

9-2011

sepH2011

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## ROSE OF SHARON

The tradition seems to be  
only one in front of a house.  
The old way. One rose  
tree, one viburnum,  
a few lilacs. That will do.  
This is America, not Eden.  
We aim to be modest,  
profuse, more of us  
in October than July,  
something saved  
for the next season.  
And maybe one arbor  
vitae beside the winter door.

28 September 2011

= = = = =

Suppose a morning glory is a mouth.

What does it say.

Blue arrivals think their way through time—

alkali & acid husband & wife

the world is raining

all around me

my only protection is to talk

and talking is a secret way to walk.

28 September 2011

= = = = =

Things are better than things  
people are better than people

morning sunset small rain  
I still can't touch you with my tongue

lick honey off your monument  
we read each other as if we were long dead

and all we have to touch with is the books we write.

28 September 2011

= = = = =

The blue flowers believe in me  
they bring the sky inside  
to comfort and instruct.

All I can think them with is praise.  
*fero floris laudem*  
and the sky turns inside out.

28 September 2011

## OLFACTION

Picture the absences  
to be on the side of the criminal  
to drive through the world  
wanting nothing but the next thing.  
And then be there.

2.

Like the stench of white birch  
spoilng the whole woman  
otherwise in my arms.  
The smell of wrong.

3.

One profile of her I didn't like  
made her a fat fish suddenly  
not the slim girl she was.  
So I sat always at her left side  
wisely ignoring what can't be remedied,

4.

Where had she come from  
to be at the side of the road that day  
under too tall white pines  
that kept the smell of summer  
deep into autumn.

5.

Or something else Going a long way  
in time and Idaho  
to witness what becomes of what we need.  
The shape changes. The *seeming*  
one falls in love with, it  
others.

Seems no longer.

Even the smell changes.

6.

Olfaction. So well equipped  
our brains for it. Scent  
is a matter of absence, isn't it,  
how molecules of the beloved  
drift through lay space  
towards the lover, out towards  
all those who could be lover.  
They take leave of what love  
must think is inexhaustible  
fountainhead of redolences  
breathing resemblance, compulsion,  
the ends of the world upon me.

29 September 2011

## **THE PROBLEM**

We don't have to know  
more than now.

But we do.

29.IX.11



## **CORTICAL**

Look at the drift  
will sun soon  
ironbound chest  
snap open full  
of papers

I remember everything  
I ever was  
I mean saw  
or are they different

a cloud is the bardo  
taking us between  
one life and another

though the names don't change  
and none of them is mine

I think in silences

the cortex  
short breath  
looking in.

2.

Change the record

change the numbers the names

rinse history

of everything but act

and then do nothing

biography is a disease

only fiction cures

live un-

interpreted.

3.

If my breath were stronger

I would walk right up the tulip tree

tallest in our forest

and bring you down the highest leaf

to say what I'm not allowed to say

or dream between the branches of your tree.

4.

Starting again

and with no breath

the cortex

goes on forever  
not even numbers  
can count me there,

but all the kisses  
count, all the broken  
twigs underfoot,  
weasel by the river,  
the kisses, beasts,  
kisses, subways,  
oaks in rain.

30 October 2011

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After a while with us  
the colors stop being colors  
and go back to light.

30 October 2011, dreamt