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= = = = =

Jasper red lips stone
be enough

the way it feels is always a sort of beginning.
Anger in the morning hummingbird
the redbird chicks cry out *ohime ohime*
it's an opera out there
a lyric tragedy of seed

sometimes angels answer loudly—
a twitching in the skin—who's there?—
not every albatross is out there
big and white, some are tiny
floaters in the eye
tell me I have sinned.

It was all over in a minute
the sky stained with our sighs

so we made the weather
shores of Campeche where the red tree grows
but bluish in alkaline environments remember
basic blue
as jasper can be red or green

the two ways of iron

Holzwege tricky

paths through the woods

erroneous—the mistake is to travel at all

a twitch in my cheek

press harder, Christians,

the tomb is still closed

or do you try to keep Him in again?

Wax melts the ink slips out

the message writes itself using our hands

—you call this weather?—

the shape of sea and sky

there was better hardware in those days

doorknobs and window fittings

as Saarinen at Cranbrook made

each thing for its place

condign design paradigm

there is no multipurpose room there is only room

the daytime stars surround us

room

they keep Christ in the tomb

afraid of all that love

will the priest ever be on our side for a change

like Abraham interceding with God

—if in vain at least he tried—

they should help us intercede with mind,

suspend our habits and see what's there,
madness in her hands she tossed at me
a flock of crows I welcomed
all round me my ancestors black as me
blue-black of a well-oiled gun
they took the oddest ways to come to me
or the kind of cars they had
(Schwerner's Nash Ambassador, Antin's Sunbeam,
Wanning's Borgward Isabella, Rémy Hall's MG)
carried also me—if I forget thee
rivers of Zion crossed
wrongside of the Livingstones
how little it cost to cross the bridge.

2.

Or some such gap
you have to understand
we're still coming from the desert,
still on the way.
Every streetcorner is a Pisgah sight—
we see the other
hurrying towards us,
our ears still busy
with that desert drone
wind in hollow rocks
the hoot we took for prophecy.
And here we are

but not here yet
imagine the tragedy of the elements
and we are there,
air you can lie down on,
fire that will not burn
water that will not run
earth that manages to fly.
But all around us men are smiling,
the screw threads into its socket
and all around the encampment
families at their supper.
Not for us
for forty years we have not eaten
and will not eat for four thousand more.
Because we cannot eat till we sit down
and we are always on our way.

3.

Spiderweb. Arachne
left it behind
when the goddess lifted her presumption
and made an animal of it,
anything ensouled, anything that breathes,
spiderweb the veins and vesicles
spiderweb the branches tangle in my wrist
spiderweb the words write themselves down
and writhe so no one can tell

where the beginning of that telling is.

Make fun of other people

they're the only friends you have.

You despise yourself.

You are one of us.

You too are on the way.

Sunset means nothing to you

and midnight is just another kind of light,

the one with demons in it

who use your legs and eyes and hands.

24 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Flying saucers from another world
fly here as viruses
we are the skies
they flash their lethal signals in.

24.VI.12

= = = = =

The stars tread lightly on the calendar
but the door keeps opening.
At a later orgy light comes through the wall.
It belongs to you because you saw it
the whole science is the willful association
of geometric pronouns with actual things
such as your hand or he had a dream.
Then dreams are real? You can see them
twist and turn the sleeper and often she cries out
more puzzled than afraid. Use simple words.
By the bottom of the page everything is linked together.
The net of Indra barely quivers.

25 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

The air trying not to move
sun easing into a cloud.
Enduring rejuvenation,
wanting everything again.
All the time. Hour after dawn,
the balance moment. Poise.
The fishing boat I saw at first
light is gone. It's all renewed.
A day spent in Basic English.
Make no plans. Decide on nada.
It is decided already. Sit
quietly and count the birds.

25 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Something like wind
folds of brightness
do things that will change you
then the bird comes down
to bring you bread rolls he
stole from the market,
living is itself a crime—
we wear the skin of the beast we are,
the beast we made alive.

Sermon to the stones
ye listen well, ye who are waiting—
and every day ye hear the raven cry—
yesterday was the feast of all
men who stand naked in the desert
preaching in a loud voice
to no one in particular
about the very particular person who is to come—
one of them, named John, thought
for years he meant someone
who was going to come from inside himself
and be the one who spoke,
and he would be the one appointed.

Then one day he saw another,
and knew that other was the one,

he had summoned him all these years
from inside himself to stand, simple,
bareheaded, splayfooted
in the mud at the riverbank.
And so the legend or the inference is
we all are summoned from the other
and the other is the self our inward work
makes step towards us from the outer world.
And John said, You have come, Lord.
And Jesus answered, We make each other be.

25 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

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Those eight minutes I just 'wasted'
glancing at *The Times* and *The Times of India*
what will become of them?
Is there a bank where spent time lodges,
recruits its freshness, and comes out again?
Is time a commodity after all?
And now I've spent a minute chasing eight minutes—
a silly little micro-Proust at work.

25.VI.12

= = = = =

Let me dream I'm awake
let me pretend again
this Aristotelian universe
ten qualities three times
and a dimension for each time
we pretend to share,
all of us chicken
feather-shedding in the gusts of news,
the news, the only one they let us hear.
When you scratch a Christian
it comes down to Them and Us
so leave me out
let me wake till I dream
a square with eighteen sides and a maiden fair
like the old days
when I walked out in my great-grandfather's field.

2.

So that's it, the ordinary rage
to seagull over things and scream and fly away
like Shelley to the bottom of the sea.
Give me no lakes

hedor, water is not bounded,
and in my special shoes my giant feet
can walk the sea bottom
skirting the wells of magma
down where the ocean takes off its blue
and is like the rest of me
dark and old and swarming with strange life.

3.

For I pretend to magnitude
a supple vocabulary tricks me to suppose
a papal sort of authority
lodged in the names of simple things—
for Satan tempted Eve and she fell,
he said Eat this and she said It is an apple.

Language is the original sin
by which we live.

Magnitude. As when a man
opens his mouth
as if the whole world were listening
and by grace of language
it actually is.

4.

So ancient and so close
been here for weeks
seems like days

and the long boulevards of my life
converge like Haussmann in that hollow spot
maps call the Circle or the Square
and doctors call the heart.

26 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

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What is I?

A cluster of times remembering themselves

variations on an absent theme

the kindly devil lets one breathe.

26 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

The sun is on us soon
batters through cloudbank
over (always) the other island.
Here the sun rises out of Nashawena
and falls later into America.
What can this tell me of where I am.

26 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

You call it love song
I call it finding your breath
after you let your heart
out of the casket you keep it in

because you love and loathe at once
you're in love with yourself
as a girl you're too smart to be

harken to me,
I do not give myself away ever and to anybody

but my heart is open.
This is a kind of heroic stance
foolish and dangerous at once

but the only way I know
to be loud me in a many'd world.

26 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Caught in the ocean
with my wants known
I shark. Or Sunday

evenings in an uncle's house
screwtop fountain pen,
cold fireplace, an apple.

Trying to make sense
of a whole life.
Ocean in the palm of my hand.

26 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Till everything becomes natural
and there we are again
riding the Greyhound across Antarctica
clutching a smartphone with a dead battery
the bus driver has the face of a ghoul
and eats his sandwich with one hand.
Liverwurst. Driving south into the dark.
That's all I remember of my childhood.
Later they will call it the rights of man.

26 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Sun in clear blue sky, wind
shoves modest clouds around.
The world is in its uniform.
I stride up to the sky and salute—
give me my orders for the day.
I'll spend the light listening to the answer.

Some days the sky
is one more policeman
only the shade of blue is different.

26 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Meaning to install the differences
between strata of salinity
so various chemical'd in this one sea.
Climb into grammar, find
a mood between optative and desiderative
and call it thinking. Call it salt.
All round us skin we imagine
imagines touching us. Ours.
We own nothing but sensations.

Last will and testament—
childless I leave it all to my daughter
may she find my son
and Eden with him
so this world too
will have a garden
again and again
and do history to itself
world without end.

26 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

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We talk of free will
she said, but what we do
is what the local gods tell us to.
And they are fighting all the time—
strife is our natural obedience.

26 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

You found an old record
in your father's closet
there was no phonograph
the label was in Russian

conveying nothing, just one M
and all the rest unknown.
Dyslexia. You held the record's
smooth surface to your ear

and ran your finger lightly lightly
over the grooves. Maybe
you heard something—far away
a naked woman weeping in the snow

black trees all around her.
Maybe that was just your
idea of Russia, maybe
it really was music

you heard the images
she stumbles, keeps going
she reaches a cottage
warm lights in the window

she goes in. Snow
keeps on falling. Nothing
else happens. You can even
hear it not happening.

There is no explanation.
What was it all about?
Music is supposed to be
about nothing. You decide

it was a love song
all the evidence (naked,
tears flowing, harshness,
a little house in the woods)

is on your side: it was
it is a love song. The vinyl
warm now rests still
against your cheek.

26 June 2012