

7-2013

## JulC2013

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238.

**Measure not pleasure  
the ripest ambiguity high priestess  
golden color on the quiet lioness  
heel heel great varmint of the sky  
soon it will be your turn, wheel  
can I ever other? Bruno argued yes  
I rage at how they fired him  
restoring him to his elements  
yes change your horoscope revise the sky  
the people waiting for you hidden in your sleep  
or choose the iron avenue that ran right in  
crying his name she came to herself alone.**

**239.**

**And that was how she was a Tarot card  
naked visible through a brick wall  
a window where none was needed  
she made the light and he brought the air  
the wind was seeing her with his eyes  
she breathed in being seen and so we move  
to the next gallery every image is a room of its own  
come live me inside the image  
the deeper in you go the more space there is  
as it is said we come through a small door into a big world  
and so it is with every image  
hold the image in your mouth and taste the remember.**

**(4 July 2013)**

240.

**Of engine what to speak how things are made to happen  
Persephone herself bent to retrieve  
sky color from earth color  
our first ethnographer she is taken  
taken in by what she investigates  
and lords it later over the dead and not yet born  
because Hades is not just for the dead  
it is the queendom of everything unseen  
she ladies it in hell where we all are fat  
swollen with pasts and lives to come  
all for the sake of one blue flower and no mother  
she is her own mother now.**

241.

Now light your heart and be another  
time is weary of this mask of yours  
melt the wax of it away in the seventh month heat  
be free of this prison thee  
squeal of airbrakes and the day begins  
change it break the light a little and come home  
or nothing happens on the other side  
till we wake again with human faces  
I look more like you than you believe  
finally divided sunlight in heat like a message  
someone sends you find some shade and stand there  
there is a gollum in all of us a heavy slumbering servant.

242.

**But I can only be the same as me a little while  
Gettysburg grandfathers and battle scars  
isn't it enough that we still are  
of course blame money  
but blame mathematics first and greed and sense of more  
then blame the summer stars for being many  
so many those anxious sperms that quest the eggs of mind  
always trying to mean something in me  
blame mastery and alpha and volcano  
the love that hurtles through the woods of Ireland  
the ones that we cut down to reach the sea  
but never blame the sea.**

243.

**Revise my chapel**

**build the sky into the window**

**let it have *sides* but no walls**

**change the images of the gods**

**change the gods**

**fill the pews with water**

**no prayer on dry land makes sense**

**stand up to your waist in cool water recite the alphabet**

**alphabet with variations**

**this is your liturgy your people you**

**I am the altar but don't look at me**

**taste the water now and then listen to what you speak.**

244.

**You knew theology had to come of this  
what else is interesting but to speak of gods  
translate sex into language yields theology  
the discourse on the knowable written by people with their minds on  
something else  
poetry at least is always about itself  
but the poem has no self it is pure act  
hence more or less useful to everybody like light  
even in the dark you think about the other times  
and if I die before I wake  
bring a red car to my funeral  
do Beethoven and blue flowers  
call me by your own names as you mourn.**

**(5 July 2013)**

245.

But each of these is many more  
time to talk big so I seem small  
radishes from a lover's garden  
dense symbolism of the subway  
Muskovite manners how soon they forget  
I'm not complaining I'm admiring  
a Renoir walking out of the loo  
a cynical note a poke at Uncle Toby  
I had no war of my own  
my mental strife was all with me  
I despair of the city he said  
the city did this to me.

246.

**And so gave up Jerusalem  
want the trees before the clearing  
no temple is worth a living tree  
let alone she tells me the fifty acres of English oak  
culled to craft one warship then  
when you could still see the goddess in the trees  
before the parsons bored all life away  
in windowless senacles clustered round guilt  
grrr I will wolf this land anew and lie on it  
I thought you said you had no enemies  
no I have no war my enemies are friends  
I do what I can and drive a shiny car.**

247.

**A lyric absence though birds mute trees  
lyric means doing something to the air  
lyric means the right to be wrong  
keeps company with dumb ideas  
sailing paper metaphors around the room  
lyric means knocking on a wall and crying Open  
lyric means knocking on an open door  
lyric love is not like other kinds  
flowers bought in the supermarket  
the old mast of the Ernestina lying on the dock  
heartwood still fresh after 100 years  
lyric means the heartwood of a living tree.**

**(6 July 2013)**

248.

All the definitions are now in place  
revise the animal feed it from your lap  
a bee knows by  
the is the center of the maze  
woodpecker gospelling a dead tree  
bird bath tepid on the lawn  
be quiet we are here now  
try to be as quiet as it is  
we are not meant to live together  
each human is alone with the earth  
the earth my only wife  
touch me if you can.

249.

**Don't worry about the numbers**

**John Muir told Emerson they keep house by themselves**

**I teach the interpretation of mirrors**

**the calculus of skin**

**how many contacts in a sleeping life**

**don't wake up for me**

**for I am sleeping too my music snores**

**gnats bother the porches of mine ears**

**how dreadful is the natural**

**give me the word that flees its thing**

**let me go to the country where music goes when it fades away**

**let me live on the ashes of what someone sang.**

250.

Where is this *up* I asked you to use me to  
a seashell in the sky a grammatical awkwardness  
Bruno's cavatina in music someone's bound to die  
we all are victims of perceiving  
but what image is it that lingers in the dying mind  
that is the real question about death  
what do we go out with  
wearing our curious inherited garments  
what symbol nestled in the socket of the throat  
so many things to remember only one to carry with me  
what is the mind before perceiving  
the deep and simple well in which no star shines.

(6 July 2013)

251.

**Day of knife angry dreams the crowded train  
never any clear way to get home  
leaning on the woman till he fell a statue  
live in slo-mo with your eyes on fire  
Schlomo, the king with a wife for every night  
but only one wife for all his days  
married to wisdom with a golden lariat  
fine-tailed doves fly up into green fronds  
all this happens only because you're watching  
if we didn't see it wouldn't be  
"by a timely compliance" enjoy what could not be avoided  
lets you speak without opening your mouth.**

**(7 July 2013)**

252.

Walk in the shade disprove the sun  
everything has been said before so now we're free  
the blue flower is an unspoken word  
the color she bent down to touch became her sky  
culture is a long contagion  
anxious discernments born with no hooks  
the empty parable Satan's answer  
if I give you the desert will you give me emptiness again  
all the jewels of the mountain red gravel of the Irrawaddy  
I had three homes none of them mine  
my wife was mad at me and turned away  
for me there was no deeper pit than this.

253.

As if our business is to make our way to hell  
only that way is the road to paradise again  
who made up all these stories even if they're true  
everything that's told is true is true enough  
how much is there to know about you  
look into my life to find you  
a crack in the windshield makes the sky belong to someone else  
you found your way into my arteries and I breathe you in  
cleansing of the blood miracle of simple prose  
grammar of the heart nakedness of any window  
we forget the important things so they can happen  
an image worn smooth by too much looking.

254.

Where there should be a rose  
I write with what I gave you gave me back  
all the exchanges spiral into one  
this is the point the starting the target the soul  
will you get to the point, I am the point  
there is no other a minute is my mother  
the trees look away today don't dry on me  
I need your perfect beauty in every line  
some people get no older it is a play  
retrieve the rain that washes the rose  
cistus or labdanum brings back to life  
offer this resin in the temple and see what god appears.

255.

To Venus Virgin Mother of the world he wrote  
shaky Latin his mind on something else  
because nothing is born it all is here forever  
love makes us turn our notice to each thing  
though things appear to enter the world they were here all along  
I like you will you like me back the only song a child knows  
I will lick your back of course of course  
each of us is apt for every need just find the way  
if you believe that you'll believe anything  
I believe everything because I know  
but what he knows he wouldn't say  
left it to you to find the right word.

**256.**

**Let's do it yesterday  
for music's sake the angel facing backwards  
there is something of sulfur in the rose  
a petal laid along the skin  
no other fact can slip past it  
natural affinity of rose with flesh  
and thorn with mind  
the prick of thinking  
the little trickle of blood along the flesh  
break the sentence open and it will bleed  
Scriabin saw his word in color in the sky  
a fatal rose that knows so many.**

**(7 July 2013)**

257.

**Something about defilement  
wrong tool for the right job  
or dawn full of feathers fallen  
from some imagined bird you never saw  
but these things fly their kind has to come  
close and touch you while you sleep  
you say O my dream but it eats you  
disdains your sorry meat  
touch defiles  
that's why we need it  
we come into this dance so pure  
no one can remember his father.**

**(8 July 2013)**

258.

No one can read it all the way through  
even a single sentence is infinite  
a verb is an abyss  
he talked about language till it silenced him  
humidity abolishes conversation  
it is the sea come back to claim us escapees  
our local habitation golden trowel round the town  
hedges of Donegal all gorse and fuchsia  
map the country where my body lives  
wherever cold is comfort  
half the folk you meet aren't really there  
vanish into that lush green hill.

259.

The home I never had is you  
the god of communication is the god of keeping secrets  
power of the hermetic axe with two blades  
wings on his heels he shows and hides  
wherefore set we down words on paper  
hoping the substance hides what the meaning says  
every language foreign to a thing  
we live in darkness with skins of light  
where Hermes is heaven is a letter you can't yet read  
spend all your nights deciphering this touch  
brutal answer of a cloudless day  
it must mean something if it's anything.

260.

**Protect this fading image from the angry images  
this image I made as me  
I am the one who thinks myself to be  
bad think bad god  
to make this double little world of me and it  
make the other be one with me  
or one of me or I am none  
and where are you in these trees  
leafier this year than ever I've known  
and after the locust trees blossomed all spring  
the basswoods are lindens blossomed in high summer  
their fragrance fills the house all night when the wind moves.**

261.

Once I wanted what would walk through the door  
urgent each and poignant every  
because the guest is god I am an atheist  
[x / x] me of politesse  
I am engine enough and need your chassis  
use your wheels to seek out your consequences  
know your will and act it  
at me if not another  
some pollen fallen from another's tree  
a dry rain the man you love  
signaling certainty from the wheat field  
grows an absolutely different kind of grain.

(8 July 2013)

262.

**Go inside time to its relenting  
suppose I were rain along your spine  
would it be me by then  
or would your mind turn rain into someone else  
the way not even the weather is personal  
in the cleft between sun and rain someone else comes calling  
breath of an old friend  
the taste in someone else's mouth a word is  
brittle windows keep the image out  
once you have seen the picture you'll never stop  
now I feel rain on my back is that what you mean  
we have to keep talking to the world to make it go?**

**(9 July 2013)**

263.

Lost three in a row the snail shells move in the night  
who knows where the copper is  
scratch of a pen on an ancient map  
here are the islands of the ancestors  
listen and you'll hear your fathers calling  
they are praying for the clouds to let them through  
they have a name for you a permission  
after all the mothers only fair for the father to speak  
dark dark the word gouged in wet sand  
they were here before you they're shouting now  
you think at first it is the traffic or the birds  
but deep in your belly you know better.

264.

**The other place than where it is  
a gleeful mistake like a dog running away  
penny in a pocket sun behind cloud  
everything is allowed  
when you were a tree I held your leaves for you  
when you were ocean I was your waves  
the flight attendant listens to the sky  
the word is out there just below the plane  
when you were a city I did not know what to do  
glamorous ignorance of alpine tourists  
animals are different inside rocks are the same  
their blue eyes open in amazement at the snow.**

265.

So much to remember and no need to  
the quiet wise men correct the weather  
witchcraft is too natural she said too much about fertility  
being fertile is not the point being now is  
no one ever did that in my dream before  
cloud lift sun back mad at me up there  
for I have sought the gods beneath the hill  
the little gods who promised nothing but to be  
but nature is the part of me that's somewhere else  
birdsongs inking lines through the trees  
always coming back as usual to some flower  
I climbed the stairs to where you almost were.

(9 July 2013)