

6-2013

junF2013

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "junF2013" (2013). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 242.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/242

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.

49.

**Once it begins it knows how to go on
true translation treats the syllable as gold intact
cider-mother guide me through the hedges
you know where the house is you left it there for me
a spot of rain upon the lettuce leaf
trying to begin again without taking life
take form instead and stand like Ely's lantern
eight brave oak trees bare it up
a thousand years the tallest men in England
still studs the mist her little raft comes through
carrying her sick friend home from poetry
where she will hand-heal every inch of him.**

11 June 2013

50.

**My father's cigars is how it begins
Dutch Masters or White Owl later Connecticut leaf
no non-tobacco ingredients no paper products
I am all paper product the flesh become word
no wonder stopped going to church
we never had Sunday school we weren't real Americans
no town meetings no whitewall tires
Catholics were just Jews with no money
America is still over there across the bay across the river
America's where the sun goes down
makes me sad to see this dying glory
Amenti across the Nile commonwealth of the dead.**

12 June 2013

51.

So the sun keeps rising I should keep gloom to myself
mockingbird on the rail in love with half an apple
sing to me Caruso sing to me all your arias
you like me can be anybody else
to hide my own song in another's
they say Pavarotti could not read music
so he had to become Nemorino Edgardo Cavaradossi
flesh became song oh the fat ones we were
to impersonate myself unlock the truth
read the horoscope of strangers
to see the way we stand and move
the Talking Cure without a word being said.

52.

Selvanus may have been one of their gods
or Esus in the woodlot with a hatchet
or they had no gods they had persons
to study the habits of and to revere
because reverence is all
and these holy images of women and of men
would make us revere the ones who walk around us
ourselves as much as anybody
if goes are anywhere they must be in you
and you, there are no places we are not
when the people are asleep the world goes home
I woke the sun up this morning go to bed with her tonight.

53.

**So I can do nothing for you but go to sleep
and in that dream a destiny propose
city after city with huge parks in them
a green so broad it holds an ocean in
the other side of color is a mask
or basalt rough carved to look like a man
a tree is meditation
crosslegged contemplative of La Roquepertuse
graphic reference like a crowded subway car
filled with a century of distinct fantasies
enough imagework is there to build a Parthenon
but there are no virgins left no manticores.**

54.

**You don't know where you're going till you've left the place behind
raptacious the old word a hawk in your head
close to the parapet the first time tout Paris
for I was there in person for a change
not one of Atget's pigeons the shadow on the wall my own
we live lives parallel with ourselves
from far out at sea you can see the way we move
deed making deed and the wind blows it all away
but leaves the wakes of light we left behind us
parallels meeting at the infinity called mind
where you slip your shoes and backpack off
and children chase their gaudy mother down the street.**

55.

**Falstaff rises from the water subtly changed
his laundry basket floats away downstream
here he's as wet and new as Moses
it takes more than shame to wash old lusts away
rush of the wild ox through fields of barley
the maiden thrilled at last
to cast oneself onto the contingency of another's desire
these are the things we forget as we walk in the street
everyone caught in the meshes of other people's fancies
read Coleridge chapter XIII how little we create
how much we brilliantly remember
see the typewriter at the bottom of the shallow stream.**

56.

**There is no mainland it is all sea
coarse voices of drowned fishermen
finally learn to whisper as the waves kiss shore
hush and hiss and come between the skin
in a child's voice we hear the last echo of someone else
lost echo Hart Crane to be a poet in America how strange
take the rhymes away and then you'll see
this is a pure epistemology I'm giving you
soft white as new parchment and a bird at my foot
it's starting again a raft of meaning
floats up and down your spine this trembling reed
as if you were married to a baker and slept in his bread.**

57.

If anyone is there to give me need
let me be your favorite machinery
an oscilloscope in every sestina
count the phonemes and link the three most frequent
thus yielding the secret title of your flesh
people walking deep inside the bread
break me open and let me out
you also are imprisoned in this tower
taking care of children may be pyramid enough
for I have gone with you to Egypt once or twice
riding on your shoulder or your hip
counting the stones at Karnak for you with dead eyes.

58.

For I was lapis after all and Danube delta
down there where there still is weather
mind perturbed by lawnmower not what I mean by mind
now long legs warmed by sun renimble
ocelot breakfast but I feed on sight of the sea
let me feel this me I am this place
the goldfinch at the thistle seed answer enough
clouds coming over help me to pronounce
sleep between the syllables and wake remeant
clouds give the sea its color back to guess at me
St. Clements in the Strand strange altars weary gods
smattered with personality everything revise away.

59.

**Bellini everything yawnless beauty bellezza
footnote to a lifetime folly lived to be wise
I have stared at the sea until it dissolved me
hydrangea who remembers heaven you dream
registers archiving geologists exploring America
to find the lost city ultra Sensuum on the plains
my heart or is it soul is waiting for me there
raft me your river hitch me your trailer
lighthouse in the daytime too wink your red eye
aboriginal light light of sea poppies enough said
on the terrace with the Zukofskys' luminous ashtray
and the upper bay thronged with Danish ships.**

(12 June 2013)

60.

**Climb up to the cellar of the sky this hill from heaven
o I was brought up with a bone the meat was remember
data be our only money gold coins in colza fields
I slip them in your pocket from behind rich rich
the clouds walk here before us white cliffs of over
great ship plows up the losses we spring from flowers
birds in your hair the old dog led us home
they sent me to the jungle to look for you
ice and ash and seeping from the wellhead wind because
the elements of wanting are another so much was near
Columba sive Yonah bird abaft my shoe
the head moves fast the body slow.**

12 June 2013

61.

Not sure what the giving gave a beak in bark
drink your tea he cries a strange instructor on the empty moor
everything climbs o let the creature out
the little lamp that lights the garnet cavern
sweet aquifer deep riddled with ideas
those toxins of thinking those premature concretions
just keep thinking the car's not there yet
this rolling motion the cello taught the sea
everything began with us we carved the fossils in our sleep
the world was created ten minutes ago
when you looked out the window and saw the tree
smooth skin rough bark all the pain at once.

62.

**Don't say a name here say a thing instead
a king is wary after Pentecost
all those green Sundays and no dragons
God sends sometimes an anchorite to rouse
tepid thinkers to outrageous absences
silence is a dragon of its own
the dear knights try to conquer it with song
I'll never be popular I'm a man
priestless sat together made being together a mode of prayer
who benefits from this stone altar
who tastes the woodruff in this May wine
master of the forest undefiled by speech.**

63.

**Don't go to it wait till it arrives
harvest in springtime summer will be wet
we hid in caves because they are most like ourselves
impenetrable far dark dangerous and wet
being there we could be safe from ourselves
a new mind in an old place
we lick the place with fantasy alone
quick shadows on the ceiling of nothing moving on the floor
metallic aftertaste a certain leaf you sucked
copper in the blood sunshine headaches too
we are the other kind we live beneath you
the highest thing we can think is somebody else.**

64.

Great shapely white bells on the stalk tall as a woman who?
But the rainbow understands such things heavy heavy
but do we deserve what of course you do the moan or muffin
I walk over water as you walk over fire
close to being afraid but love the vista
wanted to offer you intricate syntax
Brownian movement never at peace and even
melodic resolutions suspended over the abyss
of exaltations yet to come, confuse us
great Egyptian energy the neters that were axes
stand by the river that was once a human spine
but what a woman! the whole of Africa.

65.

**Any hand that touches is a dead man's hand
you feel old time along your skin
caressing or pressing or leaving small scratches
later you can read as words runes or oghams
or just the southern whiteness of your back saying nothing at all
of course we want the body of the other to talk back
what else is other for but revelation
apocatastasis and the whole cosmos reels back to the start
before we were one and two and many, mind
a white sail far out on an old sea
up to you to tell if setting out or coming home
weird cargo and all the sailors sleeping day and night.**

66.

**On the fifth day of the fifth month it behooves to mount
highest point on the island view of other islands
what more can a word do but open the door
other words on other words sending sea light before storm
storms remind us of where we're coming from
so much mercy so little sense we call it police
we live inside it as if it had a roof over it
it has nothing up there but numbers we live in a machine
or we live as a machine this beach is pure numerical
this seven is a diamond ring my mother wore all the time
I saw the same blue light in crystal once in the Himalayas
what was I doing there what was my name.**

67.

**Poem day they call it in Cathay Kitaj Ezra Sandra Fisher Thomas Meyer
great ones of a single paradigm
no one but I could understand
the point is to learn your place in the hieroglyph
the paradigm you belong to Bluebeard's Castle
the forest of Broceliande Allen Fisher Alan Halsey
Nathaniel Mackey Michael Hartnett
these are the makers in one long chamber
Wagadu to Erigal that wave of shout
music made them and the earth had sense
they lift the hill like heroes and go in.**

(13 June 2013)

68.

Everybody's strong in the sense of saying so
the word hurled all night just said today
it is the breath of Vayu or who are they the gods of storm
wet wood and anxious trees and bird in trouble
but the sea calm we live in paradox
under the original apple tree among the ferns as far
west as the road lets us go before the rock
topples into silence that boulder smile
I am no man and came here before I was
and before a thought of you troubled the singularity
you angel you meaning of my life with your own wings
I stumble along to keep up with your swift shadow.

69.

**Connect the shortcut with the longer route
the stone that stays in heaven in the lowland hear
we heard a dragon do I know what your eyes mean
while a mile away your lips are saying
spent the morning worshipping a child another child
sea wrack and prophecy red from an old book
older than Bible and full of stones half my New England acre
because the river is the boundary song the failed permission
gladiolus every minute and the blue hydrangea
blooming as we speak but you are silent
crisscross prophecies the bird tells it all
invisible blackbirds piping in the gorse.**

(14 June 2013)