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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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things beginning to ascend –

write small, let the ants
carry the letters of your words
down into the earth
dark avenues they see so
well with their skin

say it quietly
so even the stillest water
shivers with hearing
as your skin still does
when I breathe a word
in the neighborhood
of your right ear

I'm standing behind you
my chin on your shoulder—
this makes us see the same thing
though for my word
for what I see is lost
in the orders of your ear.

17 August 2005

EDGES

are the real miracles
that anything ever
comes to the end of itself
and lets something else begin
or nothing be.

17 VIII 05

= = = = =

Terracotta bowls
turned turtle
take the morning sun.

Means cooked earth
means you shape it
and let the shape dry out
dry but the clay
is always thirsty

the bowl holds water,
keeps it cool,
always drinks a little
bit of what it holds.

17 August 2005

= = = = =

simplifying my life
means answering everyone

simplifying my life
means not changing the weather

means letting you get away with it.

= = = = =

We have to believe in some of it
the life beyond the trees
and where the highway stops

it has to be there,
we never do find *endedness*
as much as we want to
it goes on, winter without us,
lakes full of trout.

18 August 2005

RELIGION

So religion happened.

Like a pirate ship

sailing up the salt creek

and laying waste for reasons of its own

our cornfields and our mating customs

and burying all our pleasures in the ground

treasure you have to go to hell to find.

18 August 2005

= = = = =

Listen listen for the clink
of the key I let fall
under the pine tree exactly
by the banks of the Wallkill
and the counselor from Little
Italy with his knees
bare by the swimming hole
and the snake the snake –

I have too many rivers for one past.
Not so easy for the eyes
to focus under the stone bridge
and who will build it?
Every element is a betrayal,
alchemist dead in the cockpit.

18 August 2005

WALKKILL

Why does it haunt me
river that flows uphill
north with no Egypt
that falls into the tide
inland far from the sea
that loses its name

that wears a sweater
over bare skin
and his poor hands
clutch at the window
and still his mother
falls and falls

no one reaches the river
the river runs too fast
everything hides from me
I tried to explain.

18 August 2004

= = = = =

Hard to say it so again
cool grailsville of someone else

a monochrome from Netherlands
a woman's hand opening

to me a triptych: here are
the actual interiors

of the once familiar the planet
we stand on so briefly

is only the ornate shell
of something else intricate

and round of colors beyond
the casual numbers systems

of your pale sciences,
yes, you. Ormolu oceans,

tortoise shell clouds.

Opium apostles sail off in dream

to this place inside

all other places,

nameless pleasures,

intimate sandstones.

Parlez-vous? Yes, you,

my co-pilot, my timely castaway,

I'll be your labeled luggage

you'll be my overhead compartment,

we'll rise right out of *Modernes Algebra*

up through the Vegas of logical contradiction

into the seventy-two million mile wide

plasma screen of the sky

– one touch tells all – and never come home

otherwise than each to each.

19 August 2005

= = = = =

Go me faster till I get
how many arms your star owns
what implement or speaking symbols
each arm's hand holds, if any,
oceans of things, waiting rooms
that oceans are for what I mean,
Rise, Rise, republic of desire
from down down, merfolk
apple trees plump with shadow
magnesium crucifixes hiss in seafoam
true to their chemistry the Lady
in liquid liberty comes home.

19 August 2005

OKEANOS

Why is the ocean masculine?

It is a trillion courtiers
surrounding Amphitrite,
Neptune's wife,
Queen of everything
cool and moving and unseen.

19 August 2005

= = = = =

A goldfinch goes by
and what am I going to do about that

revise

review

remend

remand

remind?

Rewind.

(captured 19 VIII 05)

THE WORD OF THE DAY

As often as they begin

or you want to

listen to the tapes of the forest masters the masters of the caves

listen to the words you hear in your head

mostly listen to the words you find yourself wanting to say:

oil, rhabdomancy; silver legion; spawn

and then sit back and ponder what you've done.

2.

because saying is all doing,

and anything you do is only something that's been said

said in your head

and your hands listen

so you've got to be very careful careful

to listen to what the language is up to

is it your head doing it with language

or language doing it to your head?

You'll never know ---- that is the grief of it,
the unconscious hubris
of living in a language world

but what you can do is pay attention

3.

here's how:

listen to the words, individual words,
that rise to your tongue or your mind's tongue
to say or be said
in the morning

in the morning
in the newing of your mind
they call the day

pay attention to *the Risen Word*

this one speaks your day.

The word, not the sentence.

The thing in the word, not your wish for it.

Just the word.

Or words.

And study them.

And you study a word by writing it down,
alone first, then with others around it,

let the word out and play, don't supervise just watch.

Watch the first word of the day.

This word loves you.

19 August 2005

= = = = =

erst zart dann hart

love's hand hurts

there is always something

left to explain

a turn you made

I shouldn't have and still

some other character

waiting with weird eyes

to see what I have

never seen, the in

of of, the now of soon

you save for whom

nobody left to touch.

20 August 2005

= = = = =

Distract a knot
so that it fails
its office, falls
loose, forgets
the intricate reasoning
that ran its road
from how it was
to how it came to be.
Syntax like that
let loose we
with it fall free
cut the wire round
a bale of hay and heave
or let it fall
loosely be.

20 August 2005

BRAZIL

tomorrow is yesterday enough
for me, I am an admiral
of it, watching from the bridge
for the river that needs me

an Amazon shaped like my heart
your secret Xingu lost in my mind,
I don't want to talk about
rivers I've actually been.

20 August 2005

LITERATURE

Who are these people
keep talking and talking
about? Me and you and
me and you,
at Saint Audrey's fair
bought a tin mirror
all I see in it
a dead woman's eyes.

20 August 2005

= = = = =

Is it the breath
the other in me sleeping?

A pyramid found on the moon
was curiously empty of inscriptions—
only one could be deciphered:

*though you can read me
there is that you cannot read.*

No end of skies—
space is someone holding her breath.

20 August 2005

LOCATION

is dangerous.

It is your last information.

You understand, your skull
exactly maps the universal space
inside out from where you stand.

If you shift an idea across the mind
this is what is called Space Travel
slightly exceeding the speed of light.

Blonde monsters welcome you
at the door of what you suppose.

20 August 2005

CASTAWAY

Mirror,
mirror in your hallways
on the pilgrimage to the bathroom

Who lives in there?
In every glass a cast
of characters, an everlasting

Trauerspiel, Benjamin's
tragedy, how many
times have you dared to lick the glass

hungering to taste
that other world in there
that seems to stand all round

that other you?
Who could be anybody
at all, hallways are so accommodating

wind lifts up the dusty
carpet, flurries, lets it fall,
anybody can come walking towards you

body outlined
against the window by whose light
all this while you have learned to read the glass

you look for anything
that one in there can tell you
bright face more like yours than your own

but the opposite of you,
I am my other – who are you?
I share that alien space with you

words make the glass crack
slowly, hundreds of years in a house
before we lose this single face

into all the faces
in all sizes in every fragment
of the broken mirror and still you don't know.

Look at me

I have told you so many times,
look at me, I am the accurating glass

the one fools call heaven
but here I am, hard as you
cold to your tongue and always alone.

20 August 2005