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White veiled face
led into long retreat
the Lama led her
along a balcony above us
solemn-quieted we
intelligent-intent below.

How much can I know of this
this dream it shaped?
Is that another world in there
whose actors only seem to be ourselves?

19 August 2013
Our loves our needs
just wind in the window

wind’s eye
it meant

the wind has been everywhere
seen everything

always toom
for something new.

That’s you
being honest with the moon.

19 August 2013
A. Word here and there
to answer all the questions.

Q. A car going by.
Q. Puffballs growing in the shade
   like two skulls on the berm.
Q. A tree with fingers.
Q. A cry not human in the woods not far.
Q. Against the evidence of the senses.
Q. Noises in the house.
Q. Morning.
Q. A braided belt lying on the bed.
Q. A bed.
Q. An envelope.
And all my life to answer them.

But they are hard
require practice—
didn’t they tell you when you were young
everything’s a violin?

19 August 2013
But if we could really tell—
but never can

and never would.
The untold story rules the world.

19 August 2013
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Pink flowers in dense green
flashing tablet
stirs of occult energies
sprightly dust from old books

the vision quivers
among the complementary colors

do I still have time to notice this?

Sound of a bus idling not far away
keep the channels open
mercy may yet find a way through

and it’s not me paying for the diesel.
In the land of small interferences
sleep takes the place of wedding bells.

19 August 2013
People worry about flowers
but everything takes a long time

the woods are mostly for remembering

There came along a man who broke a shadow
the shards of it still litter the pavement—

children pick them up and use them instead of school.
The trouble with school is you have to go to it

when it should always be right
right here in your hand

or like the shadow at your feet.

19 August 2013
THE CLOUDS OF 2013

A vow binds the future

but the clouds
(richer this summer than I’ve ever seen)

but clouds
eliminate future and past
insist on the present

they are verbless nouns
transient absolutes.

Never a summer like this,
clouds all majesty whimsy tumult calm
all colors of all their kinds
all over the sky and sly
stratus layed low
intricate with streets and entrances
and cumulus immense and various
domes of Arizona and Tiepolo.

19 August 2013
Sometimes a thought
or image is so strong
it interrupts a broadband
wifi signal. Try it
sometimes you’ll hear.

19.VIII.13
MEMBRA

In any political discourse, the interruptions in the speaker’s delivery constitute the real text. Listen!

The stammers sing.

I belong to the smallest of all the minorities. And perhaps the strongest.

Because we have bodies we don’t need emotions.

Emotions deny us access to our own selves.

Life is an afterthought. What was someone really thinking?

19 August 2013
Catch the glinting wave
and fall.

20.VIII.13
= = = = =

pressure-washing the
house next door they are

how noisy clean turns out to be
but o lovely dirt you lie there in repose.

20 August 2013
ECRIRE

I have a keyboard
but where is the doorboard it can unlock
into the infinite space beyond?

20 August 2013
IRISH

1.
We’re not really about the earth
we others, immigrants
from the Other Star,
Irish, Dravidians, Polynesians
who knows else.
It is beautiful here
often and very strange.
Everything is hard
and every poem is a try to write back home.

2.
The Irish in America
are only a recent instance of
their endless exile.

No climate suits them,
the sun is a horror
but the least breeze shivers them
and they have no lungs at all.

No work is apt for their hands
except doodling and scribbling
trying to reconstruct what is was like up there.
3.
Home. That imaginary animal
who brought them here.
Us here. Eventually
we too will vanish into the ground
like the Little People before us,
those huge elves who walk unseen.

4.
Then we’ll be your dreams
at last, and maybe find some comfort
in your holy raptures and dewy-thighed sleep,
happy shades in your shadows.

5.
Because this present compromise
can’t last, this dailiness.
The sun is stronger,
the golden chains are firm.
I succumb into certainty
to call this play my work
and give it to you.
What else can I do?

21 August 2013
Always talking about himself,  
the man in the mirror cries out  
How you have changed out there!  
In here the breath of mercury  
preserves all images in clarity  
until they are understood.  
Do you understand yourself out there?  
Air ages you—  
    don’t you even know that?

21 August 2013
Specious but overheard
voices on bikes
flash of thigh pedaling fast
boy bark and girl giggle
done.

How
can I build a world out of this
O Lord, or even a morning?

Signs, signs but of what?
Who are they really?
How can you tolerate
how fast they go past?

21 August 2013
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Or how old everyone is
even around the edges

write a word over itself
again and again

so many times and no one
has to listen

always trying to begin again

Never forget we sit on flesh
we walk on bone.

21 August 2013