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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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Princes rescue maidens are savage flames.
You have hero to get through hedge of your own heart.
The ones who talk to me from clouds are clouds.
Everlastedly everchangingly emissaries of.
Entropy applies only to systems: do not be a system.
The whole law standing on one foot.

Asking sunshine for its middle name.
You don't even know my mothers are.
A hero is a heap of stones some scholar said.
No chance beyond the moon the old map shows.
This secret map I found shows time.
Finds the entrances to times that are not now.

No way to know if past or future shown.
There are bright horsemen and brave machines.
All I can say is that what's true is then.
Then is the land undiffered and unawed.
Then quiet people move deeply in their lives.
Then is a set of musics half familiar half brazen.

Rabbit under bush man in the street scary how everything fits.

They look out from themselves and saw and sang.

What else can a blackbird or a pilgrim do.

Forgive the stars your long disaster.

Voices scribe grooves in each material.

I playback Eve when I fondle wood.

Please remember it's a fugue how could it end.

Stories have no end we'll still be looking.

The loose ends are what we live by.

Don't give me theory they have no morals.

Your politics a shadow of your bank account.

Slaves at the mercy of slaves but we sing.

Into the time map slipped your fingers spread.

That country just like ours but no one slays.

Only Death there is allowed to kill and no one knows.

It's just like us but we are not.

It's just like us but they remember.

You catch a glimpse of it across a body of water.

Meager as it is utopia by its abstentions known.

We need it there to wipe our greasy lips.

I want to make the language of to come.

A fugue does that you have to follow.

The more you rub it the sooner done.

Time to consult the oracle open your shirt.

No narrative nothing happens she's still here.

The sea is good for fine distinctions.

Bronze spear-head footstep in the sand.

Six seals murdered on Nantucket the reef like teeth.

The face of the sea is the mind at rest. פני הים

She never left and she'll never come back.

15 June 2011, Cuttyhunk

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Things you see before the others wake.

Who is it when the morning reddens.

I am sure of where I thought I went.

I saw I was the little mouse under her chair.

Egypt again heart out of body in alabaster jar still on fire.

Not light but a slow erasure of the dark.

Rub away the writing and see what it said.

What is seen in dawn its deer.

For every hour hath its Fauna sure.

They live among us we hardly ever see.

Whatever their name is we call them good.

That's what morning means I'm for all of you.

Hidden symmetries sea glow under dawn glow.

Over luminous sea a light is sacrilege.

Even a candle shows too much.

Gather the remnants of the defeated dark.

The dark is what you need the bones of understanding.

Resistance resistance a tall girl walking in the wind.

The light behind the ordinary mind. □□□□□□□□□□

There are things dawn shows day takes away.

Now light enough to see nothing there.

The ambiguities mean us from before the grave.

Once rhyme is gone the music of the mind.

Two hundred years little by little the song ascending.

Rumbling at the core of our disease.

We dream from magma but dream kisses come from cloud.

We are betweeners in between.

And then he said *Edel ist die Frau.*

And then he said *Dasein steigt im Herz.*

And then he said *Nur im Treppenhaus wohnt die Liebe.*

Because he was there before me at the top of the stairs.

The red of what will happen meets the green of was.

Everyone turns to meet us.

Every idea is a bad idea.

We only know what people said they said.

From daybreak on always the wrong questions.

I hear a windstorm in the sun itself.

What he called angels were even stranger guests.

What comes to mind's often sacred script.

Ahimsa's where it starts harm nobody at all.

Help all you can and know your mind.

Artemis drew me close to give comfort.

When I forgive all men the world's reborn.

Shut up and let me worship thee he thought.

This is wrong this is mere thinking.

Be small and hide in shadows.

I borrowed his mustache and never gave it back.

But the pages are dense with imaginary meanings.

Renew the forest and we the stories will keep coming.

The whole thing is mostly ocean mostly waiting.

Miniaturization of dragon design the birds.

The burning star behind your ribs.

Rete mirabile the way up is the way down.

The angel pointed upward and watched us fall.

The sameness of the midday sea mothers fine distinctions.

Mel dat rosa apibus one neuter and two feminines a hint.

In the ancient lab white rats are sleeping.

I tied a stream of water to a string of air and saw.

Red powder swallowed every dawn a month of moons.

Now I am old and sleek and durable as stone.

Each person runs inside a different cache of elements.

My Christmas chemistry set the basement logwood waterglass.

Make ink from memory and write tomorrow.

Do my feet reach to the ground yet.

Gum of peach tree sticky from the world outside.

The eerie light that comes from looking.

Why was it I couldn't find the farm.

I walked all over London looking for me.

I thought my home would have my shadow in it.

Silent as wolves on a moonless hill.

Raspberry bushes leggy thorned all in white flower.

They were beside you when you found the dark sea.

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Who knows or who knew
the weathercock on fire
the measure broken
but no love trashed

it is the sun

again

“marvel”ing still

at what this moment

no one sees,

herself arisen.

17 June 2011, Cuttyhunk

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Quisling weather to match the heart's decrees.

I want it to be new so light begins.

On this shift a co-worker of the obvious.

A child like all the rest of now.

The sea so calm I need a shave.

No reason to say anything but you.

The unfootnotable pronoun.

The empty bag of tricks.

The dog at the larder whimpering.

The pine tree rife with finches.

The argument's tedious exactitude.

The almost suicide at Marble Hill.

Nobody blues their sheets anymore.

Children we are of wafture and reeds.

Small dismal evangelists chirping near.

The bundles of Purkinje the marvelous net.

Careworn crusaders trapped in a book.

The day I stopped drinking.

Then I looked at the river my back to Spuyten Duyvil.

I don't have to feel like this.

I don't have to feel.

Poetry leaves the connections to you.

Not a river the Harlem Ship Canal.

My whole life to learn to write this line.

Spider in the classroom droits de l'homme.

Subject means topic means agent ego means thrall.

Words change their valance while you sleep.

Lovers at the gaunt assizes.

The word means you to think it.

Your mind on softest down behind her ear you whisper.

Now the orbit of the moon is straight now it is never.

I want to claim how full your slim face is with hearing.

Wake up before the birds and no one groaning.

Implicit intercourse in far-off gardens.

From shrubbery the lute twangs utter.

You hear it all as foreign language.

What could be further than song.
Rise into cloud unred the warning tide.
Nowhere near the middle of the mind.
Mood be more as our might littles.
Exasperate the horned conquistadors.
Hoist your language in high poetry.

From ash and beast-fat boil a cleaning.
The war is over come back home.
Guano from the walls of heaven heal the soil.
Pantomime Bible but a real Ruth grieves.
Noah took only the misfits on his ark.

The real animals are yet to come and they will speak.
We will no longer think that we're alone.
Nothing is as or other than it seems.
Others he revises himself he cannot revise.
If I trusted you more I would be wide awake now.

A day describes the world as far as sleep.
Necessitous consciousness make fools of thinking men.
They do not know how or what they know.
Everything they think they know is lies.
Only a conscious fiction can hint at truth.
I think you sleeping in the other room some heart.

Wing sung over horizon here heard hard.
Not so much a mist as a vagueness rising.
But the Tuscan girl said vague means beautiful.
The sun projects dream images on earth Egyptians knew.
Everything bright enough to be.
A few days left before we come to now.

17 June 2011, Cuttyhunk

