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All the times you
think you're going to die
and you don't
then one comes and you do—
think of the difference
in how it feels
if you can.
We live in foreknowing like mist on the sea.

10 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

INFERENCES

So a hymn
is a song
given to her—

natural enough
groom for the bride.

All of us brothers
and sisters are her
one single man.

So a hymn to the sun
seeks out as sun does
the veiled precincts of desire
(the emotion that separates
me from myself)
(because desire is distance
and penury and loss)
(because everything is over there
and I am here)
(if I am anywhere)
all I know is the sun is.
I feel she wants me—
I sleep in that waking.

10 June 2012

= = = = =

I'm still buzzing around the bush
like a hummingbird in a windstorm
there, there's a simile, aren't you
tired of me yet, coaxing myth to mean?
All the stories end in her lap,
it is not such a long road
from start to finish, uphill both ways,
wind always in your face,
the newspaper under your arm,
always three days old.

Because Easter is not easy,
the raft will reach the sea,
the tower topple.
A few teeth left in the dragon's mouth,
some clean green silk
around the elf-queen's waist.
Nothing is lost and nothing is here,
the sparrows are fed up with you,
your sedentary life, your long walks
at sunset, your island cruises.
Why can't you go where you are?
Farnear. Nearfar. My ancestors
came here in a coracle, coarse men

who dreamt about horses,
I sometimes see them stumbling up the shore.

10 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

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Endless arrivals.

Christians at the windowsill

peering into my zenana,

why do they hate pleasure so?

Or when did only things become a pleasure?

I want only what you give me

you, who just this minute woke and said good morning

in another language, the one only you can speak.

10 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

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On Nashawena
red cattle
stand in the surf

Poseidon's gifts
looking for their
Pasiphae.

No snake without its Eden.

10 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

And there were some shadows
walking in the clouds
I knew by name

exhausted between the sexes
blackbird on the rail
the captain sleeping

iceberg shoved against the heart
the captain sleeping
the rose untethered from its thorns
sun sleeping on the sea
exhausted after watching us
the captain weeping

the clouds in wet clothes
the shadows come
I have seen you before

going to wind
shadows walking fast now
between the seeing and something seen

I know your names
you are between
I thought at first you were a woman

or a man
iceberg in a book
rail on a deck
blackbird on a rail

full disclosure
the clouds take off their clothes
captain weeping in his sleeping
his eyes are dry

heart is a habit.

11 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

=====

For years I've been
trying to jump
over my shadow
someday I'll do it

then at last the
shadow will stand up and speak.

11 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

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The new one the need
that knows me deeper
and you swanfar in the light lagoon
not even memory
is hard so far could
count those steps.

12 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

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We let it happen
but I let it happen to me
and you were free
as silence can be
your body looked
the other way.

12 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

TEETH OF THE FLOWERS

I reasoned in dream
not only roses
but what was happening to
the big blue campanula
beneath our bedroom window,
do flowers *talk*?
If they have teeth they have mouths
and if they have mouths they speak,
so here comes the one-word gospel again
listen.

The night was short,
I almost woke and thought I said
something that ended with
live in the peace of doubt me
and that seemed true enough to sleep on.
And then it was dawn. Alba.
The Gaelic word for Scotland.
I lay beside my Scottish wife and thought
how short the nights in June
how loud the flowers.

2.

But the teeth of them
windflower leopard's bane on my shoulder

I should have left the window open

here clear

everything language,

no hurt to inscribe

what are we at all

but *things that feel*

and have to do something

with each sensation.

Our best task

and moral work,

what we're here for

(are we here?),

to process feeling

into knowing.

Everything has a mouth

not just the flowers.

3.

I could have thought all that anywhere

why here? And where is here

in what I thought? Where is the headland of Nashawena

and the quiet Sound, gloss of easy water morning

and these specific clouds?

Yesterday you filmed

close-up of clouds,

the pale *tattered raiment* of the light

it said of itself,
it felt almost wrong to see them that way,
close, too intimate, too *known*.
And what do I know now?
This is too loose, diffuse,
where is the drumbeat that forces the issue,
makes the bear dance?
Work the feeling till it shows
another thing beside itself.

12 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

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I dreamt Masha stood behind me
and put her hands over my eyes
in the liturgy of Guess Who
I knew but never did,
you need more to guess with
than a woman's hands,
I wasn't wearing glasses,
couldn't see what I felt
and now the sun breaks through the cloud
to prove it.
Oh how simple
human mathematics,
a little world, where things have proofs.

12 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

BALI

The bolt shoved tight.

Insertion magic.

Stick a sun deep in the sky

watch a feather fall

from someone passing over.

Our tribe is growing—

too many for one desert.

We need an island

far away

or that's what anybody needs.

Dragon weather.

You wake up and are a mother

no longer. Now you are with me.

Now you are me.

12 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

SHOALS

Scatter my heart
unpersoned hard
till I was,

then shattered
onto sea
as if I landed

everywhere
discontinuous
hence finally free.

12 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

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Wind tugs at the umbrella tugs at the table tugs at my
hand holding the pen tugs a new word out that I have to read
about wind and sails and mild buffeting and crops
growing two hundred miles inland never a thought of the sea.

12.VI.12