

6-2014

## junH2014

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### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "junH2014" (2014). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 235.  
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**Cause of nothing  
the imperious wind drives him  
in off the deck he waits  
by the weather  
till the wall changes**

**so many minutes without mistake  
and speaing Arabic of a sort  
enough to fool a schoolchild  
as long as they didn't look right in his eyes  
where lies hiss and slither  
and the younger you are the more you see**

**is that a cruiser in the harbor  
and why are the white birds walking on the road  
on the far side of Oahu  
where the people live  
and where from the headland you can see**

**what the world was like before the earth.**

**21 June 2014  
Solstice  
Cuttyhunk**

=====

The ink wormed its way  
from this pen through  
my tee-shirt pocket to leave  
a curious leaf-like mark  
on my chest. I undressed  
last night in the dark  
so now at dawn I find it,  
scares me. what wound,  
what word is my skin  
telling me now, sentenced  
in the night to endure  
some Polynesian tattoo?  
Then I washed it all off  
and realized with  
something between  
relief and ecstasy that  
it is the nature of art  
to exaggerate the obvious  
till common earth is heaven  
and things mean again  
more than they have  
any right to mean.

22 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

== == == == ==

**Try to make things up  
to tell your child.  
No child have I  
so that's another story.  
No matter where I go  
every step I take  
I'm walking by the sea.  
Even-breath'd in all  
the tumult of the mainland  
maybe, whose lovely flowers  
—roses, pppies, white raspberry—  
only frame the real horizon.**

**22 June 2014, Cuttyhunk**

## A MES ELEVES

I have to talk to each of you in turn  
my wandering disciples  
who abandon me to keep faith  
with what I taught you,

you

my politicians and my messengers,  
my message is whatever comes  
out of your mouths,

you

who go and shake Yggdrasil for me  
to make it speak,

make it rain down leaves  
codes, *semaphores*—

you understand,

you were

children once, you were bent down  
more recently than I  
under the power of signs—  
I taught you to leave me behind  
and stick with those—

now go, smoke your champagne,  
belong to the weather,  
carry your bodies to the high  
court of what happens



== == == == ==

**Maybe if I take  
every other word  
out**

**and change it  
to its opposite  
I'll start to make  
sense.**

**But there are  
so few opposites left.**

**22 June 2014, Cuttyhunk**

== == == ==

**Only one lion  
in the den  
to which your vehicle  
compels you,**

**the singular  
impels you,  
the rod of measurement  
inside you  
standing,**

**so flee  
such education,  
enter instead  
the honest hill  
where the faerie people  
linger still**

**and tell you their lies  
which are much truer  
than the ones we tell.**

**22 June 2014  
Cuttyhunk**





== == == == ==

**Don't tell me your name yet  
let me guess it from the pores  
of your skin, those stars,  
come close to me so I can read.**

**22 June 2014  
Cuttyhunk**

=====

**You ask if I believe in God.  
I believe in most of them.  
Someone coming up the steps—  
I believe in her too.**

**22.VI.14, Cuttyhunk**

= = = = =

**Like Miriam at her prayer desk  
you rouse to the bird's call.**

**Every moment is an incarnation,  
new life after that yawning  
gap, chaos, quiet emptiness  
between one instant and the next,**

**the abyss from which the sound  
rescues us, *the new*  
*perceived*. Redbird on the roof.**

**22 June 2014  
Cuttyhunk**

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**I wish the birds outside  
would translate their remarks  
into some dull lingo we know  
like American or Español—  
so I could make more sense of it.  
*Sense = anything that I don't mean.***

**22 June2014  
Cuttyhunk**

= = = = =

**Does this feel like a diary?  
More fool both of us if it does.**

**22.VI.24, Cuttyhunk**

== ==

**I *am* the sea she  
said, I listened,  
I believe everything,  
learned that art  
in childhood  
hoping the words  
I said had some effect,  
yes, you are the sea.**

**22 June 2014  
Cuttyhunk**

= = = = =

**How many words  
rhyme with God?  
Tree. Stone. Man.  
Woman. Mind. You  
and no more.**

**22.VI.14, Cuttyhunk**



=====

**So early the doves cry  
even before the wind wakes  
and sings in from the sea.  
What should be known  
about these things?**

**Broken forests under the sea,  
ancient cities left only in the mind.  
Once you have lived in a city  
your mind grows paved with streets.**

**Things are supposed to align.  
intersect, lead somewhere,  
mean something. A city  
is halfway to philosophy.  
Asia meant something else by thinking.**

**23 June 2014  
Cuttyhunk**

= = = = =

**The doves told me this  
Valéry's messengers,  
they just tell  
what just happens.  
Happened. A moment  
ago is ancient history.**

**23 June 2014  
Cuttyhunk**



**And when we touch someone  
we pour into them  
—whether we noq it or not—  
a confluence of energies  
focused by our own being  
into *blesence*—**

**the essence of blessing  
the dep nature of each of us  
gives to, receives from, another,  
any other,  
with no need for thought, intention,**

**it happens between us, it happens us,  
this blessed energy conferred.**

**When we touch one another  
we renew our contact with the earth.  
So be the touch reverent  
— lover, mother, brother —  
by touch we are made new.**

**23 June 2014.  
Cuttyhunk**

**FOR JOHN ASHBERY ÆT. SUÆ LXXXVII**

**Seagulls vexing the marina  
but we love them, evidence  
souvenir merchants aren't  
the only creatures here.  
White swoop, get used to it,  
it's vacation, forget the budget,  
rainy nights play 'Clue' in your motel.  
Everything is different in July.  
Hummingbirds feel finally at home,  
we're staging Pericles in an old barn,  
boring play but the Dream was taken.  
The barn smells of tobacco at least,  
was full of oars and dories from  
the dead yacht club. But making do  
with what's at hand—the secret of great art.**

**23 June 2014  
Cuttyhunk  
(for Adam Fitzgerald's tribute)**