

8-2012

## augA2012

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## POEM FOR EMILY

She

learned to sing

by being elsewhere

far away

and looking back.

1 August 2012, Cuttyhunk [dreamt]

= = = = =

Sneaking up on the sea  
a lightless boat  
stained onto sun glare  
and the asthmatic bard  
out-shouts the shore—  
why is one word spoken  
louder than all the waves and wind?

1 August 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Someone calls  
along the sea.

Sometimes seems  
every spoken word  
just asks for mercy

or a basket  
to carry the world in

or a world to carry.

1 August 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Don't think about what is only there.

The rest needs you,  
the aching *noumena* waiting to be known,  
thought into entity

by you and only you.

And that is what you give  
the thing that only you can think

say all the words that come to mind  
and then the unthought will come  
summoned by the sudden vacuum of speech.  
And then you will say. And then you will know.

1 August 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Left over from the night  
the day tries its best—  
all this blazing light  
children trotting around

crisp wind, fleet birds.  
Blue flowers too—  
but take my word for it  
it's just one more dream.

1 August 2012, Cuttyhunk

## INCIDENT

Means what fell. Fell in.

A falling out can also be  
an incident.

How many words  
swallow themselves.

Or where  
is the window in the word.

The boat is always leaving  
when you speak—

the tide  
of talk is always running out.

Search me, I just repeat  
what the words said.

You'd call it channeling  
but there's nobody there.

At the other end, I mean,  
I think. Just telling  
and whatever gets told  
must be the truth.

1 August 2012, Cuttyhunk

## POLYGRAPHIA SEXUALIS

or

the licentious of ancient poesy

or all kinds

writing anything you please—

the words let you

handle them at will

*whatever comes to mind*

but from where do they come?—

but sometimes they resist

—but what is their resistance

finally worth, when by some

“timely compliance” they

tumble onto the white sheet of the page

and there you are

and something said?

O this loquacious lust!

do sometime clean the mind

by staring at an unmade thing

a tacit understanding

say with a flower—

no names yet, a flower—

until the seeing stops

the talking, and the lily

finally has its yellow say.

2 August 2012, Cuttyhunk



**The sick sparrow**

tries at the feed.

No one bothers her

whoever comes down

feeds beside her

peaceably

and she doesn't flee.

A haze

of sadness round her

she is protected

by what ails her

is my guess

I know nothing

but her soft quietness

her little hop or step

from seed to seed

on the rough wood

railing of the deck,

How empty the sea

in all our suffering.

2 August 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Eager to repose  
in secret villainy  
he listened to her words  
bending each to fit  
as best it could  
his urgency  
to infest her body  
with his touch.  
Infest. Infect.  
Desire makes  
lepers of us all.

3 August 2012, Annandale

=====

Foreshadow  
of an impending star  
arriving—a breeze  
a easing of air  
after July's incarnadined—  
helps to breathe.  
Could this be  
our own sun  
standing up through the trees?

The wise student  
turns to the back of the book  
to read all the possible answers  
before the meaningless  
questions start arriving.  
In this way he can choose  
his mistake or perchance  
score an actual congruity  
between what he says  
and someone's distant mind.

Questions and answers  
are dancers  
at a debutante ball  
in a poor country

and all the young folk shy.  
But rich people move among them  
insolent, pretend they know  
who belongs in whose arms  
and what that music is up there  
the tired old men are playing.  
Are we rich or poor?

3 August 2012

## ELEGY FOR THE WEATHER

Chemical ring  
mystery bond:  
coupled at the level of the hip  
who cares if nobody reads this  
everybody is welcome  
and welcome is all that matters  
to welcome and to praise—

*hier bin i !* cried Bruckner  
that's all a word can say,  
here I am ! loud and boisterous  
at your door, a bottle  
under each arm, threaten  
to stay inside you for days  
or years —my endless  
opera— words are the true  
invaders of the house,  
*Occupy* your mind.

I touch each one  
I am the dancing master  
of this disaster, I ripen  
consequences on the leafy  
stems of what you think,  
I interfere.

Be quiet, *vates*,  
 your tune will come,  
 your drone become the epic  
 children suffer through  
 in school, your radiant  
 imagery their tediums—  
 can that word have a plural,  
 are you even listening?

This is about the doubt  
 resident in saying anything  
 the bluebells on Betty's lawn  
 her tumbled columbine—  
 it makes you think, *ça*,

it puzzles you with otherness  
 that smells suddenly  
 like your own skin—  
 remember skin?—

the touch

he rants about  
 is more quick than silver,  
 tarnishes, doesn't last,  
 isn't even toxic, or not very,  
 but stains the brain  
 like walnut juice from hard  
 green pebbly rotundities

used to rain down on the lawn  
before the hurricane  
and my poor tree went down.

Reminds me of your voice  
on the phonecall from midnight  
promising emotion's  
slow eternity—I remembered  
deer tiptoeing on the lawn  
always afraid, always vanishing.

Believe them, tumble  
into language as into  
the arms of a lover  
who promises everything, who  
might one day even be a friend,  
endure.

Endure. The policy  
of the stone is best—  
listen to pure reverberation,  
accept thirstily unchanged—  
o god the thirsty stones

accept what is poured out  
over you, the hand

that picks you up  
or lets you fall

back where the world—that  
presumptuous gravity—  
wants you to be.

Glisten  
while you can.

Wake up, stone,  
I summon thee

and who better to wake  
than what is firm and certain  
made of many elements  
all turned one?

Word,  
be stone. Stone, be man.

Now the caravan can start  
splay-footed in the desert.  
Camels, lions  
leaping onto The Woman  
hurtlessly boisterous  
—that word again  
that can't be me—  
intermediate rapture  
postgraduate *ecstase*





bring graphite chunks and fumes of turpentine  
bring lipstick from your sister's drawer  
and grand dad's ancient Zippo lighter—  
now you're talking—wheel flint to flame—  
smear color on the tepid world  
by minutest observation  
of particulars—songbeat  
heard on leaf—stilled  
in conversation—listen  
between what's said—  
waterfall turns into Nile  
can reach unlikely oceans  
—landlocked philosophy  
of rational men—Engels  
in his heart knew better  
for Compassion without Wisdom availeth not  
—let him praise at least  
the comforting angels of the lower air  
those girls

—I watched the wake  
turbulent spread wide-wedged  
in the bay behind us, the view  
haunted by spray from windward,  
daunting tomtom of the engine  
churning us through the *formless*  
*accurate*, the sea—

that's just memory,  
what else is in your wallet—  
tense the word, brace it  
but the shank of the screw snapped though,  
a fresh breeze, steel bears our weights  
reluctantly—mirrors  
are the strangest of all metals  
they hold us all—  
but if once the sight of her  
shatters glass as it breaks my heart—  
pish-tush, you have scant  
heart to break, amigo—  
por favor lo hacer sin corazon

enough border-talk, give me moon-oil  
give me gratifying Friday midnight  
and spoonfed Sundays—belle  
époque come very day—  
nesselrode pie and busy aftermaths—  
wake in clover—time for prayer  
to keep this sorry craft afloat  
headed straight to New Jerusalem,  
clouds my sails  
the crows my captain.

Something had to change  
the debilitating habits of his dream

spilled into matins, reflections,  
all those dark prequels  
the night is full of

and then the phone rang—  
it was a mystery story  
yearning to be told—  
about hang-gliding and Christ on Corcovado  
and how to spend money  
in poor countries ethically,  
how to solve equations with two unknowns  
and no bedspread—  
look, a lizard on the ceiling!—  
in Delhi that time too hot to breathe  
you mean you sweated  
with the effort of each breath  
yes, that's more like it  
but where are the birds today  
I've seen not one—  
call the doctor—add ambergris  
and oil the pulpit  
that old dry wood  
needs all the jism it can get—  
oil of semaphore, grease of separation—  
but I did hear crows  
they were excited they were giving warning  
they were loud they were here—

be still while I catch your breath—  
clouds shield us from disaster  
in blue transparency our lives are sealed.

3 August 2012