

5-2013

mayB2013

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "mayB2013" (2013). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 148.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/148

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.

[re]INCARNATION

What

they don't understand is that

I am born again from presence –

every person I can touch or touches me

gives birth to me again

without presence we vanish

into the dreamy world of seeing things

what we see and only see

is the imaginal world

olam ha-mashal

I've been calling it lately,

parable, parallel, likeness,

the over there of here I am.

4 May 2013

=====

**Right over there something to member
keep the word hurting you the pine tree
takes care of itself – prove the power
of your presence by walking through the door
backwards be story, dear little volcano
will you never come home? C'est à dire à moi
I'm all ocean all this while
so full of need the leaves are back
I've just noticed the light all trapped in green
only two things worth looking at at all,
trees and the sea. All the rest of the visible
will leave you flat and cheat you blind.**

4 May 2013

=====

**Then the man in the moon
angry at what I said
threw something down
and hit me on the head.**

4.v.13

=====

**What kind of music is this
that walks inside my knees
like temperature or a catkin
drifting from spring trees
harpsichord. I remember Landowska.
The way they used to think it sounds.
Birds gently confusing the issue.
And as we have been told there is none.**

4 May 2013

=====

Of course the orchestra

follows us around

comes from a word meaning

dance or dance for or

where else does music

come from the ground itself?

4 May 2013

=====

The sun makes shadows

this is my gift

horror of the unseen

that shapes all the rest.

4 May 2013

ORGANIZATION

Young tongue

licks old word

says

be simple

to mean

be sly

to sympathize

it is so hard

this thing

to speak.

2.

The tower struck by lightning

or alchemist on the roof of it

leading electric power down.

Two vassals fall from it,

**ruins of the self,
duality discharged
in one flash of singular
knowing.**

One taste

**alone, as ozone after,
lightning strike, the multi-
tudinous single sea.**

3.

**Tongue tip touching
torque of the aurora
renews our atmosphere.**

**North is different, north is now,
south is then.**

**Picture a person
standing somewhere
picture a person
knowing the place.**

4.

Tongue licks, let's go

a wet spot lingers,

a word, a meaning.

Maden egan,

lick, don't lather.

The Greeks had to learn

the way of islands,

so many islands,

when you live on an island

you're never alone.

Therefore solitude

needs to be purchased,

mortgaged by language,

insured by silence,

lie on the shore and close your eyes.

5 May 2013

=====

**On this day the eagle
listens to the message
the hummingbird heard while
guzzling in the flower,
the flower heard it from you
your whisper
at the brink of the day
when only the roses were listening,
on this day, the thing
you meant is carried
out through the sky
to the heart of all
such things as we are,
all the people of the light
blossoming, whispering,
flying away.**

5 May 2013

(after José Barreiro)

[TRIADS]

Blue bolt

a jay

away

hark your manners

a snicker

in the mirror

what color

I can't remember

my eyes

Achaemenid

too long ago

to mercy me

taxes unpaid

the kingdom

unground wheat

old wood fence

the propriety

of not looking

medieval maybe

a tuft of cotton

ear of corn

finch squabble

Unitarian sky

agnostic afternoon

what is a chessboard

after the empty

trap come in.

5 May 2013

=====

**When the sight of a woman pushing her children on a stroller
is less common than a homeless shapeless person
pushing a junk-filled shopping cart along
we know the time in which we live, where all
property turns into trash and all children grow up poor.**

6 May 2013

=====

Lost, is it luster?

Gravel pit in Devon

where my great-great-grandfather

picked a pebble up

and later threw it in the sea –

I have found that stone.

It floated my way

in a sober dream,

waves lifting tiger stripes of sunlight

and the wet thing at last in my hand.

6 May 2013

=====

“SMOOTH THE THREAD OF TIME”

(after José Barreiro)

Day sinner / ajmac /

a sin is a twist

a backward curl

in time,

a sinner

bends time on itself

and remorse or forgiveness

smooths the thread again,

the current free

-- a sinner goes against the drift of time

turns his back on destiny,

does what it did not mean to do.

Or is it that the “occasion of sin” itself

a natural agency,

and sin a quick propulsion,

time times itself?

Sin = *sein*?

6 May 2013

=====

**Be thoughtful dearling
on a blue-edged wager
-- you only live inch
by inch in a miley world
so spill the Moët meekly
there's no brass band in the book
a spook over your shoulder strap
maybe, or sleeping Golem
in the vestibulum, crinkum-crankum
imagery of old-fangled science,
a tongue out to sass you
and a pulse-of-leasing on it
faithful to its trickery.
Avast, burdensome lass!
go scull your kayak to the sea
and lose it there, soaked
with permissions, a slim**

islet soon shaped in salt.

It loves between your losses,

this world does, it leaves

you flat on your back

in fact but displays the stars.

7 May 2013

=====

Waiting for the news to need me

I think it's time to breathe again.

The faultless messengers got lost in the pass

and settled down with mountain girls

and who can blame them? So blue the gentian

the sweet ice tinkling scherzo every starry night.

Rest here between rivers, that's all I can.

A river, even a little one like this, knows

a thing or two, and I know a few, so between

its going and my staying there might be just enough

till the word they say comes over the hill.

7 May 2013

=====

**People slow down
as they walk uphill.
And time's a pinnacle
I sherpaless ascend.
Every day
the world
a little less
of me below.**

7 May 2013