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OF THE APHRODITE OF KNIDOS

**Catch of one-ness
braggadocio of all our misprision
a man calling a woman's name**

**we have no right to
the cursive element that runs all form**

**Praxiteles' Phryne, to conceal is to reveal.
and Aphrodite asked How did he know,
when did he see me naked?**

**The sun rises actually
the earth is bowing to the sun
the moon is our teacher**

**the forms of Greek statuary
live inside us
they are the abstracts of what we are**

deep in all our local seeming.

27 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

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Anybody can read my palm
disconnection is clarity
sunken ships from World War II collect
relics in the channel to New Bedford
rusty mines no danger maybe
sea-glass returning colors to the sun
harvest brightness among the ruins
canisters and glass and seals

o paint my nails
I want to be a different one
to read a different fate
in the lines of my hand
fatum is what has been spoken
not what is written

o the sad fates of personhood
a whim reviles me
orchestra of moots
nothing ever decided
music so glib with reflection
a face the size of the sea.

27 June 2014
Cuttyhunk

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**Wondering where they are
where could they be**

location is identity

**were you even listening
when they called,
you could traced the sound
bac through the trees**

**there are no trees,
so many things are seen,
apokalypsis, the shock
of seeing anything,
a seagull swooped down
snatched a snake from our garden
high into the air then
downhill with, towards the shore**

**yet there is a place where
that silent victim still is speaking
or we can hear.**

**27 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

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**Laggard roses
intimate afterlife**

**trying to say it so clear
“yond crickets will not heare”**

**we laugh at liberty to lose
the franklin stove the port-of-call**

**names of things: reluctant to forget
whispering at daybreak**

**trying to find a door
into the lost galleries of true provenience**

**I got my words from you
and you are their value their fidelity**

**barter art for meaning
politics the opiate of the learned class**

**blue serge communion suit age of reason
I was too young to sin before but now**

**no meaning but the church bells in the dawn
to leave Vienna in time to see**

**on an empty street before a closed store window
a woman bent low inspecting jewelry**

the way we pray all our lives for what we cannot have.

**27 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

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Always something left to say

**our dusty garments
hung up as our testimony**

**rooming house in old Pompeii
we are preserved by what destroyed us**

**then remember Moses was Egyptian
put it all together it spells Pagan**

**i.e., raisins and barley and trellises
rain-drenched cushions drying in the sun.**

27 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

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**Then suddenly the waves
ran backward from shore—**

**Rose rapt
from earlier time
it took ten thousand years to be in love
from Göbekli Tepe to Berlioz**

**from the great plaster monument
by Parker Shipp a man's**

**hand reaches out to touch her,
clutch her,
bring her, bring us
bac out of history.**

**In the land
of sculpture shadows talk.**

**27 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

