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**julA2011**

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Catch a fish in the sky that's all.  
Read my lost books and learn how.  
Meet me midnight at the shuttered bookshop.  
I'll open the warehouse of the uncreated.  
I'll read you for hours from the unwritten book.  
What more do you need but me.

Only your habits indifferent you to what I do.  
O plea of life small bird with so big a shadow.  
I see you as you will be I want you as you are.  
My blessing not so different from my curse.  
This skeptic weather and the door breaks down.  
Newton was jealous of the stars.

Why don't they obey me am I not government.  
When the page moves in the wind the word shifts too.  
When in doubt deliver.  
A wolf howling from a woman's grave.  
Where the god is sunken in the drinker's cup.  
It's the distances between them that define what places are.

1 July 2011

## ASTRONOMY

*It's the distances between them that define what places are.*

My meaning is to be  
this particular distance from you.

Each distance is its own meaning.

About each person orbits everyone he knows  
each at its own proper distance.

We make constant efforts to get closer to people  
or further away but it's futile,

the distance never varies.

Orbits are elliptical so sometimes they seem close  
or they seem far, and all your acquaintances are asteroids.  
This is the real map of your friends. Your enemies.

1 July 2011

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Sun on me this aster known.  
Squirrels scolding in the maple the much-pecked wood.  
Behind my fox the landscape disappears.  
Birdness of forenoon the woods speak deep.  
Drink from the silver cauldron of the dead.  
Stars float in honey sluggish verjuice of mead.

How do I know when the new is or becomes.  
A million years before this hand still holds.  
Not so much as permanent unbeat that poor horse.  
The witch has to be the cutest girl in town.  
I wanted to know who was hanging in the tree.  
I wanted him to speak to me.

In our sad world speak is a copulative verb.  
Merlin remembers for me I breathe mere air for him.  
*But green girl was worth our being here.*  
Every marriage is under the ground.  
Lust for meaning is a most do-full flux.  
Undo the heptad week and count by moon!

Finally be cold enough to be a single blue-heart flame.

You were my candle once all wicks away.

I know the meaning of the silver street.

I know where things go.

I and not I walked the length of time.

Thrice I called before there were roses.

O put your opium away and let me sleep.

Beasts wait the last roundup when we're all gone.

They who loved us once need our absence now.

He told me so looking down the Adriatic coast south away.

Music's sly geometry compels us to pretend.

Slow as architecture we call this dancing.

I give you no context to guess my gist.

So still you understand star sleep.

Lascivious carriage horse in the hand.

The horny angel threads our pipes anew.

Disgruntled palimpsests yield revisionist impostures.

How could I think I meant the things I say.

Questionless desires like two harvest moons.  
They prey on us as we on little fish.  
Angel anglers dangle lines unseen.  
They hook us with ideas and we're lost.  
From such certainties Parmenides was in flight.  
Two horses are one single contradiction.

1 July 2011

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If I say I need you what does that make you.  
How can you be a part of my need.  
These villain parts all interchangeable names wander.  
The prelate's catafalque among dry-eyed mourners.  
Ego death and broth for breakfast new birds sing.  
Among all the others waiting to be you.

Far enough to see the ice still green in Labrador.  
To see over these trees those trees those trees.  
Unbounded molecular theater we are the shadows.  
It's always on its way to end in you.  
*You* is the shallow trajectory of the world's end.  
Farmhouse on the moon weird cattle low.

What to do if it turns is.  
We run away from morning dew soaks our nakedness.  
How dare love before suns rise.  
Fill our budget with the wind smells of sea wrack.  
Hurry back to the tree thou fallen leaf.  
Not even color saves you from yourself.

Colors mean qualia isn't that clear enough.  
Name nothing you can't take home.  
A word too big to fit a human mouth.  
The last name of god is insan—there the message stopped.  
Fruitflies hover ever round this bowl of peaches.  
Long shadows of time changing light is a gong.

Summon them all away from the sound.  
Birds' beaks sawing on the house wood.  
The sun will fall.  
And if light still travelled but never came.  
See far into woods along the sun path who moves there.  
There runs a tunnel under everything.

A spell of grace to fall me in your arms.  
The fugue runs on hungry daylight round.  
When we're all gone the road runs true.  
Translate my word into tomorrow for me.  
In nature's Nazareth where I was born.  
They brought me past the shul to autumn.

2 July 2011



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Ever up and even in.

Patroclus slain.

What can a man do

when the love in him is killed.

I never cared for him myself—

loyalty is overrated, leads

to softies. Trust

nobody, expect nothing but betrayal

and love them all anyhow.

That is the way

I mourn for all my Patrocluses.

My Hectors. My Helenas.

2 July 2011

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Heavy traffic of crows I'm telling  
What my morning is aren't you glad to know  
This much at least of how it was  
To be me. The syncope  
Of ordinary life The error  
In the weaving is the part of god.

Shifting meters of the measureless.  
Bewilder the mind and build the heart.  
I just want to watch it rain.  
Fire siren not far away who is she now.  
Belated owl on the way to some dark perch.  
Or is she standing at my very door.

3 July 2011

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After the rain  
the smell of linden flowers  
blossoming over the lawn—

these are the coordinates  
of an inexpressible joy.  
Thunder. Punor.  
But the birds ignore it.  
They're too busy  
to bother with weather.

3 July 2011

## **EXPERIENCE**

We have different senses  
of what size a thing is  
or has to be  
or just was before it went away.

3 July 2011

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Let the air move out and in.  
Translate this rainwet wooden chair into early Irish poetry.  
Before rhyme became professional.  
Until all humans are poets the truth will never speak.  
That's what the Bible meant when it still was meaning.  
You fly into the sun every night and rise with her a-morrow.

To recognize what pen the poem's written from.  
Know which goose in those high autumn vees honks what startles you.  
So many trying to be me all right I'll let them do it.  
Once in a while win the battle on the hollow moon.  
It is like living inside amber.  
All these trees and nothing to forget.

Amiable blur of the pyracanthus.  
I would have yew all around my house God's acre.  
Halfway home is almost gone again.  
Half the hurt of sick is hearing the dead call from over the wall.  
Put a blue stone on every square and see.  
Skymaker she does so quietly amend.

One wonders when the other comes to be the one.

I know the names of all those trees they are tree.

Enjoy plays where people talk things out.

I will stand for instance here until the tells the truth.

Cars spill music as they pass by pollute the rain.

Now you know at last how far away you are.

3 July 2011

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*for Emily, as epitaph for Devin Bolcom*

The water took him, the land  
gave him away. Read Milton's  
*Lycidas* where the drowning  
of one young man (he didn't  
know him, I didn't know Devin  
dead in the land of ten thousand  
lakes) but somehow this death  
impeaches everything ashore.  
The church, mainly, that gives  
no consolation but some words.  
We don't even have the words.

But what we do have is the *Mask*  
a man leaves behind him when he goes.  
You knew him and you loved him  
or liked him or something you didn't  
bother to define. Don't bother now.  
Instead pick up the mask a man's life  
leaves behind him—all the memories  
you have of him, sound of his voice,  
what his eyes looked like when he laughed  
or didn't when you did, or how he sounded  
when he said hello—put on that mask

and look at the world through his gone eyes—  
the eyeholes left in any mask—  
and see the world as he saw it.  
As he gives it now to you,  
all of it, and to all his friends.  
Anyone you knew and cared for  
is still a conscious presence  
in your mind, some of his eyes  
are in your eyes as you look out  
through what he knew and felt  
at a world he'll never know.  
Unless you tell him by knowing  
it now and ever after, knowing  
by knowing, writing it down.

3 July 2011

*in memory of Devin Bolkom*



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Every few years the linden blossoms scent the air.  
Why not every but morning knows and who am I to reckon.  
His *blood streams in the firmament* the stars his sweat.  
Green everywhere glimpse of stop sign cardinal glimpsed in leaves.  
Nature unmans us firmly.  
It is big and I am listening.

Home a week and happy home is pure portal.  
Coming through the door of your house arrives everywhere at once.  
In shade behind the yew trees all journeys end.  
Nowhere you can't get to sitting still.  
You own this world already stop trying to buy it.  
Nothing to prove no one to prove it to.

The coffee mill is jammed Duchamp is dead.  
We have to do it all again no more irony.  
Laughter is the flier of ruling classes at us.  
Irony is society passion is vision choose.  
Time-soaked beauty that alarms the heart.  
Casper Friedrich praying through his windowpane.

Whizz of high-gear cycle stripping past.  
I have thought nothing for weeks I have only spoken.  
To speak without thinking gives the words a chance.  
Pretend this is flarf then you'll love me.  
Packaging rules in this triste colony.  
But those are human women on the bikes.

The dead have their own business.  
The game is over I am left with full hands.  
All my shiksha Jewesses lost in MoMA's airy chambers.  
To be a spokesman for the monster race.  
The whole world in flux you too with my desire.  
Unlatch the rainbow belt let the sky slip down.

Why build a temple when she stands right there.  
Stars up there in blue we see them not.  
What I see are bees talking in the linden blossoms.  
We know what comes of such conversation.  
Strict uncontrived vertical of tree.  
She stands right there until you look away.

Those other times we thought were sleeping.  
Greenpoint midnight steel mesh of little bridges.  
Hope is the subtle poison among the virtues.  
Insipid taste of my saliva on my lover's skin.  
A shadow moving past the bakery window fearful bread.  
Cherry bombs in garbage cans and mothers fretting.

That was my will the thought of deity willing and directing this.  
This strange play no characters no text.  
I dreamt her nuclear in full color held tight.  
That dream ended my life all this is ghost march after.  
Because we all died then and thought we went on living.  
Her snug green clothing and the sky exploded.

4 July 2011