

10-2013

octB2013

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### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "octB2013" (2013). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 63.  
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**Somewhere finds the way in  
as in the book you borrow  
someone else's reading karma  
dogeared the page you open to**

**and now it's yours, the fear and lust  
brought you to this page,  
this stilted conversation,  
canned description, a coin**

**maybe of a vanished country  
minted before you were born.  
And here it is in your hand.  
Art. Spend it if you can.**

**4 October 2013**

=====

**Suppose each color were a different night  
you have to sleep through each  
to know the truth of them**

**that's what the old painters did,  
endure the dream of red  
the violet neighborhood on the way to dawn**

**where light, mother of all colors,  
absorbs them back into her white self  
and scalds the eye with seeing.**

**Don't look at the light,  
don't cross your eyes  
trying to peer inside your skull —  
trust the colors — they are the real  
words that It said.**

**4 October 2013**

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**The sun is same.  
That is the likeness  
of itself is everywhere.  
In shade I hide,  
knowing no better —  
dark music arrives  
quick blood of listening.  
Listen again, yellow.  
Leaves. Orange. Umber.  
Name your children one by one.  
Eventually  
    **the family is complete,**  
**the fish swims to the table,**  
**the moose bellows in the yard.**  
**This is the dispersion,**  
**the dream called waking,**  
**hello everybody again.****

**4 October 2013**

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**In childhood**

**we solve all problems**

**by getting sick.**

**Sometimes we can't get better.**

**Even when I don't have to go to school.**

**The cure outlasts the first disease**

**and becomes the second.**

**I inherit horror from myself —**

**the trees will not leave me alone.**

**4 October 2013**

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**Casting about for something exact—  
a spirit maybe or a guide  
walks down the air and speaks a language  
I used to know. Now  
even the city of it is forgotten  
though there was a bridge  
and a light across the river  
a big store where they sold lamps**

**and nothing else. Find me,  
I beg, I'm not proud,  
or I am proud, but only of how well  
I sometimes seem to listen.  
And then I know you. So please  
come and know me, this**

**is not a song thing happening,  
it's a blue need, like dungarees  
in August or the mist over Yamuna.  
Well there's a time and there's**

**a place and what more can I do?**

**It's up to you. I spread the curtains**

**startled by the sudden legs of light**

**standing right outside the room.**

**Who are you, who are you, I ask.**

**And not for the first time.**

**4 October 2013**

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**Exact resemblances**

**elude the Paris theatres.**

**We shiver backstage**

**knowing our lines too well.**

**This is your language, I**

**am only along for the ride.**

**The curtain rises. Scene:**

**a living room in the provinces**

**pimpled with knick-knacks.**

**A dog perhaps alive is curled**

**under an oval table, on which**

**a newspaper lies limp, open.**

**Someone in shadows seems**

**downstage to examine a painted**

**window as if there were a world.**

**We know better. Outside only**



**more people talking. Semaphores  
on 19<sup>th</sup> century railway tracks.  
A rusted tank half-sunk in the marsh.  
Only language lasts, but not the words.**

**4 October 2013**

## **INSCRIPTION FOR A TOMBSTONE**

**You of all people should know  
how easily I'm manipulated.  
For instance I am dead and you're alive.  
A whole religion could be made of us.**

**4 October 2013**

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**The privilege of offering**

**to be the with world**

**as it works,**

**to be by mind**

**apart of that**

**which goes and that which stays.**

**A cup of tea offered,**

**or a sweet wine**

**out of childhood,**

**or word or bread,**

**everything the mind can lift**

**you raise to being.**

**5 October 2013**

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**Motionless on the move,  
the light trick  
ever arriving.**

**Pass through me  
also, we chamber  
each other only  
for little moments  
cut from the tedious weave  
and they incandesce.**

**Whatever that means.**

**Something ancient, Mediterranean,  
humanist, sparkling,  
shiver in the thighs, brief.**

**5 October 2013**

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**Where we began so there we are  
losing battle against the self**

**doomed from the words I heard  
doomed**

**Adonai                      a cry**

**Why are the words scattered  
on the page in the Song of the Sea?**

**Because it's poetry, she said,  
a poem is *Sator*,**

**a sower of seeds**

**across the fallow page,  
to see what meaning will grow  
from all that space  
pierced with those scattered words  
— the place alone  
speaks to the mind eye.**

**5 October 2013**

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**Flower philosophy**

**Coals all burnt**

**little fruit trees too**

**availabilities of**

**walking by the woman gate**

**to sell release,**

**you never have to**

**walk this street again**

**“no more work”**

**because sun spills grass**

***cesped* you say**

**from a far poem**

**or the sea, the sea.**

**5 October 2013**

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**Accidental prophet**

**his words**

**temporarily true**

**meaning is like jogging**

**a flash soon passed**

**so I wrote a book**

**to say it, to keep**

**you from listening.**

**5 October 2013**

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**My chemistry set.  
Do they still give them  
to children? It was  
my favorite gift,  
Gilbert's was best.  
Or tall olive green  
cabinet ranged with jars.  
And what did I learn  
from all those chemicals?  
To sit alone and work  
and think about the names of things,  
how different they are  
from what they do**

**5 October 2013**



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*for Sherry*

**Cats are the normal ones.  
We are the magic ones  
maybe. They and their kindred  
(wolves, tapirs, salamanders)  
are the natural inhabitants  
of this beautiful house,  
this strange house, strange  
to us lovers and warriors  
who come from Mars or Fairyland  
and try — so difficult, really —  
to be at home here.  
On this weird earth.  
Lady, the cat you lost  
was your landlord  
who taught you how to be here,  
make love, to think  
long thoughts and lie in the sun.**

5 October 2013

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**Vultures**

**fly into a cloud.**

**Maybe eight of them.**

**The cloud coherent.**

**They fly in and don't fly out.**

**It is as I have thought —**

**a cloud forms around a mystery**

**some God or some death —**

**the vultures pray to it now,**

**unlettered sextons in this high church.**

**5 October 20913**

## **THE DUCK AT THE DOOR**

**Something innocent is always waiting to happen.**

**This menacing world may make you smile  
as at summer's end the trees turn gold.**

**As once we sat out on the back porch  
and saw come stepping of the long driveway**

**two white ducks. Never knew**

**where they came from, they lived**

**with us a year or two, here, eating**

**all the treats we could think of**

**(read "The Home Duck Flock" as our research)**

**or across the road in the stream above the falls.**

**Then one day they were gone, one we think down**

**the eapids to the river, one I fear**

**into the fox. The tenderness**

**they gave us lasts all these years.**

**I see them still when I look at the stream.**

**5 October 2013**

