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Words after all

waiting

willing.

Runes

the trees carve on themselves

only the blind or the near-blind

can read

with their learning fingers

where the bark of oaks

come to be the bark of a wild dog

trying as they do to speak

to those who are or were their masters.

We are blind kings in jungle realms—

how to strip off our stupid gloves?

2.

I'm saying there I stuff left to do—

messages everywhere

to read and practice.

Act the word

the word you found

in the tree

or all the runes of anywhere, everything speaks,

act the word

he said

and I said that is hard, hard,  
blind Homer listened well  
in all his senses

but even he is gloved in story,  
suppose an *end of action*  
which is how story differs from practice.  
the runes keep talking all the time.

3.

Not a destination

but a reach of mind  
perpendicular to the plane of the event.

*Maqamat* the blue-wool people said,  
places.

Places that exist in a fresh way of being.

Places that are gods.

4.

Three women are said  
to stand along the road  
just outside the city.

Make obeisances,

make offerings  
to each as you come or go.

To move without permission is a child's mistake,  
to enter or leave a city is a sacred act,  
*a certain practice,*

be Bedouin all you like

but when you near a city

the city's gods take over.

The three of them.

And you know who they are.

5.

Offer appropriate.

Not flowers—roses

are for lovers and priests,

not the gods. The gods have

us flowers in the first place—

don't give them back.

Offer appropriate:

something

you made yourself,

something speaks from you,

you alone,

something the gods don't have already.

21 September 2012

## AMERITUDE

the bitterness  
of the world compressed—  
sunset in a woman's hand.

Who once was liberty.

21 September 2012

= = = = =

Then had to speak as if  
and then a crossroads every seventh step  
a bird of omen perched on one of three  
and all of it was loud,  
drunkards stumbling on the mind' back roads  
and here you never are I am.

The French call lampshades abate-the- day  
we're indoors now, cold sober forty years  
and all of these machines. Forgive me,  
I offer propositions still,  
all kinds of comments about God and you.

22 September 2012

=====

To come to your senses  
every one of them  
one by one  
I want, evidence  
the sentence bold the sentence quizzical  
trying to rile you into sensuous display!

cockscorn up! tail's peacock eyes disclose!  
be who you are and be it to me!

that's the hallmark card I offer you ce jour,  
ink-stained daylight on the banks of fear.

22 September 2012

= = = = =

The game doesn't last.  
The words pale as you write them down  
tomorrow they're gone  
leave only a feel in your right ear  
as if you'd said something  
smart then turned away.

Look out the window,  
                                  the joggers  
passing on their way to the hospital,  
they have forgotten something  
they're hurrying to recapture,  
schnell, schnell, everything's running away.

22 September 2012



= = = = =

All the nice things we can do for each other  
start I don't know why with silence.  
Nice? You sneer at the word but I am simple,  
lord, am I simple. I know what's nice  
and what isn't, and you do too. Be simple  
with me for a change. Let the weather  
make problems for itself, let the wind  
read all my books and the leaves review  
what's written on them — what matters  
is to be good to each other. Or is that  
word too simple for you too?

22 September 2012

= = = = =

Finally you talk  
to the neighbors.  
You start by condescension,  
wind up in love.  
With their sheer  
nearness, their actual  
smell, touch, etc.  
As opposed to all  
your prestiges, principles,  
public, eternal,  
remote. Here  
the man is. Listen to him.  
It took you a while  
to learn that he  
counts too.  
Even though he writes  
nothing, not  
even a review.

22 September 2012

= = = = =

A clean white sky  
ready for anything  
be bold. Be road.

22.ix.12

= = = = =

Girl in white shorts jogging nervous by.  
Roadside anxieties, fast cars, trucks, raptatious townies,  
bears. Who knows what evil  
slithers on asphalt. Who knows  
why she is running. And in  
her secret heart is she running to or from.

22 September 2012

## HANSOM PLACE

The dentist's chair  
big window, the white sky  
the taste of fear.  
Now that same sky only reminds.  
And memory is a terror of its own.

22 September 2012

= = = = =

Everything wants to be used.

Crime to let a machine

a house a temple stand unused —

if we build it, it must work.

Otherwise afreets will come

and bring disturbing presences to life,

surrounded by thoughtless or greedy vacancy.

23.ix.12

= = = = =

Can I become surrealist overnight  
shave my mustache shave my head  
and walk a wombat through the Tuileries?  
That would be to regress. The actual  
torpor of the words I rouse  
to crazier life than that, if quieter.  
Be like the Amazon and never stop.  
Be like the Nile and wash away  
everything that doesn't endure,  
should not last. Only the stone stays  
and that which the stone says.  
That we have coaxed the stone to remember  
and murmur to our silly ears.

23 September 2012

=====

All this morality —  
where will it end?  
A spotless German kitchen  
a child eating crumbs from the floor.

23.ix.12



= = = = =

O sun caught  
in maple tops  
how long since  
medieval you  
changed us now.  
Space persists. Space is  
what there is.

23.ix.12

=====

Suppose by walking you inscribed  
messages in earth  
left behind you as you pass,  
your path a testament.

23.ix.12

= = = = =

Not a river, a fishpond.  
Not far away, right beside your house,  
shared with the road, the shimmer of it,  
the whilom duck or heron who  
condescends to feed. Something near.

Near, dear, everything is close,  
there is no marriage like marriage  
of things to their space, lofty  
clouds tethered to your chimney  
a little god a glory in each room.

23 September 2012

= = = = =

A rich target spilled off mysterium  
bloodbath memories aligned with prevenient  
grace so cuddled that no leaf could migrate  
into the gravity and not be apprehended  
pelvic receptors armed all space befibered  
quiver to know whom or scatter fingerprints  
all along the chance-begotten mystery anew  
language for us by her apt machine  
resplendent trigonometry and conic sanctions  
and every one of us ambassadors of just it.

24 September 2012

= = = = =

Asserting the obvious  
turn at the door

trying not to tell  
but everything knows

an arch in a circle  
an avenue south

boulevard east  
quiet night lions roar

mating o males are noisy  
in every species

skateboard banjo  
makes them less uneasy

in their empty world  
for men have nothing

by definition feeble  
frantic and bereft

all male behavior

whistles in the dark

men are drones

built from spare parts

every graveyard

feels like home.

24 September 2012

