

10-2005

## octA2005

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NATURANS

No room. Found sufficient variant  
for black routine. Spill oil on it.  
Oil he explained is the liquid fire  
locked in every single thing: rock,  
seed, bone. No room inside the earth  
for less. Or if the entire contents  
of this one planet were *unpacked*  
into their constituent molecules they  
would fill all space up to the rim.  
And the name of that unpacking is *Time*,  
the femme fatale with amber eyes  
who turns your personal carbon to  
universal diamond. A Jesuit  
crosses the ice humming Cole Porter.  
An owl swoops away with the moon.

1 October 2005

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A door closed off  
to a wooden room  
calm of rectangles  
left alone a quiet box

inside a house  
let nobody always  
have a place too  
something comes of this.

1 October 2005

= = = = =

fifty years later

a ball is just as round

the grass

still makes sense of the rain

Summer 2005

1 October 2005

= = = = =

And all my life  
folds, lines of the palm.

Miracle. Things close  
to other things. Do not  
focus on what passes,

let it go. The passing  
is what it means.

Summer 2005

1 October 2005

= = = = =

desperately  
the needle seeks north  
Blackstone's *Laws of England*  
seek the mind  
of a society. Something speaks.  
But this book of mine  
just barks beneath the oak tree.

Summer 2005

1 October 2005

= = = = =

In the chapel for the funeral of a friend

I read the hymn board over the pulpit:

TRANSFIGURATION.

COMMUNION.

SUN before SUN after

ANNUNCIATION

the places of the Anglican year:

a day is like a hedge to hide in

a day is such a little house

like a heart like a beehive

there are acres in the bedroom

a forest in the parlor

and the kitchen table shoves against the hills.

Summer 2005

1 October 2005

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All this talk  
and while it sounds  
in the coffin on the altar steps  
the time-stopped body  
stays, no longer  
an animal, not yet a  
mineral and the man part  
shriveling under the dark suit  
and the angel part  
busy somewhere else.  
Where our minds join it  
for a little hoedown  
while all the holy talkers  
talk and talk.

Summer 2005

1 October 2005

= = = = =

The other side of desert  
is a nomad night.  
A dark meaning  
waiting to take hold.

Old Catholic stuff  
losses and Latin  
miracles of oblivion  
a little girl saint  
forgiving her rape.

And the raptor dies  
in prison grieving.  
What can we do  
with thinking?

Summer 2005

1 October 2005

REPROACHED FOR SAYING I WRITE FOR HÖLDERLIN I ANSWER:

It is what Hölderlin thinks  
that matters –  
you don't think a mind like that  
ever stops perceiving, receiving,  
responding? You don't think  
really that minds stop?

Summer 2005

1 October 2005

= = = = =

Merchant, milk me  
of the primal  
heap. Sorites. Skandha.  
The Accumulation.  
Cloud of absence  
with the gold gone.  
Rains gold down in on us.  
Merchant, you cure me  
of prosperity, I exchange  
potential for actual,  
the living for the dead.

Summer 2005

1 October 2005

= = = = =

Filling my aura  
with the aura of the hundred  
cows two hundred goats  
and sheep at the fair, each  
coloring the aura of,  
of this beholder. Speak  
dreamer. Who are you  
who can dream all this?

Summer 2005

1 October 2005

= = = = =

The other side of  
whatever is

is my home town.

My flag, my church

full of my people.

I forget their names.

I know all their faces.

Summer 2005

1 October 2005

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Then a white peacock  
comes walking across my mind  
and screams, so the whole  
sentimental neighborhood runs away.

Summer 2005

1 October 2005

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From the time to the time  
from the demonstrative pronoun  
to the other kind,  
this man, this mind.  
Because mind is a pronoun pronounced 'you.'

Summer 2005

1 October 2005

## ALBUMEN

he said  
as if an egg  
knew something  
more than a man  
a Mixed Man  
like me have  
some more pinot  
the water table  
rises to our feet  
that we may drink  
like a Latin song  
or a dog in the dark.

Summer 2005

1 October 2005

= = = = =

I invite the wind into my arm  
let it listen a while to what moves me  
and then move, tell its own  
intellectual history, pear trees and skirts  
and the waves on Vineyard Sound  
breaking on the sunken barges.  
Everywhere I was the wind was first  
but I was bleeding, I was rich  
with handling things and pressing them  
and the wind was poor, was always  
leaving, and a poor man knows everything,  
that's at least what folklore tells us,  
elf tycoons dining on the shadow of leaves.

1 October 2005

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smart as words a leaf comes calling  
depends on you to listen, says.

I don't know this wooden grammar

I don't know this soft refusing, says.

2 October 2005

= = = = =

Two leaf messengers

I will read them till I get too cold

one is camouflage

read right away as war,

Kubla's tocsin, a hundred years

more before a bird can settle

tweeting Messiaen on global lawns

and the other leaf says Don't be clever

I am a kind of leather

time makes from trees,

mosaic I am, lawful, kind,

I tell you about islands

where slender ships can hide

and then the other leaf accused,

there is green inside the brown

and specks of each inside the other

the way change hides in the weather.

Now who's clever I want to ask,

are you just a Taoist sermon?

I am great Time herself, he says  
and we have come to start your day  
in unmistakable readingness. Everything  
is on the verge of disclosing, Speak!

2 October 2005

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blue serpentine a rock  
from Newfoundland  
a lantern in my hand one  
on the table

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I am an animal  
to begin with  
my thighs speak  
commonest Portuguese  
New Bedford nights  
I share my meal with gulls.

2 October 2005

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So many and few  
the arrangements.

By day you see right through the house  
into the daylight tree out there.

At night the dark inside and out  
are common and there is no tree there.

You see nothing but a shape  
enclosing nothing you can see.

A light goes on, goes off.

It could be the wind blowing  
for all you know.

You need a name to hold to.

You need skin.

2 October 2005