

9-2004

**sepF2004**

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=====

But no gnus today,  
war is gnatural

therefore I take my spark  
go back home north

where the sun came from  
when we were gnew.

26 IX 04

=====

let me have a chance  
to read your book  
then the caves  
will fill up again  
with howling priests  
and I'll have one  
more religion  
to rebel against

non credo non credo non credo

26 IX 04

=====

put a tint bit  
of solvent  
in to firm things up

27 IX 04

=====

Rescue a today from the fire  
and he will tell  
where his uncle's gold is buried

save a salmon from the air  
and he will tell you  
the secret password to the silent world

Just think of him and  
all thought vanishes

your breath is just your breath  
it swells your chest

you feel the world around you  
stir with morning life.

Enough. No more religion.  
All the words now  
are just to lick your lips.

26 September 2004

=====

of all the things you really  
need to resist  
don't count this

I am your tailor  
fitting your breast to the shirt  
because the cloth is permanent  
star-stippled, sleek

and I am the builder  
shaping you to fit your house  
because the walls were there forever  
and there is no roof

and I am the priest  
training God to fit inside you  
to fill you with that joyous absolute  
from which even the meagerest

remark shouts hallelujah.

26 September 2004

=====

stronghold immensity  
sun on linden leaf  
understanding

26 IX 04

=====

as much as it is  
it is more  
it is something in the sky  
you think it is a star  
then a planet a ufo  
a satellite but none  
of these is what it is

it is a light  
from nowhere  
sucked out of vacancy  
of space  
by your head  
by what you think  
that light was made

when you were a child  
trolls heard you thinking  
they were under every bridge  
and understood your feet  
as you leaned over the coping  
looking down at quick little streams  
telling yourself when you grew up  
you would be water

but you were always fire  
that centaur archer  
who pulled you



over the horizon  
saved you, saved  
your appearances into this life  
that lion who roars inside you  
as your deepest light  
the quick one  
they make you burn  
and the balanced air of autumn  
feeds that blazing  
the smoke of which is thought  
and who know  
what the flame is

and the you to whom I speak  
of course is me  
but there is a spiritual  
grammar too  
that forbids a man  
to write down so simply  
“I am fire.”

26 September 2004

=====

Clam beds  
it wants to said

*Venus mer*  
*cenaria* by  
billions arrayed  
they say

to line our river

as if sand  
took in a life  
and thought it  
round

white and limey  
to the touch  
thousands  
of years after  
not much change

God bless the shallow.

26 September 2004

=====

As if the fruit  
fell up into the tree  
as to we turn to watch it

and know the place  
and look at the river and then

I walked with him in dream  
discussing his long-dead father  
who always wondered why his son  
chose to study *Little Chair* –

wasn't big chair better? And  
who studied that? And why  
learn so many languages  
to study furniture?  
All round the sly old man of Patras  
Indians were lounging on blankets,  
Blackfoot and Cree and Nez Perce

and that left me  
neither Greek nor Deep American,  
just a man overhearing someone else's dream.

27 September 2004

=====

rain . delight of dark  
the woods in rain  
o please rain all day

*the rain is pleasure the rain is Nile*

be sanctuary in the trees  
back there . in thee  
back there in there

where the light dies  
abashed at the strangeness  
in the heart of everything

*the rain is pleasure the rain is  
I don't know what the rain is*

back there in there  
wet and dark  
holding you on every hand

28 September 2004

## PISCATOR

catch a fish  
with a dark line  
something you let  
from where you think  
down to where fish live

they move in another  
place that is not ours  
the line invades  
the line connects these worlds  
that have no other way to tell

it is the line  
they swallow  
the hook just holds the line to them  
anchoring the link the line  
that draws them in

a pain from heaven  
reaching down into the world  
to catch you –  
what is that like?  
what is that line?

28 September 2004

=====

The rain leans in on me  
gets darker every minute  
though it's morning

this is the day the light  
got lost in the woods  
on the dawn of the full-moon-after

28 IX 04

=====

I look at the very rich man sitting at my table. He talks, is sweet, approachable, alert. He moves in a world of motives and precisions almost inconceivable to me. I am like an animal at his feet, aware only of his presence, Balzac at the feet of Nucingen. The abstruse genius of money fills him with weird otherness, like a great artist or scientist. Surely we make contact of a sort, smile, exchange interesting information, I inform him, he informs me, we are pleased. But I'll never understand his world, he knows what makes the price of oil and knows how to change it. He knows why war is, and sometimes lets it come. Or is he too just a part of the machine? I am too shy to ask that, and not confident that he would answer. It hurts me, though, and only this hurts me, that I will never know.

28 September 2004

=====

**Pick a road with rain**

then be after. The truest  
afternoon is what the midnight

knows / shows / goes  
an axe embedded in a tree—  
what kind? a bird  
singing to a man?

what color  
is the weather?

who is the moon?

2.  
walk there again  
then walk there again

then when you get there  
walk there again

are you there yet  
has again come again

I worry about these things  
because I am small

you have been here so long  
and still are not there



3.

pigeon Prussian blue  
scarce singing curling  
the air around their beaks

no teeth  
and yet

it is wet tonight  
it has ribbons in her hair  
something in the park they

flutter round her feet  
once in France and full of ivy

once in caverns and with milk  
but once when men were sleeping  
the light came down and took the town away

4.

learn the language, love  
and lean on me

pause by the overwhelming basin  
and drink a riddle dry

and then go there  
where we have waited so long  
for an arrival we could understand

an armistice, a tree  
walking, a man with a word in his hand.

28 September 2004

*for Ann, for the numbers*

for Ann  
whose name means grace  
whose name means  
clear brook flowing

clean water  
being loud  
the rocks give it voice  
the hard music

saying,  
you remind me numbers  
are the only things,  
pure as water

pure as flowing.

28 September 2004

=====

wait walk skim  
you are lifted  
you are milk

and something gross  
is being lifted  
also off you

*oleum seipsius*  
or Oil of Self  
only bad Latin

conveys the idea  
if idea it is  
it isn't, the soul

has oil  
you yield  
to the other

the other takes it  
and flies to  
some other city

your skin is dry  
with tears  
no one to pinch

you make you smile.

29 September 2004

=====

Ones I don't want to think  
Twos I don't want to be  
Threes I don't want to choose  
Fours I don't want to believe  
Fives I don't want to fight  
Only six only six only six.

29 IX 04

=====

Wait for it. Hurricane  
you thought was god  
blew you out of the city  
and you remember only  
the deep snow Belmont  
and Crescent all filled in  
with houses now that look  
older than they possibly  
could be, there was ground  
there a hole a slope  
you could sled down  
twenty feet of Everest.  
Now everything was before.  
And suddenly you were now  
and had to stay in present time  
everything behind you  
you fell in love with everything  
and everything was close  
possible the way it is with  
revolutionaries, close as  
the beard on my face then  
easy as the moon that  
ping-pong ball up there  
you can smack anywhere  
low gravity of now  
no atmosphere that  
is what now means  
no air, you have to run  
out of now into the next  
place where the air  
might be waiting, onward  
entelechy, onward  
little boy, the sky scroll

you can read, the sun  
is Talleyrand at your right  
hand whispering accurate  
advice, the table  
is always set  
now is the wind comes  
to cool your soup  
now is the waiter  
who sets it down in front of you  
just you, now is the well  
where the water spoke  
and fire listened  
and that's all there is,  
this conversation.  
But still you remember  
the lovely dirty snow  
the city buses the silent  
world where you had  
to do nothing but notice  
and store things up  
in your heart and wait  
as if you really had  
come into the world for this.

30 September 2004

=====

Will there be rain?

Brain.

Will there be never?

River.

30 IX 04

*a continuity for Siger of Brabant*

=====

*(after Lama Norlha)*

**The stricter the monastery  
the happier the monks.**

The more definite the words  
the gladder the page.

When the page is happy  
the words fly away,  
who wants to live trapped in a book,

let the words go,  
when the words run by you  
they kiss and keep going,  
you don't have to live in some meaning  
they think they have to carry,

who wants to live in a book,  
I do, said the word  
I do, said the man  
the man was me  
and the word was you

you, you are my favorite word  
I fly to India in a German jet  
I take a little local plane  
to an airport in the jungle  
where they give me tea  
I take a jeep and ride with others  
hours and hours up the mountains  
and come to a monastery,



you, you are my monastery  
I am your monk  
not much of a monk  
but I stay in you  
the taller the wall the longer the shadow  
and any I there ever is  
lives in the shadow of you.

30 September 2004