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Instead of growing old  
there is another animal  
walks through those caves  
we call our bones. Dark  
when you first go in  
but deeper down there is  
a bone-light knows the way

27 July 2009

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Offerings of water to the god of rain—  
it is good to make matter laugh,  
can you do that, principessa?  
Over Stuttgart a haze of light,  
some old writer idles on the hill,  
leaning on his elbow, *Solitude*  
*with View of Distant City*, but solitude  
has a picture maker in it to render  
the ridiculous proportion: giant  
foreground man, tiny city.  
The writer is too important to smile.

I think the human mind  
is a trap some other being sets  
to catch whatever it is gets caught  
when we do think. But why?

28 July 2009

= = = = =

A word-count would tell you who I am.  
I thought I was a beaver in your lodge—  
or Antarctic potentate of ship  
strung out along the sea  
slung from the clouds by its rigging,  
a puppet queendom and no free.  
So many nouns I thought were me  
and so few verbs. Verbs  
are exhausting. Verbs sweat.

28 July 2009

= = = = =

Wait till the noises stop  
then milk the cow.  
Have you ever seen a man think?

Was it like starlight over the Valley  
that powerfailure night  
when we stood on Mulholland

before the grid came back on  
and all the stars  
spread out on the ground?

28 July 2009

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I don't want to hear music and don't know why  
is it something in the air  
or not in the air

                  a rubber dam the dentists use  
now stretches over all the streets  
                  and makes all music sound dull and Haydn-ish  
and taste bad,  
                  music has a rubbery taste today, the thought of it sickens,

I must have been him in a former life he bores me so—  
only one's own self could stink like that.

28 July 2009

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Forget the ad—  
think about the thing  
itself, far  
from its admirers  
isolate, the south pole  
of your imagination.

Can you find it,  
the wood, the wheel,  
the wool, itself,  
far out there  
at the furthest reach  
of your senses  
making its own time?

29 July 2009

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When you can say Yes  
it's magic,  
the trolls brought you this skin  
to feel with.

The gods gave you this sky  
to be out of reach.

If you can learn  
the size of yourself,  
that's science.  
All the rest is poetry.  
Religion is the nightmare  
you're almost awake from.

29 July 2009



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All art can give  
is the world made strange  
so we can see the old things  
for the first time—

that would be Aristotle's version.  
But I want an art that shows  
familiar all the world that never is.  
And yet must be.

29 July 2009

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I want to believe  
the unity of *line*—  
where one can be  
another can join it  
or persuade it to  
some river journey  
or even ocean-faring  
to a far text found.

A line is an immigrant,  
a colonist, a pilgrim,  
a conquistador—

watch it invade, watch them move,  
do not accept the frontier  
some author sets by mere personal will  
around a text—text  
is a permeable membrane!

A line travels to find a new home  
unknown autumn island  
yellow with old elms.

29 July 2009

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In shimmering purple  
as if an animal  
no such color could  
armed for poetry  
and anxious to go down—  
wide windows,  
restless stirring comforters.

29 July 2009

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*This manipulation had the expected outcome: more persuasion for messages coming from the left.*

Means messages from the left—  
focused on or through the left ear—  
are more persuasive.  
The right side of the anterior agrees.  
Contralaterals avail.

[29 July 2009]

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Too many pages on a page  
ever to turn it—it  
was one of those pages,  
you get there and that's the end of going.  
You go no further but keep reading  
downward and inward and lopsided lust—  
letters will link if you let them  
infinitely.

30 July 2009

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Sometimes one has said enough.

This is called death.

Or is it only silence after all,

for a while?

30.VII.09

= = = = =

To land on an island  
but not settle there.  
Walk in the surf, shade  
under the aspen trees,  
shove off before sunset.

But are there enough islands  
for your world?  
Sail the indigo danger and see.  
Sometimes though  
your cuffs are still soaked from  
that one particular surf,  
hours later, no land in sight.

30 July 2009

= = = = =

Sometimes a nerve opens and I hear.

I hide from myself what I want.

That's what dreams are for

anyhow safe from daily practice.

30.VII.09



## **WITH PEOPLE**

I hide what I want from myself—  
two meanings. We all like things  
but sometimes I have a prayer  
where it is dark though plenty light  
just seeing nothing or at most  
a small rectangle of stones like a hole  
in nightspace in front of a stone wall  
or pebbles on a winter beach—  
I taught them everything I knew  
and they used their hands to touch me.

31 July 2009

= = = = =

Morning always comes me from the sea  
ever recurring instant evolution  
from some dank sea creature stumbling  
up the dimness to be a man  
by the time I get to the end of the hall  
and the window shouts at me  
Well, try again. We'll try again.

31 July 2009

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Anxious to read this book  
I think I'll find a word in here  
or else a rapturous silence.

31.VII.09

*(Corpus Poeticum Boreale)*

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Dear Diary, why?

And why won't I let myself  
read a book before breakfast  
and why do I wait two or three hours  
before eating that minimal meal  
(raw barley flakes and yogurt)  
so any language has to be me  
doing it? Do I have to use  
all the words up before I go for more  
like a kid having to bring all his books  
back to the savage librarian  
before he can read an untasted word?  
Ah, Diary, my little invisible book  
with so many thousands of pages,  
all about you, sleek milch-cow  
of my whole life sustains me,  
*we live on life itself*, that's the secret  
out of me the milk I mean.

31 July 2009

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Make yourself wait  
for the flowers.  
Be strong.  
Lent lasts all year long.

Your obsessions  
are your bones,  
all your abstinence  
your sweet blood.

31 July 2009

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A man's whole life held in his heart  
is the sustaining nourishment.

31.VII.09