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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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**Saltarella do you think so
or all the hidden letters claim
a different story from the one
you think you're telling. Tail.
For sweep and balance. Space
is only penetration. Shoulder
to be wept on. Their tears
illuminate the furrow. Blood
is where all adventure starts,
each of us a corpuscle adrift
in what clandestine current.
Past every door the sea is waiting.**

**19 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

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**Interrupted by a park
I chose a pseudonym
and sat down. The heart
is moved so easily,
girl passing, bird complaining,
leaf scuttling on pavement,
all the ing-words in the world
and the poor man, my
alter ego, just wants to sit
there talking with the sky.
But I get up and start to walk
pretending I have a rendezvous.**

**19 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

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**Be equal to one another
be same**

**there are fruits
dangling from unknown trees
we are supposed to become—**

**preposterous energy
name-calling
in the desert who
did I think I was summoning
when you showed up?**

**All the saints in heaven
green-gaited hurry
up to us,
to meet the sun again
in us, grass
we are grass.**

20 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

TRAVAILS

**1.
Things they don't do
in that country**

**elegant manner of passing time
by closing your eyes
with one hand while the other
flutters at your side
at the level of the hip,**

**a wounded bird, art
of the lapwing.**

**"Sit
in the balcony" they say
"applaud or keep silent."**

**2.
That country has miracles
but only for foreigners.
The natives smile
pretending to be wind
passing through a crowded room.
Or else a forest
suddenly remembering.**

3.

Sunrise in a jar they sell
moonset in her pocket
where the household currency
pays for storm and gender.
We live aloft. The tree
knows nothing of all this—
forgive it as you would.

4.

Hold it in your hand
till it looks new
then sell it to your daughter
if the Mercy gave you one—
otherwise pay the ferry with it
but don't watch the water
that sleek craft plows through.

5.

Do you ever
forget what country you're living in?
It's like that,
taste a tomato
thinking about ripe pears—
there's an edge to you,
a door you never opened.

6.

This gazeteer only wants to help you
find the country you thin it is—
pictures of polar bears and camels,
cathedrals made of reeds and straw,
an mp3 of bird songs
how many can you identify
or are they all one mockingbird
cheering you up at twilight?
So many useful clues
but nothing definite.
You wouldn't recognize me anyhow.

7.

The sun keeps trying to hide
earth relentlessly spins in pursuit—
this is how it really is
and why the sunrise is so loud
it wakes everybody up.
In time to go to school and hear
it is the clash of cultures,
narcissism, capital, Abraham.

8.

All this money — not rare but unusual —
there are lots of towns just like that
way upstream from here, where wild

dances shake the old men
where the children try to pray.
Too many butterflies
the women claim.

9.
Register to vote
but shun elections.
Count your fingers
till you're positive.
At last the pale mauve
roses bloom, the
batteries run down
and we can live.

10.
Shareholders in the southern seas
often print colorful prospectuses
advertising immaculate
unvisited places all of them
white and blue and green.
If you fall for the ads and go there
you will be the only red or pink,
yellow or black, you'll look
ridiculous in all that sunshine.
Stay home and have your servants
polish your shoes and bolt the doors.

11.

Don't go — my only counsel.
Can't stay — your only need.
Clash of compulsions
translated from the Viennese.
Dreams are made of this
and marriages and paintings of the sea.

12.

Ask yourself Have I
said anything I never said before

but don't wait for an answer—
sail on, the world is safely round.

Any halfway decent question
knows how to answer itself.

13.

The mood here is strange—
not cynical but not trusting—
wary but in love
I'd call it, the way
a respectable person looks out the window
wanting, wanting.

14.

Eventually everybody.
That is the answer.

15.

Plaudite! Could this be
the ending of our play,
Ariel flies off but Cupid
lingers, stringing
his trim bow
with our arteries,
sharpening his darts
on the rising sun?

Always leave the theater
in this country
before the play begins.
That way the logic lasts forever,
what they call the story.

And you too,
undefiled
by artifice let
dreamy love decide.

20 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

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**I've lost the originals
have only my mind
left over from that
cry in the forest.
You heard it too
so let's sit close, close
together, remind
each other of what
it was like. But what
it said we'll never tell.**

**20 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

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**This business of working
for a living, this
morning stuff —**

**the skin of the sea
I lift gently off
and wrap around me —**

and the sun is water now.

**20 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

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**Canonical measures by sly committees
like the professor in the long snug skirt
but which way the wind?
I live in doubt but feel none myself
it is the solstice first summer why
don't they all do things my way
I have no doubt my way is best
don't they see that confidence is king?**

**2.
yes, there are raptures
only when it's dark enough you see the stars
mistaking effects for causes leads to weak
cosmology and neo-colonialism—
be timid as a bunny but be proud as God.**

**3.
or is that an oxymoron
is God being everywhere
and everything indifferent
to her own ipseity? Is she
dust, firefly, soft hairs on your arm?**

**21 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

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**Self-doubt silences
angels know this
more bitterly than
anyone, go to the shop
and ask the nice lady
for clothes that fit.
Never ask the size. You
are no kind of number.
Be immoderate, unmeasured,
immeasurable, mine.**

**21 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

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**Wisdom from a fool
pay heed the churches
are empty the gyms are full
now guess the new theology.**

21.VI.14. Cuttyhunk

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**Sea poppy
on a rock**

relevant design

**come up to me
from the page**

**love me faster
image**

life is over.

**21 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

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**Be smart as a novel
but b true**

**did I say a flower?
you imagined it**

In fact you imagined me.

**21 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

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**Out of nowhere a chickadee
comes and perches on my thumb
my folded hands—
I am Solomon throned above the sea!
then the sun laughs at me.**

**21 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

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**Swept by the powerful
wind of being anybody
from the moment of his birth
he spoke a foreign language.
Far away he was
and never cried. He named
himself for the sky—what a sound
it made when he was silent.**

**21 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**