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=====

Something left to say
get rid of it before you speak
and the truth will out
as people used to say
back when out was still an option.

23 September 2010

=====

I want sometimes to be simple
as it really is, a riddle
with no solution but a smile.

23.IX.2010

=====

after Busoni

“Did this man have some kind of accident?

I ask because he’s young again

and naked and in the sky.

23 September 2010

=====

We say in the city

who's asking?

We say in the city

don't ask.

We know how to talk

in the city,

how little needs to be said.

23 September 2010

=====

I see me seeing
a woodchuck toddle
from one den to another.

I am a part
of a population.

Didn't I know this before?

How come I forgot?

Animals for us
are mostly reminders.

23 September 2010

=====

These problems a man might have with being
can be resolved by simple fear, sweetest
of persuasions – the roadside is always waiting,
the strange girl with the hair in her eyes
if she has eyes and you're never sure, stop
the car a hundred feet beyond her and wonder
should you back up and she wonders
should she trot to catch up with you and what
kind of person you'll turn out to be
and you wonder that too. See, being is full
of surprises, you never want for mistakes.

23 September 2010

AET.SVAE.LXXV

How old who am?

The things we see in the skies at night
are reflections of our eyes.

We recede from ourselves
finitely fast and infinitely far
until we really are,.

So few things to new.
To know. A sparse
republic lost at sea,
a galaxy. We
are citizens of that gone down.

Became here.
A taste still
in the mouth
of there.

24 September 2010

MORE BAGATELLES

She told me

We are just leaves with feet.

But where is our tree.

*

Cosmologies are prayers

atheists to anyone there.

We god one another in our grief.

*

In serious weather

come back from peace.

The only thing we'll

never understand is

anything we speak.

*

Only use words we don't understand.

Things laugh at us

then we can tell from their laughter

where the words' things hide.

*

There. Because

things hide from us

it is far.

It is a disease of light

that we can see.

That we seem.

*

Why must I be permitted to resist?

Our fates come already twisted tight,

resistance a child's dream of power.

Every step takes further down the stairs.

Before we get far

we are this place.

Then we begin.

It is like an old story—

your mother told you

but you fell asleep

before the end

and now we'll never know

24 September 2010

=====

There are so many things to listen to me
thy body was not made of earth

or on earth certain sylvan sylphs
importunate with arrant poetry

came down to breed. Or no, only to touch
since there is no touching in the upper air

but exclusively down here – but alas
the touch does breeding business when it skins

and so we came about and were here.
We are children of the air all sweet enmired

as John the Cross man said, and the Sun
of the Law from Tabriz had whispered

nibbling Rumi's neck with his cool breath
and plucking the collar of his pajama coat.

24 September 2010

=====

Answer a birthday with a bread
and spread on it a cheese from goats
who live at least a thousand meters high
where the air smells only of pine trees
and you look down from the cliff
and eagles scream. I want to be.
Even if it's not in France, not
in the Valley of the Dranse de Morzine,
not on the alpages of La Chaux
high above the pilgrim town of Saint-Jean
staring shyly at the quiet farmer's
aging blond Alsatian wife, wondering
if my German's up to chitchat about her goats.

24 September 2010

=====

At least the wind
knows, the spiraling raptor
overhead goes to that school
all day the long instruction
of its breath we also hear.
Soar over things. Right
livelihood. Right scholarship—
cat-ice on a pond in Canada
left clear transparent midair
sustained by the reeds
it tried to squeeze. Be like
that, a human
glides along humus,
does not trudge. The mind
is meant to skim the surfaces
of things, to memorize
only the contours of the moment,
contours of us all
and store that sleek information.

Build dome from that.

Otherwise a house hurts.

25 September 2010

=====

Morning, your speckled shins.
Need a shave? Go back
five minutes and plug one in.
I am tired of this one-way time.

25 September 2010

=====

If we could find our way home
despite the politicians now
that the fox is safe in the woods
and the neighbor's bitch stops barking.
Egyptian doctors buy our mansion
god knows how they'll use the house
they're never home they'll turn
the pines into minarets the peace
of God will come down on our roof.
And their dog doesn't even know
how to bark. One neurologist, one
anesthesiologist, as if we could feel
anything at all to begin with
beyond the terrible wood of our house.
How did this begin? Wait for dark,
order out pizza. Sad young drivers
always know the way to our hearts—
follow the pizza man into the night.

25 September 2010

=====

Try one more time to be
and be innocent of time
and still be now—

 want to get there
faster, whoever she is.

When I am born again
I will have other fears, other obsessions—
unknown miseries and unknown exaltations
he or she will have
who had been me

just as I seem (is it only seem?) to be free
of all the agonies of who I was.

25 September 2010

MORE BAGATELLES

So much waiting
so much just being here—
who can tell them
apart, who would dare?

*

The sound of a question
no one's asking fills the room.
That is what civilization is about.

*

Listen closer—the rose bush
yellowing at low leaves, euonymus
going for red. I was a god once
you've never heard of, no rulership,
just long endurance of pleasure—

and then the Romans came
and even I forgot the languages we spoke before.
Silence is my only weapon now

I keep it clean and very sharp.

*

Midmorning light still frail
as if it had been up all night.

*

Talk too many
roses fade.

*

I have a sympathy for glass—
every face it knows and every
image holds. And even
when it's broken works.

*

The sanctity of something else.
Heart Diamond Club Spade lusters
signs of life in a dead man's hand.

*

Getting used to not knowing.
How a lover tapping on the door
is like a bar room brawl.
Discuss. Look out the window.
The lawn full of lucid animal.

*

How can I touch
stroke the sound of her
voice speaking French?
An ear is not enough to hear.

*

The do I want to thing
is all about you.
A voice from inside the sin
compels me to be.
It speaks pure reason.

*

Stand there and lift
your vacant life to my lips
so I can drink you full again.

*

To be immortal
all afternoon.

26 September 2010

=====

Now listen to my silence and be glad

it said, and I did and I was

and then I wasn't anyone,

just listening alone to nothing said.

26 September 2010

[TEXTS FROM THIS PAST SUMMER]

=====

The waiting zone. Where the penetrating sunrays
seem to have agendas of their own.

In the hundred-degree heat, the vast empty
cornfield seems full of strange identities.

I hear the mumbling and hissing as I pass, the sounds
though are all coming from inside me. They remember me.

[early July 2010]

=====

When I think how far you've come
to be here, and how hot it was,
I know you've said a noble thing about this place.
And it is hot here too.

There are even animals who know less.
Your jungle grows in two languages
one for each gender of the tiger. We
who live in such places all our lives
by coming here get to be tigers too.

[8 July 2010, Kingston]

=====

The *asking* of the sky

is what we see as blue.

In Asgard they unfurl

the scroll of questions.

The sorrow of asking

is being told.

The language of men.

[mid-July 2010]

=====

Who knows the final answer?

Music plays itself then stops.

This is folk-work, people

have to agree to hear this

and hear it as music. Bread

in the oven after a time begins

also to sing but we call it something else.

[mid-July 2010]

=====

When I knew nothing but myself
but didn't know it was myself
it was just heat or hurt
or hunger, and crying
was the only language.
I learned by hearing my screams.

[mid-July 2010]

ETHICAL DISCOMFORT

1.

Old women sweep the dust

away from beneath my feet.

They carry it in black tin pans.

They free me from suppose.

2.

Aviation is the thief of experience,

travel far from being anywhere.

3.

Sweltering blonde summer sudden

between the merest change.

Le temps d'automne résonne. Dear one.

4.

Placid classic chacun relié special set

all 24 volumes bound

in white catskin for the Pope.

Catskin? Maybe calf—

I was young, the pope was old.

He lived twelve years more

and blessed me as he passed.

[August 2010]

=====

Emptiness. Kipling standing
at the side of the road
reading. Remembering.
Some roads are very long
They cross the heart
and still don't reach the end.

[29 August 2010]

26 September 2010