

8-2000

**augCC2000**

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Within the enclosure  
A kind of rhyme  
*(oats ... damn,  
door ... leaf)*  
repellent to  
military pedantry  
as if a horse could  
never be separated from  
its smell, dander,  
snort. As if numbers  
could sweat.

Which is of course.  
And why we have  
so many enemies  
short breath old  
cars and borderlines.  
A flash in the pan  
Never killed a man

and even the eels of Friesland  
*they travel the ocean  
as if it were earth*  
elvers' tiny eternity  
to burrow tunnels  
through water and come home  
they never left,

that's how to do it  
go everywhere be everywhere  
at home,  
    name your poison

within the calyx  
the imprisoned light  
resembles a flower  
you expect to see  
growing in such a place

heath or moorland  
hill or stream  
you don't know enough  
to be dangerous  
darling yet desire  
holds you for its own.

10 August 2000

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Silk is to mesh as  
x is to alcohol

some rubbing on your skin  
where it is thin  
as over a bone stretched  
and some too over yieldingness  
(define) as might conceive  
a pleasure to receive  
or administer, as, a dose  
or drug or facile  
instrument, a river boat  
noisily bound for within

ache of the stable.  
One comes back to one's senses  
as if alive or two  
were waiting scorched  
edges between them  
defining a space  
(what is space?) such as fin-  
de-siècle gestalt  
experimenters gave  
the shape of a human face  
(define) full face  
formed by the edges of  
two other faces,  
both of them disciples  
of each other, astute  
as a banana tree in rain.  
How long was ago?

11 August 2000

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Admirable absence  
Sailing up the channel  
A leave-of-presence  
I spend with you

We are dirt tired  
Wandering polygon  
The dialect of line  
Crisscross a world

Where no one talks  
Everybody speaks  
English. Rosary  
Beads of rain.

11 August 2000

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Argonauts in trouble  
land on the haunted beach

when I walk in the spume of the lord's sea  
squelching under my hard feet  
and no god left to remember

how bold the force would be to spend  
all on this singularity or cleft  
targeted hiding place fur fugue  
graveyard shift of language

these are my last letters home  
the front is broken the beasts pour out  
and paw the world I tried to make so simple  
I need you more than I need me.

11 August 2000

## SCRIMSHAW THEOLOGY

Meticulous *origami*-zation of twisted foolscap  
oiled with cocoa butter to a sleek of finger  
tucked into the strong strings of his hair — paladin  
of uncountable jungle. Tradition

is a lonely god. No bone no knife no boat.  
What we inscribe is commonplace in airy space.  
a word wood. A thought caprice, mud to lie in,  
a big shad dead in the shallows so

it behooves us to walk along the carapace  
we call the earth and try not to ponder the deep  
ichor flooding beneath the gates  
this life this tender world the *Buddha's Eye*

but don't think the other one is closed  
o no it is a poem of its own always ready  
to be touched and interpreted and loved  
this earth I mean is the one eye and all

the unseen everywhere's the other.

11/13 August 2000

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## INTERNAL MEASUREMENTS

How short      these breaths      this local  
air      it is  
how the nowadays  
language is      breathing

I must be old      once  
we say uou  
must be a pirate  
I must be a ship and you  
must capture me now

waves are discontinuous  
will the prow  
ever reach the hull

the wind the sail  
it is a kind of asthma  
jungling the air with spores

breath is the territory  
of our inspection

the inspiration      is not equal  
to the heard      song

inside  
how many sides  
to this figure  
Plato how many footsteps in this dance.

12 August 2000



## THE GRAND RELAX

that damns glib pax

into economically sensible  
concurrence

money let us loose on language  
that was all,  
that was war, was art, was what  
I brought to laud you with

rushing streams  
                    once  
I was a mill for you  
and once a bag of seed

and what were you  
while things were grinding

while I was nothing but reaction  
to what fell

of course I suppose the stars are just  
the dust of that operation

you see them chattering  
in the night sky even over Berlin  
over the train yards in Friedrichshain  
when the sky opens to the agony west

evidence of you.

Bless me, for I have been.

12 August 2000

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It is something that has to be examined  
Right where it fell, a ballpoint pen  
Aligned in grass mayhap by gravity  
Maybe not. What words are waiting in it

And how can he find out without actually  
Picking it up and writing them down? Death  
May have left this instrument for him, stuffed  
With formulas that will undo his breath

And release all his words at once  
Out into the Final Inscription. Quiet then  
Like cuneiform curved into a basalt wall  
In an alphabet means to be fingered in wet clay.

And that becomes the ultimate condition  
To which the words he merely speaks are proximate.  
So better leave it in the grass. The grass is cool.  
And it has something kind to say to his skin.

13 August 2000

*as much as he can — a window*

Break summer's metrical until  
the bleak symmetries of autumn  
I do so love exsanguinate  
the drift of vivid prophecy

and we are left with a stone  
a talking stone to scrape  
idly with the shepherd of our fingertip  
until the moon comes home

over the hill and sidles into grass  
one more loved lost found again  
thing we hold tight to our chests  
and go to sleep as sound as clocks

13 August 2000

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In other words not all theology's  
speculative Jesus guesswork biography  
or antimatter propaganda just  
this single answer a word too hard to speak

13 August 2000

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Last war a mill went keening  
Death has so gross a flow  
then leaves it grinding vainly

*it grinds a man to meal*

also we shine, eying the sun.  
There Reaper's eying us too—  
the shining came nearer  
there, miss the younger climber  
and miss him hosanna!

13 August 2000  
Olin; after Goethe's Flea

## VIOLIN

How encumbered with being  
Accurate four anxious  
Gospels to say at once who  
Is coming and whose name

Scarcely pronounced by sound  
Itself is being silenced  
Into the distracted hearing  
Where the wood ends

And could it be a lover stands.  
Can't tell by music  
Who might be coming  
And in whose name it rains.

13 August 2000  
Olin

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The sound of course is trapped in the wood  
(word) (brass) (string) (clay) the day  
comes to let it out.

All I want to think about is horses,  
why my father loved horses, drew  
a horse's face that lives with me  
still. A sound in a horse's mouth,

90 years he loved them, never rode them,  
seldom bet on them, just loved them,  
loved them. O silent word  
that has such orphan power,

the wind falls, the screaming piano  
keeps taking the music away.

13 August 2000  
Olin

## HELIOS

Muffle the light too  
Much a sick man  
Plugged into baseboard  
Tell me child  
Where electric's from

And how a house stands  
You'd think a wind  
Would not endure  
Resistance resistance  
Is the whole world

And the spheres beyond  
A yellow coat  
On a naked man  
Comes burning down the sky.

13 August 2000  
Olin



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What the food tastes like  
Stirring in the night by sign

Animal nearby but who

Nothing but marks  
Sky scrawl  
A blur of thunder.

14 August 2000

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Be artful sleek and rapt  
like a cathedral in your pocket  
— are you glad to be me? —

for all that I am west of the Nile  
and compos mentis among the deaf  
(so sang my phorminx, weird

greek harp hard to hear) hard  
to heal. Campus Amenti  
sourdough and raw onions

be your mede, my supper,  
breadkins and small beer.

2.

Explain your words, hombre.  
I am the shadow. I cost  
more than money — the secret  
says Being of good style is to be  
I-less in prosa — mark him

he is apt for reward. Pension.  
Pansy. All thirst and no guitar  
(youth slouching round the well  
to photograph the aftertaste of fame)  
I am the shadow and I shine.

3.

People don't really get it —  
But am I bringing it? Do I get it to them  
or in the guise of antiquarian sagesse

enter the city with empty hands  
humming the famous Emptiness kazoo?

I-less, sleep no more. Be here  
in Adam's vale, a deal of tears  
and mother portion of geometric wit  
(buying ice cream with Barbara on Sunset)  
be binary my children, and inherit space  
I have given you all the light there is.

15 August 2000

