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Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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**Sky all one color.  
All the differences  
the city below  
in the dark  
getting dressed  
in the half familiar  
room I found  
things came to hand  
easy,  
    a strange  
kindliness in objects  
and location. The  
other kind of light  
the body knows  
to move in dark.  
And in this other light  
a mirror of the primal,  
the street outside  
where messages  
live, begin.**

**15 October 2013, Boston.**

=====

**The thrust. the secret of baseball – you see in it the spirit working, the agencies of karma and remorse guide each pitch, each batter’s response, fielder’s play. It is all working out in the space of psychic strife — one person at one time against all others. In that respect, it is just like this, now, here, you.**

**2.**

**It’s not a game like all the others, it is a star trapped in a field of grass. It shares its gravity with a bunch of men one at a time. *Second by second there is really only one soul on the line.* Out there. Baseball is a chessboard with no squares, a permanent tragedy with no queen. Only you at any moment, only you, and what you have to do, or die.**

**15,17 October 2013, Boston.**

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**The curtailment  
could also know me,  
a curt tale or cur tail  
or long made short**

**Venus in her green embowerment  
will make all right again —  
wines and bones and spit and simper  
all are kind and all**

**the privileged princesses from school  
waltz through the crowded room  
nibbling organic and the eyes  
of the gods are on them, in them,**

**watch their progress through  
so many media of witness—  
gosh they were pretty he thought  
then went back to sleep his life.**

**16 October 2013**

=====

**Because in every time the Fairies are  
and take us to them  
randomly we might think**

**but they are building in us,  
a slow ommonwealth  
one day we'll share the world with them,**

**all realist and magical and no religion,  
everything right here for our soft hands.**

**16 October 2013**

=====

**The word might be adequate  
but cold at morning my bare knees  
rusty October,**

**while we were away for the weekend  
the last roses of Sharon fell.**

**That ends this summer  
in my meaning.  
And means more than some government  
shut down, the government  
can come back on  
as soon as money people let it.**

**But no more roses this year.  
And this now  
is the only now we have.**

**16 October 2013.**

=====

**Could she do it without screaming,  
sneering? Could she without opinions?  
Could she just tell us it's raining  
and the rain today unusually wet but later  
the sun will shine ecause it always does  
a, unless it happens to be night?  
Then she can tell us whose fault that is,  
and what we should be busy dreaming of.**

**16 October 2013.**

=====

**Blame me the lucidity  
I lack, or squeeze the skin  
of words, set the meaning  
free. Then be a kobold  
in the matter-mine and make  
me think I meant what you  
understood when you heard me,  
read me, thought about me  
in the verdurous nights  
of girlhood all genders share.**

**We were born to be Bibles.  
To lead each other deep  
into deserts and strange gods  
and out again via coffee shops,  
chess games, the Rasumovsky quartets  
(especially No.3) and go to bed.**

**Everything else is a waste of rhyme.**

**17 October 2013**



=====

**There was some Spaniard singing  
and the moon invisibled by morning.**

**An imaginary orchestra helped  
and in unseen audience applauded.**

**All of this happened to me  
sneaky as a guitar —**

**o honest clangor of the banjo**

**I need you now – strings**

**strangle. Sounds loop around  
the neck and ears like sweat.**

**Be brave and turn the music off  
if it will let you. If**

**anything will do what you want.**

**Banjo again, hilltop,**

**mist in the meadow,**

**all of it not really there.**

**17 October 2013**

## THE PREACHER BEGINS

Homily of sand

sifting through the hourglass

men have only the smell

of religion to comfort them

the God of the skin

meets the God of the wind

and you are silent

diminished by gospel

or I am, or we are close

to the beginning again

before we were here.

I miss religion —

it was fun being afraid\*.

18 October 2013

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\* the popularity of goblin fiction in our time has a lot to do with the dying out of religious beliefs, not just among the young. Everyone likes the delicious if addictive *frisson* of fearing hell, demons, zombies, vampires. We always need some improbable as to be afraid of. Fear of the unreal is a very deep pleasure. It might be the other sin of Onan.

=====

**What I fear  
is what I lost  
to feeling  
and feeling lost.**

**All the things we see  
are symbols of passing time  
back when I was me,  
                                  a bronze leaf  
falls, cloud  
                                  in a half-nude tree  
too far to tell.**

**Your old dog on the mat  
then himself alert again  
playing in the woods.**

**Say what you like against habit,  
it moves us from place to place  
then lays us down again, blue  
vagueness in the frontal mind  
and wind out there  
remembering for us  
all there used to be of us.**

**18 October 2013**

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**cloud coming from the north**

**who are you now**

**18.X.13**

## SALT PEANUTS

Of course I remember.  
It isn't that long ago  
still this life but who  
I was to be being there  
to remember, that's else,  
pure else. What a sound  
does is take you away.  
It could even be popular  
but still. Still as hardware  
on the window sash in winter  
or a child (you were one too)  
suddenly thinks the word  
elephant. Says it again again.  
Who could that mean to  
be or to him and to whom.  
Syntax takes command. War  
came early to my little life  
like salt and Worcester sauce  
the marshes of Kinderhoek.  
Now you begin to remember  
old record, old record.  
Blue war in Finland, oil  
of peanuts burnt on Fulton,  
smell is always a problem,  
it hurts to smell them sometimes

**because you know the thin  
skin, the wicked thought,  
the midnight bower. Listen  
harder if you want to touch—  
that's what he told me,  
that's what the scratch is for,  
to make you hear all the way  
through to the maybe, music.**

**18 October 2013**

## CAUGHT

a glimpse of her  
vanishing in trees  
who am I to say  
what we ought to desire

To have done with the passive voice!  
It's all my fault  
nothing just happens  
we all did it

but mostly me  
I am the root of the problem  
too much love and too little Marx  
and the other way round

how can you feel good  
about yourself when you count things?  
things aren't there to be measured  
but to be understood

or music is the only measure  
and that too points to what is always  
looking back over her shoulder  
at you as she vanishes in the trees.

19 October 2013.

=====

**Trace the cheese back to the sheep  
trace the sheep back to the grass  
but what do the joggers come from  
who grace our roads with panting conversation?**

**19 October 2013.**



=====

**One morning the balance in my checking account  
without warning increased by three million  
six hundred thousand dollars. I let it rest.  
Soon a broker from the bank called up  
suggesting so much money should be better invested  
through her of course but I declined. I wanted  
to see how long imaginary money would last  
before the numbers changed themselves again.  
The way you do, you tricky weathery world.**

**19 October 2013**