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Every day the golden arrow —
that shaft of sunlight
comes over the hill and stabs the triangle —
points further north. The sun goes south for winter
and the old folk follow. But its light shows my direction —

	ARKTOS	
MOUNTAINS	+	SEA
	HELL	

my sweet compass rose.

15 September 2012

= = = = =

I want to count you on my fingers —
this one, that two,
which one is you?
Or are you three
or more? I think I will never
run out of you.

15.ix.12

= = = = =

In the pie thatch
sculpt the words the master sought,
 onion domes over no snow
the green of autumn
 one more
paradox we have to live in
music of the so-called mind
who knows when
the time actually is.
Or is it all of the above
and none to choose,
wind and weather
do the choosing for us,
beauty of the human form,
as compared with what?
Someone naked standing in the surf?
Your Pheidias saw more than that,
and insolent Praxiteles
who gave a human shape to god —
and still all night beside me
my wife in perfect sleep.

15 September 2012

TRIADS

Gladly shun a flat horizon
unless it moves as the sea does
or some lakes or the eyes of your friend.

Gnomic guidance good for grievors —
climb out of your feelings
as you would from a sweaty old shirt.

Gasp in the fresh air of dawn —
the chill reminds to forgive —
you are an immigrant in new country.

Sometimes it wants to be sententious
and who am I to ignore what it says,
ironies, flirtations, judgments, prophecies?

A candle held to the sky
is a sign of something —
remorse, maybe? or surrender?

How big a bird is when first seen!
My Welsh ancestors knew about that —
hide a hill in the mountains, and wait.

Sunrise reminds us not to forget the obvious.
Otherwise it would be light all the time —
no more mushrooms! No more love!

We stand in line to experience
the sheer joy of waiting —
when else does time actually carress you?

Saying what I don't know is safe.
Nobody believes me — and if they did
they would wind up knowing all about something I don't.

O gnostic wasteland to speak so wise
when the deer have nibbled and left the lawn
and my aunt's parrot is dead a hundred years.

The spinster was skinny her sisters were fat —
what shall a little boy make of that?
Marriage goes out in mystery.

And gorgeous by mode of distance
intimate by share — same air
same latitude —but no more.

16 September 2012

SUPPOSE

for a minute we had a minute to dispose of thinking of this and that, of things not present to the eye or to the ear, mental fabrications such as the image of one person sprawled on the lap of another — is it a Pietà or Priam grieving over Hector or some incautious revel of the non-working classes caught in *The Sun*.

An image doesn't come with explanations. I call you up and explain what I have seen — wait a minute, this is turning into a confession, abrupt change of direction.

Suppose for a minute we had no time at all, nil, and you rose to the occasion and tore off all the sheets from the calendar and said Now is the appropriate time, now is tuba bucina for war and syrinx for peace, meadow springs and chanting woodlands crowded with your imaginary persons, Etruscan daydreams, girls between your ears and satyrs hitting on them.

Suppose I tell you I have supposed all that and am comfortable with the images proposed-- what then? Then suppose you had a cinnamon hour, maybe a whole afternoon of frankincense, a night of patchouli, a month of neroli, a whole year without a single reek of sweat, suppose time itself dissolves into its native suppositions, that we are and are here and have wherewith to do. But what does that even mean? Means whatever you suppose.

17 September 2012

= = = = =

So there are voices,
birds on the roof,
mouse in the cellar,
the world complete.

It is Samothrace again,
the triple face of the one we pray to
if we pray,
night and day and in between
when you are alone in the world.

2.

The Greeks had

Zeus — sky looking down

Poseidon — earth and sea looking around

Hades — the unseen looking up

symmetrical —

but what's the fourth

element,

us?

3.

Element theory

makes good breakfast.

Later something more complex
for dinner, rich, umami,
not just oil but the flesh
of fire, the muscle of water,
the bones of air.

From the kitchen the old philosophers learned
watching wives' alchemy at work.

Poor Kant had to make do
with the billiard table, watching
single balls complexly meet,
collide, ricochet. The white, the red.

17 September 2012

= = = = =

Be one red
flame on top
of the bush
be Ark
on Ararat be
something on
top of everything
on top of me.

2.

So it makes
sense to climb
ladder of spine
where once I
or like me saw
angels going
up and coming down
my nerves
my messengers.

3.

adoring you
because you were
red and far

safe in distance
safe in color
safe in being
not me at all.

4.

All this aspiration another part of the dream

stays motionless
below all the ascensions
at peace in abstraction
no going none gone

the brain is not the mind
but nothing is.

18 September 2012

=====

Of course it's artifice.

If it were conversation

I would be actually there

and you would be too.

18.ix.12

= = = = =

Find all answers instantly.

They're in the bedroom closet

listening. They will tell

the top of the stairs

what you did on the steps. And how all your worship

was climbing one step at a time,

you miracle of meaning

you're not sure what.

The closet knows, and the pillow, and the old pair of brown shoes —

no one knows you better than your feet —

the things you make them do!

France. Darjeeling. Hoboken.

You forget their names

but your belt remembers

and the lenses of your sunglasses

with broken frame —

throw something away

why can't you

before the lens gets around to seeing

and the keys in your pocket

start to sing.

18 September 2012

= = = = =

Strobe similars
familiar of the rain
those *other* birds
who ply invisible
inside the sky —
water curl, the fall
of eaves, leaders
and gutters, old tin
conduit me
I ask a flow of know
ralentando no direction but more

，

let that be comma,
coma in the song,
a mercied interruption,
between one thing and its next
a nest of forevering.

18 September 2012

= = = = =

Ancient Egypt had a story of an artificer god
who rubbed himself until the world came out

I think this means that Time is Space masturbating,
and out flows History.

I think that someday Space
will find an actual Lover
and Time will stop.

Or time will turn fruitful,
entropy reverse,

Time
will be maiden and will yield!

Who will that Lover of Space be?
I asked the rain,
got only this answer
I will feel like me.

18 September 2012

DEPARTS

Austere disquiet of beginnings
 the squirrel of fate
 around the fixed deserts
 of a man's life,
 his house a terminal
 support, a bend
 in the wire. River.

To arrive is to have been somewhere else—
 beauty of asymmetry
 why do we like what we like
 love is easy compared to liking
 the all-seeing eye of what I want.

2.

So touch and fly away,
 like her sparrow, *passer deliciae*
meae. no names,
 even the bird is an alias
 and tomorrow's weather is today.
Morgen ist heute.
Be gone is the good counsel here,
 breakfast at the Carnegie and disappear.

3.

To lie there awake
having the same dream
I'd have if I were sleeping,
unfair to both worlds.
A leakage between systems.
Get the car fixed.

4.

Indeterminacy vectors
proof of went
came back and told—
this world our slow collider,
who measures what happens?
Measure is just another dream
another nightmare, there's only
one thing at any one time
and no comparison. Only one
place at a time to be.
And no way back.

5.

Elegies everywhere.
The whole business is listening
to sad voices murmuring in the woods,
as if the roses et cetera
spoke better English than we do.

Sunshine's earthly measure, though—
and what of that?

You see
what seems.
I see where
nothing goes.

Stripped of the consensus and the *Pequod* sinks,
what then, jorsalfara, what then?

19 September 2012

= = = = =

Waiting for the distillers
to have done with their roses,
juniper, autumn cider,
last year's wine
and turn their heat towards
Time herself, that gypsy
drunk on sheer passing by,
bring her into a little
crystal encampment
where she sleeps in diamond
and we can hold her
in our hands and
pause our going—

this is time's own time,
the essence she can be
of staying. Stay
here with me.

20 September 2012

= = = = =

Exhaustion or because
the words know
a little bit about us
and the morning's cold.

Wake up, cries the gerund,
there's so much -ing to be done!
Ing and everything and more!

To think of a word
right after waking
is to inherit
a mass of obligations—

your dharma your karma—
to work out for hours
maybe or toute la vie—
and god help you if it's French,

you can't even stay home.

20 September 2012

= = = = =

Life is full of because
no one of them 100% accurate—

we live with the shimmering inexact
as if e lived — a whole life! —
in the corner of somebody's eye.

20 September 2012