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177.

Everything over the sheen belongs to me  
*schön* shiny things are fair to be  
privilege of silver your own moon in the sky  
a body lingers telling time away from me  
the belt of storms decides the parallax of lust  
is it you or is it me stand witness for the light  
hydrogen and helium burn to make us see  
or is there a light that comes before the sun  
come and come again disorder ferries me to you  
through the window see a warrior dying on the beach  
once we were Vikings now we are stones  
the oldest dream you ever had becomes your life.

(26 June 2013, Cuttyhunk)

(start of NB 359)

178.

Some texts only dare to read by day  
David's harp strings cut for the sake of the song  
how should an old man dance before the Ark  
to what old music Biber Schubert Karamanov  
body's an embarrassment in church  
folly to the Greeks dance with your tongue  
till the song goes to sleep along the spine  
why does sun on the sea smell like toast  
the word remember is like roasted meat  
when there is nothing left but to recall  
call again and hope they hear you but who  
when you meant me what name did you actually say?

179.

Leave the flute lower there is a deeper music  
indefatigably mental a fiddle a golf cart in Judæa  
o I have one of those three Promised Lands nine El Dorados  
spent a month writing down the wind  
spread on the lawn to welcome godly showers  
hear the copter but see only cloud how white clouds roar  
indecisive moment the taste of glass  
the great gate of Kiyiv never opens never closes  
a gate is a man standing in the desert  
Stonehenge is a ring of girls around a message  
they said a storm is coming love lost in theory  
revolutions are almost all revenge.

180.

Swimming in rain the lightning swims with you  
we still don't know what it is this electric thing  
hydrangeas struck by lightning reading Montaigne in the park  
one fugue for a thousand voices  
ghosts at midday the darkest time of soul  
wait for the re-entrance of the theme the bay of Naples  
dark as I am don't confuse me with the dark  
look at the sea through a man with an old straw hat  
the sea you'll see is not the same sea  
or we were tortured by our differences  
I've been seeing ghosts all day  
a ghost is a man without a man.

**181.**

**Penny rolling down an inclined plane  
or planet on its roll around a source of question  
I knew you when you were my mind before  
no one took but everybody takes  
a cleared a forest to liberate the moon  
beautiful astronomy before numbers were invented  
one day there was nothing left to count  
could you catch Lyme from the bite of an idea  
there are no comparisons or only one  
paper doesn't drink up the way it used to  
one mind shadows another  
wake up some morning and think with me.**

182.

Trace the themes that wind the fugue  
deep undergrowth this year in aspen grove  
all lines lead back onto your hand  
line of fate line of wheat  
how many kids all the disasters of love  
scribbled on the palm grey clouds coming  
woodland cabin of the arbiter of dreams  
where the bishop of sudden permissions was born  
it's all a merry-go-round some horses go up and down their poles  
some horses just as beautiful understand to stand  
harnessed in pretty glass rubies of samsara  
all the love you give comes back to you.

183.

**Infant voices shrill to cry for help  
stood by Niagara to understand Canadian  
the doctor complained I failed to signal pain  
fall in love deepest with whatever you don't know  
release the sky from labor let the lighthouse do it  
something to steer by only one horse on the island  
this glass of water that I prove to you  
ran through all the rivers of the world to get to you  
every word is an exaggeration  
I saw a trickle of wine on the Savior's chin  
I waited and everything revealed just keep talking  
those who saw her knew enough to look away.**



184.

**There is another story I'm not allowed to know  
I'm reading one book the story's in another all the time  
the *empty story* I need above all deeds  
the normal lights the way to the story of any story  
the skeleton who sings the ribcage knows how to think  
o neurons mother of my little world  
Hölderlin's roses bloomed last month some still linger  
these gulls seem to be asleep as they fly  
like the swallows of Lacoste who sleep all night in midair  
where Mary of Magdala saw them first and cried  
so that her Husband looked up too and spoke  
everyone will rise again and none fall back.**

**(26 June 2013)**

185.

**On the burden of the undecided  
raptors quick in surf to dive a cormorant  
quarrying the sea  
the end of matter is an ardent remember  
words change their clothes for winter  
a fugue is never far  
it is a better man who says such things  
refuted by the first green tide  
merciful fog hiding colors in plain sight  
once a lost battalion stumbled on a black lake  
thousands of cranes in a low mist  
and knew they had come home.**

186.

All the lands of never waiting for me  
wonder why the ink itself won't sing  
some words belong to someone else  
o borrow borrow this gypsy cock  
praise is vital though it turns to ash before the shrine  
spice of incense burning down  
solve all my problems easy as say no  
signpost at the crossroads between Neaux and Hiesse  
strong sun in cucumber slice open midnight  
that's how the stars began mind started counting  
I need a maid to pick up all these stones  
a world swept clean of what I mean.

187.

**All these animals waiting for me  
a tiler waiting for a wall an early Christian floor  
I once knew how to walk that street  
I see a word I never touched before  
raindrops impersonate pale flowers  
all these headlines try to hold your mind  
give a hint of what each sentence meant to reveal  
verbs confuse sentences as sudden movements startle birds  
the nouns you almost trust as if the Middle Ages  
came round to you again and all your shirts  
smelled of lavender and any maiden with a lute  
could drive you crazy with likely continuities.**

188.

Now there was a man the ferly folk took away  
they brought him to a time between times and loved him there  
left a lookalike back home to do his job  
while he did theirs and the work they had to do  
is all praising and delighting in them  
for they were born before the world and wonder still  
what manner people we are who hardly know them  
let alone praise their sacred everlasting beauty  
so he lived with them in some blessed island  
till he understood at last what pleasure is  
and shared it with the little brooks and the trees  
and the ferly folk marveled at his industry.

189.

Lie here because there is nowhere else ever  
the word gave birth to me and I may have failed the word  
a friend in São Paulo among the flowers smiling up  
the image does not please me you never can  
tell what a smile is smiling at  
animal wisdom I need you near  
only a beast knows when to turn away  
a man by the nature of time will walk to the abyss  
Empedocles Master of Consequences to vanish into thin air  
hum hum hymn of the volcano  
a story broken in half we hold the stub  
the other part of it or anything blows away.

**190.**

**The breeze stops when I open my eyes  
someone is watching me powerful and far  
I close my eyes again and doze into blue breeze  
and then I am far with everything else  
we live remote and love alike  
sky white sea green we imagine difference and live with it  
wave travels into mist makes island seem  
name it and storm ashore  
this is my kingdom of a moment  
eternity a puff of breeze  
if I try to walk there I will never come back  
I never come back.**

**(27 June 2013, Cuttyhunk/Buzzard's Bay)**

**191.**

**He will be safer as a ferry-man if men they have or are  
he will be a leper-man in ordinary land  
his voice the bell to warn away the fearful  
because language is a holy terror believe me  
hide yourself in the silence of story  
there's always something left to believe  
dust for sparrows said the old aesthete  
be bathed clean in what defiles us  
*Arbeit, heilende Welle* in what defines us  
how far inland we've been carried by the wave  
left where no other wave can come  
lost among friends in a house of one's own.**



192.

Sneak around saying prayers to trees  
rub against the rugged obvious until you guess  
intimations of amphigory kiss the new kitten  
but here's a word you'll need before  
blue traces at the rim of cloud pursue  
sometimes never wonder wandered back or forth  
a lawn! dense woods all round it who shall I be now?  
can only tell the mind that comes to word  
*poet hears a worke beseeming you*  
not war but warbling kiss the girls and make them cry  
all the holy raptures of the local mind  
when I wanted clarion Gabriel renew the world.

**193.**

**Now blow your horn and if you can  
shock the morbid loves into new play *Lila*  
mother of the mind the play of light all over  
a mistake for persons on their gilded businesses  
the light was like a woman in the trees man on a rock  
and in our little ears the mountain spoke  
a fleet of do's and don't's assail the lucid now  
I am the hole in your pocket  
your hand can't leave me alone  
the peace of grieving things be on the land  
what they lost they never found  
we try to belong to each other but the wind says who?**

**(28 June 2013, Lindenwood)**