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**Any day begins me over
grey white for
instance sky with visible
rays of sun lancing
southeast, the seeming
is brittle to renew—
learn from my children
the dark taste of no.
Or broiled bass last
night in oil and lemon
(thanks, Jeff) an opera?
Meaty as a new thought
fresh from the sea.**

17 June 2014 Cuttyhunk

SENTENTIAE

I have given
myself to the propositional
lately,
 light
comes from loose,
ease up, her face will come

I'm so close to know
what I sought saw
those all of her
the wonder the tongue
always says it.

2.
But the sentence
that never failed me
failed me—
it was chaos instead
that needed me,
Garance lost in the crowd,
never fall in love.

3.
Shape is like that.
It begins and the next
anybody knows

**your breath obeys
a guessed-at form
a shapely ripple
in dream-space
shivering the actual
air you breathe
and there it is, the song.
Shape in like this.**

**4.
Every flag impersonates
a human face.
Every face
impersonates a word
that no one ever yet has said.**

**5.
Stars are your eyes
clouds are your arms
crossed to restrain
the animal you are.**

**6.
Colors are your mind
blinking in the sun.
You have belonged
to everything but it
fought its way free.**

7.

Solemn armchairs
sleeping dogs.
One by one
they pass away.
Forgot to watch the sea,
no room for me.

8.

Filled cabs
turn off roof lights
trusting others
with your pleasures
scary. Walk
all the way yourself,
swing your arms,
you'll get there
faster than subways,
bluer than beer.
You're almost there,
you can hear the sil
slither off her skin.

9.

Most nights I die in the ambulance
dead on arrival and start again.
DNA, wicked board game of our lives.
There was something wrong with my mind again
something happened to me on the stairs

ascension to another plane,
my mind started breathing.

Am I there yet?
You passed it long ago
a dog was barking, the sun was setting
you couldn't tell anything apart
she laughed at you from the open door
but you wouldn't listen.

10.
Music is mostly humiliation.
People and their instruments
doing things in you from afar.
Action at a distance. Poetry
at least gives you a chance to shut the book.
But the lute still strums in foreign gardens
is one way to read it, you hear it
even when it stops. Alas,
the ears have no eyes to close.

11.
Hence the other side
the in
the blue thing
I can't stop thinking
is that some flower—

**but you wouldn't call this thinking—
you've been here too long for that.
Easy music you sing, a stupid
first generation app, a statue
on its way from bronze, something
never got here, sword in her hand
by war-light must be reading history,
the shriveled balls of old Thucydides.
Why don't we have a better word for it?
Called amaranth flower you will not die.**

**17 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

== == == ==

**Shakespeare rimes error with mirror
and what have I ever added since
with all my palaver about
breath and illusion? Covered
his song, that's all, made it longer,
so long, hummed it on the subway
fled the city, hummed it in the trees.
Breath on the mirror, words
on the page. Sun rising in fog.**

**18 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

THEORY OF CHRONIC DISEASES

Linger, latent
latent leper,
Hahnemann's *psora*—
phylum issues
as the spirochete
(Lyme, syphilis)
lingers in the
individual so also
the disease itself
lingers in the whole
population. Creative,
always taking new
forms. Genetics
makes no exceptions,
maybe that's what
incarnation means,
follow your latencies
from life to life?

18 June 2014
Cuttyhunk

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**Capture ratio
let me dark the page
of this bright world.
only love me
for what I say
your ears
are biological,
magical, cosmo-
logical, I light
a candle for you
at high noon
and by listening
you make me true.**

18.VI.14, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

**I am your cloud
shielding you
from the brightness
of sunyata, drone
out that silence
with the chatter.
ceaseless identity.**

18 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

**Vascular volunteers
follow the blue lines
into battle. The ventricle
speaks Russian maybe
pumping the juice of origin
through the continental
drift between the limbs
a golden glow of not
quite fire but. Obscene
kiss from which the
beginning began.**

**18 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

= = = = =

**There are no dialects,
it's all a lie.
The only actual
language is I.**

18.VI.14, Cuttyhunk

POSTCARD

In the costal region
slacking under silk
towards the swell of more
recalls scarce *intime*
small room big chair
long year the lovely
congress of particulars
fine hairs on forearm
smile hides in clothes.

18 June 2014
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

**Slavic speaking city
in no country we know
we pass a tourist hotel
but choose a better class
ask for two rooms but
they have only one — so I
sleep on the floor and you
sleep on the ceiling.
Between us floats the bed
repellently neat. Tell me,
is this any way to sleep?**

**18 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

== == == ==

Could I otherwise have or
taste these under white leaves
prickly raspberries can't
have in cities where are you
rus means country in Latin
we have to be in a place
with plenty of dirt and things
that grow only in dirt and beasts
that eat those things. Otherwise
tarpaper sky and the smell
of sorrow in people's eyes.
We need to be where there are no
pedestrians but only travelers.
Think of a fetching word for being gone.

18 June 2014
Cuttyhunk

BLETCHLEY PARK

1.
Course from predictable
knowledge asserting champagne
rayon blur on the ceiling
there's that word again
one more horizon darling.
I'm only a cave in a pluvial
a pyramid inside out
acute depression *Uatchet*
of Egypt, goddess thing, Justice
slither through the reeds
without papyrus no law
she made the paper we word
so dark so much. Now you are
the place Egypt used to be.

2.
Isn't the world too old
for you and I games?
Doesn't assertion need
granite cathedral or
brick bungalow at least.
something hard and empty
anybody can go in
can sleep and really wake?

3.

Still thinking your way
whatever that is, things
with numbers in their wombs,
numbers with eyes
I just need to get all this
written down before I wake
up into the numberless day.

4.

In airless quiet
morning tomb
under the dome
never built—
what do we know
about the counting
numbers and the souls
they chose to count
birds flapping over a river
thoughts in a drowsy mind?

5.

Any minute now the trees will move.
And you moist-thighed among machines
and while all the other women
(only women count) are busy decoding

**Nazi messages you're quietly deciphering
communiques from other galaxies
and there you hear us taling, yes, you and me
again—with this language I serve you forever.**

**19 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

= = = = =

**So clearly you
hear me but still
can't hear at all
what you answer.**

**19 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

=====

**To rule a world
by thought alone—
there is no other way.**

**Start thinking now—
you have not so many
years to do it**

**but an infinity of instants
and the spaces between them
where nothing is**

but what you're thinking.

**19 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

= = = = =

**Two days to summer
everything has to be told
before the sun stands still.**

19.VI.14, Cuttyhunk