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**At any moment it all could end
a book you picked up and never finished
we don't know who did it or who dies
who loves or loses but we know
even through our fingertips sensing
the sheer volume of the unread
that something dies, someone
comes through the door or falls
from the sky. And that's enough.
Because this too is coming to an end,
all gone, you too, just the dropped book
lying on the lawn, pages riffled in the wind.**

**11 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

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**That's just like a sonata
without the music
and you wonder what words are for
if they can wake the dead that way
or sing the oriole from his branch.
Then a Mercadante opera
and you wonder some more, why
have you never heard of him before
when he's so good. When you are old
the internet remembers everything.
But what if they took the internet
away? Who's they? The ones who
gave it to us in the first place, more
unknown geniuses, more Mercadantes.
Remembers everything just enough
maybe, coded in language easy
with graceless translation machinery
but there is so much to know.
Such beauty. Don't even need
music, everything is, every percept
comes fast, stays slow, goes
fast again and then is gone.
That's just how the game is played.**

11 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

ASPENS

**We walk the picture
you took yesterday.
Walk the things we see,
she saw, he wrote down
in neums or crotchets.
We walk the evident
and come soon enough
into the hidden place
we read about all our
lives, greendark, hard
to find, so easy to go in.**

11 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

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**We all feel
sunlight on our skin
only the subtlest can
feel moonlight there**

**tomorrow or the next
the moon will be full
let the skin sample
that way to know**

**I say all this slow so
that you can feel.**

11 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

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**And if one day the sea
answers back. Threshold
the door won't close
the music's pouring in.**

**You prayed to the moon
and it suddenly turned night.
Every prayer gets answered.
Not every answer makes sense.**

**There is guesswork to be done.
mustangs tamed, mushrooms
to be identified, the lame must
walk. The sea must open its eyes.**

**11 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

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**I knew you were a good guy
when you missed natural
light most in your new city,
no floundering Baudelaire-ling
in easy schmooze with dunkelheit.**

**You chose. You blaze.
The cars outside too
run on sunlight, a million
years old. What do drivers know?
Ancient sunlight wishig us well.**

**11 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

CLIMATE CHANGE

**Just catastrophes
of shadow fallen**

**the old gods too
have fallen**

**sprawling now
across a stricken earth.**

**11 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

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**Let me take them
from the common world
into Titania's
boundless garden**

**those few of them
whose souls dare make that
journey into meaning—
true or false**

**it is not my business to declare.
But there they will be
in brook and leaves,
all of us at last together.**

**11 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

ICONOSTASIS

**We live in images
but are we images ourselves
this ocean
with the glass I thin I'm
holding in my hand?**

**Imagism is realism—
only the blind can see.**

**2.
He said, considering. Take
each sense away and what is left?
He worries about these things,
he is a pirate who's forgotten
where he buried his treasure
long ago, on whichever island
longbefore he even was.**

**3.
We live in magic
and miss each other
sitting in the same room.
A painting of white
flowers on the wall.**

**Wasn't there a man
in Shakespeare who
pretended to be a wall?
And what did you say
your name was?
And what is it right now
that the flowers are faded
and brown and the wall is gone?**

**4.
That's why I love the propositional,
a sentence finds it hard to wither.**

**Any sentence is a thing
the way not even a thing is.**

**I talked about this with Lutz
Wittgenstein once and he agreed.**

**But what is agreement worth?
And who are we to speak?**

**5.
Say anything
but say it firm,
capital letter at the start
and Levi's fine carbon
point at the end.**

**Say it. It is a thing
you can play with,
hurt yourself with,
give it to your lover
and make her cry.**

**6.
Too many tears already
in this narrative earth.
Nobody smells exactly
like you. Fact. The bird
came so close you could hear
wings through the window.**

**7.
You have to use the hand
your mother gave you—
you can't write with your hair.
You have to hold the image
of someone in your heart
and want them hard, so hard
your flighty busy blood
may get around to telling your breath.**

**12 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

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**Suppose it really is a cosmos,
baby, lie an egg—
are we the yellow or the white?**

12.VI.14, Cuttyhunk

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**Long before Saint Afternoon
slows us down with her kindly
Mediterranean radiance**

**there is a Natural Light
tumbles out of darkness or
does it rise up from the horizon**

**those lips of Someone Else
to guide us slowly, just enough
right now to read the word of the day.**

13 June 2014. Cuttyhunk

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**So where does anything come from
a book on the moon
waiting for a child to read**

**how far that public library
is from his house, his
breath the only bus thst goes there.**

13 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

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**Sometimes at dusk
the Device turning on
with its chirpy little tune
seems an alien animal
friendly enough but scary
by implication. A strange
story about me comes out
how I have to be another man,
a child of pure contrivance.**

13 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

PERFORMANCE: QUAI D'ORSAY, MAY 2014

**Courbet always gets you into trouble
he did all his life, him with his daring
to show things as he'd like them to
be really as they are — slim divide
between the real and the evident,
his paint loaded with pubic hair
denied as much as it revealed.
Comes Deborah de Robertis to
change all that, came in gold brocade
just sat there and showed them
spread-legged fingering the open secret
against all the terrified authorities
in detail the true origin of the world.**

**13 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

STORM

**Birds race across the mind.
Take care.
All the work I've made
made me.**

**I must inscribe it
in the air itself
where the light remembers
everything ever said.**

**Poetry dies into weather,
the ever-changing.
The permanent
conversation.**

13 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

SEEN IN DREAM

**Everything came close.
There were no voices
though their faces moved
their lips kept changing.
I think there is a language
spoken just by breathing in.**

**But narration is the thief of time.
Occluded by reality the dream slept.**

13 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

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**I seldom dream
of people I know
in waking life.**

**But the ones I dream
I must know them,
there they are,**

**with me, talking,
doing, being
as they are**

**each one distinct
as anyone can be.
Sometimes their**

eyes last all day long.

**13 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

13 June 2014
Cuttyhunk

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