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**jull2012**

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When the Red Sea comes  
back together again  
the dream will change

Prince Moses will come home  
and be king, his house  
will be loud with names

*nomina numina*

and signs will call out to signs  
and sand give way to grass

because all of history  
is a disordered dream  
each people dreams its own

and not a word of it is true  
except for me and you.

26 July 2012, Boston

= = = = =

All at once the waiting  
comes on board

anxiety cargo or vice-versa  
salt wood from a waiting sea—  
always waiting.

The bliss is radical  
when it is at all.  
The call  
comes to the man  
not the way round.

2.

The bay wind  
comes in, white boat  
among the fisherfolk  
and always our Lady of Fatima  
queen of revolution and ultimate peace,  
blue-robed the sea herself  
will rise and quiet us, the snake crushed by her heel.

3.

Anything to begin again—

Ann and yes we always do  
the sea wind prompts the bay  
the sleek delay of young men  
in their muscle shirts  
handling cargo  
minding bells rattles horns  
the fruity  
bird beeps of smartphones.

They do their job.

I have come to doubt the word.

What we say only sleeps beneath the sky.

I have come to doubt the public word  
preachers and politicians and angry poets  
they all spoil language,  
sanctimonious blasphemers.

This is terrible, a morning doubt,  
I understand that all the things we say  
just offload our anxiety insecurity  
onto the listener.

I don't want opinion  
attitude politics of the impotent The Nation  
rootless radicals, Olson Snyder Pollett all the same—

only poiesis might be different  
the making that it can make

that lives below the sky

below the attitude is a heart

below the heart is what we mean.

Clean me of opinions, even these.

The magic happens despite the man,

the trust to let it rise,

Lorca Rilke HD Stein

who know nothing but to speak.

And by speak I mean sing.

And by sing I mean to me.

To you, I mean, opinionless as I,

stripped of fashion's politics.

On the rising of this hill

calm empty mind to wake the word.

26 July 2012, Boston

=====

This paleolithic mind  
stop before thinking

thinking is what culture gave you  
and it plagues the mind

with ceaseless minding. Doing.  
But there is a mind before the mind

all being and no thinking.

26 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Want witch of river crack  
worth steady  
her mind a brick to build  
with. On. Heaven  
is an afterthought, an inference  
from grave's silences  
she makes. She silks.  
She sends. Her fetches  
fumble at my door  
and I give way. I meet her image  
with midnight mine

things change as you look at them  
then go back to their dark selves  
as soon as you look away.

26 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

What will happen now  
to money  
we are ready by evening

the money is hiding in the closet  
flirting with your aunt's fur coat  
the fog rolls in over the headland

each particle of it the breath  
of one drowned sailor  
so long the sea

so long the sea has had us.

26 July 2012, Cuttyhunk



## CASTA DEXTERA NUMINIS

From any deity or power  
any number of personations  
some of which are fondly female  
intensely chaste even when they  
burrow into us, our thoughts  
in flame, our practices  
made madly literal.

For chastity is literal  
and words are the chastest of all selves.

26 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Meant to ask  
but was there to say  
pile up steps  
use bricks of known  
information till  
the higher you go up  
the broader the base must be  
ziggurat of learning or desire

or the shout  
of your work  
out into the kiss  
me on the mouth  
will just pass by.  
For learning is a desirous thing  
stronger than time  
weaker than an old man's memory.

27 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

We need more islands  
*I have been wounded by my own desire*  
and rest apart  
sea on all sides, a yard above it my small land

the boss wakes up before his slaves  
weeps at the fields he has ruined  
ominous feeling in the air  
another star is rising instead of the sun.

2.  
Decided to be green  
and was gone  
decided to belong  
to another system  
and change the taste in his mouth  
and the color of his shadow.

But the breeze comes up  
same time as the sun  
  
does air answer light  
does it all move together

the sea is always working  
to understand.

27 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

By the hook  
off the road  
they believe  
that names of places  
are places

and warrant authenticity  
they believe the name  
of an object is  
somehow objective  
I have no beliefs  
in this matter,  
I'd say syntax  
objectifies  
more than any image  
does but  
what do I know.  
I know the moon  
will last  
as long as we can speak.

27 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

The sound of the wind  
spread over the roof of the mouth  
like a cloud covering the sky  
the whole sky, unbroken wrath of cloud  
wild wave oh escape  
into your desire.

27 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

The noises the ceremonies  
the religion the black tar  
on the road to the north—  
Hibernia, winterland  
the envelope with her name  
her hair dusty with plaster of Paris  
the shadow of light  
too big for such a little window  
inside nothing but an unsigned note  
to or from her, who can tell  
“Art is voiceless barbarism”  
she sits on the stool surrounded  
by her works of mind and hand  
like God in a vineyard  
in the cool of the evening.

27 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Better is worse.

Richer is poorer.

You can't get out of this  
by divorce or death—

both of those words  
leave a shadow  
in a place where the sun  
never comes

though we try for sunshine—  
ever notice people  
get married in the afternoon  
when the light is strongest

and the heat greatest  
as if their two glorious bodies  
(I'm quoting Scripture)  
needed even more oil.

So they call this a wedding—  
a word that means wager,  
making a bet, taking  
(old song) a chance on love.



Love. Are we here for that?

27 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

How close he is to us  
this Proust, unVeniced,  
disAlbertined, in love  
with his grief. The self  
is an argument no one can win

we need the sun. We do not  
like the sun, it burns  
the grass up and our skin  
loses luster. Pale  
grief of unmatched lovers,  
I love her because she is faithless  
hence needs me, love her  
because she is almost free.  
Every night for months  
he dined on her freedom.  
Then she took her trunks  
boxes bails of feeling,  
got into the Panhard and gone.  
Things go. Women and men  
as often as not are gone.  
But most we grieve  
for what we never had.

27 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

## CASIDA OF THE COUPLE

More than a touch of Oberon  
of Titania about these two

beautiful above the rest of us  
and full of gracious pull

so we are the sprites and clowns  
nobles and fairies they have summoned

to this wood (which is water)  
that nobody really knows.

Of course their quarrel ended  
in bed most likely and in talk

the magic kind of talk they own  
that makes us crave to listen

we human mortals who want  
for nothing when they are here.

It seems. King J and Queen C  
full of magical hypotenuses

so all the triangles to come  
will count them in— their world

is our world in 4D—  
unpasteurized, upwelling

original. You wonder  
why they bother with a wedding

when they are so married,  
married in liberty married in mind—

I guess the wedding (which means ‘wager’)  
is just for us, a public exposition

of a private dream, plus cake,  
wine and cheese. And these

Spindrift acquaintances we are  
all lust and fidgeting and fret

it’s for us they stage this show,  
this long examination of a simple fact.

But what fact? Don’t tell me  
you never wondered what’s inside

all that white taffeta so much of it  
and why it's white, and why

the groom behaves with rugged dignity  
in formal clothes, raiment

fit for a masquerade.

Like the little bride and groom on so many wedding cakes

they're just for show,  
nobody inside the formal shapes,

nobody home in the tux—  
the naked king and queen are far away

already safe inside  
the invisible kingdom of matrimony,

the married thing, the sacrament  
girl gives to boy in the dark.

27 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

