

8-2004

## augPlus2004

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## **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