

9-1993

**sepE1993**

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## BIRTHDAY

Things come around to being now.  
A sort of being like a leap  
a squirrel leap from not noticing  
up into the heart of here she is,  
a lawn full of her small  
prancing. Cold wind and a gold finch  
and we're here. A crow in fact sits  
on a sapling too small to carry him.  
And yet it does.

24 September 1993

## GILGAMESH

Carpenters bothering the day  
old Celtic word hammering  
the side of the old hotel  
a building is built to bother  
the hour. Hammering the wind  
bright already in cold trees.

The noise of them and their boring  
etymologies holding wood together  
the nails the claws the breath  
making a fleeting fictive world  
where our stories seem to be stable

a house is built of stories  
every child knows that  
imaginary permanence of vinyl siding  
antique restoration old men  
made young again (excuse me)  
was the plant he lost at pond side  
when the serpent sneaked it away  
while he slept dreaming of a sky  
full to the horizon with hurrying ducks.

24 September 1993

## THE OTHER

Of course in dream the body  
that embodies you in not  
the body lies sleeping in the bed

sometimes early morning you still feel  
those hips how they turn  
to meet the burdens of your day

and those arms reaching down your arms.

25 September 1993

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Mental excitement while eating a bagel:  
names of philosophers  
teeming to be listed.  
Giles of Rome. Posidonius  
whose writings are lost.  
Chewing is remembering.  
A hundred names of dead white men  
stored in the temporo-mandibular joint.  
Along with Dogon and Chuang Tse.

25 September 1993

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If I keep hiding  
eventually you'll find me

There is an energy  
in the art of concealment  
sends its light to you

And finally you read me right.

25 September 1993

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Evening. Rain. Because  
has a flavor all its own.  
Does not explain. It makes  
the rocks smell as if an animal  
were passing close. Not explaining  
but being there. With fur and sweat,  
the glands, with going.

25 September 1993

vf-x#e

PASSPORT

Tousled set, a stunning use  
of crystal empathy, to still  
the patients in their beds  
and make Sleep sleep

Deep down there then  
there's no pain no light no pourparlers  
this jabber we mistake for feelings,  
none—

there is a swimless ocean and a sense  
fixed clear on hurtless knowing.  
When you know utterly you're here, you're there.

27 September 1993



## REVULSIONS, 1

There are things worth measuring and then  
there are feelings. Fix them  
in pale vacuity, eye of a half-wit  
full of secrets about his body  
we do not have to know.  
Do not put these in the museum.  
They renew  
themselves  
in the tidal pool of feeling  
every day fills new. The moon  
and so on. Do not measure  
her, she is the measurer.

28 September 1993

## REVULSIONS, 2

Tonsured, a party on the beach  
watching motor boats drag skiers.  
Spinnakers far away on the blue day  
and terns at the back of our necks  
warning of something or other always.  
There is so much to fear. No wonder  
we have cut out hair and torn our clothes  
and gaze at the waves as if they were enemies  
suddenly defeated in red battle,  
pitiable, forever receding, lovable  
even, our last friends.

28 September 1993

## THE FACTORY PLANET

The natives have always been restless,  
it is a consequence of being born  
and living there. The colonial administrators  
(disguised as blue jays, squirrels, rivers, trees)  
survey with satisfaction our ruined hours.  
“Anxious as ever,” they write home,  
“they tumble from agony to fun  
in the twinkling of what they call an eye —  
a round thing you can stop looking with  
by lowering a little dusky pinkish thing  
no bigger than a rat's placenta.  
But they never can stop hearing, so  
we use music to keep them on the go.”  
And so the annual tally keeps increasing—  
soul-hours of anxiety, anger, pride, resentment,  
jealousy, lewd ignorance, despair and every  
now and then a gem of pure desire, rare as remorse.

29 September 1993

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Arriving in a big car  
one thinks: I could have walked.  
On foot one thinks:  
I might have lived here  
always. And at death  
reflect: I never left.

29 September 1993

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There is no morality.  
There is only opportunity.

This means TV or Internet  
or who *is* this sophomoric comedian  
who signs my name to everything I think?

29 September 1993

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So many little things are left to lurch  
adequately through the noisy afternoon  
past yellow hardhats revising the earth  
the streets are full of chemicals, scholars  
discuss Mahler

and Garance is gone, her velvet toque  
worn only in a poem, so much noise outside  
it is almost, Ted, as if we had remembered Heaven  
and Heaven was Vienna,

Heaven was Paris, the quarter  
where the Gypsies fled, the marsh the Templars claimed  
and filled with with grails of their gold

Heaven was sky  
again, where we all lived, Vainamoinen and Valmiki  
and Hern with his feet up by the live-oak  
remembering the last of all wars  
and his dogs frisk by him  
and those women, Garance among them, a shadow in shadows,  
the curve of her voice calling, the shape of the sound of her  
calling me through the crowded streets  
following after,

for it was I who fled this time,  
past the steamy Louisianas the rainswept Picardies

maybe I shouldnt tell the whole story,  
follow her for yourself again

it must be a human lifetime ago that you followed her so well.

29 September 1993 14:58  
for Ted Enslin,  
remembering his *Forms*

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I like the feel of the corduroy worn smooth above my knees and I don't know quite what to tell you after that, let that be confession of sensuality enough for one day, run your hands over the logroad of such fabrics till you wear them down and all irregularity is just a memory of before you and time goes on. None of this, of course, was deliberate. They say, have a cup of coffee with me, and I say yes, and we sit down and discuss the world into place a while until the shadows of the dracaena sift round the room and we both of us know, without saying anything, that the day is done for. We could turn it into the night easily (dinner, the movies, a concert) but we let it fall shadow-wise from our grasp. The cup is empty. My knees in fact right now are a little cold at the memory. Listen to Mahler---that might do it, one of his vast cosmic endings built on intimate, even sarcastic little afternoons. Something like a trumpet is busily changing my mind.

1993 15:05

29 September

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And I would if I could have a little kingdom  
like the Brontes knew, surveying it  
piece by piece out of the dictionary  
until by Name and Number it was tricked to stand  
three dimensional and full of sheep,  
blue clouds above it and a young boy whistling on his flute.

1993 16:36

29 September



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Appalling clarities, woodlots on fire,  
sore thumb, train track, alder  
by long path, a shadow passage

leading to sunlight and bamboo. We build  
by noticing. We speciate by senses.  
Peace. A flag for all its beauty

makes a bad blanket. Over Soukhoumi  
what emblems flutter? *An image  
over an image, a few colors  
escaping from light.* The war, also,

is fragmented, scatters beads of bad quicksilver  
everywhere. Darnel seeds from cotton trains,  
deer ticks wait for the fat of my calf.  
Despondent travelers of a battered vocabulary!

30 September 1993

## LIGHT MUSIC

Light music that a generation knew  
when electric light was new, a light  
was a kind of turn-on (we still say)  
and a dance. We suddenly had

so many permissions. It gave us too  
the dark, a darkness we could choose,  
till it came to be the quick inside us.  
Gershwin, Ravel, the inner moony madness

that men go crazy in the south of France  
when all that thymey sun goes down  
and we go with it into the endless Judgment  
waiting always when we close our eyes.

30 September 1993  
(listening to *Porgy & Bess*)