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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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Is the face the center of the self
(I point to it when I say me)

like one of those capitals
far away from all the rest
like Tallahassee or Albany

leaving the body to take care of itself
farmlands of the belly Great Plains of the back

and only the winking smiling smirking brooding
lip-proud eye-flashing broken mirror counts?

1 September 2013
We who read each other
must touch each other too

or is that what we do
already? It’s confusing,
I read your words I think
in the canyons of your body,

my eyes close to those
intelligent disclosures,
the swoop of syntax
this smooth of skin.

1 September 2013
Only get into trouble
by telling the truth.
The nails they’ll drive him
will hurt just as much
but they will in fact be
congruent with
all the pains of earth.

1 September 2013
The least of what I meant to be
thunder in the West
I know that Dragon
he has been in me
and half of all my fire almost
comes from him.
Now in the mountains she.
But by morning I will have to use
my own breath again.
Midnight and after,
the roads asleep.

1 September 2013
All those coins once
silver now god knows what
jingling in nobody’s pocket —
dead men reef no sails —

and so the words have their way with us,
learning the bad things we want to
and doing them to us. For us.

We shave the bark off living trees
to keep a record of our names
in case one fine morning
we wake up changed.
Someone else answers our phone.

1 September 2013
The answer to seeking
is not needing.
The wind woke me
from inside my spine.
Messages run up and down.

1 September 2013
Walls would be speaking
the lost child found again
the chrism’d fool
a king without a shoreline
not a tree in sight.

For I was fire
and I thought the world.
Then I was air
and shut my dream box
before the heart slid out —

so cherish the night,
o you lost children,
I see your eyes sometimes
gleaming from ruined grown-up faces
wretched lives of self-service
brute obedience —

for I was earth also0r and tried to fall away
beneath your feet
so you could fly again
or float with me
around the big blue seeming
for I was water too
and all the elements are only one,
and all your chemistry
is the trick the numbers play
upon the hasty living.
You can’t name anything that isn’t some alive.

So Robert roared, or Prabhakirti
or someone who could have been me
walking up a trail in the Terai
always higher, to follow the footsteps
of a shining one who walked ahead.
Who are you, master, I cried
and he or she gave answer: you
of all living beings should know that.

2 September 2013
The sign is the sky. 
Looking carefully 
she saw a rainbow 
over the distant landfill, 
green hill, river.

We die to rise again 
it said, the miracle 
would be if we did not

2 September 2013, Kingston
Before we lose in clarity
the smutty little secrets
that make us different
from the owls in the woods
this first cool night

but not so different
from the rain

that touches everything it can,
we are born wanting
to be sea again
we came from,

want to be contiguous,
continuous, a mind
spread through every molecule
and no memory but now.

Consider the sea. And be me.
Is that so much to ask?

2 September 2013
Fix it now
and mess it up later.
Parable of the Wolf
sharing a pot of stew
with the priest.
I have no idea
if this is an idea.
Or a miracle waiting to happen,
a bird on the phone line
changing all the messages.
I thought I was beginning
but it was only the rain.

2 September 2013
Members of the world
so many things.
Mausoleums of neglect —

all the books I never read
chatter all night long.

2 September 2013
Memory is the small of your back
between what you sit on in the broad above
that takes the blows or bears the weight —

the small we say but it is all,
the memory lives they are rippling in the spine
Mercury in your column, a glass
that reads you and sometimes tells
and when it speaks you can’t ignore.

How nude to remember nothing!
What a Tahiti for the soul!
Is that what death is for?

3 September 2013
My hand told me
don’t take too long
saying this.
They love it
when you get to the point
even if there is none.
Or especially.

3 September 2013
JUDGMENT

_The Bridge_ a masterpiece.
I slept for hours.

George Sylvester Viereck spoke
of a passing leaf

a masterstroke.

3 September 2013 (dreamt)
Hawks. And crows.
A day of shadows
crossing low sky
no hurry
but seem far.
So much I don’t know,
so many sixes
so many heavens.

They might almost be praying
the way they walk
across the visible
and then not.
Or is it me,
always hankering for a church
lost like music
when it stops,
the drowned
concert hall, dead city.

All the false analogies
for this hawk, this sky.

3 September 2013
Eia, popeia she sings.
Wozzeck, hearing it now
in high school
like the first time.
the years. One
more, so what.

3 September 2013
There are so many words
for what we do.
Only one of them is singing.
All the rest are you.

3 September 2013
Mars — his blood
and his rust

for we are not the only ones
who can be hurt —

Mars is time too,
and dance of elements
and Mors. His sister self

3 September 2013