

6-2013

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**Print the bulletin  
using invisible ink  
that way we'll  
never know it's now.**

**3 June 2013**

=====

**The rain lets up.**

**The light lets down.**

**Clouds are shifting their colors now,**

**bands of silver, bands of lead.**

**Everything shows its shape —**

**a cloud is a crowd, *turba*,**

**a population of quiet selves,**

**flashmob in the sky**

**only I can hear them sing.**

**3 June 2013**

## **THE JUNTA**

**Every day the government  
is overthrown. And no one  
notices. The new rulers  
mistake themselves  
for the ones they displaced.  
This makes them uneasy,  
weakens their focus,  
makes them vulnerable  
to the midnight colonels  
who sling them out of office  
killing one or two  
to preserve morale.  
Nothing changes. Tax  
collectors chivvy the poor  
and give most of what they mulct  
to some proper agency.  
The world runs on  
honesty more or less.  
The scared faces  
look out at the palace windows,  
those faces do change.  
But their expressions never do.**

**3 June 2013**

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## **Idling**

**to come me back  
to breath's life**

**o squeeze for me  
the dimpled cloud  
your lover takes  
for a woman, a One  
to his sad Two.**

**Because I too am lost  
at the end of the world,  
the whole of my time one  
wave crested and fell.**

**When the heavy moisture in the fog  
condenses as drops of water  
the rain comes down, the air clears  
a little, you can see  
the ocean from the hill.**

**That is me, maybe,  
looking, maybe,  
the world will end tonight.**

**We feed birds in winter —  
what more can we say?**

**3 June 2013**

=====

**Hebrew God and me  
are one same thing  
playing with a little alphabet  
making things up**

**Pay attention pay attention  
it's the only money you've got left.**

**4 June 2013  
(dreamt at waking)**

=====

**Dear friends**

**I owe you my silence.**

**Every word you don't hear**

**from me is a healing**

**prayer for you and for me**

**to bring us all alive**

**and I can come back to you**

**full of palabras**

**and be yours again**

**and mine and everything.**

**4 June 2013**

=====

**Things make me  
happen to see them**

**all night they get ready  
a brand new sea unfurling at the shore**

**open your eyes and a new one is already there.**

**Skin of the slow waves, the sheen.**

**4 June 2013**

=====

**Try to connect  
but there is no mainland  
only one more island**

**some of us are forsythia  
lilacs or grief  
I am a thick dark hedge**

**walling in a lost garden.**

**4 June 2013**

## **LOBGESANG**

**But to praise  
no object's needed**

**praise, just praise,  
praise is all agency  
leave it to the world  
to take it in,  
wrap itself, themselves, all  
selves and selflesses,  
in your warm praise,  
and praise is all I ever mean.**

**4 June 2013**

## **SIGNATURA RERUM**

**The orange-breasted oriole  
is fond of sucking oranges.  
Leave a slice or even half a fruit  
out on the porch rail and see.**

**4.vi.13**

## **WAMPANOAGS' CLIFFS**

**Across the sea, white as Dover,  
speaking their own  
language again, or trying to,  
it is hard to be one's own.  
The sea is such a fluent  
separation. Things  
rinse off their words, stand  
naked in the foreland wind.  
I say: two yellow  
goldfinches at the seed.  
But what is the true  
name of what I see?  
The cliffs. The understanding sea.**

**4 June 2013 (end of notebook 357)**

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**Nothing happened  
but it reminded me  
of this self who  
wears eyeglasses and shoes,**

**this worrier on the shore,  
this immense sea.**

**5 June 2013**

=====

All in a line archipelago Elizabeths  
curving back to solidity  
was it a dance your mother taught you  
while you lay on the daybed  
half watching half  
dreaming of Fragonard?  
Everything is far, can't help it,  
we are people from the shore,  
riverside, don't  
get too far from water.  
Everything is far  
but water is the same as you.  
Remember your skin,  
water-colored, seen  
through a foggy window  
or winter glass  
the steam that living people  
give off in the winter gloom.  
Yes, dance. I come up  
close behind you to breathe  
air in your hair  
we choose  
our environments  
to some extent.

**2.**

**Bleak admission of omnipotence.**

**You can't make me dance,**

**I am a sideline philosopher,**

**failed missioner in Darwinland.**

**All I know is sitting still.**

**What you can do is make that enough.**

**3.**

**Yes, dance for two**

**the way the ocean does**

**never unpartnering,**

**always stepping on my toes.**

**5 June 2013**

=====

**Balkanize it —**

**the new empires, like the USSR,  
the PRC, the USA, names that are  
not names  
scary acronyms  
from a sinister notariqon,  
o let them be small.**

**Let us be small:**

**bring the old ones back, Ottomans, all  
these squabbly Arab states should be  
vilayets of the one true Sultan,  
lord of the East.**

**And the Hapsburg house restore,  
old K-und-K from Switzerland to Istanbul  
from Poland to the Po  
the great fuzzy music of Vienna  
rule us.**

**I believe in Bruckner, Mahler, Strauss,  
no more New Jersey — New Sweden be.**

**Making the old come back  
and dismissing the new —  
doing that over and over again**

**till we get it right at last.**

**Let America begin at the Hudson,  
let us meet the Vikings landing,  
fill all the isles and crannies of  
    Massachusetts and Providence  
and even Connecticut,  
    Vinland the Good.**

**5 June 2013**

## **DUETS FOR SOLO VOICE**

**1.**

**Why should touch mean so much?**

**Will I ever understand?**

**2.**

**I don't want to breed with you.**

**Breeding is an abomination.**

**5 June 2013**

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**I begin to think the sea  
remembers me.**

**No part of the equation  
makes sense but the whole  
expression yields a fixed  
quantity of summer stars  
just out of view behind  
the cloud bank over Nashawena.**

**5 June 2013**

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**All the people in this world  
waiting for me  
she says and me too,  
moi, the horizon.**

**5.vi.13**

=====

**The wall likes to wait.**

**The will likes to want.**

**Measure reaches its own limit.**

**Then there is more.**

**The other side of this.**

**As if a radio were always playing  
there, Schumann or Dvorak  
maybe, just past the edge of hearing  
but you knew. We can tell  
when those things happen.**

**There is a barrier called a street  
a wilderness called your house  
I think of you in a faraway market —  
fruit presses against you as you squeeze  
your way through the tropical aisles**

***man with melon* is the song's name  
it presses against you too, a wall  
is always waiting for you to be behind it  
beyond it with your numbers and scissors  
and rulers and string and you're crying.**

**You lost me somewhere along the way  
or maybe even I was the way  
like a far better man long ago  
but you know how things have fallen  
from the high selves we once were, walls,  
  
walls like garnet, bricks with mortar,  
a wall like a regiment  
powerful women marching to the capital  
demanding an end to will-less wanting  
corporate seafoam trash burning in street.**

**6 June 2013**