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= = = = =

Oh the lost ones  
the underground ones  
across the street ones  
faces in the hot spotlight of memory  
the brain's a stage  
and they all strut across it,  
the missing ones,  
glowing mug shots banked in memory  
of how she moved, how he  
turned from the keyboard and got up  
shy genius smile at the brink of never.

4 September 2012

*in mem. Franz Kamin*

= = = = =

Daylight happened as I looked the other way —  
let the web receive my alternate identities,  
the Pessoa people who jump around in me  
taking turns shouting through my lips —

how can I make you know my lips  
my wet little curses endearments  
obvious lecheries waiting for wet answers  
because everyone is always incomplete

and then a new one comes to empty me  
and find himself with fresh identity —  
speakwise, and we are spokes in one mortal wheel.

4 September 2012

= = = = =

It gets sentimental out there  
where the fallen tree attracts  
shy woodland travelers  
not quite ready to make love —  
each thinking about teatime or tiffin  
and all the nearby birds disturbed.  
To rescue me by randomness alone!  
To believe all mute animals!  
To watch them get up and walk  
companionably away not even touching!  
To accept the oracle of anything!

4 September 2012

= = = = =

A feather left from falling —  
let the air for once be pure

*when they be ought of bus*  
who hurry home —

                  what was that  
you were speaking?  
I was coughing, it was morning, nervous,  
book dust fatal to inhale,  
stretch your legs towards the birdbath  
and hope to know the difference —  
but wait, don't moral me, that  
phrase you opened with, can't be English,  
who are you and who are you hearing?

A woman in Paris pressed  
against me in a crowded bus  
I tried to understand the grid  
of streets, the going, the way  
it feels another city  
sometimes always the same.  
Always a corner to stand baffled on.  
And where should I get off?  
And how to do that, pull a cord,

cry out, ask for help,  
but in what language?

A touching story but un peu cliché.

There is nothing moving in the underbrush.

And I'm afraid of it.

4 September 2012

= = = = =

I don't think you know  
how nervous I am.  
I don't think anybody does.  
I laugh and wisecrack  
but so what. The terrible  
apartness screams inside  
and it comes out funny.  
What if I just shut up  
and stood there looking at you  
trying to hear you are.

4 September 2012

= = = = =

Are there times the voice inhabits  
clock of her body  
ratcheting always towards noon  
when iron birds are taught to sing

soon the world will know itself away  
and who will you be then, Marigold?

Forget me. All I ever was  
is a mouth to bite you, fierce  
but never swallow you down.

4 September 2012 [first text in Shafer House]



= = = = =

The important thing is to count numbers  
over your breath and under your skin  
to find out where the ape is creeping in  
or where the old serpent hid his rattles —

evolution! What a dance they do begin  
demons of anxiety and proof  
run circles around the silly priests and nuns  
who spend their lives deciding what's a sin.  
And nothing is! It's all rain and wind and sun,  
it's born before me and will never die.  
So that's what counting's for — to go places  
where you and I will never fly.

4 September 2012

## HOME TRUTHS

Ocean rules it.

It can't be otherwise

it is the biggest thing,

our master.

Whom Jove by his vague sky

and intermittent fulgurations sought to tame

and never will,

ocean is what most we are.

All we are a bunch of islands floating through the sky.

\*

The rose of Sharon

blossoms for months

on the berm before our house

a yard from the road

it loves it there

came here from far away

a long time ago,

loves the roadside, thrives on traffic.

Gifts to passersby.

\*

There are fashions in exile,  
every socio-economic order  
breeds its own escapees —  
only a limited number of ways  
to escape from any of this.  
Or every this has its own that.  
The cock crows at dawn.  
Getting out of the System is part of the System.  
There is no time outside time.

\*

Trying to avoid writing about desires  
he wrote about opinions instead,  
politics and history and all the fraudulent explanations  
of how desire rules the animal.  
Opinions are just the lusts of the brain.  
Better keep the mind on *that girl standing there*  
who spared Yeats one more dreary Senate speech.

5 September 2012

= = = = =

My speech is rusty, an iron band around  
my thinking. Everything I see or think about  
needs to have something about it.

Charliehorse logic, a spatter of  
loose opinions. I want instead  
to write from ignorance and on my knees.

5 September 2012

## APOLOGIA

I've told the truth about myself  
so many times it turned into lies.

No words can unspeak what they simply see

the truth of my heart,  
the thing that hurts me:  
I'm never doing enough.  
I've never done enough.

\*

School is school, no matter what side of the desk you're on.

\*

Once I thought I could (like some fabled anybody) live for pleasure. Did I disguise pleasure as obligation, destiny, work, to let myself do what I want? *Is this what I want?* is what everyone should ask every morning. And add: Who wanted this?

\*

It takes forever to find out what I mean.

\*

A Writer's Life:

too many confessions,  
too few sins.

5 September 2012

= = = = =

Lobos missed  
the way today  
the feel of things

meant not wolves, means seals,  
wolf of the sea, canid they are,  
barking, far off in the mist

trying to open the word,  
trying to be far.

And one came up and swam beside her  
in natural measure,  
two sleek people  
in water worship  
joined in quick knowledge,  
left to be.

Leave me alone, we used to say,  
meaning not what the words do  
but another thing,  
stop doing it to me  
whatever it was, language usually,  
that thief of solo,

we didn't mean to be alone  
or always do.

2.

So in the mist

is politics, Janacek's music  
played by Rudolf down the road,  
I remember the feel of it but not the sound,

the missed,

the things we let  
language get away with,

and it's not even away,  
it's here, in me, the mist,  
the things we let it do,

and as you know from meeting crazy persons  
language never leaves anyone alone.

6 September 2012



= = = = =

Make me sicker make me better  
all this summer you've been on my mind  
or I've been after you, cool day with mist,

the day will come, we say,  
as one who says it never will.

Any more than when we  
kill time. It won't stay dead.

It will not pass. It is here to stay.  
I am in the middle of what it means.  
Lawnmower a few scattered leaves on the lawn.

Not revulsion, not a photo  
in the paper we turn away from,  
tattered carcass or glib politico,  
something instead that turns  
away from us, as if we  
were too bright for it to look at  
or it were shy of our nonstop velleity  
the will in us to want,  
the want that stands in for will,  
shy about terrible demand.  
For men are screaming with desires all day long.

6 September 2012

= = = = =

Human body blocks wifi transmission —  
try it at home and see  
where all the energies suddenly  
blocked from your smart TV must go —  
in you, embedded now, alive but never seen —  
the ghosts in your very own machine.  
They are there, moving sly among all the things  
you really have seen and forgotten,  
the happy few you have  
actually remembered,  
you're alive with them now, you zoo.

6 September 2012

= = = = =

Finding once or many how  
the fullest elegance  
fondles you across the street —  
nothing is far!

To hear the well-beloved tree  
means amiable lunacy —  
we reflect back to the dark world  
the light that beauty shines on us.

And so we need to move around  
never waiting for what comes by itself  
to those whose minds are busy somewhere else —  
and leave the business to our legs, those wise aesthetes.

6 September 2012