

7-2014

## julA2014

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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**

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**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**