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Sumptuous beginnings or roar.  
Too long it has not been animal.

So be. And there is the star  
Gleaming on the snout of it, tusk  
Silvery, the bristle gold. Be.

You only are of everything,  
All the listless trees  
Sperm-scattered scattering, Beast.

6 October 2007

= = = = =

Let some other raven  
This bone bereft of meat now  
Can only sing the way  
Smooth white things sing—

All song is sadness  
Have you noticed  
All things are going  
Except things that are gone?

A crow is good enough for me  
But am I good enough for him  
Perched on an oak to guide me  
Find the way that I'm to go.

6 October 2007

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There was somewhere else to be  
And then there was me. The rock  
Was like a balloon, the port  
Was smaller than a door. And yet.  
And yet we keep going in and out.  
Every city is the same city at heart,  
Heart being a variable time of night.  
What happens in that brutal quiet  
Happens to you. My friend. My lost  
Animal. Why did I ever know  
Your name? Or learn my own.

7 October 2007

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Trying to recover a quiet hand—  
Cause no suffering. Cause  
No suffering. C'est tout. See  
With morning eye all day long.  
Like a Hallmark card or a cute  
Commercial on tv. Assassinate  
Your dubious desires, consent  
To the mediocrity called being  
Alive. No one can give you  
What you really want but you.  
And you're not even listening.

7 October 2007

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When is it my turn? It always is.  
Waiting means indifference. The Superior Man  
Loves to wait. A queue points only  
To a commodity he does not need.

Simplicity is yes. Let other people  
Wind the clock. You stay where you are,  
Unraveling the clouds. The sky  
Is what is permanent. Marry the sky.

7 October 2007

## AFTER

Something, asking, and then not, another maybe,  
the old one died, they cared a lot, they carried it,  
asking again, always like that, all the way,  
past the tree, around the corner, asking more  
and it still was the way it was, had been all day,  
bad, and then over, sometimes they wanted,  
just to throw it, where could they, where, where,  
something, there's always something, another  
maybe, no more maybe, this one again, how they,  
how could they, care so much, carried it  
to where it would be put to be away from here.

7 October 2007  
(for Caspian Dead Dog)

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But I don't know what she's saying  
Take a pill that's all you need who  
Said I need anything I need anything  
You can give me what kind of pill  
The one that's shaped like sunshine  
And puts your doubts to sleep a knife  
It works like a knife it's close  
Because you are that's what she  
Is trying to tell you why don't I listen  
Her voice is too high is a French  
Shopkeeper apologizing for bad cheese  
But has a weird accent so have I  
I have everything but the pill you mean  
The pull the push the bird perched  
On the empty baby carriage cold  
Cotton and the mother's crying.

7 October 2007

## MAPLE INTERVIEW

I waited for the color and it came.  
But wanted something of me.  
What do I have to offer  
Scarlet as you. Nothing. Nothing.  
I walk empty handed through the autumn  
As is my custom all year round  
Trying to make my observation count.  
Thank you, maple, daylight, ground,  
Air, the mediation of one thing  
In the courtyard of another. For this  
I was born. I live for mess.

7 October 2007

## THE ANCESTOR

Do I endorse  
The name you sing?  
Sarah, mother  
Of the final race,

Mother of grace,  
Your hands quiet  
Flat on the table  
Pale while others knead.

The veins of your hand,  
The old diamond ring!  
Your husband before your husband.  
The god before god.

7 October 2007

## KAIROS

Rain. After weeks not.  
Wet. The suspension  
Of which breath itself  
Is an interruption.

The gap called being.  
And on Mt. Tabor once  
One August afternoon  
We saw clear an hour

What hides inside  
The breath, the untimed  
Timeliness who came  
To call us into light.

8 October 2007  
*The Day 1 Cawuk*

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Do with this solemn hour what you do  
With me. An overture, like an olive,  
Shaped already for the lips to understand it.  
I mean ears. It's all about religion, isn't it,  
When they throw the bottles out at half-past four  
And dumpsters reverberate with crash and clang  
Like baboons along the Nile welcoming the dawn.  
Religion. Sex means it, alcohol itself  
Impersonates it, eating your nice breakfast muffin  
Is just a sacrament forgotten. Ignore it  
As long as you can. Things like that catch up with you.  
There are no things like that. Just religion.  
We put on clothes to hide it. Have another.  
The real music is finally about to begin.

8 October 2007

## LOGIA

Whose mountain  
Do you assert  
This to be?  
Philosophy  
Begins with studying  
“one’s own temperament”  
Says Iris Murdoch.  
The tree  
Contemplates the tree  
Endlessly. While we  
Interrupt our studies  
To explain.  
Words dissipate  
The little bit of the  
Secret we see.  
But there are other  
Words, other words  
That studied me  
Before I was  
And still can say  
What they understood.

So it is a matter of knowing the words— of being able to *recognize, retain* and *put into use* the real words, the ones that are waiting for us almost from the beginning. They are all (mostly) in the dictionary. But no dictionary marks them for what they are. Life and suffering have to point them out, and if we’re wise we’ll leave little checkmarks next to them, faintly, in pencil, so after us some other person might too what we found, and wonder why someone last week or long ago put a little *x* next to (say) ‘sympathy.’

The words I mean are made of glass (which is silica and heat and light) and mercury. These are mirror-words, and they alone can tell us what they see when we look into them by using them, by letting them rattle around in the skull, let them live inside us. And it’s up to us to turn left into right, and turn our own image rightside out, to become as real as what they see. As what they tell us when we speak.

8 October 2007

## CHOIR OF ANGLES

It said on the record. Conclusion of Beethoven,  
*Christ on the Mount of Olives.*  
Would God would let us hear them,  
Acute and obtuse, the radiant isosceles  
Pointing to heaven, the glimmer glamour of the scalene  
Slipping its toe under her svelte hip.  
For this is a world of shapes and shifting,  
This is a world of being there and being gone.  
And only the angle know itself completely,  
Knows its degrees, its destiny, its resolving trines.

8 October 2007

## TINES

Truth is a fork.  
It has tines.  
The points of them  
Pierce what you mean.  
But in between  
There is a shapely  
Absence that keeps  
The tines apart.  
Inside that gap  
Something settles  
That isn't true  
And isn't wrong.  
It is all we have  
To feed upon.

9 October 2007

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No more disembodied I never understood disembodied  
poetics all my life I have tried to embody poetics or be  
embodied in a poetics all my life I have tried to be in a  
body but it's hard to be in a body what with tigers and  
leprosy and gunmen and the government and turning  
you into money into prisoner into soldier into a number  
without a dream without an arm or a leg or a lip to lick  
the taste of you you always you off Christ I need a body  
to forget I need to be more in more more in one and  
how on earth can I be on earth without a body here this  
is my body

9 October 2007

*for Elizabeth Robinson's Naropa book inscription project*

## ROSES

Roses fade fast  
Because they're from Persia  
Where time is quicker

All those ruins  
Built in no time  
And so many religions!

Gods wear a place out.

9 October 2007

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A dozed day but rain in it  
clirr of it on the leaf fall  
cold of it wafted in wárm air  
the daylight tamed. Would buy it  
if I had that kind of money  
and watch it every day set out  
to give all men such pleasure.

9 October 2007

## CHANGE

A day to think something different.  
Why not nothing?  
Nothing at all  
would be a change.  
But change is highly overrated,  
change is just short for *che-ga-na-chi*,  
birth, age, sickness, death.  
So today I'd better  
think the same old stuff again,  
words, poetry, the permanent  
residue of the terrified mind  
calmed for an instant  
by someone's own breath it speaks.

9 October 2007

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Dark to light.  
Danger is.  
The wet light  
tumult ears.  
Years specify  
Darwin said  
or least is most  
all over again.  
Hahnemann.  
Homeopathy  
invented poetry.

9 October 2007

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I dreamt a fly  
as if it were the strangest thing.  
What was it doing  
inside my house

where it had never been,  
being so normal and all,  
quick watchful easy  
as if it belonged there

more than I did,  
I was the nervous one,  
afraid even. What am I  
doing in this place?

10 October 2007

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*[section added to Thea Piltzecker's poem "Wings," 3.X.07, in class]*

7.

It wanted me to want it,  
this flying business, this ascension  
which is an assent  
to being up there,  
even assent to being gone.

We were gone with us  
from the night, the porches,  
October. No more flies.

[transcribed 10 X 07]