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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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**Home hat.
No sea.**

**All though
green.**

**Six a.m.
Am.**

**No sound but far
train by river.**

**Nothing to say.
Just now a breeze**

**to say it for me
this nothing**

I so dearly mean.

1 July 2014, Lindenwood

=====

**Being quiet
to let it**

**sneak up on me
to be spoken**

**pebble in shoe
shell under thigh**

**slim moon in sky
the improbables**

all align.

1 July2014

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**Rubbing two words together
who what
will be waiting for you in the museum
in the corner where the blond woman
angrily inspects cuneiform.**

1 July 2014 G+

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Getting the feel of the place
being home,

 examining
anything else,
veins on the back of my hand
holding paper down
so this hand can write,
o beautiful curse of gravity

that we are held

and through the air the sounds
of words

 restore us to a world
before meaning,

 pure willing
shaping the summer wind

into something we can actually breathe.

1 July 2014

EXSULTATE

**Not let the natural
undo me.**

**I lift
my book against the stars,
all the tiger-lilies are on my side.**

2 July 2014

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**The lighthouse in the trees I mean
a breath that matches summer
all the churches come to their senses
but it rains on Rainday so the world
grooves on. You always knew it would.
Fear is not an option. Neither is hope.
In between is the sweetest place—
any woman will tell you that. Crows
demur outside, well aware it's not
pleasure and not pain. It is the way.**

3 July 2014

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**How close a thing,
the sheets you rescued
from the rain
but aren't there even so
a few wet spots on them?
Laundress, your name
means lavender,
I've seen it growing
under Sade's castle,
healing the burn of love.**

3 July 2014

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**And then the bird spoke
soft as smoke
drifts on the air
when the candle's blown out
but you are there
ready to tell me
what bird this is.
Further away now
in so many trees.**

3 July 2014

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Apologia

**If he writes everything
some of it's bound
to be just something
but some of it something else.**

3.VII.14

TIMELINE

**I was born one hundred
years after the death of Bellini
and still mourn**

**hundred years after the first
performance of *The Jewess*
and love her still.**

3.VII.14

THE BOOK

**The book is always waiting.
A lover you left unanswered
 unsatisfied but still might love you.
The book may still cry out to you.
Listen. Listen.
A book is speaking.**

**The book remembers better than you do.
It's hard to forgive it for doing so.
The book sleeps beside you always ready to rouse.
They topple sometimes in the night,
the stack falls over, revolt in the harem.**

**These are things I remember about books.
The book though resists sexual implication.
The book is divisible, always in parts, always whole.
You can figuratively —or if you're dexterous, actually—
tear the book into paragraphs, sentences, words
—mix and match?— letters, signs, like the old
American writer who put all the punctuation
on pages all by themselves at the end of the book.**

**You can do this too.
The book lets you.
A book lets you.
A book is a permission
always.
Even those sad books made
out of numbers and symbols and graphs—
even they will let you,
let you *read them wrong*.
Equations are rubbery things,
snaky thoughts that bite their tails,
you can bring nonsense back
the thing you need every afternoon,
build gypsy abscissas, matrices of emptiness,
things go nowhere, bring chaos home.**

**A book will hold your hot coffee cup
keep it from leaving those pale
leprous rings on walnut tables.
The book is proud to bear the stains,
your sticky honey fingertips
your wine-stains between the stanzas
or even on the sly lines of Rochester—
the book bears all for you,**

**the book is your suffering servant (cf. Isaiah)
keeps your loose sheets from flying away**

(because every piece of paper ever
wants to fly, fly away, *fuir!*)—
a book is the enemy of paper,
holds the subject population in check,
otherwise the words would be everywhere,
o god let the words be everywhere.

And a book will gladly hold down
that check from your publisher
for a derisory sum
until it's worth presenting it at the bank
ashamed at the teller's all-too-knowing smile.

A book can be a weapon,
not all your rousing essays just
the heft of it, as once
in high school algebra class
Mr Breen hurled with accuracy
a thick hard red math text
at a dissident student not me.
The boy wept with pain,
no consequence but feeling.
I was very good at algebra
since it dealt exclusively with
imaginary or impalpable operators,
entities empty as a happy heart,
letters, letters, x's and y's,
letters in love!

**My own third book
came out in Spanish, bound
in a shiny intense cobalt blue,
I gave it to a poet with long red hair,
laid the book in her lap. This
passed for sex in those days.**

(4 July 2014)

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**There are opinions
braver than air
a streetcar from the old days
on steel tracks
gleaming in asphalt over cobblestones,
gleaming from friction.
We shine from being used.**

4 July 2014

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**Honor thy father and thy mother
and you have many of each—
honor the livelong day
the shadow on the roof
the voices of people passing outside.**

4 July 2014

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**A woman came by today
and knew my eyes.
Knew they had seen water
earth and even a little fire
air needs to breathe.
Breed. She examined my palm
and found no lines at all
argued with me for a while
that it meant that I am free.
Free as an owl to hoot like an owl,
free as air to be atmosphere.**

4 July 2014

ALLERGY

**In Herodotus
we read of a king
who inured his body
to poisons by starting
small, little doses
till the company of flesh
knew what we coming
and could deal with it.
I explained that's why
I don't like house guests
who stay overnight—
before you know it
they're here all the time
and you need them, you
really need them just
to be able to breathe.
One touch is all it takes.
Or was it Thucydides?**

4 July 2014