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## **BRA BAT**

Une jeune Britannique, âgée de 19 ans, a raconté sa surprise lorsqu'elle s'est rendue compte qu'un bébé chauve-souris avait trouvé refuge dans un bonnet de son soutien-gorge. Abbie Hawking a expliqué qu'elle avait bien ressenti quelques vibrations au niveau de son sous-vêtement, qu'elle portait depuis plusieurs heures, mais elle avait dans un premier temps pensé aux vibrations de son téléphone portable dans sa poche intérieure. Après vérification, la jeune femme a découvert un bébé chauve-souris caché dans le rembourrage de son soutien-gorge, qu'elle avait laissé sécher sur un fil à linge toute la nuit. “Je suis restée sans voix quand je l'ai vu et dans un premier temps je ne savais pas ce que c'était”, a raconté la jeune réceptionniste de Norwich (est de l'Angleterre) au journal Eastern Daily Press, publié mercredi “J'étais sous le choc quand j'ai réalisé que c'était une chauve-souris, puis j'ai eu vraiment pitié d'elle”, a-t-elle ajouté. “Elle avait l'air d'être à son aise et j'ai eu un peu honte de la déranger”. Le petit animal a pu reprendre sa liberté et retrouver son environnement naturel.

## LOWLANDS

When the noise outside gets too uncomfortable  
crawl back down into language, the hobbit-hole  
in the head, the old quiet thing, the woodland  
of the words. Say their names, parse  
their silences, mix them gently with your breathing  
I told myself and I lay at peace for a moment  
not sure ever even it was peace I was looking for.

11 July 2008

## PEBBLES

Matters that it matters. Noises  
off. But not too far. Rage  
of meanwhile animals nearby.

Do I slope thee? Did care  
betide the baron's whiskery caress,  
could this be his cheek, the gaunt  
everyman of my maiden dreams?

A bushel basket full of dirt.  
Everything is valuable again—  
one looks into the woods and understands  
this narrative has no names

only trees, beaches with wrecked schooners  
rib-caged bare on the shoals of hell.  
Only the shadow of a dog leaping  
up against the sky, towers of a small city

fat brick hospital busy dying on the hill.  
Shallow, keep it shallow, so you can always  
see the bottom, where the bright stones are,  
only in the shallows can we see where we stand

yet feel the passage – water – of what passes  
and the colors of lingering beneath  
the staid sorrow of my ridiculous feet.  
Tragedy is forgetting this. These.

11 July 2008

*(Bunte Steine, for Stifter, for Kafka)*

## **ALBIGENSIAN**

I hate the heave of it  
the agitation that erases  
sleek contemplation  
of the holy skin  
the script of otherness  
I taste only to read.

11 July 2008

= = = = =

Think: that there was something waiting.  
That the misbehaving maestro *thinks*  
he is bigger than the music but  
*knows* he's not. His surly ego grump  
uncertain of true authority passes for power.  
And becomes what it passes for.  
Because we poor bassoonists are uncertain too.

11 July 2008

## IMMIGRANTS

1.

Who cares what care.  
Limestone. Newcomers  
to the city must submit  
to playful humiliation—  
doused by fire hoses  
under the great brass arch  
over Wall Street while  
natives chuckle. Mica  
schist. Fordham gneiss.  
Her sword lifts above  
the harbor promising  
immigrants her terrible what?

2.

Unwary the so many.  
The crows are here  
for us to listen through  
hard. Openheaded  
without imagining. Hear.

3.

We are tough people,  
we spend time like language  
coating everything.  
Nothing's real until  
we've been with it a long time.  
So a day doesn't count,  
a day is a statistic,  
the sun a chemical.  
We suppose night is  
universal solvent  
or at least an answer but  
no one has ever seen the night.

4.

Marble here and there  
and stones floated from afar  
on shaggy barges.  
A concert hall full of sparrows.  
City hall.

5.

Cat cat sandstone and cat  
what you see in the street  
dawn over Hell Gate red horizon.  
We lie to you from the beginning.  
None of these rivers are rivers.

6.

Purposefully striding  
left the fern thicket and hello—  
so few dim spots on earth  
and the sun is built out of stone.  
People talk about steel  
nobody does anything about it.

7.

We keep going higher.  
From the top of some already  
you can just make out  
on the skirts of the horizon  
a place you want to be.

8.

No matter I was born here  
it is a stranger that I come.  
No matter where I go  
it is these streets these stones  
on which I have to stand.  
In this life there is nothing but beginning.

9.

This is the elsewhere of whose last dream.  
It all comes here.  
Even the large pyramid that Khufu built  
is on its way.  
Everything hurrying,  
the economy folds over here, the world falls in.  
Someday she will let her sword fall too.

10.

Whereas ships keep arriving and no doubt.  
Beginning is common, climax  
frequent, opera rare.  
But the streets run on time  
and the long shadows of empty churches  
make steeple shadows daggering across the plain.

11.

Not that it would be the same  
or not yet. The green card,  
the pinkish Alabama limestone,  
the chalk in teachers' claws.  
Algebra. It all seems like a preparation  
but for what? Seeming  
is as far as you get.

12.

So when you seem to be there  
they seem to let you in.

Of course there's less to it than that  
and most of that's uncertain.

The dog for example, trotting by  
parked cars none of them yours.

The woman crying, the man  
lying on the ground. And nobody  
knows what such things mean.

12 July 2008

= = = = =

Being sorry or being what one is—  
sounds alter, all away  
down the dark alleys in our maybehood

till nothing's sworn. Or get what I did—  
I'd done wrong but who was I?  
Not just when I did it but at all?

13 July 2008  
[pointing-lipogram on *f*]

= = = = =

I tried to make it up to you  
like any other imaginative act  
novel or daydream or some such thing—  
the cow got the measles, the sky  
is one plain but very large blue bird—  
but what was wrong stayed wrong.  
Repentance without resolution  
to change: worse than none at all,  
the sin hurts even as it's being done,  
no fun, everything is sour after.  
The worst part of sin is not knowing  
what or that it is, until long after  
when you see the dailies, the run themselves  
red on the insides of your lids. *So what!*  
you say but you are crying as you say it.

13 July 2008

= = = = =

To be curious about the kingdom  
and have a courtier reply,  
folding his wings or were they hers  
neat about the shoulders  
lifted – a little hawk or buzzard-like—

to look at me, with all the candor  
such kinds can do. How many are there,  
palaces I mean. The courtier  
held up two hands their fingers spread.  
And how many live in each one

As many as fit through the door—  
spoken politely in my head,  
no lips no air no eardrums moved.  
Where are the doors? one door  
leads to them all. Where is that door?

The door's a who and there he is  
—pointed to a man outside in the street  
passing, an envelope under the arm,  
looking down at the sidewalk,  
walking briskly, a little bit uphill.

The terrible pain of being answered.

13 July 2008

= = = = =

In a world where some are conscious of what others think  
we live. Glaciers and lagoons betide us.  
And this thing that you are thinking—  
kept you striving all dawn till you finally  
woke out of it and found it still there  
all round you. Starring me  
and billions like me. More.  
At best I am nothing but a knock on your door.

14 July 2008

## NUPTIAE

The image truncates the message here  
implies it. Someone is married.

The cut of the letters spells the hand  
that held the mind's light a moment then  
let go. Calligraphy.

A bride smiles down the stone pathway  
her father lean as a stick beside her:  
a Chinese logograph half dark half  
white billowing around her. Gown  
of the gyne, the woman. Everybody  
is scared of the word, and he might say it  
—to many rings make it hard to hold  
the quill, then where will the word go  
under all that gold, meerkats, emeralds?

14 July 2008

= = = = =

Why are women so abstract austere?  
Don't look at me – I barely  
after all these years know enough to ask the question.  
Though even asking it is healing and relief.

14 July 2008

## CATOPTRIC

A birthday shoves your face in your face  
like a mirror.

You are who you are all over again  
and the groans of the enslaved still rise up,  
the millions that yearn to be you,  
that you will be.

A birthday is a punch-line with no joke  
or the joke is yet to come.

Voila, the president of space and time:  
the agent stuck in the heart of the rose.

14 July 2008

**[DREAM TEXT]**

Not make sense  
but lure sense down  
down onto bare table  
set with few scraps  
of words, austere...

15 July 2008

= = = = =

Something waiting to do  
something to do with you  
unforgotten

the idiom of my hands  
not the touch of them  
but the distances themselves

any instrument carries in itself,  
from fingers to skin  
there is always a mile left

no matter how far they go.

15 July 2008

= = = = =

There was a haunted time in my life  
when every sound I heard  
walked through me like an old woman  
muttering stories as she tried to find  
her way through the immensities  
of her own ancient house, swatting  
away with her pale hands anything at all  
that buzzed like music, only kept  
attending to what was past, that  
had to be told and she was telling it  
and I stood listening, terrified  
of her dry powdery confusions  
that spell the history of the world.

15 July 2008

## **A BR AHMS PIANO SONATA**

The north passion

Aussenalster the classy houses  
around the shore

each one with a bedroom in it  
a girl getting whipped  
a man trying to forgive himself

years and years the cold  
swans sailing through the rain.

15 July 2008