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WAVE FORMS

1.

The waves wake us
or in us and before us
there is nothing to be done
and mirrors to be cracked
shattered scattered
till we are many
and then we are like them
everywhere the same
each different
all of them on their
way all of us
waiting arriving.

2.

Doctor I wrote this to share my anxiety
with language, to abate my anxiety.
Is that a transitive verb?
Don't worry about the edges
there has to be something between us—
the spaces between are what counts.
Where the waves are?

Yes and more than movement
something about a wave is always still
it is as if not it but another
is lifting it and letting it fall.
We call that the sea.
But doctor who lifts me
who slaps me down
and sprawls me down
lifeless in a thinkish hour
seething with fears,
all the small machinery
I must amend?
Just say mend—
I notice it's the verbs that give you trouble.
Yes yes if only I just didn't have to do.

3.

He was silent then
the conversation ended
in promises and money.
Outside the window
a single chipmunk ran
this way and that way
only too obviously a sign
of a baffled mind—

he should drop the doctor
and get a different pet.
Then he felt sorry for him
because the doctor likely
knew nothing about the
little animal, a stranger
like everybody else.

17 July 2012

= = = = =

Shadows of leaves
quivering on the wall
heal all.

17.VII.12

=====

Helical arrival
of a leaf
or butterfly's descent
coming down
to earth
respectfully
they ride
the atmosphere
we only consume.

17.VII/12

= = = = =

[Dream:]

Founding a philanthropic project called *Many Mothers*

because

a youth has many mothers.

18.VII.12

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL

The steel counts
the torque matters
the torque is matter

in front of the museum the big screw
the devil drives
by turning self around

the smiling devil licks my hands
the devil unfolds on the lawn
it's up to me to open the devil

it's up to use to drink
or not
or unscrew the lyd

unspell the lust that lives
among the letters
the devil *sprawls*

the devil is not what I want
but what I want
the devil is any kind of weather

in Munich with red hair
mountain rumble
the devil is the best listener

no saint has such keen ears
the devil hears me thinking
huge screw propeller

a house that drives on water is a sin
the devil doesn't believe in sin
the devil is the sun

her name is Grian or Grein in Gaelic
the sun is a sin
because some of us are thinking

weather cures the mind from thinking
see what winter said to Descartes
die, Sir, you cannot ski with Death and live

snow, Sir, the devil you half believe in
believes whole-heartedly in you
the devil is the one

the devil is a second number looking for the first
the devil is a surd a root an unsaid
the devil is a consequence looking for a cause

in that sense the devil is milk
the devil is anything you put into anything else
screwing the water

weather drives through us like a surd in thinking
sometimes thinking is deaf
sometimes only the devil remembers

mute like the sound of an island
an island is all edges and no middle
the devil is a seacoast cold with foam

the devil is a foal that springs ashore
the devil is a pebble beach in the north wind
the devil wants me I can tell

the hand the devil licked helps you come ashore
climb firmly on me for I am never
the devil says it attracts hidden salts

the devil is a failed asymptote
the devil is a screw that does not penetrate
I know little about people and the devil less

the devil listens to everyone and grows confused
the devil collapses on the lawn and smiles
the devil is bewildered so weather happens

weather reminds us we have bodies
the devil reminds me we *are* bodies
I doubt this reminding

I still say I have a body
the way a word has the ink it's written in
the devil says maybe

maybe is the cutest word the devil knows
in the old sense maybe
what do you know about me the devil says

nothing I say and that leaves me free to speak
the devil reminds me When you
were a child you thought a road *leaves* somewhere

my hearing was poor and words are so pretty
they attract me to the wrong meanings
the beautiful sounds all by themselves

the devil's dress billowed in the wind
the devil sprawled across my mind and laughed
I laugh at how nothing you know

but then I laugh at your everything
please turn off the weather
I want to stop thinking

the devil snickered like a car alarm
expostulating with a criminal
the devil asked me if I'd watered my pot of basil

no you do it you do it you do it
the devil stopped talking to me
I watched the devil saunter away

the devil always is a pilgrim
the devil is exiled in us
sad in this deceiving world

once there was a pretty wolf
went walking in the woods
the wolf saw the devil the devil saw the wolf

all in red the devil was
and neither understood the other
since the year they met

all our identities have been confused
maybe someday there will be words enough
the wolf and the devil bit each other

they liked the taste they loved the tasting
asymptote spoiled again! they became!
and they became each other

now I can't tell which one is me
neither of us the devil says
we left you far behind be quiet now

and tell only what you saw
what you thought you saw
what you thought we made you see

be quiet and tell only about me
the devil absorbs people who listen
people who come close

the devil sprawls on the sofa and admires me
the devil never saw anyone like me
but that is true of everyone the devil sees

we all are different in the devil's eye
that's why we need the devil
the devil's eye is what makes us beautiful

you didn't see that the devil says
didn't see just thought
thought doesn't count be silent

silent till you tell only what you see
and in all the world you will
you can you want to see only me

could there be anything to look at and desire
but the devil's thighs straddling
the white horse of the world

the one with the wild blue mane?
animate me! I am a story
with no manga no image of me in all I see

the devil is flattered by my attentions
but refuses to yield says
Speak only when you're spoken in

your desires distract you from the real
and close your eyes against my vision
open your mouth and see

but only when I tell you who
the devil sprawls on my chaise longue
I sat opposite on my stiff chair

is this how it will be forever
the devil plucked idly at the cushion's fringe
the devil made the clock stand still

the devil from across the living room
wiped the sweat off my brow
now it is time to go

vanish into the failed asymptote
to touch and never tell
to tell and never touch

how can anybody so old be so young
we both wanted to know
the devil gets tired of talking about me

climbs up the wall and eats the chandelier
the sun went out
the rain does fall

the devil scrubs every city clean
the devil knows the name of every street
the devil knows the secret name of every child

there are no shadows where the devil rides
a blue-steel gleaming screw
squirming through the middle of the air.

18 July 2012

ROSES OF SHARON

How can I keep talking
about the same old stuff
because I'm the same
old me, the slim
pickings of an average
mind strewn about
in average words
as if you cared.
And you do care.

19 July 2012

= = = = =

But I can see the universe right now
clear as Cameron's Julian's hazelnut
but smaller, waterdrop beaded on eyelash
glistening, but on what eye? The sky
reflected in it. Nothing made,
nothing ever has been made.
It all is this now and unbeyond.

19 July 2012

= = = = =

I am Picasso.

I turn a picture of a bull
into the picture of a bull.

Roar of applause

in which i do not join.

19.VII.12

= = = = =

When her name was Chastity
she could fly
from column to column in public piazzas
and the shadows of her filmy frocks
fluttered pale in parentheses
asphalt paved.

But when her name was Liberty
she started bar fights and torched trashcans
and made everybody mad.

Someday her name will be Forgiveness
and she'll be a river floating an old scow away.

19 July 2012

= = = = =

Hummingbirds all over the hibiscus
one or many too hard to tell
they are everywhere I chance to look
then they are nowhere.

19.VII.12