Robert Kelly Manuscripts   Robert Kelly Archive

8-2017

aug2017

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

= = = = = = =

Find the scar tissue
and read the scar.
How many nights
does it take to find the limit?

Green smear so lovely I woke
to find on the mist of morning, 7 almost
it could have been an island fog,
a great soft word spoken round us.
Trees tell a different tale in fog.

1 August 2017

= = = = = ==

**All right, let the sun
come to me,**

> **I usually**
**resist such caress
but what can a man do**

**born in heat
and failing feathers?**

1 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

**Wanting to know this
so dear in the dark
later, in day's
busy light, I write
one word down
to show the world
who it is.**

1 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

Poets read the small print of the world. Some of them complain, protest. Some just smile and sign the contract.

2 August 2017

= = = = = = =

1.
Let the leaf
say what it wants,
the sun knows
when noon is.

We stand around
at office counters
hospitals groceries & banks
our sly religions.

2.
Am I ready yet
to be the one I am
is what everybody asks
the evening breeze
on their way out
to the party, the opera,
the new friend. Am I
indeed the breeze agrees.

3.
Doubt everywhere
but doubt nothing—
the song goes
something like that,
something brave
with an almost
in its teeth.

3 August 2017

= = = = = = =

Foxes. Hope for them
in the dark. *Oikos*,
the house we live in
or who. In the dark
things pray on one another.

3 August 2017

= = = = = = = = =

A man sleeps
along the world,
head at South Pole
legs spread—
the North wind
massages his cunt,
the secret place
no one is supposed to know,
the woman part
hidden in the flow
on the way to being.
Wakes, now.

3 August 2017

= = = = = = = = =

**My birthday by this island count—
be auspicious, be alive me.
All this sickness just a birthday cake.**

4 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

Fierce oil of origanum,
** who knew?**
A cleansing or a cutting?
Suit of swords.

4.VIII.17

= = = = = = = = =

Cautiously, by Linden wood,
a day. Another day.
Hope too is a hawk overhead,
comes, goes, knows,
is a red feather lost in the trees,
a black crow feather on the steps,
small. small world. Quiet.

`   **4 August 2017**

= = = = = = = =

noonish

**Escapade without escape—
where is there to go
that isn't this, me, here, how
long we have been together!**

4 August 2017

= = = = = = = = =

Music far off
is not music at all.
It is terror, retribution,
thunder in another universe.

I hear her high notes
disconnected altitudes
on the drum beats
of the heart's fear
and in between the sludge
of what isn't exactly silence.

4 August 2017

FOOTNOTES TO AN ABSENT TEXT

1. Gods don't mess with dialects.

2. Grammar of basic Terrestrial

3. Look in your hands and it will come to mind.

4. Only where you need it.

5. Like everything else.

6. The music was on the other side again.

7. How far is a matter of indecision.

8. As in Geneva, water always wants to go back to the sky.

9. Liturgy is the *telos* of the world.

10. Wasn't anyone ever young again?

4 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

Graph near the top
of the wide wood not so wild

5.VIII.17

= = = = = = = =

Can the offer
be the same
as being beside?

Log jams up river,
the cautious boy
walks on his toes
the long uneasy raft—
something like that.

That's what the mind
needs to understand
about its contents—
they are not its, not mine,
they're passing through.

But how long some of them take
to find the downstream passage
and work free!
                    I would be
that empty river once again.

5 August 2017

ELEMENTS OF PSYCHO-ARCHEOLOGY

Unscrew the mountain
lift it gently
from itsbase. Let
the forfeit ancient air
escape, intoyour lungs
as much as you can.

It will help you understand
what you find underneath,
preserved. Small city,
temple complex, forest of stone.

A mountain is a monument
mind coaxed to cover
over and protect
where worship happened
and by happening
changed the earth of us.

5 August 2017

= = = = = = = = =

Gospels everywhere,
all of them pointing
to a sacred absence
that is our dearest Presence.

5 August 2017

PAX. POEMANDRES.

                    For gate,
the grass grows vertical
up the house wall,

we know the word
will come through those tall trees,
ships-in-waiting,
                    from the heights of Hyrcania,

we know where the gods landed,
we have seen their footsteps,
porticoes, bronze
doors of their banks,

we have listened to their echoes
and called them words..

                    5 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

Someone in Wales is dying
electrocuted under a cattle fence
sagged into a rsain-swollen stream

Here, a hawk wakes me
with a swooping cry
right past the window

Things must be as they seem

What can we do?

He comes again, that skirling ancient sound,
further away now.

Cool morning. Do something.

Help the poor man die?

Not die.

Be the other.

There is nothing else to be done.

6 August 2017

THE SPIN

for C

Everything turns into folklore.

The egg on the table
spins.

> **All metal**
aspires to be gold, that's why
alchemy knows how to work

sometimes, given the will.

Whenthe aluminum egg spins
on its mirror,
> **gold lights flash:**

the room has found its center.

6 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

I slept on myleft side for six hours and saw nothing.

Slept on my right side five minutes
and saw Quinquennia stepping down from the stars,

a woman of a certain age,
bored with her long girlhood.

She approached, and as she passed
tapped me on the shoulder with her folded fan and said

"Go backways intyo happy
or hardwards into glory—
all the rest is sordid and gfood night."

6 August 2017

= = = = = = =

**Full moon
looking right in my window—**

**the things
the world gets away with!**

**Serves me right
for sleeping south southwest.**

6 August 2017

BIG CROW-MOTION

All those cries
something coming
and a lot of cars go by,

dawn, wildlife of this planet
and men's voices.

The crows know something
and they do something about what they know.

2.
Sleep sepulcher riven.
Arise. A day brings
everyuthing back to life-

but where had we been,
where were those cliffs
I climbed around
under and over
nights in a row now
then walked home along the road
rosary shyly in my hand?

7 August 2017

= = = = = = =

Places even nearer than dream.
You see their names
in gazeteers,
Osceola, Rimini, Waco
which must have been
a gentle *hueco* once,
o pioneer.
       The names open
and take the waker in,
make them think they're in Florida,
Paradise, a novel by Defoe,
long long way to go.

That's why waking
is so dangerous
but being awake
is the only safety.

8 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

What is it happens
when the lily opens?
What song so softly
heard inside can
lead to that disrobing?

9 August 2017

= = = = = = = = =

Catching the resemblance—
as if the citronella
meant to discourage mosquitoes
carried a sweet also smell of its own
to bring someone to it.
Bring someone to awareness—
all we can do is call to one another.

9 August 2017

= = = = = = =

O Tree
you biggest flower
comfort me
with 60 feet of green
chalicing of the last
sunlight of evening—
all flowers are cups
all cups sustain.

9 August 2017

= = = = = = = = =

What comes from a river
is silver.
What comes from the sky
is white.
Earth gives few colors back—
miraculous October's Yes.
But my house is a cloud.

10 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

Walking there
is fast enough.
Who lingers by the fountain?
Always someone
who wants to know
who you are
before you can drink.
And this is right.
Water flows to identity.
I am the one you think I am
he said, and drank his fill.

10 August 2017

= = = = = = = = =

They come from different
strata of the local mind.
Kid stuff in deep caverns
full of God __ and grace.
                    10 August 2017

[The fine jeweled texture of its information]

= = = = = = =

Concert of hours
no pause for those
so affecting tender
backward glances
over the shoulder

when the eye you'll maybe
never see again sees
you and all that has been there
between you. The time

plays on. The head turns
and you are all alone
with memory and all the rest
of that strange music
of going on and on.

11 August 2017

= = = = = =

If it were possible
the subjunctive would be
a submarine slipping fast
through green Arctic waters

bottle green like the East
River of my childhood everybody
explained was no river was
an arm of the sea, sound, harbor.

The subjunctive would carry me
to the land beyond the north wind
freesh and cool and green, rough
red pomegranates and shrines

on all sides to celebrate every
godly whimsy in the world. Mind.

12 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

**The sun the road
the grass the tree
they seem permanent,
the things that go
beyond us,
         on and on.
But what if the sun
is a road to somewhere else,
another alphabet of the real
where maybe we
will be the trees
and the rocks will be water again and rain.**

12 August 2017

= = = = = = = = =

Quiet here
leaning on the world again—
to depend on matter,
such a voluptuous vice,
delirious philosophy of wood and stone.

I am not the only one here—
there's a sky over the roof
I look up and see it, there's a roof
maybe over the sky,
                what do I know,
something moves the clouds.

12 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

to Hummel

The forest is never far.
It comes closer
as we lie on bare rock
stretched out to comfort
our way to each other—
hard stone, bone resist,
soft skin, a shadow
reaches from each to each,
the forest arrives.

12 August 2017

BACKYARD

In all this green
the blue hibiscus
hums.
　　　Relationship
is all, born or chosen,
held, sanctified,
　　　　　　maintained.

2.
Though colors fade, color
is permanent, a gift
to the mind,
　　　you can always
remember a rose.

3.
Especially of Sharon, those
kindly old-fashioned
farmer's house door shadowing
little trees, with late summer
blossoms, pink, red, blue.

　　　13 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

Heart, such strange cargo
for a feeble chest.
The body totters at its command—
give me my bill of lading
so I can read the name
of my shipper, the port
of my destination. Are those
too imprinted on the heart?

13 August 2017

= = = = = = = = = =

**All my dreams
have gone up in print
and leave me
wordless here alone.**

13 August 2017

= = = = = = = = =

At the end of the day
water runs uphill to its source.

13 August 2017

MILAREPA

The mountain is the mind.
The cave in the mountain is the mind.
The flat stone in the cave is the mind.
You sit on the mind
and stare into the mind.

Everything helps. Stare
at what is there.
Nothing is there.

So much traffic in these empty mountains!
Watch it pass.
Don't even bother to wave goodbye.
Just watch it pass.

13 August 2017

SHUTTERED.

Like a house
with no monkeys.
Nothing outside.
Something in?
Darkness talking to itself—
listen!

13 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

**A radio is playing in the wood
of the bedframe
the sky is full of gossip.**

13 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

The onslaught of the evident
is the sweetest defeat.

Yet why can't we go on
living in the fairy places
                   for
a place is a palace
to be for whom

Where wanting
makes the landscape.
That road my father knew
leading past Kingfisher pool
to the acorn lake,
wild sumac [?] in November,
the land shaped us
and we dream it still.

14 August 2017

= = = = = = =

I seem to have come far
from what I intended.
The pain of the plain
pursues us. Facts
we stumble on,
do not fall.

O do not fall,
keep singing as you go
leaf by leaf
through the animate

14 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

**On the days when it hurts to be me
I fly away and make a cloud of it.**

14 August 2017

= = = = = = = = =

Such days [as] I have been given
riderless stallion gallop to grace
but where, with all that saddlework,
blinders, silences?

       Did you know
a horse can see
silence a mile away?
And make for it
the way at dusk
we hurry to cafés
and listen to ghd bells of Stefansdom
announce the brevity of life.

       15 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

Everything gets used.
The crow says so,
and if I don't credit him
whom would I listen to
among the moving silences.

The poor drivers
in their noisy cars,
the sad bitter throb
of pop they have on
that drives them on,
it drives for men,
and then they're gone.
The crow explains
the inner sanctity
even beauty of all this,
tells me I must
listen past listening,
listen through what I hear
to the companion towards
which every heart is
really telling, even now,
on the way to work.

16 August 2017

= = = = = = =

Clashes of the God Wheel
calm over the river

The effects of lingering
let the swimming hole explain,
the eddy place, the local deep.

Or in cathedrals seek out
the gurgle of the undercroft,
a little damp among the sepultures

but it's the living thing I'm after,
the *dragon* watchful in the sky,
the story uncoiling in the sleeping child's dreams
until the under is always over us.

16 August 2017

= = = = = =

**Doesn't matter if the evidence
is in the judge's hands.
He'll make of it what he wants to,
he's not human, after all.**

16 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

Prophet hair down shoulders shout—
virtue comes to those who seek the other—

then a scrap of verse from
some nineteenth scripture:

Pain can play in the pleasance of pleasure,
anxiety uncoils in your leisure.
Nothing is mine but what mind observes—
and usually it sees what it deserves.

and the prophet handed that to me
as if I were sleeping
and he was my dream.

                    17 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

Conceal your birthday.
Nobody needs to know
and you don't need nosy
astrologers messing with your fate.
Besides, youmay not even
have been born yet, and all this
civilization and catastrophe
just a nightmare *in utero*
as they say, something you saw
in the womb and slpt again.

                              17 August 2017

THE RULES

If it's true, it doesn't have to be interesting.
If it's interesting, it doesn't have to be true.

17 August 2017

= = = = = =

Put that in Latin
like an ice cream sundae
put it in Greek
like a bottle way back on the shelf
all dusty and smeary and
full of the sweetest oil.

17 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

**Midnight I stand
on the deck behind the house.
Dark, no rain yet.
Nobody sees me.
Nobody sees me.
I am everywhere.**

17 August 2017

== = = = = = =

The 10:45
hoots on the trestle,
my train to sleep
if I can catch it
and not dither around
discussing with nobody,
nobody. the night,
the words.

17 August 2017
End of Notebook 406

= = = = = = = =

And the wide
knew the circuit.
Around the wall
alive or dead
the heroes tread
the old song said.
But who wrote it,
who insisted on repetition,
sound, footstep, rhyme,
heartbeat, sword clash?
Do not name him.
He was doing the best he could
to please her,
       give
the sun in the sky
something to behold—
things, mere things,
she could hear.

18 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

Somehow meaning
a thing gets lost
parts of speech
proliferate
around an absence.
Zukofsky taught me this,
his cigarette
balanced on an ashtray
no one else could see—

a line means all
we are allowed to hear
and then some.

18 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

(ri.khröd, retreat

)
Sickness is a mountain
I lie here on my couch

trying to be Milarepa
on his flat stone—
sitting the mind free.

2.
Strange retreat
into the wrong
way streets of the body
juices & glaciers & caves
and somewhere in there
another me is calling.

19 August 2017

= = = = = = =

We press on one another
     to recover
         the original ____
of being me in a you—the world,
all of you out there, and me just me!
I should have ten hands not just ten fingers
to know you, hold you, be us with me.

         19 August 2017

= = = = = = =

So suppose a phase,
a conduit right through
the unruly, a quiver
in Time's eye and then
we're out! Out there,
plain space of dream, crows
caw just like here but there
we listen! We attend
the secret messages of things,
the gospel of the sparrowhawk,
water's exuberant wisdom.

19 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

Getting ready for the eclipse
there are so many wrong ideas
we have to stow away
in rusty old green lockers
under the school's gym,
smell of effort, stink of victory,
store it all in and slam the door,
don't bother locking,
alas, there are no thieves anymore.

19 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

Chalcedony—pronounce it
and the walls turn gold,
you hear Greek music,
Christian by the tone of it
and the light increases!
Your fingertips touch something smooth,
rigorous, sleek.
Your eyes all by themselves
close, the better to see what is there.

19 August 2017

= = = = = =

> *A train full of gelatin*
> *quivers on the track—*
> *where did it go to*
> *and why did it come back.*
>
> - —-Old Song.

Everything is a mystery
but the solution is at hand.
I think of Stan Brakhage
standing in front of the screen
explaining what we see.

Or see for us
the blood pulse in the artery,
our own construction,
the temple of the almost-god.

Why wait for Christmas
to be born again,
the dirt we stand on
stands on stone
and at the core of everything
the fire of the mind.

So we need to hear the artist
almost understanding what his work understood—
the fractional difference
between seem and is
sheds light at any season—
just look at a leaf and try to contradict.

19 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

**What I have to tell
doesn't rhyme with the news.
The sparrows ate it anyhow,
all those reports from Washington and Peking—
We'll spell it the old way just to make sure.
Now is always an hour late—
What you vaguely remember
is probably what comes next,
solar eclipse, bird at the feeder,
that sort of stuff.**

19 August 2017

= = = = = = =

The myriads
          the trying to remember
the all gone,
          scroll unwrapped,
building falls out
          made of music
shape of us.

20 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

What if the whole alphabet
is a house
       not just beth a house
daleth a door
       cheth a window

but all the letters, all
       parts of a house, one house,
and we go in,
       bending our heads to the side
so the horns or wigs [?] fit through the door.

          20 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

The young woman with the violet
eyes looked at me alluringly, held
my eyes, said "I bet you're in here,"
tapping on a book she handed me.

It was a Bible, stiff white color,
the kind most used by those
with great faith and little learning,
lots of pictures and big print.

I wndered, am I in the Bible? Why
no? Then I loked back at her again,
her eyes still holding me, rapt,
smiling, I couldn't look away,

the whole Bible in those violet eyes.

                    20 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

Will you be my word?
Why not?
Monkeys grow in every house
disguised as men.
Is this true? Or true enough?
How shallow the ledges are
on which we stand.
How slim the tree of life we clutch.

21 August 2017

= = = = = = = = =

**Forensic understanding
of everything that happens.
Explaining is like a book of laws,
understanding is calm sea under moonlight.**

21 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

**Am I allowed
to think the things I say?
That's the question
I lay in front of philosophers
before they run away.**

21 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

**The words are not
the trout stream yet
or April alewife
in the Metambesen**

**but still an eddy
now and then, a glint [?]
of silver scale below
my tardy turbid thought.**

22 August 2017

HUMANKIND

In the deep
eternity
of matter
coming to know itself
we are both
outcome and instrument.

22 August 2017

= = = = = = =

The turn to it
is what matters.
Starlight remembered at noon—
the sun made us all monotheists,
what could we do, where
are the Fair Alternatives at play
deep beyond our seeing?
Starlight. A shimmer
on the fingertips
presaging poetry, something old.
From the Greek
Anthology maybe,
a love song
to an inappropriate recipient
maybe, queen or slave boy
in any case my hair is grey.

2.
It was a city once,
this language thing,
turbulence of engines, children
jumping up and down
for no reason. A city
is for no reason,
white doves of Waikiki,
grey doves of Union Square,
faith keeps us going,

what else is there to do?

3.
Scary, sometimes only,
the way the white
cloud on the sweetest
August day
brings bone to mind.
Whiteness as a social malady.
Skull upturned in glebe,
apparent grin.

4.
Swim time. Sea
reclaims us.
Its purposes
involve us, air
is part of it,
and its opposite,
green glow of under
where the King must live
the Queen up there
after all these years is
still trying to warm to life.
And we float between.

23 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

Where will it have turned
when the wind sleeps?
There's no forgetting,
only the *outward torque*
takes things momently away.

2.
Apart from me! he may have said,
slipping the wrong verb in the revolver.
His assailant (more an interlocutor,
but let it pass) understood and stepped away
behind a logical proposition not even
a madman like me could argue with.

3.
Because the days
really are longer than the nights
around here.
The mayor sees to that
and the Society of Dawn is __.
The smell of toasters
pervades the morning twilight
and dogs all trained to bark at 5
precisely.

24 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

There are after all measurements.
Who uses them?
The duke and the duchess
to realm their land surely.
Does anyone believe them?
Only the money, and they who run it—
believe in this paper or die in woe.

25 August 2017

= = = = = = =

To say it
at least
at last
is to be

and be adequate
to the arising
you actually are.

What more can words tell you
or would you want them to?

25 August 2017

= = = = = = =

Moralia? Lay the bow
on the violin
and draw
the only intelligent
inference,
the sound sung
by things themselves
in your hands.
Your clutches,
we say, smiling,
pagan to the last,
believers.

25 August 2017

= = = = = = = = = =

**Looking close
will sometimes get there.
Mind—the dark room
where all the light is stored.**

26 August 2017

= = = = = = =

**Don't forget the vampire on the branch,
the zombie on the recliner,
the skeleton with the guitar—
we all live here too
amazed at our own persistence,
survival of the least apt,
the comical chromosomes of us.**

26 August 2017

= = = = = = = = =

The likenesses recur—
a hearing aid, whorl
in a maple plank, a man
at his house door
wondering the weather.
A snail. All things
come back to us
demanding to be kissed,
cosseted, and forgotten again.
What are we true to
as they are to us,
shapes, colors, faces,
resemblances?

26 August 2017

= = = = = = = = =

On this perfect
desk outdoors
sun and shadow
mingle, I know thereby
which ones to keep,
which to let sleep,
and a passing fly's
not the meanest critic

26 August 2017

= = = = = = = = = =

If they give it to me
should I not drink?
there are farewells
embedded in the whorls of wood,
where the bough breaks
where the song stops.
The mercies of the intermittent
guide us through the night.
Pain falters. A passing car
reflects an almost certainly
imaginary star.

27 August 2017

= = = = = = = = =

Urgency of the sea otter
to crack the shell—
anatomy is destiny, of course,
and the wind makes
free with us all.
Talk about trouble—who
knows better than the fox
to run towards its prey
while running away?
Or the landslide coming down the mountain
eager after centuries of immobility
for rest, rest, rest.

27 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

**In any case
I am always the other thing.**

27 August 2017

= = = = = = =

**Say something able to begin.
A leaf sets out on its odyssey
to the ground. Perhaps to be
closer at last to us.**

28 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

**Waited till the end to say it
when the light's almost gone
from the sky and it feels
already September. Not that I had
or have something to say**
The poet is a person with nothing to say—
**but saying, saying has a way
of its own. It tells meI couldn't
stop talking ifyou paid me.**

28 August 2017

ODE TO P.S.

1.
O let them wear
their eyeglasses in the dark,
why not, Philippe.
The church bell's still made of bronze,
the horses ofall the afternoons
are quiet at their fête-champêtre,
more decorative than useful,
noble steed and upstart riders,
malady of chivalry.

2.
O I have read you
I have found your traces in my thoughts, tracks
as if those very horses of the Camargue
people get so fussed about—
a horse is a horse we say in Yiddish,
but not every man is a mensch.
So be glad in heaven to be so remembered.

3.
But at the altar
the intelligent young priest
deciphers the meaning of the wine,
an actual dove flies in the window

so every wish is satisfied.

4.
But I was waiting on the steps,
exchanging banter with the cripple
who panhandles there, we missed
our chances to be sanctified.
Instead, I gave him a copper-alloy coin
and he told me a joke about the bishop's sister.

5.
Because that's all life is like
in these places where men live
surrounded by mysteries.
Every scent, every passing shadow
every geometric shape
is a clue.
We put them together all the time
and take apart again
the logical inferences of our beast souls,
philosophy, psychology,
kissing the analyst on her neck
as she bends to write my symptoms down.
Nothing works, but it all keeps going.

                        29 August 2017

= = = = = = =

**Yellow, the first
heart-shaped
linden leaf
has fallen.
Cool time,
the hurry.**

   29 August 2017

= = = = = = =
'

Even if a number is wrong
it's still a number.
How many of us can say the like?

30 August 2017

= = = = = = = = =

At least the opportune
dangled from the wooden flute
like any birdcatcher
his eyes the color of feathers,
the color of wings.

2.
Did you hear him at least,
voice like any man in discomfort,
it *is* hard to fit under the sky
to find a stone that dares support me.

3.
So from now on, at least
till the end of the concert
the frogs will be quiet—
even nature has a thing or two
to learn from us
children of Eve. At least
we act as if it does.
Louder, maestro, louder!

30 August 2017

= = = = = = =

**To close the book
on what has not yet been written—
there's a little mornng tragedy
that lasts forever.**

30 August 2017

= = = = = = =

**Trying to stand
outside and cheer
as if the falling leaves
meant only relief—
but at what cost.
One watches the news.
Allnews is bad—
otherwise we wouldn't care.**

31 August 2017

= = = = = = = =

**Sunlight
is motherlight.**

31.VIII.17

= = = = = = = =

I thought it was music
but it was music.
Triumph is like that,
a feather floating to the ground
from an unseen bird
unseen combat in the clouds.

If you keep answering
the phone will never ring.
I'm trying as hard as I can.
There was a big bobcat
stalking the edge of our yard,
one more morning worry.
Nature is worrying bynature.

Try harder you tell me.
The trouble is the church
with no steeple. Plenty people
but all of them praying
for very different things.
It's like an opera. Or a drum.
And if you touch me
I will surely weep.

31 August 2017