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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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Knowing no.

Serious.

A seven-starred horn

of the bull,

the only one,

the one that lives us

in our horoscope.

How did we do the morning in the night?

Such things are on the other side

(islands, operas, angels, shoes)

but this is No.

The special land

where all things sleep.

They sleep

and we know —

so that is No.

30 August 2013

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**Might have died already
and thus be dead.**

**There are things we long for
in the afterlife**

**Lilies of Peru
a letter from Lord Byron
serious for once
discussing the weather on Helicon.**

**We have been coming towards it so long
like a night that cannot reach its morning
— and no one to mouth it for us,
no flag to drag behind us in the mud,
to show the nationality of our disgrace.**

**Because another always knows you
— sight unseen in the land of No.
Where all things go.**

30 August 2013

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**captured in the webbing
folded over, brought home —
a small stone fallen from the sky
giving off a faint reddish light,
a little heat.**

**When morning comes
I see your eyes are blue.**

30 August 2013

HYMN TO ZEUS

**The flirtations of Zeus
have no boundary.**

**Lightning runs down the solitary tree,
fire loves the wood of it
we think, but in truth
fire loves this secret water
deep inside each thing.**

**The water hidden
in the crystals of steel,
water in the wood, sap rising
to meet Jupiter rushing down
to the water in us.**

II.

**That is Zeus.
Makes girls and boys out of everything
*his power makes us who we are***

**as once on Helicon
he seemed to take a fancy**

**to a chubby little shepherd
ripe on the altar of puberty and
rushed down from heaven
to plant one scorching kiss on those rude lips
so ever after that young swain made
song whenever he tried to speak
so his plainest hello could
thrill the hearts of all the shepherdesses,**

Genesis of poetry.

III.

**“the swan was before we were married”
says Jove to Juno in Offenbach’s *Orphée aux Enfers***

**history changes day by day —
no one knows what comes before**

**because feeling is always and only right now
and history has no heart to feel.**

The Swan also is tomorrow.

IV.

Was there even time to answer them
before the air came down
— who made the air? —
to lock our snug atmosphere around us
safe so we could breathe?
But we weren't we yet,
we had to born from crystals of air
— why a man has a chip of ice
deep in his every heart —
and learned to wrap a silk of skin
around an mass of air.
A net of blood to carry it.

It's a guess
to call our father's name.
Zeus gave us the weather,
ta metarsia
so let us praise Zeus.
Dia. Accusative case of God.
It's time for me to start
reading every book again.
For him if not for me.

V.

Me, I look out the window

I see the air.

**What can be wrong with me
that I can see the air?**

The outside calls

to the inside,

air inside me too

solemn as Tennyson

blood-journeying oxygen,

caravaning its way through the frail brain.

My hungry eyes, my hungry eyes.

VI.

Hymn to Zeus.

He sees us when he looks down

when we do something

worth his notice,

some offering or some public iniquity—

the beauty of Zeus is this:

he does not know what we're thinking.

**And all the forms Zeus takes
rejuvenate the human race —**

**the swan of our grace, the gold
in the mercy of our eyes,
our eagle wit — he pours
the beast-god stuff in,
our genome rises to adore.**

31 August 2013

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**Where are the saints really headed
When they all come marching in?
For where is in?
Have we ever found it,
Deep in the cellars of our flesh,
The sly self playing in the trash?**

31 August 2013

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Every woman needs many fathers.

Every man needs many, many mothers.

31 VIII 13

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**The woods are steep today
I looked up into them
from the cage of the summerhouse
safe from those who live up there
as they are safe from me.
And in all that green
just one small patch of sky.**

31 August 2013