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## **SALT.**

Salt. Came from you where  
you were most itself asleep.  
Down there inside the sun  
rose making fools of the neighbors/  
Sheep shuffle near the cliff  
it's not your fault. A field  
bites her. Not your fault.  
Often a church tower falls  
or cars lean on shoulders  
either. Not your fault, your  
teeth, the taste, the skin. Salt.

20 August 2004, La Borne

## **RAIN.**

Rain. Rain is not a report  
more like a rapture. Or a three.  
Rain is a two-year-old crying  
in a small dry room,  
rain has such big lungs  
rain remembers  
every inch of you it can.  
Speedwell in spring, hyssop summer,  
autumn mum exclusively.  
Weather forecasters moan about  
rain because rain touches.  
This is a sin in our society.  
Because rain's touch is free.  
Rain is unfair to businessmen  
who teach the papers to hate it.  
Rain is religion for this one  
this one prays to it and lets it.  
This one wants it for you too  
and waits for it. Meek  
democracy falls from the sky.

20 August 2004, La Borne

**RULE.**

This is the rule. It is certainly true:  
you can only write about what you don't know.  
When only the words are there to show you the way.

It is true that only the unknown  
has enough energy  
to pull language towards itself remember.

That is why people are always writing about themselves,  
out of the subject's ignorance of the object  
and the object is asleep or missing in action.

It is possible the object is a cat.  
So that when I write about **Salt**  
I am writing about a mystery

but when I am writing about **Rain**  
I'm writing about a lover I still  
am trying to understand

and all my admiration for it  
is an obstacle between my words and its mystery.  
Magistracy, some old Etruscan thing.

I have to unlearn my love to tell the truth.

20 August 2004, La Borne

## VITAMINS.

Take your vitamins.

All this life of yours  
people have been taking vitamins.

What did they do before?

A hundred years ago  
there were no vitamins  
what did they do then?

What did they take?

Where were the vitamins  
hiding? Didn't we know  
food was good for you?

Ask yourself every day  
have you taken yours  
today and how many  
and why are they yours?

Don't ask why though.

They are there, and most  
things that are there  
are good for you. Whitman  
proved that, whatever is  
is good for you, or relevant  
as least to your condition,  
or position. Einstein  
said so too though Freud  
was not sure. Never.

Whitman lived long  
before vitamins, Einstein  
during them. Is that  
an interesting difference?

Is it a difference at all?  
Some days you forget  
and nothing happens.  
Is the body crying  
for what it missed?  
Some days you take them  
and get sick anyway  
or even die. Some days  
some people die  
I think. Was there ever  
a day when no one died?  
I ask. Who answers?  
Sometimes some take  
vitamins and some take  
none and nothing  
happens to either one.  
Nobody gets sick again.  
It is so hard to prove  
anything, even death.  
Which way to turn?  
Take my hand.  
It is hard to get there.  
It is hard to know.

20 August 2004, La Borne

## **EYEGLASSES.**

Go out to sea.

A pleasant try to tell a difference.

There are two main kinds:

to make close things clear or far things near.

At different times in their lives some need both.

Some neither ever.

The longer someone lives the further away things seem,  
that is the problem.

Old people lie in bed together and can't see each other well  
because they are too close  
they seem so far,  
are blurred, imprecise, shadows of what they used to be.  
What they used to see.

Eyeglasses would help but are hard in bed.  
People who all their lives are nearsighted and fuzzy  
when they get old they see much better  
so they can see their lover close, close  
and know the lover as the lover really is. Or sees.

The others need eyeglasses in bed,  
but I need them on my head outside  
to I can tell a fox on my property  
from a shadow or a dog.

With eyeglasses you can see the priest's eyes  
while he is preaching on and on

and you can tell from his eyes  
what he is really thinking,

the eyes tell.

Or anyone, priest or no priest.

What are you really thinking?

That's why it's so terrible when eyeglasses break,  
you don't know what anyone is thinking anymore.

You're left with your own thoughts exclusively  
so everything in the world seems blurry, naturally.

20 August 2004, La Borne

End of NB 267

## **SEL FIN**

Fine salt is something different. It sings. It is determined to be grocer and garden. It is deer. Sometimes I wonder where the animals are going. They're always on the move. Or the sea even worse.

The salt seems to be everywhere, yet valuable. Yet it would not cost much nowadays though it does. To pay a woman's weight in salt for example would not be all that costly even with fine salt. Even a large woman. Nowadays salt seems to be for some strange reason cheap, relatively, though it is the most precious of all minerals I think. And it is just as useful and needed as before.

Sometimes what we really need is right there. Ground fine, easy to absorb. Sparrows are chirping outside eating bread and cereal given. Salt everywhere. Wagtails, magpies, jays are common local birds. Birds are the salt of the sky. As you are the salt of the earth. You know who you are.

20 August 2004, La Borne

## **A CRACKED EGG**

Caught a cracked egg  
to Banbury Cross  
to x-out the sun itself  
inside the shell

yellow development  
on protein fed  
there is no hurry  
in the sky

this irritates so many  
artists and women  
that every day the light  
rolls at the same speed

and clouds only jostle  
and are gone.  
Agitation is only  
interpretation.

Scholar me, herald  
my purple needs,  
spill my coat of arms  
all over the ground,

shadows on the sidewalk.  
Period. A knight  
falls from his steed,  
a chunk of a lance

impairs him,  
horizon handcarved  
by a master.  
Blood drains.

The tradition  
eases the light along  
and off the world  
and buries us.

20 August 2004, La borne

## **AMBER**

Amber. Something it says. Forgive me a lot. Not scrimshaw, jigsaw. Scallop cut.  
Dovetail. Rabbet. Such auguries amaze that blue flag of a strange country we call the sky.  
A vanished country. Tree. Be me a while and then you'll see. Ungenerously clothed and  
hid. Tree sap stump a shallow bisque. Opal. Murmuring beast. Listen.

Amber becomes earwax in mortals. Words become amber when they fall. Let words fall  
into muck. Into mouth, always wet, always messy, a mouth. Nice muck outside of water  
and leaf mulch and bark and dead stuff and ordure and time, mostly time. Fall words into  
muck and let. Let time take time. Let time talk.

A boy and a girl walk down the word talking. His shirt is loose her pants are snug it is  
Friday feeling in the rainy air. This is amber of them. This is amber. They are in white.  
White is the meaning of amber. Red is the meaning of white.

20 August 2004, La Borne

## **WELFARE**

Welfare. Be thought. These needs. Not ill but all. Not few but these. No one would if they couldn't. Otherwise must eat. Otherwise need must. Be where a country is. If a land is nation if a nation holds it holds all its ones together. No nation lets go. No nation doesn't care. A nation cares.

That is what the difference is. Being care and taking care and taking being and taking care of being. Because they are. And because they are a nation must. A nation needs. A nation is all its one.

20 August 2004

La Borne

## HISTORY AS CAUSATION

Battered personhood an ark  
blur Princip danger stone  
athwart a chariot roll roll  
normative war riposte in clothes  
silk shadows talc arguments  
touch touch Ulrike lest

what hurts her makes her her  
old regula organic fireplace  
wind worth coming stream  
che facciamo maybe stone  
still warm after dusky sea  
how logic breaks story in

slow cleansing understanding rolling doing  
magi en route restoring kingdom  
lost luster consent a king's carriage?  
only wobble arrow seeing touch  
the heart of what falls comes again  
war over war and change the names

nobody reads that book how can they know?

21 August 2004

La Borne

## **In the Asylum**

*(after Musil)*

You're here for the adventure  
the madman said, sit down on my bed  
beside me and let my hand rest  
peaceful in your lap. This is an arc  
of an electric kind completed  
and an arc of the historic biblic kind  
too that will save us both  
from the terrible deluge of being.  
When God hates us he sends us a friend.

21 August 2004

La Borne

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Culture of preying on themselves  
police Saturday always political waking  
it's Saturn's explanation of how the rope  
gets tied around the heifer's neck  
a rope of magazines and MTV  
and bring her to the bull. We are engaged  
to the velocity of cash.

Passing the fuck we could call it,  
forcing the actual into mere begetting,  
turn being into becoming (those wedding  
bells, that loss of now) or use her body  
to make servant sons. It finally  
does not really work. The patriarchs  
are buried in the deserts. No man  
knows their graves.

21 August 2004

La Borne

## **CORDON.**

Cordon. A wild man or a bear. Some particulars left from the war. Surplus plus an anarchist. So many things repeat and keep from knowing. Knowing is a kind of wolf, knowing has yellow eyes. In the middle of anything thick, knowing waits. It can walk on grass but it can't protect particulars from sudden. Rain or rockfall. Spelt. Lawn movers and hedge thinners are useful but not interior. Police armed with nutcrackers because of how dancers decide. Police means city. City means a pile of earth to lift house or houses over marsh or plain. What happens. Protection. I put my arms around you. Put arms around something. Later they go away. The arms stay. The arm that lingers makes the sound of something staying. Moving but staying. Simple, like a soup inside its bowl. Or a plate waiting.

21 August 2004

La Borne

## JOSEPH BALSAMO, COUNT CAGLIOSTRO MAYBE

Balsamo. Not much yet. Joseph from a southern cloud. Identity is a gypsy thing anyway. We call them Roma nowadays. Palermo. A reincarnation of those Norman kings, one of whose ancestors was the Devil. Impostors one and all. We are. No one really is who they say or suppose or even think they are. Every means other, doesn't it. Isn't it. A name accompanies a person the way a cloud accompanies a forest, while it is there, every different tree is in its same shadow, all nuance obliterated. Samed. But then later every different. Salt is suspect. Oil is dangerous. Only flame is safe that one hides in one's breast. The Sacred Heart is like that, a heart in the bare ribs and a flame in the heart, and thorns around it. Thorns come from rose trees. A thorn means: the permanence of roses. A crown of thorns means the king of love.

He showed it to her. Open me and see, he said. Later Cagliostro tried to do or be that too. To have an athanor inside him, on fire, flourishing with roses, fragrant in persuasion, permanent. A man with a crown of thorns for a heart must live forever, he thought. Where are the Chinese alchemists who could have taught him? Perhaps they did. Moors and Rumelians and Armenians and Zoroastrians. Open me and see all the ones I've been.

To be a crucible in your bones. To have a pelican of your own. I will know more when I am later. First I have to walk up that hill. He is waiting for me there shaped like a grey horse saddled, a woman on its back who says good evening or good night.

21 August 2004, La Borne

## **DRANSE.**

By stream amount. Up to where the south comes from. Autumn in August a morning hour. Who brings me crisp bite of bread from the cellar ovens who? Swifts and swallows and. Another one. Willow. Cart track. Asphalt spill along one dirt and mossy path. Willow willow. Hazel. Hazel. One hears one's breath on such a morning, such a path up along the adjacent water falling the other way. The Dranse flows north. The name means 'torrent,' perhaps it is kin to our word 'drench,' an old word from a language before or beside French. Lie beside me and be my world instead of me. And I some other part of something far away and else. In dispersion be our unity. Hurry north and south as me. Not even a question to be left. A willow, a hazel, the Dranse.

21 August 2004, La Borne

**...lonely as a cloud**

Lonely as an eagle, Will, an eagle.  
Not a cloud. Something  
with work to do down here  
or on the mountain. Not much rest.  
Something with something on its mind.  
Only the working man  
really knows loneliness.

21 August 2004, La Borne

## **FLOWERS.**

Flowers. Seek us. They seem to know. They are a way. In the sense of road. Roadway. Goad. Goadway. Goal. Whole. Gold. Go.

It is to understand something or to see. You see one of them and it is enough. What. It is not a saying, it is an understanding. But what. It is not knowing, it is understanding. There is a difference. What is it. It is flowers. It is so many.

Of them so many names but more always flowers than names. More of them than of us. Who are we. And they last longer. No one lives as long as hyacinths on a spring morning dark as Achilles' hair the last time we saw him. He was furtive-looking, a love-thief sneaking into the doomed city to see his doxy. Bringing her flowers, we saw them in his hand.

22 August 2004

La Borne