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Wake to wind. Geese

cry overhead.

How lucky, lucky one is.

Perception is forgiveness.

12 October 2005

[An autocommentary would talk about this: that the very fact of perceiving anything is a divine forgiveness of our apartness, an act of grace, that everything comes *here*.]

SOCIETY OF THE SPECTACLE, FIFTY YEARS AFTER

We pay
to see.

Human perception is free, we pay, are induced to pay, for *reception*.

What do the blind
spend their money on?

12 X 05

=====

Dryad strapped to oak sapling,
tire chains draped along her back.

We conquer myth and let it conquer us.

12 X 05

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Insouciant enigmas of everyday

wet hair, need a shave,
one headlight missing

anthropos, on its way
to somewhere else.

12 X 05

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Where do things hide?

I want the goose cry.

All thought – as he said –
is a throw of the dice.

When will the silences recur?

12 X 05

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Nuisance value:

my hand

wondering about yours.

Reaching out to touch you

like a dumb Roman copy of Greek sculpture.

12 X 05

=====

This god needs help
meet me halfway

road to Brindisi
lost in fever.

12 X 05

“Transforming from soulless balloon into gaseous thunder”

--*David Elson*

makes me wonder if I ever
met a soulless thing,
 the topology of chance
(all interaction and no action)
bleeds all over my history

And it all had soul. Even Sonia
with her ping-pong paddle, even Rachmael
with is mind like a burning garnet
–you’d think soul would be the first thing
to burn away, but no – I pushed her up against the spices,
really wanted to know, she almost told.
Years later met again in Vienna,
we toured the old madhouse together
and she said *We are the poorest of the poor,*
darling, since for us there is no asylum.

12 October 2005

A CLUE TO MARS

a sequence of crystals found
looped round the neck of a lady
tombbed before Egypt

the crystals
are still alive, their lights
speak with that daimon fire
she always had, garnet Mars and Sun,
ruby Sun, blue ruby Venus,
blue veins on your breasts I think,
red meat I think, the clues
are everywhere.

Quirinus.
Iuppiter. Mauors. Uenus.
Uulcanus. Tell me
all the names we forgot,
the Etruscan deities, the shadows
in the liturgy.
Bronze model of a sheep's liver.
Bronze model of a man.

12 October 2005

In medias res

a riot of rain
let loose in the piazza
sideways a crowd
of disaffected molecules
seeking revenge . Moby Dick
a book staved in
(staved round)
by its letters.
How far the whale,
a world in trouble
touching bottom
all the pretty toes on God's feet
will not help to describe.
We are lost amidships. We fell
aboard and are carried ever after,
blue-gilled, spouting poesy.
A spill of understanding
sputters in a wet night.
No matter how far the ship goes
we'll always have to launch a boat
to come ashore. Means touching you.
Me touching you. As if that
and that alone is what the whole sea is about.

13 October 2005

=====

Overt passageways
moments of clear.
Burn their way in
minute transforms
counting to ten
all the way
almost impossible
distance when you think
all the steps between
and going up always up
on your knees
no other way
to the shrine at top
incense shadow cool
nave of the Lady
the finite whole number
no one of which
no one of us will
ever understand.
What *is* three?

13 October 2005

=====

Spiritual men need winter flowers.

These seed

from scratch.

One skin among so many.

I hear the rain decide

another language

between the hand and the mouth.

13 October 2005

=====

A statue in the park
the horses trot round
too far away to name
even the sex of it
bronze or beast.

Crowded park.

So many to marry.

A lightbulb in the grass.

The color changes.

13 October 2005

=====

The Irish gloom is on me
the look of a priest and a devil's luck
and never a thankee to áll you—

I polish my glasses with the fog
and let the rain between my lips
be my life water, whiskey, whiskebee.

14 October 2005

=====

As close as it comes:
a cigar. A hat
handed to a man to hold
while first man fights for his life.
This is the world I know.

14 October 2005

=====

coming closer being alongside—
a battleship between friends
our flanks grate, making great sound
a small commotion among the smaller
fishes, slight episode of ocean.

14 October 2005

=====

autumn

a gourd

as able,

gorda, a fat fruit.

14 X 05

=====

Let the mind fall into itself
rest there
pillow tossed off the bed in dream
safe on the floor
no blame, no danger.
The wise man sleeps
behind his watchful eyes.
And contrariwise.

14 October 2005

EXEGI

All this panoply, this Rome of work
could vanish in a day

but still persist, I have carved
a word or two into

the dream space of the world
will speak to you

hereinafter from the dark.

14 October 2005

=====

I carry my island with me.

Confession time:

I landed on your territory

I built a small house there

of quick shallow touches

and the shadows of birds.

For all I know still am living there.

14 October 2005