Robert Kelly
Bard College

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Calm morning people
come out of next door
say good morning!
(educated protestant not too affluent)
to one another.
All the way over here I smell their shampoo.

19 July 2009
a man named Tomorrow
saw the lovers
trapped on a rock
and the monster
tried to lift the woman of them
into his own heart
and staggered into the sea
and all he had was the sea.

a man named Tomorrow
has nothing left but the sea.

21 July 2009

(hearing Jean Cras’ Polyphemus)
Achilleus, is that who it said
I am, old son of a new word.
World, who am I, really?
Isn’t it time after all these years
to tell me who I am? Who
my father was who seemed so mild,
the silence of my mother, quiet
half-impoverished dignity in
side which I grew up? Who
was my mother before she was?
Every human birth conceals
a mystery. Reveals. Knowing
it though does not know
what it knows. I was born
another. Now tell me who.

21 July 2009
Archilleus, is that who it said
I am, old son of a new word.
World, who am I, really?
Isn’t it time after all these years
to tell me who I am? Who
my father was who seemed so mild,
the silence of my mother, quiet
half-impoverished dignity in
side which I grew up? Who
was my mother before she was?
Every human birth conceals
a mystery. Reveals. Knowing
it though does not know
what it knows. I was born
another. Now tell me who.

21 July 2009
Is my nose long enough to reach the air?
Are my legs long enough to reach the ground?
No need to worry about more than that.

24 July 2009
My beautiful rich blue ink
distracts me from what it writes.
Somehow this seems to mean
much more than it says.

24 July 2009
I am not who I am
and the wasness of things
oppresses me
with a half-heart now—

not the meat but the humidity,
the broken columns
and the temple ruined all
but for the dark gateway

and no one knows what’s in it
and isn’t that all a temple ever is
a high house of what we do not know.
And the wind makes hymns hum.

25 July 2009
But they haven’t opened.
But they will. The actual,
the virtual a simple
hymn tune in God’s hands,

the lilies. How it can
make what we touch sing
or even with our eyes,
those old mythologies.

26 July 2009
Nothing needs you to be more—
that is the mystery of the Rosy+Cross.
Everything is there already
and you don’t know it. Slow movement
of a lost concerto, the oboe
stands in for the viola, I love you,
children whimper in their sleep.
Wake up, the flower is calling.

26 July 2009
That girl over by the railing
makes Christianity make sense:
we live for each other
as Christ lives in is.
The link loves us.

But beyond
this observation is a Buddhist rite
called everyday life
where we have come together
already from the beginning.
The courting phase passes into marriage.
Union of the opposites.
The single offering.

26 July 2009
THESE DAYS

I never listen to my favorite music
I’d lie there if I did like a turtle
on my back if I heard Mahler.
And Strauss (say the third intermezzo
from Intermezzo) would leave me panting
supine in a strange boudoir
drenched with alien patchouli.
Ouch makes better listening.
What I love unmans me in delight,
hmm, makes me lose my way
in forests with no trees. Or the soft
horror of a human face that has no bones.

26 July 2009
It takes a while for a knife
to remember how to cut.
We have to remind it
midnight and watch out.

Things need us too—
that amazes me when I recall it
as I too am for myself
but also for everybody else.

There is nothing alone.

26 July 2009
IN PHILOSOPHIAM

How sad to follow
a lovely image
through the trees
and wind up only
with a good idea.

26 July 2009
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Application and duress.
River bridge and stress.
Inside every desire
a frightened child.
The world so deeply innocent.

26 July 2009
The surgery is complete.

The unimaginable dismemberment
and his cupped hands
are full of blueberries.
The sickness of hours
cut open and emptied and healed.

Time, the milk and the bone,
honey, the berries cool.
His head hurt, trying to hold
all of it together, cow
and bees and bushes.
river and barge, the sunlight,
eclipses, aircraft droning overhead,

the flowers, the sacred individual differences
(‘names’) of each weed, the bees, the wax,
hives, streets, women’s voices
calling from window to their children
husbands lovers, the gods
at their elegant but cumbersome machinery
running the world, the weird fluid
that runs the gods, bees, queen, loosestrife
might be abundant this year with all the rain,
spokes of that bicycle zipping past
a sheen of moving brightness,
is there anything so humble it has no words
and all the words, the waxen cells, her call,
the bees, the berries, the hands,
holding. Everything he holds.

26 July 2009
Speed proportionate to the dark inside trees.
It is beautiful in the woods, to walk with them all round, but more so sometimes or strangely so, to drive by the woods and see from the corner of my eyes the dark entrances on either side, sly avenues of dark and light go in, the deep, deeper than the eye and way back sometimes there a glint of sunlight sculpting the dark. Otherwise a wood is all entrances Deep of the place: to see it for a second as the car moves by but leaves a part of me back there, marooned in forestness, the part no road can move—and I am two: the man back there, the woods in here as I drive, divided into wholeness is how it feels. I have a wood the wood has me. Things the mind knows belong to the mind, and I am back there still in leaf sparkle, dazed by my inheritance.

27 July 2009
Find the long way in.
Eve’s mouth slightly open
to taste. Or speak.

We are saved by what we say
no matter if no one listens.
Or maybe better that way,

the words in their purity
listen to themselves,
touch each other, brood.

Then they really know.
And will tell us later
when we use them again.

As she now, her lips
a little parted, tip
of her tongue sometimes seen

slipping forward to lick,
lets us know the whole
story in her first word.

27 July 2009
You have to keep telling a myth
until it talks back,
then the real hero comes out.
The rock cracks. Earthlight nude.

27 July 2009

Myth is μυθος, μυθος means word or anything said, anything told. So a word too must be said over and over until it tells us what it means, just as not till a story is finished being told do we know what it means. If then. If a story can have a meaning.
Hermetic address:
house on the hill
with wind in the door.
The woman comes back.
We wail for each other,
waiting. Touch
is the primary,
all others a disguise.

*Doors of the mind.*

Find identity by hand—
how can I know who you are
unless I touch you?
How can you know who is touching you
unless you touch me back?
The skin is all about answering.

But what if a word is in the wind?
All our hope is that it touches too.
And how shall I touch a word in turn
and send it back to you?

27 July 2009
Sometimes from beneath an old man’s coat
you hear his skin cry out.
Softly even, waiting so long, ready to be young
or to be disappointed again. But there.
The everlasting question is its own answer.

27 July 2009
SKIN

When touch stops
mind is on its way.

*

A terrible palimpsest
stricken with delight.

27.VII.09