

10-1995

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Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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## **BROOKLYN 1960**

1.

The only angels brought milk bottles  
or only angels did. Full or empty  
they did the same tricks with light.  
Made noise, were bowling pins,  
crystals, promises, things to steal  
I never stole. Who could steal milk.  
Mornings in front of Carlisi's  
before the sun came up Blake Avenue.  
Memory is a kind of cheese  
for all this bread of now. All  
its salt has the intention to deceive.

2.

Avenues run by buses, streets by feet.  
Then you get there and his wife  
already has sugar in the coffee and too much milk  
just like Latvia again. You pick  
a pin up from the table and hand it to her.

3.

Something's wrong with the bridge.  
The stream of incidents  
goes past, too fast, the river's  
dark green bottle green green  
of old handbags old leather shoes  
green of motor oil on sidewalks  
from some terrible crash iridescent  
still and green and slow the oil  
of tides, oil of the moon, such  
green things this river has, the water  
all green with getting there and the bridge

has the long disease called traffic.  
How dare they use green to mean To Go  
when green is all stability and dread?  
No wonder there are so many accidents  
and the bridge escapes into the sky.

1 October 1995

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Mist again rising though still most green the leaves  
but orange or yellow here and there made more so  
by the luminous diffusion of what rises.  
Description / and the other crows are calling.  
Brothermen with clearer meanings.

2 October 1995

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Feelings pass through the mind  
like wind blowing over a rock.

Find the rock.

Sit there  
till the sky comes home.

2 October 1995

## CALENDAR REFORM

Feast of the holy Guardian Angels.  
They stopped celebrating this in the nineteen sixties.  
Since then we have evidently walked alone.

2 October 1995

## CHEMICALS

Instilled in it. Or from Brazil  
some *logwood* soaked a deep  
dank pink to write outrageous  
—brief! — sentiments on napkins

I love you all these years.  
I am a chemistry set.  
That is the answer, all these cellars,  
windows, cobwebs, peaches.

I live inside the world and answer  
loudly. You hear me over  
on the other side of the cafe,  
you hear me out, my sonority

almost blends in with the plants,  
*dracæna*, *dieffenbachia*, *pothos*,  
the long arm of the light  
glistening where it falls among your hair

say, or on the creosote of the brown fence  
that keeps the unicorns from wolves.  
Beauty is an irresistible event in the mind  
like an airplane in a cloudless sky,

one's mind is changed, changed, changed.  
Nothing is left of what has not seen.

3 October 1995

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I remember an old home movie someone  
made where a person on all fours  
scurried beast-wise round the living room,  
a party entertainment, a kind of naked dog

whacked for good measure. The game of love  
is made of iron cages, rusts from tears,  
bleary-eyed répétiteurs, endless operas,  
slap, slap, kiss, the world is manners

only and no principle. No sugar of light  
on the bitter tongue after so much loving.  
Drinking song, nineteenth century lithograph  
of the Rhine falls at Schaffhausen,

hundreds of obedient tourists gawking  
and summer is blue above the Randen.  
So much for pictures on the wall or in the mind.  
These hills are habit, and I stood there too.

4 October 1995



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Capture  
at the eternity  
of a well

steel-driving  
loyal personed  
biding a

bearing a king.  
Who bends to drink.  
What is looked into

sees.

5 October 1995

## A BRIGHT DAY REMEMBERED IN THE RAIN

1.

As on a roll  
at an airshow classic  
bi-wings turtle-  
turn back over  
France, France  
overhead to speak  
the language  
of the pilot's hair

fields church walls  
be unmistakable  
beechwoods of  
the king's wild swine  
and a river the lilies  
thronging, the sway  
of lunar current

in the fluid of us,  
elegant arbiter he  
felt a moment  
of all the grains disposed  
below—

                    then  
the plane righted  
and his head  
was on his shoulders  
again, bored,  
boring as a book

2.

Not far from where we are watching

is an envelope with a blue stamp

inside it a letter written  
in pale ink in all the pretty  
dialects of yes.

                                          We see it  
beside the glasses of pastis  
turned old corn yellow  
from the swizzled H<sub>2</sub>O.

Thing color.  
And those who turn.  
Partridge bumbling  
around in the hedge.

We look down at the letter and say no.

6 October 1995  
Rhinebeck

## WARNING

Remember that movie or on TV you saw  
an image an action it  
broke away from the story

and happened to you just you  
right there came to you and stayed,  
and lives in you now an integer

forever of lust or bravery or what you mean.  
It happened to you and you are  
now what happened to it

and that's why I wait to take my turn  
among all of these shabby entertainers  
for my thirty seconds in the light

that make me yours.  
I want to happen to you  
so in all the forgetting

there will be one remembering  
remembering itself inside you fold  
of your fold shadow of your shadow.

7 October 1995

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Not to pass the time but change it  
to wipe that smile off your face  
and wrap it round your heart.

7 October 1995

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The crows call  
loud at first light

for this is holy ground  
the sky walks on

not be like those merchants  
who travel to the city of jewels

and come away with a breath  
to speak their names

or island  
                                the crows  
are near now

Without abandoning their vigilance  
over cornfields (aligning  
owned property with the Will of Heaven)  
and dead animals  
(purifying the earth, lifting  
life up again  
into the startled light)

they function in our spaces  
as reminders of the real

as once round Woden's shoulders  
the royal exactness of their information flowed

even a god needs someone to see above his head.

8 October 1995

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As aftertaste  
someone watching

be a sparrow  
the kind Mao had  
killed in their millions  
on the northern plains

but be survivor  
of all such policies.  
Be alive  
with modest wings,

and brownish, *hsiao*,  
be wise, be bird,  
be small, filial  
piety means to stay alive

be obedient  
to the perfect world  
by living.

9 October 1995

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Asgarð waiting



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*contra sera* Indian summer  
the Stromata of David Miller  
comes today,

in quilts  
the energy is in the join,  
design. Not every sentence  
needs to begin.

Almost evening now in quiet leaf.

10 October 1995

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Indian summer certainty  
the birds remember  
seizing? Season?

To hear a bird *breathe*  
beyond the cheeping  
the petter of dropped seed  
falling, like the bother  
of a pen on paper,

nothing but weather.

At the grand unwieldy  
architecture  
seed hive of sunflower head  
so weighty  
immortal promises of seed,  
finish what you start,  
building from a few  
images a busy world is made

nothing further than a flower.

11 October 1995

## BELLS

*Under the shabby rock and roll  
hear the bells of Atlantis ring*

Whatever comes through  
the mess I make of the day  
the sudden momentary undertone of permanence  
no thing but knowing

and those bells that mean so much now  
heard beating from under the sea  
in their own daylight days  
were also just people's music

busy at their dying, and they too  
heard underneath the real  
*the actual*, and loved and doubted it  
and prayed to it and died.

Because it is always speaking  
and the least of what we are is listening.

12 October 1995