

8-2005

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= = = = =

Swordleaf a choosing  
day paltering unlike  
weather decides. Alps.  
No culture in mountains  
mountains keep thinking in  
all thinking and no doing  
only falling falling for  
just the longhorn dance  
the weighty shoe. Soggy  
with wine the bone  
trumpet too. And herb.  
Flattering geometry ascent.  
Chairlift over stampeding goats.

1 August 2005

= = = = =

Dissuade me. The cortex  
belongs to the wolf  
the animal before Socrates.

1 VIII 05

## AN EMOTION

is an anonymous letter  
picked up from the ground.  
Who wrote it?  
Who is it who is feeling  
that way in you now?  
Don't think about the feeling.  
Think about the who.

1 August 2005

= = = = =

I hear children's voices  
but I don't see the children

the sun is fierce  
and the trees too far for shade

1 VIII 05

## **HAPAX**

One time  
only. Just this once  
as love is  
or a street, a street  
is singular  
in its pretensions, goes  
where it goes and no  
other manner.  
As a mirror is  
and shows only  
what it is shown.

1 August 2005

= = = = =

I want you, don't  
even know what  
you look like  
but I want you

don't care what you're like  
I'm on the way  
you're mine already  
almost, you belong

to the strength of my desire.

1 August 2005

= = = = =

Catch up with the distances  
before they turn into time  
then you'll have to wait  
and catch me next time round

your heart such frail machinery  
all that fuss to make you blush  
all those books and languages  
to let me say a one-breath word

a syllable we both need, share  
care and die for the lack of  
such a simple answer to  
the joyful fatal mystery all round.

2 August 2005

λυρα

Why lyre when drum  
come? Lie to the soldiers  
as they go to their deaths

make sailors drowning off Trafalgar  
dream of schoolgirls  
giggling on the pretty rocks.

2 August 2005

= = = = =

Facing the street  
much can be learned  
back to the linden  
facing the *hazel leaf*  
in the photographer's hands,  
back to the house wall  
facing the street.  
turn one's back on one's house  
ladylike in linden shade  
smile for the nice man

not the rictus of complacent rage  
that passes for my face  
one's face is given by the photograph  
by an anxious god

I'm trying to talk myself  
into this poem by remembering  
but it's all her around me already  
in front of me  
right where I can't see it,

all of you, everyone I've ever known  
all together forming this actual face  
I crank towards the lens,

I can think of them one by one,  
where I got my face, one by one  
the ones who gave me one,

till eternity is busy with their underwear  
their cell phones the smell of their hair  
one by one till the camera goes snuck  
and one more chance is gone  
for me to be the real me at last.

3 August 2005

(Chris Felver taking my portrait all morning)

= = = = =

Of course being photographed breeds narcissism. In this case Narcissus folds up the drowning pool and puts it safe in his pocket to die another day.

He walks away puzzled by the eccentricity of being anybody but him – how strange other people are! And then he – because he is not unintelligent – is aware

with a shiver how eccentric it actually is to be anybody at all. How bizarre being is.

3 August 2005

= = = = =

a scoop

to let

light in:

a flower.

3 VIII 05

= = = = =

Definitions

begin this way

a little thing

noticed about you

and then another

nobody

likes to be defined

but me,

I have been looking

all my life

for my edges

they live there

where they meet

your skin,

the found country.

3 August 2005

= = = = =

Everything feels different today  
the metal of the world  
rusted in the night, even gold  
in my own body oxidizes  
and then what, a bunch  
of new-soiled words  
that smell of everybody  
and all those times we  
made sense together –  
there is some sort of  
summing up going on,  
a throbbing snake-green hose  
watering new-sown grass.

3 August 2005

PHILATELY

I know more about collecting  
stamps than chemistry.

You lick it. You hide it in a book.

3 August 2005

102°

The egg they fried  
every summer  
on the sidewalk  
in the *Daily News*

and the bimbo with knees  
showing on the rail  
of an arriving steamer  
and the cat the firemen

free from the elm tree  
and the kid licking ice cream  
and sailors in Times Square  
arm in arm with girls

how can a man  
grow up to understand  
with his own mind  
what summer means?

That's what skin is for.

4 August 2005

=====

A poltergeist in every home  
or else things wander by themselves  
all night – which of these hypotheses  
scares you more? Is there one enemy  
or many? All the objects in the world  
turned against us, toying with us?

4 August 2005

## WELCOME TO THE OLD COUNTRY

reason us. Be a clerk  
and write down trees –  
oak us, pine us. Know us.  
Please us. Be  
an alternative universe  
hiding behind somebody's lapel  
– kiss me and I'll disappear.

I'll go there. I'll bring you  
to the other side of everything.  
Be a clock made to run again  
by one tolerable face,  
be a bible with no word left.

Now I listen to the stairs,  
the hollow sound your shadow makes  
ascending. Night near me.  
So many steps to get to where  
I almost am, I am not ready yet,  
so many years and still not here –  
still not gotten to the top myself.

Be a fan, Korean, open, spread  
jet black with golden lines on it

outlining trees and rivers, towers,  
long-beaked birds. Anything but words.

*This wood I own*

*you hear my bone*

– be an old song like that  
or be the moon (dark of moon  
tonight, owls, foxes) or be Spain.

Nothing is as far away as we are tonight,  
Samarqand is just across the table,  
when you're drunk your turban uncoils  
droops down over your shoulders  
like a natural thing, like sunny weather.  
We forgive each other endlessly it says.  
I don't know, I have no time for books.

4 August 2005