

6-2012

## junL2012

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Make sure of the riddle  
if the book decides  
to be alive

too hot

in town to  
follow a thought.

Let it go, let it  
come to its conclusion  
or just keep going.

Not far away

I smell flowers.

29 June 2012

Kingston

## MALL

People walk past me  
I see their whole  
lives in front of them

year after year  
how they will become

I hate the arrogance  
of my perceiving

Please I tell myself  
be easy just love them  
love them and don't know.

29 June 2012

Kingston

= = = = =

Listen to the tenderly  
the broken bed spring  
outhouse we had to use  
harrows rust kitchen  
full of flies the squalid  
neatness of country life.  
Don't touch anything.  
Staying on the farm  
like being in a museum  
everything alien  
interesting dangerous.  
Snakes everywhere.  
Girls act very odd.  
Smell of whitewash  
dairy wallpapered  
bedrooms milk and cotton.  
Who are these people  
I also am? Am not.  
Keep your distance  
little pilgrim. A body  
is such an awkward  
place to be.

30 June 2012

## LE PROF

Glad to make a living choosing cheeses  
I orchestrate cultural paradigms, scribble  
prescriptions to tell you what to read  
I interview your half-conscious responses  
debrief after flights of opera of movies  
with no narrative nights of thick books.  
I call this teaching. Training you how to live  
in a whirlwind of signifiers, costly artifacts.  
You pay me well enough for these services—  
from time to time both of us wonder why.

30 June 2012

= = = = =

For a month morning meant  
looking at the ocean now  
back to staring at the trees.  
Seas of green jagged horizon  
but subtly moving. The first  
car comes by is a fishing  
boat sneaks out of the harbor.  
No birds yet. Seeds  
unmolested on the deck.  
A friend would tell me  
I'm doing nothing wrong.  
But what would I say  
if I dared to ask myself?  
All creatures know  
what manner man I am.

30 June 2012

= = = = =

Things in their own time

a tree of thistles

the recuperation from being

from being elsewhere and overwhelmed

from coming home in a dream

no effort just endurance

like travelers whose flight is delayed

indefinitely cancelled annulled

just stand around

thinking about things

sit sleep restless sleep waiting

is a strange word being but not quite

here half somewhere else a waiting

person has no now

and why am I waiting

now I think I'm home?

30 June 2012

= = = = =

A bird begins  
the mind  
does not relent

the beautiful pens  
she gave me use  
one after another

each has its own  
scripture to inscribe  
each one tells

a different part of  
the one single  
not-a-story at all

the way music breaks off  
so you can hear better  
what you have just heard

they run sometimes  
out of ink no problem  
children want to be fed



so they can outside  
and play more more  
till the last

word has been said.

30 June 2012

= = = = =

Then let the other come and speak  
or speak without moving from that place  
where knowing is, and sometimes says

something even I can hear, among  
the almost mute interpreters  
I am. “Speak for yourself”

the Indian princess said  
so famously, but what of me  
who have no self but listening?

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Note: I console myself with this, that listening includes listing—which is both the making of lists and also giving way to inclination, velleity, appetency: desire. “Whoso list to hunt” said Wyatt. A self defines itself by desire?

30 June 2012

## L'OISEAU BLEU

*(Y and M are walking through the woods.)*

Y: Listen to the bluebird!

M: They don't sing.

Y: This one does.

M: Then it's not a bluebird.

Y: Just listen to it!

M: I hear it but it's something else.

Y: You always want it to be something else.

M: It *is* something else.

Y: But it's right now, right there, don't you see it?

M: Where is it?

Y: Over there, on the lowest branch, the apple tree.

M: I don't see any apples.

Y: It's not time for them, but it's an apple tree.

M: I'll take your word for it.

Y: Thank you! Now you can see the bird.

M: I see something but it isn't blue.

Y: It is a bluebird, though. It depends on the light whether you can actually see the blue. You can see the red breast though.

M: Why isn't it a robin?

Y: A robin is a bigger bird.

M: This one looks big to me.

Y: No, it's small. It's a bluebird.

M: So you can see the blue?

Y: I saw it when it was landing.

M: But not now?

Y: No, but if you wait you'll see it fly.

M: I hate waiting.

Y: It's not really waiting, we're just standing here.

M: How long do they sit?

Y: He'll fly any minute now. When it catches the sunlight, you'll see blue.

M: I don't hear it though. It's just sitting there.

Y: You heard it before.

M: I heard something.

Y: That was it.

M: Maybe it was a robin, or some other bird, nearby, but somewhere else. Not here.

Y: You always want it to be somewhere else.

M: So, you always want everything to be here.

Y: And it is, mostly it is, like the bluebird here.

M: Then why are you always wanting to go places, Spain, Scotland, wherever?

Y: When I go there, everywhere is here enough for me.

30 June 2012

= = = = =

Choose a difference.

Empty it. Sparrows on the sidewalk

each one such a different pattern

Design. For instance.

Your shoes, your barely comfortable

expensive shoes. We live here

there is nowhere else.

Culture comes on Sunday

on Tuesday we wrap fish in it.

Culture absorbs whatever we give it

and makes us do it.

Linger by the wall.

Try to be a car for a change.

Or just stand there.

Pretend to be a shadow.

30 June 2012

= = = = =

But I could have said something  
but who. And even if they did  
I would not listen to the answer.  
Because I am stupid on principle  
like a man in a bathtub trying  
to see in the soapscum around him  
traces of all the places he'd been  
since the last bath, the smell  
of all the people he had met,  
been with, argued with, bored  
and been bored by, made  
love with, even loved.. Instead  
of standing at the door at dawn  
saying come in to the day.  
No one was yesterday, the water  
is just water, nothing sticks.  
They don't remember you either.  
Let it all go down the drain.  
And then see what remains.

30 June 2012