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Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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70.

**Mercy remembers all the strange names  
gave to bedfellows ivy and she was thistle  
and herself the only mistletoe  
semaphore hard to know how come it's over  
the little songs of sinking ships the atoll  
lubricious indexes of unread books  
I can tell your daydreams from your midnight  
because we rode together in a battered car not far  
and counted shooting stars the way lovers do  
or daisy petals but we were angels too  
in love with not being in the body but we were child  
and children know the world is just a guess.**

71.

**If you keep going along this path  
no road signs or all point to heaven  
gorse I said or whin or keep you off and green  
I am a thing of books and boundaries  
a headless god at the bottom of your garden  
stone and with a word or two in bad Latin  
chiseled in what I took to be my heart  
as if the earth needed reminders we are here  
or we did and always will, see how the wind  
caresses me and the sun remembers our nights together  
we slept on the Hill of Tara her very grass  
and never woke and all this since one long dream.**

72.

**Ireland it and look again  
woodcock whooshes past at sunset  
lives by the No Trespass sign  
the fairy mound back there that no one knows but you  
though sometimes I think I see them walking there  
in and out of the mind's view  
giving names to things and changing them again  
the fairies are the editors of earth  
rinsing the sinews of our experience  
no one can look at the same leaf twice  
but one bird can come twice to your hand  
carefully choosing the random seeds that you extend.**

73.

**Stay out of sunshine walk in the shade  
I suppose this place an ancient apple tree  
older than Eden and the ferns grow round it  
it leaves me with no answers  
I feel glum and businesslike today  
accountant of a bankrupt hardware store  
with nothing left but the names of instruments  
and columns of numbers those birds of the heavens  
endlessly fluttering past and vanishing  
and O the hawk of zero knows my name  
inscribable outstretched beneath him  
divide by zero and smile for the police.**

74.

**Some day I'll get this some day wrong  
and it will be today, the actual  
two schoolchildren performing at assembly  
telling of seaweed and the stars in the flag  
what about the starship from the alien planet  
why would they bother to come here  
why do women wear flowers in their hair  
I never wanted to alter your routine  
snow or swelter you know better  
there are whole cities where the men know less  
spell your name in the Irish way  
then no one can whisper it in the local dark.**

75.

O the street the street the hand that goes everywhere  
why is there thistledown on your feet  
I looked up mirror in the book it showed my face  
but only as the others see it liars and poets and thieves  
maybe I also once stood beneath the cross  
ponderous useless unable to help  
pointless witness of so much catastrophe  
unless the act of witness has some meaning too  
and *a thing that happens* waits to be observed  
and we are iron filings summoned to its shape  
soon enough dispersed and baffled ever after  
but we know *I saw this happen* but don't know what this is.

76.

**Rectitude analysis a vulture  
browsing on human thought  
write it down change it later pretend you know  
pretend it's better steal rose petals from the shore  
you're only borrowing the colors light lent them first  
I spoke mentally was understood physically  
what are all those prairies for  
the linked absences that define a sensibility  
fervent mistakes "ambushes of young years"  
but I knew no worse so did what I could  
the shattered teapot the car too fast  
so many pregnancies in the lost museum.**



77.

Peaceable allowances thun is a time set apart  
to be itself alone and nothing doing in it but itself  
a session on the other side of the self to call it  
door shut mind open listen to listening  
kept wanting more of it the cheekbones  
the tail feathers of equal length the pinions  
rimmed with blue though they look black  
walking on the road in Colorado at home on the ground  
dig deep to find the surfaces of things  
I am left with a zodiac on my hands  
can I interest you in being me a while  
while I sail your white ship into the typhoon?

78.

Woodpeckers four fledglings from a locust tree  
one more priest one more shepherd  
sheepless a crowd of unbelievers  
a perfect place an island think of Latin  
it never hurts to ask how red your poll  
sweet predators mavors' insectivore  
do you hear his chimes beneath the sea  
no that is the wind that is Schubert all alone  
no one paid attention to the clumsy instrument  
the beak a young man has to know the world  
I slept my way out of more towns than this  
town or dream what difference she lifts her skirt.

79.

**Talk should be terror incognito for everybody  
all I know is no one must know  
otherwise the words don't work, tell only the true  
never the new the one you never  
the moon shining under the skin of the sea  
the long hair of the law the only power  
windswept and sound pressures the heat that fell  
from the absent sun so long ago  
the weather is a spaceship bearing messages  
we have to catch new senses to perceive their text  
don't be afraid to say hello we'll all be gone  
three seeds plucked up by a pilgrim bird.**

80.

Three are the gates of paradise  
a blazing letter stands before each one  
of course it's in the dream it happens  
it matters only when you're not awake  
the vast blue bird perches on the roof  
wet towels of the swimmers drying on the rail  
in sun and wind the changes come  
difference is a molecule apart  
there is no nurture in the metal world  
bonfire on the beach atomies of amorous madrigals  
but if I were a folk I would tell you clear  
in wordsongs true as stones on the beach.

81.

**Just looking out the window but I have no window  
so you have to pull the sound of words apart  
to guess the moonlight through  
you're riding on a ram up Mt. Erigal  
the three moons of Gaelic folklore roll along beside you  
slower than gravity, the earth cries  
resist me if you dare, outmoded primate  
mere folk, graverobbers, oilsuckers  
foible-witted blank-hearted market-minded  
lip-serve liturgies flower-fondlers bird-handlers  
cow-killers ocean-sievers word-wasters  
fucking philosophers heartbreakers men.**

82.

**Picus four woodpeckers next door pileated fledglings  
no j day of the woodpecker probe for knowledge be a girl  
the things the weather tells us  
Marx for breakfast Aquinas for high tea sleep fasting  
nothing matters but matter doesn't know it  
materials seem as if there were some other  
language told me to be silent in so many words  
read this as commentary on Book VIII of the Aeneid  
upriver journey into your own country never seen before  
your new arrival in yourself sun glare on windshield  
I have something to tell you you have to tell me what it is  
space between self and other shaped by two dreams.**

83.

**The square root of someone else lives in your fancies  
curious behavior of measured things  
caught the comfort from the cushion and sold it cold  
of course I want to anyone would but I don't will it  
if I willed it heaven and earth would have to comply  
will makes you crazy wanting makes you sane  
we live decently when we recognize our lack  
a child is all waiting  
how came you from so far and still a citizen  
woke before the birds again and still never alone  
boat humming in the harbor luring weather  
meant Mozart love-hate I want to kiss your sister too.**

84.

**Time is the dimension in which we unwrap space  
we and only we there is no time apart from us  
distinguish shade from shadow  
one of them licks your hands  
to be poor is to be burdened with memory memories  
the doctor waiting on the porch alone with the wind  
not many people do it anymore the young the very old  
he opened his mouth and Persephone spoke  
language is the mouthpiece of another  
the strangest thing about the caves is that we think we're out of them  
this is the Dordogne the dream time  
Athabaskan wilderness men with eyes of a wolf.**



85.

Every page is precious especially the blank  
the story here is her round face her round eyes wet  
nothing more to say hence ready to begin again  
a man is a wheel on a mountain road  
I'm talking tantra but to an empty room  
xenolith they built the structure on as if to say  
earth gives us something like a day  
and where is nurture in all this where is Bernini  
the woman shape that taught us how to pray  
boys in the clouds hair comes through the hat  
the sun moves secretly from house to house  
but no one knows the father.

86.

The breeze knows these  
legends of the mother house  
her hands pressed firmly on the territory  
noises annoy her most  
no one's children clattering in grass  
and in the sky they mow the clouds  
the mother house is guilty of the sun  
she made it cooked it over pine cones in her cave  
till it glowed ardent hell and hydrogen  
then she sent it to the sky to measure us  
mind us little children and a rock she spat up too  
to light our nights from tryst to tryst.

87.

**Roar of the mirror whine of the hedge  
ask nothing of me, disturb less than one word does  
noise left and right unending  
no more nuisance really than the fish in the sea  
when I sit and look at surf rolling in  
as if I were part of something even this  
battle of Actium spread out before me as the sea  
Antony impaled and Cleo's left breast toxic-nibbled  
and all the lovely stories end at once  
I spent my whole childhood believing  
and childhood never manages to end  
the waves her pure right breast, and go weep.**

88.

**And have nothing to do but this  
in the comfy prison of reality  
no more work but making time pass  
change the names of all those wicked places  
salt marsh no hay a bracelet of Whitby jet  
I went there for the sky the wet horizon  
timothy grass belonging from black mud  
weathered narrow boardwalk above the muck  
a thousand birds and only there ever alone  
and no room left to plant the lettuce  
but room for Wagner and Valkyries  
high above the north sky where once a city is.**

**89.**

**Intonation patterns in body language stood in the sky  
we could only know her ascending  
and the moon set invisible Portugal over the horizon  
who knows how far a hurt can have you  
she condemned my right to say what came to mind  
never forgive but this one high above it  
cloud walker yes nephelist yes can speak  
inside the mute beholder makes him speak  
by second nature we are secondhand  
tell each other no more than nature told us  
like a man walking a fat white dog at the dock  
each supposing himself to be in charge.**

**(16 June 2013)**