

26 September 2005

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The current of joy bites pleasure  
is a runaway slave drunk on wildwoods  
among the elderberries is a panther  
leaping shadow across the crouching moon  
he woke to tell the painting how  
the artist always self-revealing in  
the lower right corner of the jungle  
always where the running must is a move  
into what does not move o to be  
brave the only running freeman  
among the wan oaks thrall no more.

27 September 2005

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Too many

to worry.

It is enough

to be evident.

Wait. Why

is everything

so short?

Where are the interminable boring afternoons of yesteryear

the three-day Sunday the lifeless neighborhood

the languor that made me?

The grey avenues of the Bronx I seldom walked?

When everything took a long time and there was mail?

27 September 2005

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Now everything keeps catching its breath  
like Picasso getting lost near the small tombstone  
of Baudelaire en famille or a shadow  
of a bird (this happens so often, so sad  
anytime you notice but you don't often notice)  
getting lost in the shadow of a building  
cast on another building, everything  
breathing each other's breath, living  
one another's shadow, dying one another's light,  
as Heraclitus surely meant to continue  
before the manuscript ran out of breath.

27 September 2005

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What can the hand hear?

We come and look

for what we need.

28 IX 05

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Voice of a marsh  
the virtual  
conference option  
allowed a gull  
(orderly; the serene  
clamor of many gulls)  
why do I think  
your body belongs to me  
wings to live in  
a cold world: a row  
of dominoes only  
the white dots fall  
from the tiles  
only the signs change  
the world is fixed.

*Peyra-hita, Pierre-fite, menhir:*

womanly stone up-  
standing from the meadow  
three thousand years.

To last as long as a stone  
be quiet as stone.

I love to talk.

28 September 2005

## AGONISH

sprawl of windowpanes  
purposes – first suck up all the sand  
derive pleasure from the vacancy

put sign in window gold star  
Joey's dead the barber shop big  
electric standing fan the biggest

room and board bow tie radio?  
Derive. Adrift across manspace  
a woman goes. A gleam.

Steam of breath obscures  
the object of the eyes.  
A word breaks the glass.

28 September 2005

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The fact of wind is another kind of water  
as earth is an ad for heaven  
tattered in the gutter and soaked through  
but still legible. God looks like this.  
And this. Her thighs are pale  
a trickle of blood down the horizon.

Pale. It is much about such matters  
for all of Piranesi's dusky spaces,  
his world carved out of shadow  
cages and stairways and caves  
and no way out. This also is the world  
advertising itself, claiming  
the last word on the truth of matter.

Luminosities. Glow in the dark  
crucifix on the child's wall, it could  
be any greenish man perishing of light.  
It could be him grown up, battles  
with the Sadducees all done, hanging  
in the dark in the dark of the day.

Still mumbling something about the world. 29 September 2005



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**Agitate** my darling  
like the three-armed Maytag  
churning your duds

it is raining  
in an old French song a  
stone is standing up

three thousand years  
why not what  
better thing to do

than be with you  
where something stirs  
us up all the time

the love thing the quarry  
from which the rock  
leaps unbidden

to the builder's plan.

29 September 2005

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and the mapmaker and  
the yew tree and  
inside the stone fence  
the named and nameless share

a cloud under ground  
any child can feel it can fear it  
were you the one  
the long slow deathbreath

first first knowings  
from which always to run  
never far enough  
there must be another air

29 September 2005

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sailing into a broken place  
and discovering it is the sea  
mistreatment of natives severe  
diet wretched the air  
full of rot amazements  
on every hand a twist  
of coral of tobacco natives  
we call them because they were born  
and we were not  
we are changelings from the Machine  
we treat them as we please  
we suck their lips  
we steal their rings.

29 September 2005

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none towards and some after  
cleavage pattern in diamond  
crack in mirror now see  
the other side of me the maze  
the menstruum: a broth  
as if of blood and the  
one Other Thing to be.

29 September 2005

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Let this be a letter to you  
seashell asparagus suspension bridge  
do you understand am I being clear  
am I being at all? This is philosophy  
in this garden the spring flowers  
populate the autumn sunshine  
remarkably. This is disharmony,  
from which music comes  
can you hear me? Am I speaking  
when all this sound comes out?  
That's why a letter. Out loud  
I can say everything but what I mean.  
We walked among the oleanders  
among the lavenders the plurals  
of our minds fell into fusion  
and were one. Not you not me not us.  
Gladly other people being.  
Free to walk the cold light. Free.

30 September 2005

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Cloud current. Tell.  
Hosta prostrate. Shade  
even on a sunless day  
a piece of dark. Never  
let the tile overlap  
the naked air,  
leave rat room  
in the rafters that on  
all sides unsuspended  
by a thought the  
animation is continuous,  
the bail is pad, the bird  
goes free. Ever after.  
Accumulate horizons  
is what it means  
--horn music way back  
in the head, sardonic  
charm of Brahms  
end of the world –  
what comes out of the lips  
this brass can shape –  
the woman talked  
approvingly about

men who handle women  
and he said those  
who can be handled  
deserve to be but are  
unlikely to attract  
a handler's attention,  
nothing but Penthesilea  
for Achilles, only a man  
who has been a woman  
can master one, he said,  
folding the whips  
back into the nest of adages  
small men cart with them  
to the feast. Mad at her  
because she fell for easy.  
Only the kind wind  
that wraps around the wind.  
Bluster and miracle  
personless good.

29 September 2005

MICHAELMAS

or green September  
something happening  
a word in the wood  
to turn against the hill  
or let the sun go

\*

small things  
invasions, an hour  
between friends  
lost into seeing

\*

if I could stop  
just once a moment  
I could be.

30 September 2005



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Touch the air lightly  
light is a crown  
to king us all  
the rapture  
the brings us here.

30 IX 05

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Trying to find the pattern  
the god face in the maple leaves

30 IX 05

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Everything another thing  
and [we] suppose  
*ballade* as of a bronze  
statue of Venus  
on [his] end table  
holding a candlestick –  
things if [you] let them  
turn into light.  
And this room is dark with music.

30 September 2005

(listening to Michelangeli play the first of the Brahms Op.10 Ballades)

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Sometimes I think  
not room enough for me  
on this planet

that I have used up Arabia and Brazil  
and even your body  
that terra incognita

has names all over it now  
and rivers and new flags.

30 September 2005