

8-2004

augH2004

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "augH2004" (2004). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 864.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/864

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All I came to say
is everything.
Linger with me while I lie.

26 August 2004 #SM

=====

Is it allergy?

Already some trees

are turning

and I haven't

got to sunrise yet.

26 August 2004 #SM

=====

of course if we don't do it now
we'll never do it

the Thames will never get to the sea

words wont mean anything any more
than I do

26 August 2004 #SM

=====

Small mistakes

don't add up,

don't amount.

This is not arithmetic,

this is that other thing
around the corner where

snug in her dark clothes
the Last Number waits.

26 August 2004 #SM

WHAT I REMEMBER FROM THIS OLYMPIAD

Spiritual mistakes
fatal as a girl
has short breath
and leaps far –

the sky is too close
today, Dragila,
it falls you back
one of us again

an us you were always leaving.

26 August 2004

=====
Can this so simply *be*?
Ask that of anything,
object or percept?

Distinguish. The one
we have been waiting for
comes to the bank
and says Ferry me
into the deepest reaches
of your personal Lake

and we do.
A ferryman never looks back
to see who we're transporting,
we never look back
the things we see
stay with us forever.

All we are is a heap of them.
But because I have seen you
clearly and more than once, you,
I am somebody special.
Seeing you made all the seen align.

27 August 2004

=====

Venus is blue and green
both of them not one

the light blue of the sky
that is the blue of copperas

and the green of matter
groaning in the weight of time

old Verdigris my mother
who laughed the roofs of Brooklyn

and the great horses on the Arch
until a felon government vinyled them dark

...27 August 2004

The reader is God.

Reading deep is, has to be,
reading in.

If you're not reading in
you're not being there,
not doing your job.

God made the world by reading it.
There are as many worlds as there are Gods,
or as there are Gods at work, reading,
reading in.

GOD AT WORK
it should say on every road,
every line, every sky.

Reading is the great Perpendicular
off at an angle to any and every fact

and the Gothic cathedral was an act of reading
untrammelled by any words,

a textless reading
that changed the sky.

27 August 2004

=====

Walk with it as far as it goes
then carry it. Wrap it in the map
and pour wine down inside the creases.
You are an island after all.
The ocean is made of bread, you can't
walk on it yet. Silence
feels so good, like a stone in your hand

or cool flagstone under your bare feet
on a hot day somewhere very old.

My hands are white, the soft
bone of the whole body
points to you again and again.
People are coming out of church
unchanged, a hawk in a tree
watches what? Something
is screaming in the woods.

27 August 2004

VIKING

The heart Viking with blue lips
cruising the subway under you,
U-Bahn skraelings all around you
but he takes you

comes up from under and takes you.

That's how you know it is he.

It is me. I am sycamore now
but true fig then. I grow into you

until your language makes me live.

28 August 2004

=====

Take a left out of time
and be a different hour
all alone together

when we come as far away from ourselves
then we are really who we are

undistracted by such selves,
the little hour the clock forgot.

28 August 2004

=====

working so better that a now implodes
and there it is, pink in the dawn sky
already blue. when you get there
everything is a surprise.

28 VIII 04

=====

Following the line of least argument
through the argument of least design
I come to a mountain's meadow
where nothing makes sense and everything
is visibly connected with everything else.
This is the heart of the world.
Everybody is my mother.

28 August 2004

=====

Today has to mumble
because she woke me with her mouth
I stumbled hard
into the day I had to be

secret overtures of public operas
fill my notebooks with conspiracies
but finally there is only one
though cold and hot both lead to it

the making mind that needs
no church no scientist,
the unmediated moment
that everything speaks.

28 August 2004

=====

could it ever flow enough to fill me
modal logic and galingale and eel
the Middle Ages were an arrow
shot into the sky still hasn't come down

28 August 2004

=====

too nervous to listen
something is happening
today

or I am understanding
someone far away is forgetting me
or everything

I am a part
of the design so it is mine

you too. Forget me. We
are coemergent happenings,
foxes fled into the woods
leaving no trace, not even this.

Longing is the only proof of time.

28 August 2004

=====

give me something
anything
to cover my harms

28 VIII 04

IDENTITY

Everybody's grandmother
was born in England.

Everybody's special.

Everybody has a right
to everybody else.

Be me, be me –

even a bird knows that.

28 August 2004 #SM

=====

hedonist

I wanted to please

her that

would be my pleasure

she worried

about some real

world coming home

a scratch on the door

a tiny thread of blood.

28 August 2004

=====
Near to my hand
hence calling

Someone in me will answer
I don't have to worry
do I who picks up the phone
who puts it down
and writes a memo
more or less literal
of what they thought they heard
or less often less
so often I don't dare to understand
what I find tomorrow
when the paper flutters
in a new wind and other voices
have business with me of their own

At least I think it's me they're calling
for one thing they let me write it down
even if I get it mostly wrong
there's something there
some shadow that never fell before.

28 August 2004