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I write what the time needs,  
what the time  
tells me to

Not the news, the news  
is always old by the time it gets out,  
time doesn't want me to say  
what I heard, wants me  
to say what I'm hearing  
now. I write tomorrow.

8 October 2011

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Slow me down?

The long word comes again?

I am a leaf on your tree

you know when to let me fall.

8 October 2011

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Another pen  
another instrument  
another way  
to know my mind.

8 October 2011

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Listen to the liberal dead  
their tawny telling

they remember too much  
but every now and then  
they forget something  
down into you to tell

October. At least the sky  
is true.

8 October 2011

D:M:

P:V:M:

Or to go back to when you were alive  
and I was not, uneasy afternoon on the Adriatic  
when the sun crept into your veins and six  
days later you were dead, on land, on the road,  
on the way home, the whole Empire in your eyes  
lasts even till now. And we think things die!

8 October 2011

= = = = =

Change the tool to change the mind or  
China over the horizon north, yes,  
north has the best sky, it's not all Sufi east  
not all Celtic west or cloying south.

There it is, great north of *empty energy*,  
green ice of Labrador, shaman smoke along the Lena.  
I face the Arctic for my prayer, North Star my qibla.

8 October 2011

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Take a big blue globe with you  
whenever you leave the house  
and a leaf from a backyard tree.  
You'll know where everything is.  
You'll know how to find your way home.

8 October 2011



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The merchandise from Eden  
we carry still.  
Guilt and obedience and shame,  
a withered fig stuck to my naked mind.

8 October 2011

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*So a many of churches one cannot pray own's prayers. (FW)*

& if not those, whose?

I don't believe in other people

lipping my meanings out

even in Latin the Lost.

(... 8.X.11)

## TOPIARY

Beyond the yew wall  
green be yielding.  
In time a thing  
becomes its opposite.  
Strives to. Leaf to blood,  
woman to man. Heaven  
to Hell. Earth  
the midpoint of our transformation.  
The wall of yew  
shields me a little bit from change,  
just for a moment  
I am who I am, I speak.

9 October 2011

= = = = =

“October’s  
bright blue  
weather” my father  
would have quoted  
today, smiling  
at the hint of warmth  
not a cloud in the world.

9 October 2011

## THE ODES OF OCTOBER

1.

Castaway. Listen for it,  
it comes again, from the air,  
a spell of night, taste it  
hold it in your mouth  
until you're the sun.

Was a sea so meant  
to be like anyone?  
Evident energy fingertip  
tingle a thousand miles  
to move the map  
around, to go.

Answer me,  
the loneliest finger,  
I draw magic circle  
in spilled beer,  
Or even a lake.  
It is magic.  
That is, it works.

They watch me closely  
from some other room  
when there is only this,

castaways, they listen  
to hysterical birdsongs,  
write them down for me,  
I'm too sober to pay attention.

2.

I thought you were a chemical  
taste and consequence  
or a big truck carried so much  
so many mind  
like a love song on television  
an excuse for showing  
what no song can touch.

Sudden the rush of blood  
a shuddering roadbed  
we are steel bridges slung  
over dangerous neighborhoods.  
To do what you are  
requires a huge population,

practice, practice, rosary  
beads slipping through the fingers,  
we know who God is  
because our mother told us.  
But did we listen?

We wanted from the beginning  
to kiss God on the mouth.  
No compromises.

3.  
Take this word out and put  
this word in, all the way in  
till it meets resistance  
then lift gently  
till the mind folds  
over herself and dreams.

There the word lodges  
and welds dream images.  
In time the whole lexicon  
embed. A book is fever.

Moonlight of pale print.  
Call the plumber.  
The word dreams  
your day all around you.  
Have a drink. The sky.

4.

That's as far as I got,  
my superstitions get in our way,  
where to lay my fingertips  
where they won't be cast adrift.  
t of the blue sky?

There I was pressing in  
as if I could all by myself  
lift up and sustain  
all the victims in the world  
with this one touch.

Did you ever watch a dying man  
settle for one more breath  
then sigh it out and nothing more?  
It is a highway and one goes.

5.

These are words they mean  
the things they say  
but not much more.  
Poetry measures things  
but doesn't sell them.



The men at the bar  
have measures of their own.  
It has to be mysterious  
to leave room for everyone.

It has to be clear  
enough to feel  
fingers on the skin.

6.  
As long as we're closer  
than the day before  
no matter what autumn answers  
Take it gladly on your word  
(starlight on a small town  
muddy shoes, spotless diner)  
where take means tell.

In Venice the little bridges  
excited me most, every step  
a border crossed, a maze  
solved, the smell of each plaza  
sticks in the nostrils a while—

new religions in old places,  
new bodies inside one God,

oceans, histories, all the things  
distract me from  
the complex equation  
we walk around in  
somehow holding hands.  
And we're not even there.

7

Finding my way to you  
isn't easy, I have so many trees,  
neckties (wear a skirt of them?)  
so many alphabets, locks  
keyholes stuffed with clay.

It's morning after all—  
what have I forgotten to do?  
All feathers and no bird.

Always carry everything with you.  
Always leave everything home.  
I just heard an owl cry  
hungry for something too.

10 October 2011

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To know someone in dream  
is to lose them forever  
from this ordinary sleeping world?

Suppose it was an old friend—  
so build your house out of sand  
dry sand and pray it stands,

the checks fly out in the mail  
and few come back or  
you knew her when she was someone you knew

and now nobody. No body at all.

11 October 2011

## THE NEED TO SPECIFY

A brutal twin-bladed ax  
to which we prayed back then  
became Thor's hammer  
became the Cross—  
so shaped are we by shape  
itself, the array  
beholds us and we are held.

11 October 2011