

10-2002

## octK2002

Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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## MAGICIANS

Too many not listening  
as a ball fits a cup  
the magic begins.

Other beings  
not visible to us  
are commanded to be seen.  
Appear.

Their signatures  
ever after grace our faces,  
you can always tell a man  
who has looked at them.  
They sear. They are beautiful  
in their devious way  
not unlike us. They do not  
like us, only a constraint  
we hex into the system  
makes them come to us  
and do more or less what it is  
we tell them to do,  
there is a good deal of reverence  
and suspicion on both sides.  
Nevertheless things get done  
between us.

This is magic;  
when I was a child  
the relationship of boys and girls  
was modeled upon men and angels.  
Only extraordinary psychic measures  
were thought to avail



It is your key  
in someone's lock.  
You think the oil of language  
eases it, but that is false.  
It wants to turn.  
Every door wants to open.

30 October 2002

## THE STRUCTURE OF FIRST

What had who heard?

City. Grassland. Put

the harp together:

you

are the frame I am the fingertips

who stretches the harpstrings

and of what are they made?

This is what even Herodotus

doesn't tell. We belong

of course to the things we see,

the little stream below

the broken bridge,

the girl who slid down

to catch a flower from the rock down there

while I worried about her,

I could feel her backside slither down my skin

as if I were the rocks

and I knew I was in trouble,

we have no right to be,

no right to be things other than we are.

Or seem. The arrogant

presumption of the imagination

swarming like a Mongol horde

over the borders of the actual.

Keep your own shape, man.

Or change it slowly, the way  
the rock changes into soil, soil  
into flowers, flowers insinuate  
themselves blue in her fingers

but never think about it.  
Never let yourself see it before it happens.  
So it appears I was wrong,

we are the strings, and another  
plucks dismal beauty music  
out of our distress, our barely conscious  
preoccupations stretched as we are,  
one single nerve between  
the horn and the heel.

31 October 2002

## THE GRAMMAR OF LIGHT

Less leaves let more sun through  
until winter makes it so bright  
the southeast sunrise stares  
into the naked window. You.  
And I shift uneasily in my chair  
thinking like a grammarian,  
light should not be direct object  
of the verb see, light should be  
always in the instrumental case  
letting us for example witness  
the pleasing forms of men and houses  
as they come to maturity  
or crumble around me.  
It should not be something done to,  
only done with.

Light is a hand.

Or a calendar or an inkwell  
or a bird settling on the lawn  
for example, light is two women  
— here I approach the actual  
the truth — talking in an ancient  
underground café, drinking wine  
prudently, listening to gypsy music  
or people pretending to be Gypsies.

Light is all about pretending.

I'm skeptical of sunrise,  
it hurts my eyes, it makes  
my chair uncomfortable

I squirm to change the line of sight,  
the sun coming over the hill  
after me, immigration polizei  
hounding me out of my dim refuge,

light is an officer, light  
demands something of me,  
I want to go down to that café  
but I've lost the way, light  
has broken down the stairs,  
light has repealed the earth,  
maybe light itself is an eye  
trying to look away.

31 October 2002



## CAFÉ

Writing in public  
is a blind gesture  
inside which  
something bitter is

language wielded  
against conversation

talking into the small  
notebook and not you

insolent lover  
waiting at the gates of me  
for the rain to stop  
or me to let you in.

31 October 2002, Tivoli

## **AWAITING A MAN WHO IS ALWAYS LATE**

Being late is part of his discourse  
an innocent part of him left over still

he's never on time, he must mean  
in his innocence a gentle reminder  
to everyone so everyone will know  
he never keeps his word and never will.

31 October 2002

Tivoli

## SANCTIFICATIONS

scar tissue here

pierced

environment

taken

        beyond the marshes  
into another language of becoming.

A girl is wearing a mask.

It is Halloween.

A mask reveals

what we are meant to think.

Cicatrice, idea, a scar

left after thinking.

Being able to accommodate  
another meaning.

Let me in. Let me in.

31 October 2002

Tivoli