

5-2012

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*Dreamt text:*

[Came upon] this notion  
hiding in the shallows of the mind.

28.V.2012

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There was a kind of chemical to it  
the way a man feels when he looks  
at a woman admiring a horse,  
vivid and complex, the molecules of dream  
assemble such images at dawn  
and we wake gasping. The loss.  
The reflection of that big white church  
on its surrounding waters, skulls  
rowing through the image, baptism  
of desire. The waves keep moving  
but the water stays. From a plane  
the sea looks like a stone. And we  
are mostly water, mostly mineral.  
The little trick of life. That made  
someone build a church or row a boat  
or sit around all afternoon talking in sun  
about what they may or may not have done.

28 May 2012

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Horse trailer heavy goes by.  
An animal is a terrible thing.  
Compact alien energy. Has  
a different relationship with gravity  
from me. What do I have. Mass  
without motion, heat and cold,  
Fear we have in common, fear  
is what makes everything move.

28 May 2012

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One night seventy years ago  
I went to the fair. The lights  
were very bright, brighter  
than they have been since

and I began to see. No idea  
what came before—scenes  
are not the same as seeing,  
stories the light told,

stories interrupted by the night.  
Come in now and read a book.  
A book is all telling and no  
seeing at all. Then that night

the lights said another country  
and I was there. Called it France  
then but that's too easy,  
this place was more than France,

this place was the inside of the eye.

28 May 2012

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The picayune adulteries  
of ordinary life, how the lord  
or lady of the heart is not  
invariably served.

Sometime  
you look out over the seacoast  
and see another life entirely,  
an alternate silhouette  
comes toward you on the sand.

29 May 2012

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Sometimes cry out  
as if in pain.  
But no pain, no thought  
just the groan.  
As if the body itself  
knew enough to judge  
the perilous pilgrimage  
from one breath  
to the next and cried  
out to the wilderness  
of its loneliness.  
How absent sometimes  
mind leaves the flesh.

29 May 2012

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Not just that archaic Kouros  
with the smile halfway between  
woman and man, between  
divine and human, between  
the self and some secret self  
everyone now and then intuits  
but only the rarest finds

but all of them smile,  
all the ancestors, the ones  
who made us or shaped us  
or stood seemingly idly  
at the side of every road  
we ever walked, all of us,

all of them are smiling.  
*Smile of the ancestors—*  
from where they stand  
outside of our time but  
still inside time's dome,  
from where they smile  
they cure us if they can  
of doubt and woe  
by smile alone.



Not just  
the beautiful and the simple  
and the long ago, no,  
all of them smile at us now,  
and from such luminous exile  
  
even Dante smiles.

29 May 2012

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Not to think of not proposal  
a saltcellar a split-rail fence  
defining morning. Hesiod woke  
and carried the warmth of sleeping  
out into the morning chill. Balance—  
a constellation in the sky, poetry  
struck between desire and the actual.  
Stuck. He rubbed his eyes again,  
we all are shamans when we wake,  
every breath a fumbled prayer. Magic  
everywhere (= the mind tangled in matter).  
He looked at the hill and said out loud  
the world never began, it always was,  
it always changes. Crows in the linden  
were silent. He took that for assent.  
Signs everywhere too. His feet getting cold.

30 May 2012

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I lend my spirit to a cause  
then time sucks it back.  
I have to ply again, drive  
the idle sheep of my will  
back to the designated turf.  
Stay there a bissl. Browse  
till you have dunged it  
with your care, and made all  
fertile there for other wills  
to come and practice theirs.  
For will is spirit, and works alone.

30 May 2012

*CALME*

Just stop here. And let the road  
go where it goes. The prayer wheel  
turns in sunshine. No other wheel  
enters the picture. My eyes  
want to be asleep. A phase  
of the creative. A praise of idleness.

30 May 2012

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Wait, I think I'm falling into the sky.  
Who said that. It's Hudson, long street  
down to the river but no river is seen.  
The sky is bright and small with clouds  
and the sky seems to be sucking  
everything in. The gravity of Warren St,  
as it slides to the river is no help,  
it is up I go, falling up there, where the pale  
blue is inexorable, the cosmic police force  
hustling me home. I am a runaway,  
I confess. I thought there were people here.  
Wrong. Only me. And the hungry sky.

30 May 2012

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That there be close to us  
or ornate a forest  
peopled with that glad life  
the books call wild

seems to me tamer than ours  
each moving in its decorous  
will uninflected by  
commodity.

Here  
is where it's wild—  
wild means to make choices, choices,  
mad compulsions under a salesman moon.

31 May 2012

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All the late is waiting—  
another clock determines us.  
Who is us? Be leafy  
while it can. Green  
and brown are changing places  
never endingly. So we  
(who is this we?) presume  
to choose between and say  
this is my favorite season  
o my dark sacrament of snow.

31 May 2012

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All of this wanting to be  
but who is listening  
to the clamor of selfish ontology?  
I'm talking at random  
because a leaf is enough.

To dwell. Plato  
revised, such simpler  
attentions and I don't know.  
Will we ever get there  
again, the street  
and simple attention,  
zen without samurai  
without discipline,  
just being present  
to each thing each one  
without control?

So here's my plan:  
revise my eyes.  
See only what speaks.  
Say only what I see.

31 May 2012



## ALLE MENSCHEN WERDEN BRÜDER

Are we even ready to be we?  
That word gets poets into trouble—  
angers readers when she or he  
gets subsumed in us. Who gave me  
the right to you? Or are we  
really sister and brother  
after all, as pale men thought  
two hundred years ago  
and said so in many an ode?  
That seems so old now  
but Pat Smith's colored  
drawing of monkshood in flower  
last in his garden's year  
seems new. And this pine cone  
on the table, this twist-tie  
thick with a rubber band, these  
are new as Eden and good morning.

31 May 2012