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LIKING

Sometimes you'd rather be liked than loved.
The way the subway is quicker than a cab
though dangerous, like all affection. Holy
they used to call it, that weird sense of
something being or seeming a whole lot
bigger than it is. The size of things.
How impressive. The caliphate of big.
Green dome on our street, a synagogue
I guess, but who knows what people
really do, or even are, when they pray
when you hear them from the sidewalk
on a summer evening bellowing inside
in some scary dialect of *you don't know*.
Maybe they turn into angels, whatever
angels are, maybe turn into animals
but animals of a kind you've never seen,
boisterous and kind, giving milk and wool,
sheltering you under the shadow of their wing.
People who say prayers turn into God—
that's my best guess. Who loves you
and even me from on high. Or inside.
Sometimes I'd rather just sit here
and have you like me, right by my side.

27 September 2007

ALANA IN DAMANHUR

Globes around her she discovers
a single globe inside her, inside
the globe she finds a face that
looks up and out at her when she
looks down inside herself away
from all the blue globes clamoring
around her. "We are always inside
what is inside us. I am your mother
waiting to give birth to you again
and do it right. You are my mother
too, and must do the same for me.
Did you think I was just a color?"

27 September 2007

= = = = =

Cobra neck
arched over
the dream he
woke from

the shape of music
lifted like a fig tree
downcurved
to shelter him

with sound alone
and even we
are sheltered
by what we see.

27 September 2007

= = = = =

Soup stock

woke me.

Make me

it said

from all

make one

a compromise

with everything

becomes itself.

Become yourself.

Get up and make.

Wake me

from you,

let the difference

decide me

till you are you.

28 September 2007

= = = = =

It is the base of what begins.
Poltergeist or Portugal.
Something like that.
Sun caught in locust tree,
could that be it?
You ask the same
question every day
and every answer's different
yet satisfies you
in the same way.
Do you even know
as they say
what you're asking?
Thief? Relief?
Is one word good as another?
Da. The stone said,
falling into place.
Any word. Yes
the air said,
hissing out.
The tomb is sealed,
the word is dead.
When the stone cracks
the risen Word comes out.
That is why I said, weeping,
I put every word in.

28 September 2007

= = = = =

She gave up wanting to be possessed
and gave up wanting him to do the
possessing in particular. Free a moment
she gave up wanting to be possessed
in certain ways. She let instead whatever
happens happen. She left herself rest
in the arising. Whatever felt comfortable
at the moment. The moment. Comfort
is the best counselor. The body always knows.

28/29 September 2007

{This is from a dream, from a text I was reading: *Short Cuts* – a series of six short-story-length novels, apparently composed by William Gaddis, and printed as part of a large Gaddis omnibus volume. In the dream I wished I had come up with that as a title. And imagined that someone, even if not Gaddis, had already done so. The poem here is one of the ‘short cuts,’ though clearly not a story.}

ΤΗΣ ΗΜΕΡΑΣ ΣΗΜΑΤΑ

Hole in the woods where
nothing was I thought.

Heron flying over me.

29 IX 07

= = = = =

How hold the rock?

--Hard.

Who color?

--Tree.

Tops of maple
locust, ash

Who gave you such a name?

--Nobody means
anything by what they do.

But what they do?

--There are disclosures, no.

Whose voice are you listening to?

--My own. At last. Even if my own is you.

Isn't there one right answer?

--One right answer.

29 September 2007

= = = = =

Maybe the hand
is not to have
or trust the tongue
to say some

when must comes
round. Down
in these dull parts
a song must come

every day
an adolescence of
the sun the sun
we hear its hum

even after twilight
mountain ridge
rimmed with mauve
maybe. Again.

29 September 2007

= = = = =

Spill the best weather
into the pious heart: *templum*
the sky is, and from the apse of it
a thunder comes
a rumble in the blue, no cloud no flash,
the sound alone.
And that and that alone is your name.

29 September 2007

= = = = =

So suppose the sounds are roads.
And hearing means to go.
So many years this again and again
symphony. I should be there
long ago. I am there already,
really, I am where everything is.
It was waiting for me. Every
footstep of the journey (it is
no journey) is right there
in the first sound. There never
was a beginning anywhere.

late September 2007
(hearing Tchaikovsky's 5th)

= = = = =

Vines flood with color. Auburn
shadows but early evening sun
decides the shadow. Suddenly.

Everything is writing, nothing
is written. To read is to compose.
Luster of the mind

thinking its way along. The wind.
In that gleam we see to move.
Into the knowing. The only knowing.

late September 2007

= = = = =

A woman saw an eagle
carry off a fox
you said, or no, a woman
saw an eagle kill one,

a woman had land,
four hundred acres you
said, and an eagle, eagles
kill snakes and rabbits

carry off foxes, no,
something goes
into the sky, leaves
all that land a woman has.

29 September 2007

= = = = =

White horse in golden
twilight. Maple. Almost
October. Not quite.
He glows like a unicorn,
he leads us all away
from whatever into forever.
Horse, old, twilight, white.

29 September 2007
Barrytown

= = = = =

The pinprick, the soft
imagination
 hissing at it scoots
around the walls and falls
collapsing.
 A touch
changes your mind.
It felt
 different from itself,
and you were afraid.

29 September 2007

= = = = =

Over the Polish fields
pale turnips roll
round and nourishing

then twilight, then dark.
Those pale roundnesses
continue us.

29 September 2007

= = = = =

The target
aims at the bow.
An arrow
is an afterthought.

29 September 2007

= = = = =

It's the kind of day it is
a picture of a crow
photo
took a long time
ago a man I used to know
on a wall in Mexico.

30 September 2007
(étude)

= = = = =

The marriage broker the silver
candelabra the tenor soaring
effortless somewhere above high B

that cloudy regions where the angels tremble
between two awes, of man, of God
while we're busy buying things

wives and acreage and long silk ties
the game is over the lovers
wait for something and the curtain falls.

30 September 2007