

7-2001

## augA2001

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But what I was waiting for  
was another thing  
an article of faith  
like a forest stretching east in fog

## GARDEN OF GLASS

garden of glass not  
flowers the ancient  
breakage of our tilth

rise up in the percolation  
of soil above bedrock  
it does it does the earth  
is also a flow

the fragments of another year  
glint in my hand

ten years I've walked this garden  
gathering from the same bare  
shadowy patch of earth  
new tidings from the interior

as if inside this softness  
the world also is glass

breaks its way out to us

breaks for us

glass in my hand

1 August 2001

## POSTREMITY

Spellcheck your sacred ass  
The rapt sound of the light brigade  
Tumbling into the dark. We dote  
On recency but we collect cigars.

1 August 2001

**(handful of glass 2)**

But the handful of glass  
stays with me, the high pomposity  
of art,  
a feel in the hand, that's all, long  
after the glass is in the garbage

the broken pieces rise up through the lawn.  
The percolation. The haircut  
but still the thoughts persist  
you'd think trim sides and back  
would silence some desire  
ease  
the imagined catastrophes  
dull fear of one thing following  
another forever  
and then not.

This also  
is a glass, intact and cool,  
almost empty or is it almost  
full I drink on Lammas  
remembering the strange weather we inherit  
to live in a physical world at all.

1 August 2001

And of what ruin did this breaking come  
Who broke the window  
Who dropped the glass?

Window pane it must be, the glass is flat, thin,  
Dangerous  
    As seeing is,

The fatal glance that through the window lighted

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Let the understanding answer  
a picture fallen off the sky  
I take home and talk to

breathe my wanting onto it until  
it answers. But all it says  
is weather.

That means there is no single moment  
I don't have to understand.  
I am busy night and day

Understanding what my picture says.  
The one that fell, the one  
I keep thinking looks more and more like you.

2 August 2001

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why does it touch so  
break so this handful  
that could wreck my hand  
just lies there in my palm

lies lies a nest of angles  
still gleaming in a dirty world  
a handful of glass  
all the jagged numbers of the real

It is broken, it is they now  
they grew in my garden  
shards and weird geometries  
a handful of pain

but only if I grasp and squeeze  
no pain if I let go  
just a delicate thinking music  
like Nora Barnacle's chamber pot

any broken water

2 August 2001



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but why does it get me so  
I can't stop thinking  
of the light and shape and delicate  
weight of it in my hand

my poor pale hand  
that raised such fatal wheat

the weight of light

2 August 2001

## PASTORAL

the mower's trimmer groans  
slow to fast slow to fast  
like a man straining at stool

2 August 2001

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Let a tile sit in the sun  
till the porous clay drinks in  
the juice of everything we see as light

a tile holds everything in its hands  
puts it on the floor or on the roof

everything anything the blue blur  
of common words, the pompous rhetoric  
that says this is this and that is that

the terrible monarchy of verb.

2 August 2001

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all the coordinates align  
and you are mine

there is a story  
that the rain can tell

but no way for me to understand it  
missing as I am from this high  
ceremony of the way things are

3 August 2001

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you are the one  
my story told

dimly, fraspig  
through the habits  
of my fixes  
at what was to become

you were to come  
to me  
I am afraid to say  
how much you did  
you do, in the fixation

of knowledge  
the one I had never known  
who knows more than I  
know and knows  
even me  
among the tumultuous  
losses a single found.

3 August 2001

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or understanding what it means it says  
the broken harbor in a northern coast *alors*  
the sound of rain into the blue shadow  
which is all the window sees and you

what do you see of the Eternal Foe  
kvetching at the windowsill and hurting  
our eyes with staring into moveless dark  
in hopes of seeing someone move

and that be you, the enemy is any me.

3 August 2001

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Late to Margaret's funeral  
We stood in the doorway  
Of the crowded church  
Hot inside, hot out here

Leaning on the old white wood  
Two big nails driven in  
Beside the lintel, why,  
What Anglican superstition

Holds us to this place.  
This life. Along the church wall  
Phantom hostas are withering  
Lackluster purple ruin

Inside the church a sarabande  
Bach knew everything and spoke  
Everybody here is really sad  
Don't want her to be dead

No one comes into his own  
Through such a departure. But the hosta  
Who are called phantom because  
They know a thing or two of resurrection

Will come back from this wreckage  
And be purple all over again.  
Hymn tunes happen, can't hear the words,  
We see the names of all the dead

Petrified identities in the graveyard  
Stone by stone I read them  
All the way up the hill to where  
The big white cross stands, Christless,

He is elsewhere, maybe everywhere,  
Compassioning the screw of the heart  
Tighter, leaving us with our grief  
And the sad vague hope of flowers.

4 August 2001



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They are thin  
I want to sleep  
with every one  
of them this  
is what language  
does, it makes us think  
what we see  
is what we get.  
Beasts know better,  
one bite and run away.

4 August 2001

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And there are sarabandes  
That don't go slow, breasts  
Flashed on late night TV  
Pixel'd into glaring not  
Quite visibility the censor  
Is busy with us still  
The human bust a bomb  
They must defuse the horror  
The horror of what we  
Look like beneath our  
Layer of money  
The clothed whole  
Woman the net  
Worth of a man.

4 August 2001, late

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but how far the determinant  
rebutts the chance you grace  
by swirl alone a whiff of clean  
and then you're gone science  
is fiction every morning  
you taste of touch

5 August 2001

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You held me lightly  
on the lips of lap

I was a book that is  
the other's words

coming towards your mouth  
no wonder the sun

tree roads birds heat.  
Everything was complete

and you inscribed your name  
here in the unremembering white.

5 August 2001

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It is something with a file or fife or flute or why  
Didn't my sister tell me what she knew  
The long hard emptiness that made her want

How could I understand an absence in the other  
When everything was absences in me?

Or nobody knows what they know or what they don't  
And spend every night counting the same stars  
That burned out of the sky a billion years ago

We count on shadows and say rosaries of silence  
When the word has lost the shape of itself  
And anything anyhow is only a shapely forgetting?

5 August 2001