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INSTALLATION 4

saw

clay

fin

pool

midnight

bread

ray

3 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

INSTALLATION 5

bare

sequins

yeast

clamor

middle

tongue

engage

3 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

=====

everything stale
except the sea
and thee

3.VI.12, Cuttyhunk

=====

pull up shade

ocean by ocean

some world comes in

at dawn

one sunbeam on the sound

an obelisk.

3.VI.12, Cuttyhunk

Come back to the night

the right
instrument
the sky
carves into the mind.

2.

Only the blind are safe
from heaven, the gods
give them other ecstasies

that understand them
well enough so all
humans see a piece of it

3.

a mountain scaling the light
or Turner seascape kept
dark in the Tate
or yesterday

we all share yesterday
when the bright boats
sailed by
and even the sleepers smiled.

ANOTHER ORIGIN

Dark be thou my light
he cried out
and Music happened.

4 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

=====

Let the wind do it
it knows how—
we forgot the way.

4.VI.12. Cuttyhunk

=====

Sometimes relenting
fervor is protestant

crosses are set on fire
politics is mostly noise

power is silent.

2.

Even the sound of money being counted
has some truth in it
not the indecent silence in the mind
of a developer staring at a stand of maple trees.

4 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

ATLANTIS

Back in those days we were saying something
there was a thought to portion out between us
a vista from the temple steps we shared—
to agree with you now is to behold that sea.

4 June 2012

= = = = =

Did we get to the island too late?
The paulownia had flowered already
from that precocious spring
even the seed pods were cracked and bare.
Empty. But you found
a few scattered blossoms on the grass
yesterday's north wind had not scattered
and these we took home
soft, pale purple. An antidote to time.

4 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

AND THERE ARE TREES

and that is solemnly
the groove of open
along the legal lawn
a ha-ha for shelter in
from the big house peak
where whimsical widows
walk their fancies
each with a yapping
lap-will pressed to her chest
because there's no power like loss
except the fear of loss,
the gloss on it
of the mere my skin
will never abrogate
yen or yield
serenity as when
under cloud edge
sun slips through
one moment you
can't tell dawn from night.

5 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

=====

One's breath gets shorter with time
goes faster and the blue cruiser hops the sky
you live in a submarine you get married
to a sense of purpose no fun along your way
say a tree on the horizon is it time to write
love stuff to actual people no more Antinous
no more Condwiramurs her snapshot
on the shelf pilfers your attention from
the necessary dictionary no it is a sailboat
almost at the Vineyard shore you're wrong
the form of this forgetting is a kind of sonnet.

5 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Walking home is always walking away.
You listen better than you speak
opposite of as it seems the wind
or an ocean for your lawn it seems.
Moral instructions from a broken rock.

A stone that speaks.
Barrytown two little houses
(Mrs Russell and her forty cats
and Kamin came) (John
Navin's post office then
Gordon Baker's then
a gallery of local happenstance).
Like a single cat it is
always the same house.

Prose keeps breaking in,
its own song considerable,
its harpers soberer, its pipers
already half over the hill
but music still. I heard this
when Browne rose from his fossils
or her pet cardinal flew along the rail.

It is the place where everything happens at once,
‘to once’ as my old book says
the one I wrote when I was born
full of words I did not want to hear.
What I wanted was an old clock
ticking in an empty room.
midmorning sat at the kitchen table
and for the first time really understood.
But what it was I still can’t say
though I’ve spent my life trying to
that one small moment of the opened mind.

5 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

INSTALLATION 6

moon

twelve

clever

handbag

weir

grass

salmon

5 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

THINGS I WISH I COULD GIVE YOU RIGHT NOW

alphabet blocks

a cup of sorrel soup

diamond pendant

bright red wind-up toy car

a windowsill

contraband replica Vacheron-Constantin wristwatch

bookends in the shape of elephants, brass

a patent leather belt

scale-model of the Cross-Bay causeway and bridge

velvet Torah wrapping, empty

hamstring of a bull prepared in the South Chinese manner

an urn full of Lemnian wine, unresin'd

white nightgown, cotton, modest

a doorway open onto the setting sun

bracelet made from beads of Whitby jet

embroidered footstool on Chippendale legs

a mechanical enamel parrot that squawks a version of your name

toaster oven from a yard sale, now full of English muffins

squeeze flashlight (never needs batteries)

a standing blackboard on casters

a jar of my own onion relish

emergency short-wave radio, crank to charge

a paper of pins

a sundial on a small Ionic column base

a lineman's heavy rubber glove (right hand only)

a pint of raspberries in a wooden box.

5 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

It dares know in the in-between
and it has wings

I list things
a spark from amber

her stomach feels something
she says when she sees his name

the wholesome deed of no contrivance
harness hood

bend to my will—
you call that your will?

5 June 2012, Cuttyhunk