

7-2013

## juID2013

Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk\\_manuscripts](https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts)

---

### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "juID2013" (2013). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 383.  
[https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk\\_manuscripts/383](https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/383)

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@bard.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@bard.edu).

266.

**I can't ask for anything  
the wind is free but rare here  
valley in a valley we live below  
our secret influence streams out around  
that is how it is in our house  
nature was the first mistake: culture the second  
there has to be another way  
mind slice between the seemings  
when I saw the piglets sucking in France I knew it all was wrong  
knew why Ahab turned his body from the sun  
know why perfect love is always going away.**

**(9 July 2013)**

267.

Happy is a hard thing to hold  
colder hotter drier wetter  
we know so little and it means so much  
and always the other way round  
blue-eyed grass in April deer eat the buds in June  
farewell hibiscus maybe they'll remember  
you'll see the pink flower in their dark eyes  
breath finds its way through densest flesh  
whisper of the little stones  
shout of starlight over Oahu  
for you it's all a story for you it has no end  
silence of the sea.

268.

*(comment lire ce livre)*

**Each line wants to go off somewhere far away  
and sit there thinking about itself  
but we all have noisy neighbors  
we lean on one another for the touch  
take strength take weakness from each other  
even feebleness is a reassurance  
touch is contagion  
but we are here together  
tangency is defilement  
one line bleeds onto another  
you belong to the next thing you say  
and to the thing that came before you  
then you'll belong to how they finally hear.**

269.

**Might be enough to wait for the rose to open  
then petal by petal take it in the mouth  
so delicate it is you have to chew a while  
chew to let the taste come in  
for these are dark times in personland  
animals cull the flowers in the night  
animals leave us only the names of things  
or things like color shape texture size  
that are not things at all only you are  
and I am we are the last of the flowers  
we grew up before the end of things  
married the dry foot to the wet surf.**

270.

**Eloquent darkness of what I didn't bother to think  
the things we make up were there already  
stories waiting to be believed  
amber and lightning waiting to be analyzed  
they were all waiting and here we are  
the next thing you think will be the truth  
or the next person you meet will tell it  
how easy things are when you say them  
a woman in a white robe walking on the sea  
believe nothing trust no one revere everyone  
that way you fall in love without the fall  
that way the apple leaps back to the tree.**

271.

**Till we have said everything using the same words  
music won't leave us alone  
children blur the colors in their books  
they know that nothing has a line around it  
careful signals of a girl at peace  
let me read my book to the center of the earth  
plum trees of Afalon truth of the dragon  
a castle in the cool core of the sun  
a place previous to transformation  
before the legal chemistry begins  
a joyous anarch in skimpy clothes  
as if it all could finally begin again.**

**(10 July 2013)**

272.

**At a certain point stop looking  
at the trees start to read them  
the self-planted and the other  
human implants immigrants our fancies  
of exotics in exurban gardens  
three hundred years and still speak foreign  
rose of Sharon smokebush lilac  
self-taught espontaneos who choose to land  
and choose to stay tall and shady and teaching  
hue saturation and chroma in their differences  
distances between nature and the actual  
my father's pine trees on the road to Callicoon.**

**(11 July 2013)**



**273.**

**Where things grow by themselves  
that's the scripture for our pilpul  
con each leaf and comprehend  
this is the Heavenly Academy of what happens  
gardens are colonial agribusiness  
obliterating the mind's first Text  
the uncontrived happenstance of suchness  
big words for the tiny weeds between the tiles  
I too hurry to obliterate  
as if it were a message from the mind before the mind  
leave it till you remember what it's saying  
a language even the rain speaks just be wet.**

274.

**Air slowly finding its way to me  
scenarios change the boat becomes a kayak on a car  
who would want to skim in one of those  
coracle shaped like a knife round mailboats of St. Kilda  
suddenly realized nothing belongs to him  
somebody else conducts the orchestra  
naked boy waving a baton in an empty room  
hurry to the largo where we can calm down  
counted the ships in the harbor who wants to know  
the ocean is rid of these monsters  
bring man-crap from island to island  
where QED all we truly need is breathe.**

275.

Hark to your habit leman  
pain is sham as country is  
when countryside is real  
so many did to you I mean  
as many as sparrows *strouthoi* of her sly chariot  
birds are molecules of something very big  
isn't that what Empedocles did  
or you say all the time Pythagoras Pythagoras  
looking in the mirror is close shave enough  
girls taught men poetry by skipping rope  
giving hope leaving forever with a lingering smile  
naked on tigerback biting the moon.

**276.**

**So much I'd say to you if you were here  
but far away I just keep talking  
who knows how much the wind will carry  
just don't get married the dark words need you for their own  
sweet child of so many mothers  
know me as your elder sister  
sistrums in our hands and coronets above  
we are the only licensed worshippers  
we worship shadows of the gods we are  
size is a true story and pace is beauty  
density of thought a thick saliva sweetish  
wets your lips so you can speak the secret word.**

**(11 July 2013)**

277.

Roads reeds spines the dawn wind lives inside us  
I speak for all of us since I speak alone  
you laughed at me across the laundry room  
then we laughed together isn't there more  
green patterned dresses folded on the floor  
everything we do together is therapy she said  
or I wanted her to say use me she said  
how real does it have to be before it is  
the pattern was small white flowers  
as if spring could take off all its clothes and not be naked  
it was all about sorting the wash by then  
it was all about being clean.

278.

If you carry the dream through the day a donkey will bray  
across the road in the sunken meadow  
les falaises going up to the left we walked it only once  
at every house a peaceful dog  
waiting for Argentina the little car  
signboards modest on every villa  
we lived in Les Mouflons ten years apart  
I didn't understand bird talk in those days  
you hadn't taught me the language of bells  
and all I knew was bread I clutched it tight  
the way a dying man clutches his nurse  
this I know this won't let me go.

279.

If it's France already must be dream  
I never saw you as you are  
you know 'you' means everybody 'I' means nobody  
language has a bigger heart than any man  
no house but now  
a woman at the washing machine secret ruler of the world  
unclad into the changes  
fish too plentiful aquarium  
always another waiting  
the sun was sluggish to this table  
a game out there someone else is playing  
me too though I sit close-eyed inside.

280.

**Anarchic monument**

**use simple words a child can understand**

**the littler the word the bigger the spell**

**say a word to match the skill**

**you and I know the whole business is the people you be with**

**people who make you more than you**

**to be a matchmaker of every moment**

**a Mass-priest of the casual word**

**and all for you he said and all for me**

**watching on the subway learn how people read**

**how they move away from contact**

**into the strange world this is.**

**(13 July 2013)**



281.

I want to tell you all the ones I need doctor  
because in your glass-wall cabinet you display  
one of each essence that pursues my day  
and dreams are worse you know who they are  
give them to me or make them go away  
homeopathic relationships a kiss heals all desire  
this is me flouncing out of your office this is me crying at home  
this is the cabin boy on a steamer that sank  
this is the girl with the paper flower in her hair  
resemblances are terrible isn't it enough to have one of a thing  
must her shadow pass through every door  
can't I make you stop looking at me that way.

282.

**I lost the word at dawn I knew in sleep  
poor me a hundred thousand other words around but that one gone  
agrestic agnostic arthritic aesthetic  
but still the mercy monument went up  
trapezoidal in outline a frustrated pyramid  
built of all the shadows I have ever tried to reify  
a junk heap halfway to the moon yet shapely withal  
the way experiences are when seen from far away  
long after only by its cover can you tell a book  
I will take a net and go down to the little stream  
and let the shadow of its meshwork float on quick water  
and no one will be wounded then by my music.**

283.

**There is a cello at the bottom of the spine  
fact that is how Europe got here  
and why Tiepolo painted the actual sky above me  
we are embedded in what we thought felt thought we knew  
people gabbling language at my feet  
I'm not talking culture I'm talking neurology  
the complex music of our simple meat  
lift up the manhole covers see what we're really up down here  
the cables and the sewers info and overflow  
that's in me too if I may be personal  
I'll never forget Nora splashing in the surf at Rockaway  
so much the worse for me.**

284.

**On the glass face of the device the window birds reflect  
pass over the house so short is music  
music is sound made to be heard  
ergo bird bassoon the bells of Judson Church  
but mostly this little mirror in my hand  
shows the arcane image of each sound  
what we look like when we hear the cardinal chirp  
what the crow means in soaring without a sound  
over my poor house! personal again  
the complicated negotiations in a dream  
a wise old common Jewish man without a word  
pointed to the fried chicken on the counter as if to say take that one.**

285.

**So that everything fits into one thing  
the voice of that one thing is heard  
the greatest grace you could give me would let me tell you everything  
the long road to Toronto curved by the lake boathouse roadhouse  
the crowded bed in Montreal  
the waterfall in Assam  
all of these could be my name  
but comedy is finished the epic begins  
my cousin's will in probate lyric as a lotus  
my grandfather looked like Wallace Stevens but he could smile  
I've followed Dante step by step  
if your ears are clean you will hear my Tuscan.**

286.

**It scares me when I get personal  
like those dreams you're half naked  
we are never fully undone though  
even death is only half the dance  
so I can tell you everything  
till I have nothing left  
and your skin will still be cool on the coverlet  
and sleep will tell me some more lies  
the kind I can live with  
there is no socialist remedy for this situation  
except do everything for the other guy  
if you can ever find anybody really different.**

287.

**How a flute in the nineteenth century can sound like the phone ringing  
yes I am guilty of everything  
and all I did all I do was this  
birds walking on the roof just like the French poem  
but the sea is very far  
one arm of it though strikes through the land  
the River North into a different skin  
as far as a ship can sail against the grain  
for this is a wooden world and I am wooden too  
no one hears the suffering of trees  
so caught up with using them leaf shade and timber  
and these are my leaves mesdames I leave for you.**

288.

**Under the tunic the wound begins to bleed  
losing the city was worth it we had to find it again  
we had to set the image free  
with blood I mark crisscross on this stone  
nearby an altar cut by no iron  
defiled only by a word it speaks  
through my palms the rock talks up my arms  
that was the first stone in the world  
jihad against the unbelieving emptiness  
fight for the vibrant hollow of the spacious mind  
blood was meant to be the secret ink  
writing the sutra of reality deep inside your frame.**

**(13 July 2013)**