

8-2004

augPlus2004

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "augPlus2004" (2004). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 866.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/866

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

MELCHIZEDEK

was not different from
the prophetic line

his mystery
(like Khidr's)

was being everyone.
Or certainly anybody

I dare to meet.

early August 2004

ENVOI

When I walk outside

postage stamp
stuck to a cloud

bearing the image
of the Emperor!

o weather
carry my mail

tell the one who sent me
that I sent you

to seek her out
and seal her lips with rain.

early August 2004

=====

among all the travelers from all over
going everywhere
I am just trying to be here
happy with a small sly sense of being
on my island again

under all the steel and corporate art
of Terminal 4 I feel
the soft ratty eely marshlands of my home
my own Idlewild
a mile or
two away I once did live right here.

4 August 2004

JFK

=====

Under that mountain again
the name will come back
the loving wind
comes down across the terrace
and I don't know where anything is,
south I know is where the mountains are,
the big ones, Needles of the Noontime and
the White Mountain.

All I do know is I ma here
at the edge of myself again
wandering towards the marketplace
deserted at noon
and voices from the church
and someone answering.

5 August 2004
St Jean d'Aulps

THEWS OF. MUSCULATURE TOO.

The iron prints
of war. Paws.
The small dog
investigates
fallen ice cream.

I am impatient
for the next thing,
but how serene
this busy moment is.

I find my lost pen,
the Dranse runs
fierce below its little bridge,
a bridge with flowers.

6 August 2004

Morzine, Place de l'Eglise, Café Tyrolia

MORZINOIS

In the café over the piscine
watching the happy few
get wet, propel
themselves
slow or slower
through the unflow.
Swimming pool.
I entertain
all manner of attitudes,
judgments, prejudices.
I study the bodies
whose inhabitants
are elsewhere,
counting laps or strokes.
Trust the body, it
always has a story to tell,
I don't have to tell it.
I drink Badoit.

6 August 2004

Morzine

MONT CHÉRY

After the ascent
a mountain is beneath the feet.
The eyes alone
don't know what to make of all this,

alone with Milarepa in the sky,
Saint Francis, le bon Dieu, hello,
all the sacred ones, the
holiest Nonentities,

identity is falling off the cliff.
I watch the self-amusers float
dangling from their parapentes
dithering through aircurrents up and down

as if we go to get so high
it is some sort of thrill to come
back to the earth and really land

bearing a message from
the god hidden in the ordinary.

7 August 2004
above Les Gets

=====
The flag understands me.

I have come here for the wind,
lamb on the meadow, the beast on the hill.
L'âne, the ass, but we say donkey,
we watch our language,
our p's turn into q's,
we swinge our tails, dragons
are we of some lost story,
clueless, sitting on an old bench
in front of the police station
where the ratty old flag flitters,
we see right through the colors,
faded nylon, a red world,
a white world, a blue world
at the staff, opacity lifted
up from the earth
against all the foolishness of color,
a stick to uphold
this national, unnatural, flower.

Sequences of earth. Meek geology
gently cupcaking mountains,
crystals gel in darkness, jewels,
outposts of the light. Lace curtains
upstairs in the gendarmerie.
Who lives with the police?

10 August 2004, St Jean

=====

I wait my turn
for the word to know me.

Be a sheep,
endure.

Be a well some saint
hath blessed.

Be a river who has
lost the sea.

We remember least
all we need.

10 August 2004
St Jean d'Aulps

HOW SKIN IS SUCH

How sun says
such stuff to it.

Sticks. Don't
look close,
love belongs
to those who leave alone,
who repose
in the obvious,

water running
downhill after rain,
blondes by the pool.

11 August 2004

Morzine

=====

Speak me lightly
people of weapons (*les gens d'armes*)

and the young mother in her window
chewing gum over the busy street
as if she were the Fate of it and us,

her baby cries. Her face as far as I can see
has eyes that tell me she's seen worse

and will see more – a sorrow
built into the world.

and work to do
outside every window
where a man in white sneakers
writes it all down.

11 August 2004
St Jean

=====

how high the mountain
overheads me
I am a child again, infant
up at it
this green grown-up
whose language I still try to learn

smell of lamb sausage from Delerce the butcher's
smell of cheese, these
are part of its vocabulary.
And rock. And cloud.

11 August 2004

St Jean

on the bench across from the Gendarmerie,
looking up at Mont d'Evian

=====
The mother strides
a child each side

she swings her bread
not a baguette, a thick

parisien along
the stone wall
where I am always waiting
writing the sun
through cloud
in front of the butcher
where I buy our mergueze.

Everything is worth itself
exactly. I am salt.

13 August 2004
St Jean

=====
After the Abbey
after the old stone
that seems to be made
of human thought
troubled by forgetfulness
blessed with small
violet flowers
red flowers yellow
the different
colors of thought
color of remembering.
Name these things.
Be affable
with mediaeval rock.
What else is left
but celebrate survival.
I still have knees. Eyes
look back at me
from the rock residue,
sermons, penitences,
long cherished sins,
do what is wrong
and all that exists
will make it right.
We have no choice
but to be this way.

14 August 2004,
St Jean, Salon de Thé

=====

At the piscine in Morzine
a little girl walks on the
rim of the children's pool
talking on her cell phone,

falls in. What does she hear?
The springs of the massif
uncoiling. Fish in the streams
speaking of this and that,

the random images of poetry.
From far away she hears
the Pope mumbling at Lourdes.
The Pope being cured.

16 August 2004, Morzine

=====
The bread I didn't eat
breeds wasps.
The rain cloud
strengthens my bones.
From up Nyon
this water comes.
Or does it. Every
exaltation
is followed by
its English Channel
its First World War
bicycle helmet,
remorse. I am a fool,
a saint stuck
up on the wall
of a church nobody
prays in, I have been here
a hundred years,
I smile my plaster lips.

20 August 2004

Morzine

BY THE POOL

From the sun it falls
but what is it?

Para-
celsus calls it *nostoc*.

The thoughtless dictionary
calls it 'light'
and means something else,
a soup of photons sloshing towards earth.
I am not always happy
to see it come.

20 August 2004, Morzine

=====

On the stone table
by the mercer's shop
mediaeval linen
someone made
my hands get worried.
Who am I
again? Autumn soon.

22 August 2004

Yvoire

=====

our last sablé aux noix
our last mountain

on a summer day again
embracing the fleeting

as ever holding tight
to that whose nature

is to slip away.
Let the earth be eel

and let me hold
only the letting go.

23 August 2004

St Jean

TWO WOMEN

Blonde on la troisième étage
a smaller brunette
beside her
hanging out clothes.
Four stories down
from the gendarmerie
someone calls up
to one of them or the other,
who can tell when you're called,
she looks down, they both
look down, who is calling,
what is being told, too far
for me to read their faces,
only the place itself
has anything to tell.
Women in the sky.

23 August 2004

St Jean d'Aulps