

8-2009

augA2009

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "augA2009" (2009). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 567.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/567

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Warmth will know the day
wet will dry, the star
will walk around the sky.

None of this will worry you.
Your restless body hurts
enough for you, simple

words torment you
just out of reach. A dove
lone on the lawn considers

out loud. Nowhere to go.

1 August 2009

= = = = =

We live in magic circles
burning the amber incense
of our old desires, smoke reek
too soon we get used to our own
inextinguishable weather.

We are trapped inside the alphabet
we can't get out can't get further in
the daemon all our lives invoke
to come and answer us, there must be
a formula to make the daemon speak,

our lives are spent rearranging signs.

1 August 2009

after the image *Resurrection of the Word* by Harvey Bialy

The door opens and no one comes out.

The word has been spoken

apparently, the dark is left behind inside.

Did the word take all the light with it?

And where did it go when it



got up again?

Or wait—is that a foot left in the doorway

like a letter L in retreat or an Egyptian leg?

Where have all the Egyptians gone?

Why is there a closet with not even a girl in it

choosing a fuzzy powder blue sweater for a dull date?

Why is the dark?

1 August 2009

= = = = =

Have come back
natural to the beginning—
swart shadow under white rock.
At that time only the moon had risen
and there was no sun. Or the sun
had left us for a hollow time
but it was tender where we are
and the moon —did you know this?—
had light left all its own—
it is stored there, along with snow,
moveless winds, the seed
of slaughtered bulls—
and we could see things true
by this old experienced light,
see things as they are, each
with its own light too,
or the love-gift light it stored,
undistracted by the astonishing yellow
that screamed its way across the sky
(and would come again, you see it
most days now), but back then
the natural light of things themselves!
Own-light! White of rock
silver of water black of earth
and all the timid rainbowings of this and that,

flowers, windows, knives beasts
and the skin of our own arms
bleak or swart as we feel our way
rose-minded forward, calmly
through the natural fact.

2 August 2009

= = = = =

Now that we can print every word
we don't want to. We want a thrilling
emptiness where such words had been.
A deep and living cave, not a neon sign—
to hide in absence is cunt enough.

2 August 2009

= = = = =

Examining is eye enough
and ear the memory of word.
Skaldic, intricate and true—
that's what it means to say [your name]
when it is close together woven,
stone and stumbling-block, skin and wound.

Not be clearer than *this* is clear.
In Brooklyn we talk with our hands.

2 August 2009

= = = = =

Take China to you
your limbic system
broken-hashed by sudden
rain soon heals

this is the time of such things
merit and a quiet grease
as after eating lamb might
leave on your lips

to speak only of you
for once and no color
words have closed eyes
you have to tell them what yellow means.

3 August 2009

= = = = =

Agency sick with particulars
scissors in a slum
lamplight a block away
on the other flank of imagine

remember the shape better
than whoever said
the absent word annoys the mind
a child screaming to go home

freemasonry of silence
church of eternal desire
old things climb trees
time is only to forget in.

3 August 2009

= = = = =

Midnight in the café

Basques in the back room

speaking Dutch for safety sake

wolves prowl underground parking garage

a history of the world in your own time

stripped of describable commodities

affects hiding in the mobile forest

where the fox with ears pricked up hears dawn

the weathermaker hates us often

breakfast long hair drowns in the coffee cup

remind me again We Are Chemicals

remind me I have nothing more to say

I lost my tree

there is some evidence in your fantasy

of what you really mean

dunes beneath deceitful palms color of sunset

a touch annoyingly repeated till you like it.

3 August 2009

THE GAME

When you are a child
every animal and thing has a name
that you don't know, this gives
urgency to your researches

to call the cat or make the moon come up
difficult but *not beyond conjecture*
because everything is hiding
everything must want to be found.

3 August 2009

= = = = =

Being brave enough to understand
or not, depending on the cogitandum.
Some thoughts are better left unthought.

A wind-swept parable.

3 August 2009

= = = = =

Needing lubrication at each step—
that's what notice does,
keeps us moving. Gets to the next.

3.VIII.09

= = = = =

Moon cup for the invaders.
Let them see themselves
bent to drink.
Then let them drink what they see.

3 August 2009

NAMING THE VICTIMS

Be hard split wood
but grain lets blade in

bronze was tree's dream
until men heard

hearing makes happen
dream becomes doom

every beast or thing
acts with its enemy

we give leave to loss
to empty us.

4 August 2009

= = = = =

That a man can own
a piece of land—
all his, forever,
to shape or leave alone

and by local law own too
all the land beneath it
down to the earth's core,
all his, all mine,

slim half acre base of immensity
what a strange exciting thing
all I need and nothing at all,
a miracle of naming as my own

probably somehow wrong
how can all this be mine
my absolute tree I could charge
sunshine rent for lying on my lawn

as if I really had a place to be.

4 August 2009

The frumious porpentine

is still with us
every animal we name
only by approximation,
euphemism, an alarm.

What is this ragged thing
on the edge of nobility
stirring through the underbrush?
Everlasting mystery. This
climbs trees, that does not.
This swims. I bask
in quandaries, what
is a wolf, what are birds for?

Of all that's really going on
I see less than the shadow—
humans, out name in eternity
is the “puzzled minority”
asking questions while deer browse.

Every animal is just folklore—
we know nothing of them
but our measurements,
their silly names, our lingering fear

4 August 2009

= = = = =

Cast help on need rock
and let the shadow do the work

effort avails not, goldfish
are we in Another's bowl

some beautiful be me
(form and matter, mild and bitter)
cast aside your old umbrella
weather is the ecstasy of rock—

all of this is alive—
that's the problem
you keep forgetting
expect dawn to xerox sunset and all be same

the only same is difference
we live a trillion commas
and not a single period
each of us an opening parenthesis.

4 August 2009

= = = = =

Who made me a moralist
when I can't tell the cherries from the bowl?

4.VIII.09

= = = = =

Land lives its own life under us

what we do all day long

in our imaginarium

does not sink in

the way blood does.

4.VIII.09