

9-2011

sepD2011

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "sepD2011" (2011). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 100.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/100

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

= = = = =

The bridegroom seeks her in the bushes
she's in red but the night's dark
red is black and close is far—he reaches out
touches, she whispers: We both belong to others.
Then they do what the night meant all along.
We are servants of the time time takes.

12 September 2011

RECOGNIZING YOUR OWN VOICE

now that everybody's on record
nobody gets that wonderful surprise
of hearing yourself as a stranger hears you.
It was a kind of instant love affair
or shattering divorce. A mirror in the ear.

12 September 2011

= = = = =

Looking forward to the sound of rain—
does desire make anything happen
or just us unhappy most of the time.
World: a cave stuffed with replicas
of what someone else wanted. And I
have to live in it, barely room
for my knees under the crowded table
and I lie down matted and foul
on someone else's dreams.

12 September 2011

sub umbra alarum tuarum

this day and ever
at the synapse
the spirit ventures
into time again,
touches, teaches
us open to
what is our real
identity, outside—
tree, gallant
partner, white sail,
hard hat, highrise,
windwill, rock dove,
evening breeze, rose—
that is who we are,
we are the *insides*
of a great body
we move in Whom.

12 September 2011

= = = = =

You be the drive.

Dérive. Let legs'

memory of some

other place

walk you through

this town. These

woods. Mapping

is a muscle.

One gold slipper

seems to have

gone before you

into the dim.

Find her or him who

lives only in the traces

left. Drift, love, drift.

12 September 2011

ROMANCE OF SPIRITUAL MATTERS

and wooden fences. Spirit.
Buckets of rainwater
with leaves in them,
yellow, we call them dead.
They fall. Autumn alchemy.
Science of nobody knows.

12 September 2011

CAUCHEMAR

couche mal,

and yet I slept ten hours quiet

into hot morning.

Maybe there wasn't even a nightmare

to call my own, maybe just this bright

green waiting into which I come

is someone's dream I have been saddled with

I carry towards noon. Or no one.

13 September 2011

AS IF

Chuang Tzu had
no butterfly to dream
and looked around
at waking
in vain for a likeness.

13.IX.11

= = = = =

The hummingbird
flying towards me
makes a shape
quivering with
light and speed
sign of the cross.

13.IX.11

MEDICAL ADVICE

Hold on till the body
knows itself well.

13.IX.11

= = = = =

Quiet in me
one day
hummingbird
enough to watch

because in all the
changes of
the fugitive world
this fragile
thing seems permanent.

13.IX.11

= = = = =

Because I am old a rose
of Sharon has come to grow
outside my window
and hummingbirds come
to know it quickly, deeply
while I linger, smiling to myself
and think: I am an old man
at last, watching hummingbirds.

13 September 2011

=====

Years I went
now I watch.
But I hum.

13.IX.11

TRIANGULATION

Change the shape.

For fashion is Reason.

*

We are addicted to being
instead of Being.

*

Every word is a closed mouth.

13.IX.11

THE STORY TRIES TO TELL ITSELF

There are green mounds
over white bones.
Very slowly indeed the leaves lose color.
Only this quiet sitting together makes any sense,
with all the furor safe in our mouths.
All the rest is society and paying dues.

There has to be a better way,
a mucilage to hold the soul in place
the way iceplants holds the soil down on highway berms.
Because the soul too wanders, winds
of passing lift it, the soul's in love with wakes,
currents. And when it travels
where can it ever go but to you,

the bones said.

The grass said nothing at first, then yawned
and looked fondly up at some clouds—
that is my soul up there, I see me every day,
see how I change and what's on my mind.
What did your man think about
when he was still thinking?

The bones didn't remember.

All a bone remembers is quiet times

when lovers sat beside each other
when energy from one body flows into another.
The bones are where all shared feelings go,
we are what's left of love, and love
is the only thing we know how to remember.

14 September 2011

= = = = =

So many summer buses pass,
the obligation people feel to travel,
need to be elsewhere.

But elsewhere is here—
wrong, elsewhere is nowhere
and not even here is here.

14 September 2011

= = = = =

*Incredible but there must be
a thousand people just like me.*

Try to look alive: the cheesecloth
draped over a coathanger
with a slide projected on it
of a face, could be mine,
a nightmare face anyhow
folding and unfolding in the breeze.

14 September 2011

= = = = =

But there are people in the woods
I mean inside the trees
inside the fall of light through leaves
and they have faces too

they know how to talk
but it's hard for me to listen
my brain so full of what I want
that I can hardly hear

their wantless being.

14 September 2011