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What shall we do in the wave of becoming  
but answer every animal?

Something of irises

(purple ones, soft-fluttering, they call them flags)

or modest briefly scintillant spiraea

we were taught to call baby-breath, how could that be,

in all cases, though, answering

the animal and every flower

gives us enough to do

to let us wash our hands of music

and be quiet where

up to now there had been wise men

chattering in courtyards or even

(to credit Socrates just once)

sometimes in the fields and meadows

still palavering but with uneasy glances

over the speaker's shoulders at all those trees,

but now we need a green language

oily with answering,

one where the words

slip through us without much of our usual

scheming and finessing,

just say here we are  
in all our differences  
we are here for you  
because all you need is our answers now  
and tomorrow  
long after we have spoken and slept  
and awakened and kept  
a long green silence  
only then feed you with questions,  
because that is all a human is, I think, for you  
a question that in your own time  
Dionysus tells me you will answer.

24 May 2010

= = = = =

Exhaustion or a glass.  
A fox behind maple stump  
or at first breath a deer  
stepping through underbrush  
pausing here to browse.  
What do we eat. Who  
do we think we are.  
Animals and aviators, bronze  
gates of the synagogue  
you know who you are.  
I lick the bronze. Or in Vienna  
rough stone pillars of the Oper.  
Something is toying with me  
from far away, I feel the heat  
stirring in the air above me,  
a mythical bird with iron wings'  
carries me to the refused desire.  
I don't want what I want,  
don't make me want it.  
The stone answered my caress,  
I still taste the bronze, the old  
taste of worn down pennies  
in the mouth, the poem that  
in paperback they called *The*

*Song of God.* Who sings that  
in these days, who plies the seas  
with artful constructs while the rain  
drowns the merely disobedient.  
There is no law—that's what  
the Song sings, there is only doing  
and not doing. Being seems to be  
the first of our mistakes, a thing  
not to explain but to forget.  
Then there is all the quiet beauty  
of not-doing all ready for you.  
I will sit content across the room  
watching you not doing it. No it.  
There is no object to doing or  
not doing. I'm being honest now  
and saying more than I know.  
No it. Only quietly not doing it.

24 May 2010

## WICCA

Not had the first  
and the second word  
stumbled—was it *sword*?  
was it *order*?

Were there witches standing around  
in satin half-slips making me lapse  
in speech-craft,  
was I?

Oh the witches are wonderful before all,  
they remember everything the rest of me forgets,

a witch is a mind at play  
seeking in each thing its essence  
then changing it  
to prove there are no essences.

They save us from idolatry.  
The cat speaks. The cow gives wine. We are free.

25 May 2010

= = = = =

Does it begin?

It never ended.

Even now we seem

to be just between

in breath and out

breath of the strange

animal we inhabit

or is it we are?

25 May 2010

= = = = =

Interruption is a music in the mind  
that measures conversations—  
talk until you're done and the audience  
is asleep. Only when I break in  
do you have a chance of making sense.

25 May 2010



## RELATIVITY

Last evening golden fading  
cool after hot day me sitting  
in white tee shirt on the deck  
how distinguish this now me

from my father forty-five  
years before likewise employed  
two soft-bodied anglos  
in what he called the gloaming  
he thinnish fattish me  
now in yellow morning remembering?

26 May 2010

## IMAGINATION

Shakespeare's imagination  
was all vocabulary.  
That's why we still understand  
him perfectly.

26 May 2010

= = = = =

The new word

offered.

I have done enough

and it's only today.

Fire siren Doppler effect

dies into bird cries,

life buzz.

His girl (never his)

is gone

(soon back but no his-er),

this bad prophecy also

faces into the trees

where I think this friend

is sad and I am sad

at all the wrong

decisions I too have made.

Not decisions—things

decide us. We tolerate

what comes along

to make us, make us

belong to it. Let

(for instance) the girl

be gone.

26 May 2010

= = = = =

The length of a movie  
is proportional to the comfort of your seat  
and the faces of the actors.  
Calculus is needed to determine this,  
a good rule of thumb is just count the money.  
Even shadows come alive sometimes  
have teeth, wait for you in the street  
when you give up and leave the theater  
resigned to never having those people  
those places. But the shadow has you,  
and the shadow also has full lips.

26 May 2010

## SIGNS THAT YOU WILL SOON BE LEAVING EARTH

Ants come then shun you.  
Snakes appear near your picnic table but quickly vanish.  
Your clock starts telling the time in New Delhi.  
Biblical passage you read in childhood  
suddenly come to mind—a wall  
in Leviticus, a tree in Kings.  
Uncertainty seems a good idea.  
You read late Wittgenstein at bedtime, though,  
still seeking. Seeking  
is a very bad sign. Stay  
with finding. Stick with what you've find.  
Between your picnic and the river  
a small flock of bluebirds,  
gregarious fowl flit from tree to tree.  
You take her word for it,  
you can't see blue anymore.  
Wait—are you gone already?

26 May 2010

= = = = =

You remember Wittgenstein  
that Roman Catholic Jewish philosopher  
is buried in a Protestant churchyard.  
There seems a kindness, a civility  
in this arrangement,  
a confidence in the importance  
and inconclusiveness of naming.  
You hear a voice, you look up  
from your reading, you answer  
to some other person's name.

26 May 2010

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Moon soon  
full in a soft  
month the girl  
is waiting

play this  
on your flute  
your lips  
know everything

the words too  
are waiting  
wearing  
her clothes

the bird  
flats one note  
to wake her  
towards you

be ready  
with the tone  
she needs  
and moon too.



26 May 2010

= = = = =

What are the chains that try  
To keep the tiger in its trees  
So that all we ever see is  
An orange snarl and green eyes

26 May 2010

## **IN THE NICHE**

**Organized entropy like a niche constructed in non-being where some force could momentarily lodge and take on entity. Are you entity, blue or bleak, person? Is the necessary discord tied already round your neck, swan? “Poison, potion,” we drink with our ancestors, we are made of water, nothing holds. Except the esemplastic power itself, to take every form and penetrate every shape. Place. Hollow. Hallows. The sun is full of stuff like us. A living sheath of warm moist air surrounds each living thing and this pale sheath leaps up. When the wind blows we are naked for a moment and feel the actual**

**world around us. For this reason spirit is likened to the wind. Or is the wind. What is around us is the key or clue. The inside is no different, but different.**

**26 May 2010**