

8-2004

## augH2004

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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