

10-2005

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The day after death  
the decision  
turns into an ear of corn.

The day after death  
I grow again in a corn-crib  
I am almost a child  
amazed at the red corn snake  
that plays near my feet  
I am amazed about everything  
I have come again  
and everything has to be done  
again and still it's all beautiful  
I think. The day after death  
I come to do it all again,  
it has to be beautiful  
has to be tree and sailing ship,  
a museum built entirely of light,  
that's what it is  
the day after death  
I have to learn to speak  
some other language again,  
not the old cuneiform stuff  
wedged in my heart,  
something modern, something  
at least one or two other

animals understand,  
the day after death  
it's all about learning to speak  
again, about being willing to tell  
where I have been  
and where I thought I was  
and where I am.

26 October 2005

## MAKING MEMORIES

When you read this  
you'll think it happened  
to you – the moon,  
cornfield, little cat,  
the blue cloth –shirt?  
dress? – by the pump  
the smell of gasoline.

When you read this  
you'll think it's nothing more  
than something you read.

26 October 2005

*[beginning with two lines by Nathalie Shapiro]*

**The spirits of the air**

**live on the smells**

that we refuse to smell.

For instance, we grow

used to our own smells

we think, don't notice

smells our skin gives off,

the redolent folds,

damp places in the dark.

We don't – but they do.

They steal our smells up there

and turn them into music.

Gandharvas,

celestial musicians,

their name means

smell-eater,

we are their flowers,  
their morning coffee,

the burger on the grill.  
So when we smell

each other we must  
make music of it too.

Pheromones of lust,  
vast decaying boudoirs

of desire built  
on bacterial decay,

singing songs about  
how I love the way you smell.

26 October 2005

=====

Chopped out the something else  
grown up through the euonymus,  
its pretty green unfit for that dark blazing—  
hard to get through the red to clip the green  
down at the ground line so some  
stalks still prick up, suppose  
they'll be heard from again,  
brisk decisions of the pruning knife—  
the same strange will invests the red, the green.

27 October 2005

## CAFÉ

Talk to me

I'm smarter than the paper  
but then it would have to be  
your animal parts in play  
haunch and muzzle coat and withers.

Talk to me I am more an animal  
than you are, I am content  
almost with gravity with weather  
your face is so angry, no animal  
is angry all the time,

I'm in the wrong zoo,  
I should be in Berlin  
where in the Tiergarten  
there are only animals like me  
sitting on benches walking  
watching people read the paper  
wanting them to stop  
reading and talk to me.

All languages are German.  
When you look again all  
the words will have slid off the page  
now you're just like me  
you have nothing to read  
but the afternoon light  
falling on people we will never know.

27 October 2005, Red Hook



## EDEN

Water on the table  
in the sidewalk café  
dead leaves in the water.  
Only the plastic is green.  
Wonderland, a car  
stopped at a red light.  
Actual clouds in an actual sky.

27 October 2005, Red Hook

=====

Spiel of journeyman  
assassins blue blithering  
parrot-wielding  
kraut-kopf'd actorlings  
sprawled across  
the divan of the sea.  
Be me. I dare you.  
Drop your attitudes  
and shiver in sunlight.  
You need me terribly.  
I am the last lens.

(12 X 05)

27 October 2005

## TYPHON'S TEETH

Fangs of wind  
come hurrying up the arroyo  
to see you.

Only you.

There is nobody here  
but this fear.

(10 X 05, Woodstock)

27 October 2005

=====

Who is the heroine  
of this war? Who  
is the eye  
when she is closed?

(mid-October)

27 October 2005

=====

There is an amazing bird  
ate bread from my hand  
while I sat by the bridge in Morzine  
the footbridge – they call it passarelle—  
over the ice-cold downrush of the Dranse,  
but back to the bird.

It looks more like a fly,  
blue glints on metal dark,  
my hand (right hand)  
was more like a plate  
with my cheese sandwich on it.

Rain spattered now and then.

Or spat. People quick  
down the street. I was waiting  
for the market to open,  
my wife was swimming  
in the municipal piscine.

I think it really was a fly.

But a special one, a French fly,  
modest, industrious, small,  
like a day in the French  
Republican Calendar.

And like a day, when he  
flies away he's really gone.

(mid-October) 27 October 2005

=====

Tell the old table  
all your mind  
it listens

its tin top  
vibrates to the truth  
its little drawer  
for forks and spoons  
holds the dust of all  
that's left of Myth

that sad soft story  
nobody knows  
how it ends.

27 October 2005

Red Hook (Mexican bodega)

=====

The Aztec alphabet  
spells me again.

Deer Jade

Shabby Little Dog  
covered with sores.

Today on the brink  
of history – such  
strange tomorrows.

I was born to be a priest  
you were born  
to be my religion.

A larger cat  
asleep in moonlight.

Animals  
are all there really are.

27 October 2005

(Red Hook, bodega)

=====

Watch the sun  
walk on the grass

glint sapphire  
faceted to answer it

Answer everything,  
love, this is no description,

it is the thing itself  
all over your skin.

28 October 2005



=====

Slower, slower, a face in the sun  
it hurts to see.  
Exanimate me a minute,  
let me stone.

But even granite  
has a sort of wit,  
leaves on the hill  
Xerxes's army  
dead on the unpronounceable earth.  
Everything is alive but what we kill.

28 October 2005

132/89

The humming's worse today  
and yesterday. I wonder  
what it wants me to know  
about myself. A defect  
in the machine is also a gleam  
where *something else* shows through.

Let it be love  
after all, the park again and dark  
and a city all round it  
just the shadow of an idea.

Nothing has happened yet,  
we walk through leaves.

ἄπειρον – no end to it.

A little pain comes home.

28 October 2005

=====

A little loan to last till Judgment Day  
a little light to fill my glass.  
There are burdens and you know me –  
the rafters of your bungalow  
have baskets hanging from them  
full of my losses. And my breath  
fills your living room.  
Why can't you see me?

28 October 2005

=====

I have come to pay back all I took,  
the love and listening, touch and trouble.

I'm all around you, whirling with giving  
and you will not take. Take.

Only if you receive can I survive.  
This word means live again, or something

left to live. Ghosts  
move small stones up and down the hill.

28 October 2005

*Transcendentalist weekend vagrant*

-- John Vincent Lechowick

They still come by. We used to call them  
Unitarian vagabonds, they cadge clam chowder  
at Trinitarian rectories. Oh all the snow,  
the poor young man, Thoreau in one pocket,  
hash pipe in the other, call the doctor.  
No! Here, have some nice soup. Chowder  
isn't soup. Common crackers, a glass of milk.  
A mass of glilk, he repeats in his stoned  
sincerity, anxious to please. The parson's wife  
is thrilled by this young man and yearns  
to serve him. But won't let on. Do nothing.  
Transcendentalists really need nothing  
other humans need, just some food.  
No affection needed. The trees love them.  
Trees love me, the boy says, and shuts his eyes.

28 October 2005

=====

Call me love  
and then forget me

a blue narcissus?  
unlikely flower

we see by sheer  
contradiction

in negative our truth  
a final color.

28 October 2005