

7-2012

**julH2012**

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What to listen for  
over the roof tops  
a splay of cumulus  
bluing the blue

was that a song  
I heard you hum  
or just the tune  
a body knows

itself the breath  
the catalogue  
of all the ships  
brought you here

when it comes  
down to it  
you are in fact  
the whole story.

22 July 2012

= = = = =

Things in the day do.  
Alarm or intercourse.  
'running between' whom and whom  
a slender silver river

and then pyxis, the little box  
gold or silver or amber  
and in it the future's stored.

Who will you be when you become?  
The foxes trotting on our lawn  
take a shortcut from woods to woods—  
and that is human love also,  
for we are the ones who know to love,  
no sparrow safe from our tenderness.

22 July 2012

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The bird said  
Don't hurt me—  
that's enough  
philosophy.

22.VII.12

## ADAPTIVE ARTS

a title come in sleep  
fitful as the pther side of dream  
come to caress

who do you think you are  
a quiet question  
to any actor any agent

all the body's energy  
focused on *being known*  
the other side of thinking

the other side of are  
on the blue rectangle  
dry-brushed a white

rectangle almost all of it  
filled in, only  
some of the northeast quadrant

like Rembrandt's etchings  
where the emptiness  
comes from the top

resisting the fog of line  
where we find meaning  
something that looks like us

am I not master of this communicate  
signal corps of the dream  
image-wielder of her sleep?

she rocks on the gilded prow  
even as it nuzzles through the quiet sea  
sucked by prevailing westerlies

whose sleep? or who is sleep?  
who walks so bold  
and calls it waking?

2.

Sea raptors as  
ospreys ernes skua gulls  
go high to find come down to seize

images everywhere  
the sea generates linguistic behavior—  
we were—like Demosthenes—

taught to speak by the sea  
its incessant whispering  
or roar or in between

the businesslike comportment  
of your daily waves  
pish-tushing on the skeptic shore

it was the smaller birds  
that told me this  
razorbills plovers terns

3.

Rhymes with lovers  
and their eggs on the sea-cliff  
stored boys raid

tell me again  
what it's like  
on the other side of the rain

dark day muchacha  
cars in love with trees  
trees begging for sky

envisioning some other side  
hopscotching over this  
we breed by being seen.

23 July 2012



## TRAVELERS

He walked forever  
waiting for some barrier  
to rise and close his road  
to make him live there

always, to live  
in the word  
he had spoken,  
the woods around his mind.

2.

There are no bodyguards  
in that country  
and the mills go silent  
most of our days

beside the quiet streams  
time knows  
how to pass  
and come again

but our traveler  
is not there yet  
the road like thinking  
never stops.

3.

What does it mean to *be* with the design  
or walk the way your feet were made to go  
as many questions as there are footsteps  
and never one answer anywhere to trust

4.

that's when she began listening to stones  
stones at least have hands  
the spotless morality of granite  
is her good church and it sings

the hymns she hears are praising  
and she praises along with them  
the many small gods of this  
natural world

their names

she doesn't know but she feels  
their breath on the back of her neck.

5.

so learn another language and touch  
my skin for a change  
everybody needs to be invaded  
not just you

that is the accursed beauty of grammar  
it works both ways subject and object  
dance in a circle in our new languages  
position in the utterance is what counts

*wo ai ni ni ai wo* and what do we do  
on rainy days when the verbs  
forget to shine? we play with ourselves  
in the terrible patois of pretend

6.

but everything pretends

the words we say  
mean more than we mean

they sink deep  
deeper than the heart

we hear what we want  
to hear

how huge the appetite  
how little we learn to make do with

that's why we listen to stone.

24 July 2012

## **SUPPOSE I WANTED TO TYPE**

something for all the pebbles on the beach  
who loves stones as much as I do  
do I have enough words though  
stone's lemma the mystery of sitting still

would the waves let me? isn't the sea  
what it's all supposed to be about  
and these hundreds of d of  
brown blue grey black wet and dry

pebbles on the beach are just accidents  
in the sea's essentialist theology?  
I am the most credulous unbeliever  
you ever saw, there is no myth you can recite

I don't hold for gospel truth. The gods  
love me but men have their doubts.

24 July 2012

= = = = =

*she lit the roses on fire in the giant*

—E.C.

Because there was nowhere that was not him  
and she needed so much red, needed  
red to be growing out of the dark  
and there's nothing anywhere darker than the giant  
the inside of him and no light comes  
but roses her roses have light of their own  
pulses outward red red until the dark  
throbs with redness and her body's torment  
for once meets its match, two pains wipe each other out.

24 July 2012

= = = = =

Meeting at the gate  
of the wasted kingdom  
I woke. What trash  
got left behind me  
landscape of my fault.  
Maybe junk turns gold  
if I can learn from it.  
Or maybe this moral  
is just more trash.  
What does a man know  
of where he sleeps.  
A dream is just a dream  
and so is this.

25 July 2012

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A kiss is enough  
we breed backwards  
into glory.

Before birds flew,  
we.

25.VII.12

= = = = =

This whole planet could be Oddyana  
if we forgive resentment away—  
our anthem: the other.  
Sing!

25.VII.12



= = = = =

Nervous sleep and foxes in near woods  
the mind is full of underbrush  
rustles in sleep—sunlight  
like a healing scalpel sometimes  
wounding the images of dark.  
In there. In there a single leaf  
with sun on it in all the shade.  
Daytime captures us.  
Is it rescue or abduction  
maybe we'll never know.  
We are so busy going.

25 July 2012

## PREQUEL

Up Route 9  
past Germantown  
becomes Amiens  
without cathedral  
the green fields  
rising east  
bounded for a mile  
or two only by  
sky. And then  
Claverack  
where stood an Indian  
trading post  
when I first knew it.  
What's an Indian  
anyhow, and who was I  
to know one or  
ask it anyhow  
turn east  
to the Taconic  
the classic beauty  
of highway the first  
imagined all green  
signless,  
but itself

a sign  
liberty to move  
anywhere we fancy  
in fast cars  
deer watch out  
and hawks hover  
so switchback  
local roads  
to Massachusetts  
and the Pike  
a workaday road  
all trucks and big Mac  
and so to Boston  
130 miles of  
inland commentary  
Mount Tom and Emily  
the only poet so  
close to us we  
call by her first name  
I summon her  
thou summonest me  
before we get there  
already are.  
The mind such  
a strange car.

25 July 2012

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The surrogate  
of sunshine  
where what we mean  
is what we mean

not what some other  
interloping maybe conscious-  
ness hops in the window  
we sweat to answer.

25 July 2012, Boston

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The wrong things leaping to conclusions  
magic is a mind lying in state  
catafalqued on fears  
and blossomed over with wreaths of hope  
*nec spe nec metu*  
nothing to hope for in the mind  
nothing to fear

magic is the opposite of mind  
moves all mind's passings by  
into permanent obsession,  
besieging emptiness  
with tools of false who's  
magic makes things happen  
and that's the wrong of it  
because nothing happens

it thinks and thinks again—  
fearing demons  
he becomes what he fears.

25 July 2012, Boston