

7-2014

juID2014

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "juID2014" (2014). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 382.
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[Q U I N C E S]

2.

Gravity will cure most of your problems
because a sunbeam too has weight
your skin can feel it landing
it's all about skin
speculum animae mirror of the soul

you've made that clear they said
you drone sensation you dree our weird
desist, fallen Christian, mark
your altitude on the doorframe
and let the bloody lintel fly

**in those days doors had wings
soared over the burnt-out lands
seeking houses to cohabit
coming in and going out are hard, so hard
prevalent winds from the planet you call Venus**

**see the past from the corner of the eye
the periphery is the center
that is the secret most books hide
but the nuns knew it in their shabby frocks
His center is everywhere they said**

**likening Love (they called it God) to a circle
a house without doors
a floor afloat in air
we live on oxygen and light
eating anything is the first sin**

**think of a can of tuna fish
and there goes Eden
all the koshering in Canaan won't help you here
only the light and air are pure
and water if you insist on bodies**

**all that skin you rapture on needs wet
so have a glass with me and don't forget
the keen light previous to substance
when the world you made was new
and made you too**

**quinces, the longer you boil them the redder
the sweeter, sweeter,
you have to drive Time deep inside the flesh
Tara is a teenager packed with ten million years
time brings the color out so work time in**

**founded The Free Association
brought unlikely loves together
under every bridge an arch is
in dark to celebrate randomness
there is none, she meant you all the time**

**there are no accidents!
if you know that you'll guess all the rest
feeble witness that I am
a glimpse over the wall
so that is what the garden is**

**long hold the word in your mouth
taste it long time
sometimes a word is too potent to speak
listen to what you taste when you don't say it
there is no other lesson here**

**the world has enough trouble without me
gravity levity and les droits de l'homme
open all the cages at the zoo
let the animals out, shut men in
we are the danger, specimen beasts**

**from an older time before the moon
read the paper there's your bible
listen to the rabbit roaring on the lawn
close your eyes when you talk to God
lest you chance to see her secret places**

**you loved the ordinary now let it take you in
feast on love while crows are laughing
have I spoiled something by being me?
I could have been you or no one
bless me, wind, blow my pages back and forth**

the past is the future, it has to make a difference
the things we do, light through the leaves
not just all of them but through each one
the sky falls silent
the sky lets us speak for a change

let the little love inside you be a tree
he argued, let music listen to itself for once
you need your old wings back
the faculty of creative speech, *vac*,
listen to the ruins, read the sand

let me fill this lamp with language
these lungs with listening
breathe in the meaning,
the black bear by the barn again last night
words I thought I'd never get to say

**arbitrary decisions fill the night
stop after any number
and that's your answer
numbers betoken qualities not quantities
a number's not for counting**

**glib liberty of saying anything
the world is what comes to mind
forgive my lucid pedantry
I drone until she doffs her clothes
lies down and is the case.**

11 July 2014

[Q U I N C E S]

3.

cantilevered over silence

brave muscle of idea

fur glisten sun sea sparkle

the *wave-speak* says everything

you need to know

I mean them in your ear

hush of speaking brush of thinking

at the precise level of the sea

(*sea-face* of the rabbis)

in Charlotte's video wave speaks clear

**you can do it with a microphone
bears all the other frictions though
interloping wind
the rock surf's dutch apart,
only the unimpeded wave is absolute**

**this is science babe
be patient with the real
you can change religions you can't change stone
turn this now-water into ever-wine
a daily mitzvah and no need to drink**

**some towns get rich some towns get poor
it is a mystery since they all have mills
this is turning in your head
you never heard the light
or if you did that too was me**

distinguishing the lawn from the grass you smoke on
there seem to be an augment of squirrels now
other cute insidious imaginaries
it's all about tail
he dreamt her saying so

back when philosophy was king
but there was no queen so thinking died out
trying to remember now old song
even trash is precious since it blows away
the essence of precious is fragility

cat fur and evening star
a bungalow in New Orleans hurricane
the summer when you turn eighteen
whiff of shampoo from a morning girl
the dawn itself that dwindling fresh

**we're being miracle
we're walking dirt down south
karst islands in Chinese lakes
glamorous as a street address
the whole thing's done with colors**

**colors those mirrors of the mind
mind-fluxed stone thy topaz
from an imagined island
real on your dear hand
magic is just meaning**

**all of it, all of it
the moon is full today
humidity persists, sweat of onliness
to be in body is an isolate
same number on the chart but different pain**

something sneers can language too
churchbells in Petersburg oil slick on canal
you stood there once waiting for the worst
and sure enough he came along and not alone—
save girls from men, leave men to their prophecy

read it the way a child does
believing every lovely link
trees do hold up the sun
more ways than one
the language trues

we are diseases too
legitimate to doubt us
but doubt nothing else
rinse mind of persons and the rest is true
true as the mackerel in the sea

**we have no right to touch
all law comes from that
(Moses had too much to say
but that was his Egyptian way)
noli me tangere each thing says**

**for I am risen from your mind and there abide
don't drag me into your leper colony
your market full of tarantulas and fleas
your money house with plumbing gurgling—
let thought die away — that's what language is for.**

12 July 2014

[Q U I N C E S]

4.

**Sometimes I have to forget everything
names of my thousand wives
the prdinary flowers
and what your mockingbird told me
forty arias he knew we counted**

**down by the summer river
to know the song and not know the name
the bird the word
how far he had flown to listen so well
what a kind man most any bird is**

goldfinch apparition

temple priestesses whence your silken ideas

we learn from bodies and lose to bricks

but still the temple stands

disguised here as some birds in a tree

but we know better

by *subinterpretation* we peer beneath

we see the ways of things

rain coming over the soon hill

and you worry about rivers!

they flee from you the way grass grows

***thither* is both up and out**

believe the weather, it changes always

into netherlands with lilies

don't block another's vision, shout your own

**bother the book and begin again
back before quantity before gravity
a flower makes do with levity
I reach across to find you
why am I under everything again**

**a naughty spirit infests old cars
rolling privacies to share with thee
Hindi pop on broken buses chugging
down the smoky hills to the Punjab
listen to the wasp buzz by your wrist**

**alas you have been everywhere again
tiresome techies solving the obvious
o let me be that too
for you, a self-appointed vatican
Upanishad on two flat feet**

**wait for the first raindrop
to spill the word, solve it into something else
you've been waiting for this water all your life
by the red brick wall on Ralph Avenue
broken glass on top to tear the skirts of God**

**young women who abrupt the father law
these are the heralds of reality
the real men drown in every bible
comes through only in the pre-dawn dream
then the wall at last falls down**

**we're free of the garden at last!
springtime all year long
go green with me a violet
all I can ever do is tell you
all you can do is make it true**

deep inside you language crystals
I hear them jiving as you walk
when I see you I know what you mean
isn't that an Araby enchantment
a flux of senses in a whirl of truth?

soft enough to hear the church's bells
a mile down the road in Christendom
this sly morning with rain-light but no rain
deep shade under lindens
where the fern bed masquerades

who are these people after all?
a pileated woodpecker laughs at me
they way all things do at all of us
wait for Newton's gravity to speak
now the first drops come

**I chose this victimhood
freely married the weather and wear now
slip in in your pocket sit on the text
the words need body to make sense
but is there flesh enough in all this world?**

**to understand the simplest word?
a word is always pouring out
pointing far away to this
because inside this every distance is
let down your hair you're home.**

13 July 2014

