

6-2012

junC2012

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "junC2012" (2012). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 214.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/214

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

FICTION

1.

Reading a novel

things not sure to tell you

a long time since I've followed

anybody's story but my own

how selfish non-fiction is!

And poetry more so,

Narkissos slipping love songs in the pool

wet beforehand with his kisses.

2.

Read a novel meet a friend—

a fine not-you full of prowess

holds your interest while your ego sleeps

and what critics call trash is the best of all

heroes you could not possibly, or even want to, be

trapped in Vaticans even worse than you imagine

lured by ladies so immodestly attired

that in real life you'd look the other way—

so watching these spectacular inconsequential

frees me for an hour from the burden of me.

Not escape but provisional liberation.

Reading is to be the other.

6 June 2012

Cuttyhunk

TOMBSTONE

Not everything has to be said

but I had to say it.

Now it's your turn.

6.VI.12, Cuttyhunk

PARSING SALT

Cells differentiate

by appetite alone.

Nobody forces me to be.

Is the body a cage or a vehicle

if you saw for the first time a man in a car

could you tell the difference

how profound is sunlight after all

“not much to be learned from difference”

it said in my head but that seems wrong

we write things down to study them

the passion isn't here the passion

is in some girl carrying it up the hill

a weird feeling in her desert belly

wind in all her hair

secret apertures we carry with us everywhere

we are their servants

obedient to their appetites

hygroscopic seeking moisture always

absorbing as much as we can

“we are cellf”

we are salt

flooded with information

the sun crosses the lower sky askew

towards the hour of breakfast

last touch of reality before work

the job-world the phony actual

the deer looked back at us over her shoulder

she snorted we have a video to prove it

it sounded more like a coon crying in the woods

midnight by the old summerhouse

eerie volume out of silence

inside the cell liquids roam around the microsomes

I hear them as I sleep

they are my me

they understand me fully till I wake

and this also is salt

trouble brewing out there in the consensus

sunrise over politics

watch out pickpockets all over the sky. 6 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

=====

Stick to the sea
nothing better and nothing worse
can't swim, just listen.

6.VI.12, Cuttyhunk

CUTTYHUNK, JUNE

So often being on this island
is an Orphic hymn to the sea
thalassa it is most of us
and most of me, a man
is a skin between a sea and a sea.

6.VI.12

=====

a diary is almost a dairy
one milks one's experience
bottles it sells it if one can
this means you, sister
(the feminine of buster).

6.VI.12

=====

sun on morning sea sparkle geometry
of clouds messsge from the wind I hear you
sleeping your skin touches mine I wonder how

6,VI,2012, Cuttyhunk

=====

A pointed tongue
keeps silence
the selection of reality
always going on
as we breathe
cloud diminuendo
cymbal sheen
on quivering surface
this kind of water
is called a sound
I think of it
touching me.

6 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

The other way round
pause to refuel the light
local astronomers
corral their own stars
the *Celestial Intelligencer*
was that it young Lovecraft
edited (Joshi will know)
type out a newspaper
nobody reads but the real
news is in it, what the sky
said after supper
before your aunt called
you in and put you to sleep.
And once too God
wrote a paper
nobody could read
and look what happened
¡nosotros! created
so we could read that text
and the flaming chariot
comes by every day.

6 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

But what do I really want to say
to you and who are you? And I dreamt
of a bear walking heavy out of the woods
no menace. Later that day a big coyote
walked across the lawn. Presences,
just presences. Ontology is scary enough.
An animal means something to say.
Something to put up with like a diamond
round your neck or due awakening
imagine being lifted up in my arms
like a toast to the risen sun. Religion
in other words begins in us. What
more do we need but water and wood?

6 June 2012

MIRROR

But what do I look like?

Am I not an alien and your brother?

6.VI.12

A GIFT

Call it a gift
something Schiller kept in his writing desk
something Picasso scratched a drawing of a cock with
on a stone table in a Barcelona café
something your grandfather found in his coalbin
the week they converted from pea-coal to coke—
whatever it is I want it for you.
This is not love, or not just love—
it is barter, for I
want something back from you
something you gave over and over to Matisse
something even Genet may have dreamed about in jail.
dorsal paradise, cascade of the kidney regions,
the slippery slope, the ravelin of God.

6 June 2012,Cuttyhunk

THE TRANSMISSION

1.

The long lineage
of *knowing how to go*,
fear that it gets lost
in the fallen leaves
that are everyone.

2.

Strange way to approach the topic of love (Eléna Rivera)
borrowing a line from somebody else
written to woo a different hombre altogether
and turn it to please some not quite random
girl who guys my fancy just by the way
she say stood at the counter waiting calm
and I was as usual in public spaces
void of desires but to flee, but she
caught more than my eye—change all genders here
if you want to—this is your poem
not mine, mine's a gathering not yet begun
and when it's done I'll write one of them down—
that one will be mine and because it is
I'll fold it up small and mail it to you.

7 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

The season starts
the annual school musical
comes tomorrow night,
the island's two children
will fill the stage,

we'll think as we laugh and applaud
Our taxes are paying for this
but this time no Afghan or Iraqi has to die.

7 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Things on the way to being things
do not live in a world of instant relief—
there are more sparrows than anybody else
and that coyote on the lawn looked hungry.

Things *id est* take their own sweet time.
I wander bewildered though the endless
corridors of seeing, knowing not much,
afraid of everything, in love with half of them—

the clamor of the senses never ceases
but sometimes the west wind comes along
all the leaves seem to go to sleep
and the sea goes back to being a stone

and then the calm itself gets very loud
among the prodigious absences of day.

7 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Could this really be enough to say?
I hear you cry Yes yes
stop now, before you say too much,
the one thing you should never say,
we know you always want to say it,
stop before you do, before
the pirates in the Sargasso of your will
scoot free from your vegetable morality
and ravage the poor world with their desires—
a pirate is insatiable. He comes with the sea.

7 June 2012

Cuttyhunk

=====

It is his character after all
one address at a time
till every home is visited
every housewife interviewed

and then this virgin Don Giovanni
spends the long night alone
typing up his day's researches,
notes from the work he calls The Quest.

7 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

=====

Get from the start the skill of this elm
it wants to be and not even that hurricane
two decades back could dissuade it from being:

Standing here is what I do
my function and identity are fused
as among humans they only are
in Paradise if there is such a place
or when a child supremely happy
is doing whatever human children do.

7 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

A kiss in the dark an as if
nobody remembers the size of the Ark
everybody could fit inside
we all spoke Armenian then
now only the linguists do
in Chicago in winter when the wind blows—
but as usual the Bible got the story wrong:
we are the drowned ones,
Noah and the survivors are far away
on or in a planet of many dimensions.
The Lord wiped us out, we sank into culture,
we have nothing but our history.

7 June 2012

