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juID2012

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There are schools that do this better
ladlasses under silver walnut trees
congress of dialects our love bespoke
yet fits all sizes an eyrie for earth eagles
and a man maybe woman to indict
the crimes of lassitude and whatever.

This was ago. Same sun slightly
different moon—I've watched
the splash and blushes in her pale face
change through my lifetime haven't you?
I swear that water is wetter now
as if we're really getting there. *Zukunft*
to come towards what comes towards us.
Future is assignation, future is a sleek hotel.
When you look at someone across the room that way
you're promising each other a weekend there.
But in the schools I prophesy, their skins
grass-stained or limpid the last lads keep
their eyes firmly on the book all round them
whispering the sequence of tenses and the modes of verbs
and sometimes lick the lips of the one beside them
"I analyze your perfect taste now parse my kiss."

2.

No Athens could more this. They fetch old words
to their service

 they oil their skins
and what they hear they drink.
When they meet they kiss each other's napes
and stand back to back a moment
before they speak

 because books are written backwards
as we must learn to read.

3.

Sumptuous semester of blue-eyed greed
and chestnut scientists
lab of every thorn

and even-numbered petals walk this way
and those who understand the speech of crows already
can go into town for breakfast.

Oh please be simple with me citizen—
I don't want much and you have all of it.

7 July 2012

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I don't know where anything ends
don't even know if it's begun
could I just be sitting still
busy with skies in my eye?

7 July 2012

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I will speak in blocks of wood
until you hear me.
Everything you pick up
will be me
or a message from me
depending,
 and once
you pick me up you can never put me down.

Blessing and cursing mean the same.

7 July 2012

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Skip a wedding lose a friend
I hate it like this
I kiss the bride from here
I speak her name quietly
at the edge of the woods
and various animals come nearby
assure me they have heard and understood.
So if foxes and possums can hear me
why can't she? An afternoon away
she should feel my comradely hug
and the sea will be looking at her too.

7 July 2012

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Or be dependent on the song itself
to catch her on the wing
say what brings you down
the quality of seed sir
the Darwin trick?

O who caught angels
out of season?

Who raped chandeliers with shadow?

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All over Anatolia Celts were beginning,
the gall the gael of them, the *geiler Saft* that
rose in them, pinkish bodies

half-pig half-archangel

nos ancêtres les

built the standing stones

to be men, and knew the spell

to make them come alive

and another just as good

to make them sleep nine thousand years

until one of us afterlings

grew to the age of wonder

and wondered what was in that fat-bellied hill

unlike environment.

That should be our clue

when it stands out

from local practice

seize it and dig.

Where Ulster County turns to Delaware

the hills up there

were made by someone else—

Andes Bovina steppes before Delhi—

come with me with your teeth and knees and hands

tell us who built what we stand on.

8 July 2012

GRAPPLE

As invade the ship
hooks cast
on the far stern
draw close
and bored—
by this the isolate vessel
is violated
or claimed from the independent sea
that public thing
so choosy of her citizens.

2.

Sometimes the whole sea
sounds like tinkling glass
a clean barroom after hours
when the barmaid and the waiter
dance their sober tango
and make the cocktail glasses rattle.

3.

Manned by women
the pirate ship
of a boy's dream
runs the whole sea

and raids the shore

someday he'll be lucky
and be in some seaside town
when they come raving in
naked lasses naked cutlasses
he swoons with samenesses.

4.

Sits by the shore, thinks:
this is here for me.

The dragons and the maidens gone
but these waves still

hungry lick the shore.
And I'm a monster like them too.

I come here to watch myself
relentlessly address
caress my everlasting opposite.

8 July 2012

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Could the roses be coming out already
on the hibiscus by the road?
The names stagger through the mind
we call out to things,
we call them by the words they call from us,
a cold fiery plasma of naming
like Eve alert by drunken Adam's sleep
doing his job for him and doing it right—
a thing is what it makes us think
and no rose is readier than
her mouth softly announcing its name.

8 July 2012

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Sky hook
I know it well
I still from time to time
hurl it up
until it catches
then I too clamber
less limber
than I used to climb,
the deer that pasture
in the sky start
laughing when I crawl
up huffing and puffing
to rest a while
and watch them play.
Someday I'll stay.

8 July 2012

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What color is her hair?

My eyes.

What is that fragrance on her wrist?

The cool of her identity.

Who is she then?

The mermaid who needs no sea.

What did she say when you spoke?

Rustle of leaves with no wind.

Wood creaking in an old chair no one sat on.

8 July 2012

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Magic has to be everywhere
or nowhere at all.
It exploits the imperfections in the system
and perfects them
in such a way we can be included.
Me and my children, even, me and my cow.
Magic is the last trace of the alien
understandings that brought us here.
Their minds meant something else—
and that early meaning is what magic
tries to reclaim.

Listen carefully
and I will tell you nothing.
Look the other way
I'll whisper in your ear
something neither of us
exactly understands.

8 July 2012

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Hair dye.

Crippled roots.

How can a mother

endure a daughter?

It's hard for men too—

I for instance am my own son.

8 July 2012

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Now it's time to come to bed
in the sun so all your dark
sleeps away in one instant
and all you are is now.

8 July 2012

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What color was the air
Psyche breathed
before she fell?

Myths tell the truth
as best they can,
the Bible stories are remyths,
the tales turned round,
they walk backwards towards us.

Eve, Adam, Sarah, Rachel
their shapely backs reminding us
turn this information round
and see it elsewhere on.

2.

So I've been saying it for years
this is my backwoods Bible book

and we write our words from right to left
to remind the gentiles how to read.

3.

And the Lord (the Lady)

blessed Cain
 whose name means upright, firm
 for banishing (dissolving)
 blood sacrificing carnivorous Abel
 (Abel means hollow, rain)
 —the carnivore was the killer,
 and Cain sent him to the land of Nod
 to the east of Eden.

Where we are
 warriors, carnivores, sacrificers, martyrs,
bourreaux, children of Abel.

And Cain went forth
 into the holy places in the kill-less apart
 where we seek, some of us seek,
 decency among the vegetable.

4.

Nothing clever here. It *is*
 a holy book, so holy
 it takes a whole life
 to read it right.

Right to left
 uncloak the figures.

And here cometh Eve
 our sister,
 who taught the serpent

to be wise and quiet,
who taught trees
to bear fruit
and men to rise
from their muddy condition
(Adam means clay, blood-red clay,
the kind the potter kneads
before he bakes the mud out)

and took him in her arms
and warmed him
till he was hard and permanent and fine.

In the oven of her womb and mind.

5.

Turn all things round
and be our mother.
Make us permanent, pregnant,
make us put on clothes
and culture us,
walk us safely
across the street,
into the land of symbols
so we rise again
to our starry nature,
sister mother wisdom daughter

and teach the lovers how to love
and in the tower of the body
climb to the land before,
land before Eden.

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The waitress bent
to hear my murmur
the hostess hoisted
the drapes and hooked them
to keep out the sun.
Obliging people.
I meant no harm
sun was in my eyes
my voice is soft.
Nothing but causes
say and hear,
all the understandings
are misunderstandings.
And then the dreams begin.

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We edit every day.

We look away.

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Begin the ascent.

For to every man I give a tower

and to every woman an island of her own

to keep them well apart

but let their shadows mingle

so after twilight even you can read

the lighthouse keeper's daughter.

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