

6-2011

## junA2011

Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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Canopy of past things clustered over  
dense skinny leaves of the pinoak or  
a night of storm over Boston  
more lightning than cities ever see  
and power failed till four a.m.  
It is five now and the sky fills us with light.

In the forty-nine days of the bardo  
beings have powers, can go  
anywhere in thought in no time,  
no space, just the storm of desire,  
malevolence, revenge, compassion.

They strike from the seven weeks of afterlife  
a week of weeks before they shrink again  
into some womb and leave that empty power  
doing anything they please, anything their  
long will (what we call karma) calls them to.

Thus have I heard. And so from hell our dead  
enemy reaches out to smite the city.

2 June 2011, Boston

= = = = =

The window walks through the world  
looking, being looked through. 'Wind  
Eye' is what it meant and so it is,  
the little hole in the here  
where you can see there,  
where the wind comes from.

2 June 2011, Boston

= = = = =

Noontime under the ramada  
cool breeze. This one's  
made of lath and grapevines  
grown over it, vines of Boston,  
every few years grapes enough to do  
what with?

                    Somehow makes me think you.

Cool, leaf shadow alive  
hot sun out there. Never  
too hot for you, you said. Blue skies.  
Your devilblue eyes.  
Now the wind saying out loud  
all the things you never say,  
*I am the only one who understands you  
but I do not belong to you.*  
It says. Things  
talk like that when I let myself listen.

2 June 2011, Boston

## SOUNDS

This means the Wren  
Street bus goes by.  
This closes a screen door.

Leaf shadows on my page  
if I drew them painful as I please  
I couldn't catch up with Rhonda  
Harrow thirty years ago  
with her pale pencil intricately  
accurate the obsession  
of a dream the sex of shadows,  
the breath of leaves.  
This means memory and begone.

This means a shovel leans  
against the edge of the deck.

Does this mean my work  
is finished. This means  
I'm the only one left.  
Things use me up too.

We were speaking Welsh that autumn  
trying to connect with our blood,  
connect the breath of speaking

with the old genesis of the island,  
the western tongue, any island.  
They taught us language and set us free.

2 June 2011

**FOR CHARLOTTE,  
ON OUR EIGHTEENTH ANNIVERSARY, THE NUMBER OF LIFE 77**

The ornament of life  
our days together.

All I ever wanted  
was more of you  
and now you are.

more of you  
and now you are.

Your sea your certainty.

3 June 2011

=====

Working things out  
towards the weather.

The island.

Things waiting for us.

To laugh at our anxious

mobility. □□□□•□• ‘one who moves’ = a being.

Yet to move is not yet to be.

Or is Being itself that stasis from which it is to flee  
into pure going?

The ones that go and the ones that stay.

3 June 2011, Boston



## THE INTUITION

Let the timers  
of this long earth decide  
what to do about the birds

*this bird loves me*

it makes sense to know such things

because the wind won't  
always tell you

and the fish on the steeple  
talks only to the wind.

So there is knowing to be done  
in thee and me, muchacha,

I'll look it up some time  
if I remember.

Meanwhile there is only  
the knowing  
and us to know it.

(Or is it too late.  
Do we know too much already.  
Who? Moments of exclusion  
when we think we've lost  
something and all it was is breath.)

4 June 2011, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

The grotesque is itself the message.  
Compare and contrast, just like school  
Look into the inferential mirror.  
From the difference of the grotesque  
know precisely how and what you are.  
You are the only message the messenger brings.

4 June 2011, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Is there life still in the old measure.

Is a month long enough to go on.

Not so many trees now the sun has taken.

That other circumstance the rabbis told of the sparkle.

Never think it is what it looks like and you'll be saved.

Things talk to you that bale of hay's like a grizzly.

Have you listened once to often to the rock in your pocket.

Anything worth believing is worth talking to.

The text lies sleeping in the fountain pen surrender serenade.

The unrolled scroll is blank! I can say everything.

Scattered tesserae left when the mosaic's done.

Each one is its own color that is what matters.

The colors last when the narrative is gone.

See the light that looks at me the children's book begins.

Amalgam of bees and Beethoven frantic wisdom school.

Read your Roman history for Christ's sake.

Men with weapons take taxes from the poor nothing changes.

Something else really needs to happen here.

Hold back the weather the man is rising.

He is tired of what isn't stone and doesn't sing.

Why do I always have to do all the talking.

It came with the farm a wishing well or mill.

Artesian poetry by wind alone suck secret water from the earth.

Pinwheel manners I am kind of to strangers.

4 June 2011, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Offer the day to the day and the bay to the sea.

There are roses growing on the near shore nothing far.

Everything here.

The lift  
of love is a kind of parting,  
an exaltation even  
in an empty place.

A rule of cloud.

Horizon me  
is all I asked of you,  
close down  
the unbearable distances and  
tend my inward out.  
But are they Mænads who come to comfort?

5 June 2011

= = = = =

Where is the rage in all the little days.

Caught sleeping by the rim of the sun woke.

La Brea saw and a girl from Ilion with auburn hair.

The personal is always oil essential plumeria blossoms wreathed.

Sanguine poetics of the sugar industry disarm.

5 June 2011 Cuttyhunk

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When I'm busy living with this poem  
that poem lifts her skirts.  
I feel like Buk at Santa Anita  
afraid to shave or change his socks.

5 June 2011, Cuttyhunk



= = = = =

Measure witch cords string islands together.

As far as I can ever tell Oahu.

Lispings of prisoners in my soul vault who.

Most of it is allegory the rest just hurts.

Glasses for sale that see the about to die.

How many stones stumble one afternoon.

Princedom of the lower air friendly neighbor us.

I came without my interpreters I rule by guess.

But my own language is a friendly magistrate came by mule.

Adjectives come right out and love you from afar.

Lovelorn seneschal a man on fire why not all women mine.

Lock the chapels the sinners are coming,

5 June 2011, Cuttyhunk

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Can I wait for the meek beginning  
 I who had been happy in the morning  
 is an equation you must solve for I  
 and then for you. Meekness means  
 do it. Happy means never mind.  
 But the morning is your lovely skin.

Or another love poem,  
 peanut brittle by the bed,  
 a pot of ointment  
 made by the local Lady.  
 But how can you drink coffee  
 with so much sunlight in it?

Or still another I love you you know  
 because the chaparral is full of bees  
 and the new moon whispers in Spanish  
 and all that stuff we carry in our arms  
 groceries bosoms reams of statistics  
 printed out to prove what we know already.  
 Probe what we don't. Means you enough.

5 June 2011, Cuttyhunk

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Express means 'squeeze out.'  
Are you sure there's anything in there.  
Squeezing an empty tube of Cerulean Blue  
he painted the sky. Mozart  
squeezed an hour in the Vatican  
and came home with Palestrina in his head,  
Divertimento in D. Don Giovanni  
and so on. The Times today  
gives 'experiments' in music's  
'expressiveness.' Self-  
expression is spoken of  
when there is no self. No self at all.

5.VI.11 Cuttyhunk

[from older notations, past few weeks]