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Dream caught mint  
green wet as leaves  
from the generosity  
of flesh learn.

Maintain the principles.

The word means  
hold it in your hand.

25 August 2010

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Was Brahms ready to tell me yet  
who I really am  
in someone's mind  
playing him but thinking—one  
moment—about me?  
The haystacks of Staatsburg  
seen through rain-dappled windshield  
Monet? Everyone locked in some  
work of art? To find it! To see  
(hear, touch) it is to be free.

25 August 2010

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Panoply, but not too close.

Argosy, but not too far.

Philosophy, but not a word!

O see, can you say,

by this dawn's early write

the noon I promise you

but not too soon?

25 August 2010

= = = = =

Walk away from the tailor  
your feathers are your own  
because cool weather gives way to heat  
and nothing is more durable  
than the air you fly through  
except the effort of you doing so—  
muscles atrophy but the will's a triumph  
of staying in a gangling gone. No bird  
but heart. No nonce this grim eternity  
of making and being beautiful.

*Schönheit muß leiden!*

what a weird way of saying it,  
hard work being beautiful

25 August 2010

## **SALON**

Beauty all so many problems.

Focus. Draw an orange highlight  
around the picture of the one you mean—  
the face rimmed now with color,  
the one you want to be. Forget the police.  
The need you feel to be this somewhat  
other person, one more Iliad with no words.

25 August 2010

## **ROOFTOP**

The party climbs from where the elevator  
ends. How did he fetch a jungle in the sky?  
Even here it's hot but through the clearer air  
sunrise at last over the East River,  
the Queens' daily gift. Your hands are dirty  
from rooting in that unexpected flowerbed.  
The rest cluster round a spyglass on the railing  
peering at early risers in upscale Williamsburg.

25 August 2010

## **TRUE LOVE**

Sitting at two tables  
in the same café  
revising each other's  
latest book.

25.VIII.10



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The dwale of afternoon  
sipped at morning, why?

Nothing can be sometimes  
that I care and would be always.

Not the romantic  
always but just now  
quietly going on.

25 August 2010

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Walked a quiet  
particular  
                  nothing  
rhymed, certainly  
not time with sublime,

two soft breast feathers  
an owl maybe, a stub  
wing feather from another,  
tougher

living amber  
butterfly  
made sure  
wings annotated  
seminary of little eyes

rusty bottle cap  
everything legible  
a sultry afternoon  
river close  
invisible.

25 August 2010

## KON-TIKI DAYS

Between log and log you see the sea.  
You are sustained by what separates you  
from the place that made you. Land.  
Every moment is umbilical. And eyesight's  
worse, links you to every random shore.  
A passerby mid-ocean. Everybody  
worth a look or two. You're close to it now,  
proving something by sunburn, thirsty,  
turning time into space yet again. If  
you can do it now someone could have  
then. Birds know the whole story,  
have been here from the beginning,  
gull here, crow on land, but land is far.  
The simple guesswork of your images  
fills the night. Star stuff, vaguely personish,  
all fade by dawn. And you forgot the wine.

26 August 2010

= = = = =

The liquidity, the ecstasy  
of the day's  
beginning, writing. The poem,  
the act of it—  
I am in a far place then  
writing my way back  
from the place before language  
to the place in you  
after it. In me too. Language  
the only way beyond language.  
The poem is my death  
from which you are reborn.

Incarnations move  
slantwise through time.  
No father and no mother but each other.

26 August 2010

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There is a large hall

as if before music.

It is filling up with the dead—

not the general dead, not zombies,

but my very own dead,

the moving forms of all those I knew

but never knew enough,

all these hundreds, I knew them all,

I know them all, and they know me.

I stand up at my seat in the orchestra

looking back at all the entrances

through which they throng in.

Do they think I am of their company?

Have they come to tell me what I failed to know?

26 August 2010

(from note/experience of 21.VIII.10)

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Can we hear me?

I was only after talking  
well before thinking.

If I were famous  
I would be a stone  
shaped like me.

As it is I can move  
a toe or a finger  
now and then.

26 August 2010

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People who make a fuss  
about getting rid of The Self  
are often the ones who seem  
to have nothing to fall  
back on when the self is gone:  
draw a Tarot card  
of their predicament.  
Call it “The Lovers,”  
Gemini, the angel weeping.

26 August 2010

## **MUSIC FORGETS SO MUCH**

Come back and go  
then live in control  
mine or another's  
we are sisters you seemed  
facing the same fire  
or I am no man's brother

Every poem  
corrects another poem.  
One day we'll get it right  
two suns in the sky  
one single intelligent light.

26 August 2010



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That animal alive in the wood  
is another sort of man. On the railing  
sparrows: so many kinds of sparrow—  
breeds? races? species? Who  
is the owner of manyness?  
Nuthatch head down on the tree.  
Ontology. All beasts my brothers.

26 August 2010

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Caught being

iron forest

iron trees

being caught

in being,

landscape of your palm

I read the reason

There are so many

waiting to be you

no arguments no violin

It would instead

be a good thing

to own time,

we have walked all day

to the end of a day

that has not even come.

26 August 2010

= = = = =

*O pour briser . . .*

The queen sends her lovers  
to the Tower

those who hate God  
are given churches to teach in

sometimes a circle  
of friends becomes a noose.

27 August 2010

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Sprites of modest woodlands  
roar and grow vast iron wings.  
They break every circle, wake us,  
things are new again.  
Tyrants moan in their last sleep.

27 August 2010

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Squirrel leaps onto window ledge—  
catastrophe of the suddenly seen,  
Towards us they are always coming  
from the boundless pantheon  
of conscious entity—the gods.  
The animals. The viruses. The us  
and all the rest of living things.  
Is life the sponge, or is it the wine  
squeezed out of it. Does anyone  
know less than I do? To accept  
the air around you is to be further  
into this world than I have come.  
I bartleby my way along left and right,  
demurring at everything, pretending  
to be all the gods I want to exist.

27 August 2010