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ARC DE TRIOMPHE

over the bridal bed
all the wedding songs
have been sung
and sung again,
the harpers are sleeping
by their empty flagons,
the bride is dreaming
who knows of what,
her body not quite
her own anymore.
The groom, a mere man,
wakes at dawn
stands on the shaky balcony
watching how the world
has changed. He wonders
when he begins to speak
what language will
come out of his mouth.
He isn't worried, something
will come of it,
something always does.

28 July 2013

=====

**Tumult sounds to the young
Brooklyn ear like *fertummelt*,
all mixed up, confused.
And why not? Yiddish
is the source of English,
Abraham spoke Anglo-Saxon,
a term no longer in good use.
And Noah, what did he know,
sailors are drunk all the time
humming in the language of gulls,
gannets' *hleohtr*, if memory serves.
Language spills fresh
out of everything we do.**

29 July 2013

=====

**Give me a chance to answer
before you ask. A hassock
crying for a weary foot. springboks
prancing in a travelogue. Hammer
tapping fine chisel into gold.
Burin. Revisions. Ibion
must wake again on these shores.
He is wherever he is spoken.
Here, this is my question.**

29 July 2013

TRYING

I am meant

to do what I do.

with all my imagination

I cannot imagine

a different life for mee,

a doing something else.

This is hamartia

my fatal flaw, imagination

missing the mark.

And if I can't imagine Other Me

what can I possibly know about you?

29 July 2013

=====

**Once I was in Fort Wayne Indiana
it was late late but I wanted to take a walk
it must have been nine-thirty or ten p.m.
I walked west along a big main street
everything closed, occasional houses
every window dark. Way up the avenue
far-off traffic lights kept changing color
the way they do when no one's watching.
No cars moving, no trucks, no cops even.
Far ahead I saw some lights as if a store
still was open and I walked towards it
purposefully. When I got a block away
I saw it was a Burger King and turned
back the way I'd come. Sometimes
I feel like such a fucking New Yorker.**

29 July 2013

IN THE TERA

**I follow him into the woods
the path is red clay, fine-grained, clear
the woods are evergreen all round**

**to walk into the woods is going
into the self you think you are
the matter world you carry on your bones**

**it's always with you, loves you even,
sticks to you, feeds you, feeds
the brain's need to perceive constantly**

**but he must be someone else
he knows the path, the fine dust
rouses at his heels, he knows**

**but I have no idea what he knows
I follow him alert
ignorant, anxious, trying to keep quiet**

and when he sits down I will sit down too.

30 July 2013

TRA / VIATA

Gone astray
cast a story
a shadow like any other
gone into the story
always people playing there
o to be in it
pretend to be being you to me
shadow of anyone
the broken book
and what falls from it
those shattered words
pattern of beauty

a leopard in a mirror
counting his sores

his roses are blemishes
desire is the darkest sight
sees you with its hands
no one knows better
than to be me
“alone at last along”
whatever the length of you you are
you think you are

**old cars have the loudest radios
black roses on a black ground
trellis written only by the skin
All Form Recapitulates Human Structure**

Blue jay screams four times

the light reads like fur

**but I slipped in through a rip in your clothes
you never knew I was there till I was you
we were both there two balls in a bag
two eyes in a tree**

**coming for me
the poor animal trapped in his desires
teachers yearn for their students
hummingbirds haunt hibiscus
teaching is an art of self-repression as expression**

**the leopard in the mirror
leaps out and bites
wipes the silly smile off my face
his hot breath in my mouth**

glass tells me who I am
break the glass

I'm trying to gasp your name
as if I could breathe or suck you in
I am the ocean that wants you

to take you in by name alone
molten meanings forget their words
words that meant them once went far away

do you live in the hills or the hurry
with all the ripe plums green and purple

the cyclonic aggression they call Spirit
but I *you* here
a misspelled oak tree fall'n
leaning on an older and larger

we are longer in the world than we knew
the Sphinx was built before the rains
a man from Saugerties explained me that

säugetier in German means mammal
what can we do
we are born to suck on things
on names

we're just some names in the rain

I need to psychoanalyze your clothes

thread by thread

since dreams too have DNA

now we can trace who's been dreaming of you

dream forensic science

be careful who you dream of

who you touch in a dream

there was a young woman made of tin

another went sailing on a bottle

what can we do we are born to dream

maybe that is our real business

all through the galaxy angel-scribes are waiting

anxious bent in the direction of us when we sleep

eager to collect that fodder of the night

and all our daytime stuff just gives us

stray images to put into our dreams at night

the cosmos sucks on us it all is mammal after all

what do you do when you've gone astray

but keep going?

keep good companions:

we are mere signs of one another

can you unleash the words once woven together
everyone I mention turns out to be me
did you imagine that was just a tree
a condensation of the humid air
protoplasm waiting for its skeleton

leaps out of the mirror
bites you too
you too get all covered with roses
they grow without thorns because they grow in sleep
dreams are nasty neighborhoods
nighthoods
you should never go dreaming alone

Thank you please
I couldn't be
without you be

the good thing is nudge your shoe
reverently to the foot of the wall
(the root of all)
close your eyes and cry I climb! I climb!
now you are Everest and alone
you must look down on everything below
weeping with pity and desire

Avalokita

be

for pity without desire doesn't work

you need to want them

if you want them to be free

the mirror follows you around

every animal is made of glass

never believe a boat's capacity to breast the swell

eventually everything sinks

you got me started now take me in

we roll around on the Isfahan carpet as if there were a floor

beneath all this seeming

contact with each other as if we were actually here

then childhood suddenly ends

words take over now

though we can still feel the wool of the rug

you can only resist words by saying them out loud

loud like a sheet of tin rattled in the recording studio

how they made thunder

in those days

when they cut out a pattern

and made a little girl out of tin

did you say time?

hold her silhouette against the sunset

she is singing God Bless America and means it
you mean something too

a landslide uncovers an Indian burial ground
we walk among bones
our bones feel the kinship
ivory and elephant and narwhal and you
a skull regards me
no one knows how much I remember
how dare you know me with your distant body

one licks the pen to make it write
everything needs coaxing
garden us both
hellebore on the corner lawn

we are ready for each other now
bone by bone

buy me, I have more names than flowers
I know you lick words off the wall
you explained me to myself
the world is a wall
between us and something beyond
but whether or not it is another room
in this same house we can't be sure
maybe it is a house far away

or hidden room
or no room at all
just space running away like frightened birds

but you like the taste of the words
we love the taste of the wall
when it's time for the truth
the door closes

you eavesdrop by the confessional
to learn the things you should have done
how much it costs to know yourself
how many sins in *Sein*

before we wake alone at dawn
the mirror is looking at itself
be afraid

it is waiting for you now
at any moment the image might come home

a wheel
a wheel is certainty
roses rush along the skin

of course things break
brings back

the mirror returns you to your face

on the Baltic coast ice quivered beneath my feet

how far can you go without becoming me?

shouldn't that terrify anyone,

my breath in your mouth

not even a kiss

breath without a body

presses in you to be free

let it out

iron maiden

older woman now still made of tin

but teaching children to feel guilt

is the darkest crime

what can the teacher do

with her love

how to free the prisoners you are paid to cage

guilt zombifies the child

the woman the man the shadow on the wall

being afraid of being afraid

have you ever seen a shadow weep

heard a shadow sob

**we need to break a little piece
off of the world
to spy a new world through
a new thought at least**

**she needs me
hurry home
skating across the pool of ink
read my future there
where hummingbirds frequent the shade**

**where did money come from all those years?
there has to be a sequel to a song
“ill-fares the land” he quoted
can we someday
frighten money into being good?**

30 July 2013

=====

**The because of things
haunts the hungry child
hacaroni does no good
not even with cheese**

**It seems as if everything
is there just as a puzzle
something he has to solve
he and only he**

**Nobody tells him
anything, nobody helps.
he reaches out to try
with his hands**

his very soft hands.

30 July 2013

=====

Always waiting to be missed
a girl in the high country
remembers a book she read
seemed to be all about her

but how could that be,
the writer long dead and she
just out of school but still—
she looked up at the sky
over the Medicine Bow range,
the sky is close here,
she thought the sky
is always there, the sky
must have told him
this morning long ago
what it told me.

31 July 2013

NYAMs

1.

**How long it takes
to lose the least thought
if all you want
is nectar pouring down
into you from some
beautiful place you also are.**

2.

**But easy it is
if nothing is done
and you do less

letting the heavy
settle and the light
just blow away.**

3.

**To skate still
on the edge
moveless between**

**clarity and sleep
as if you were another
catch yourself watching
and then let go?**

4.

**It is like this
all the time**

**people walking
as if through trees**

**they know
where they're bound**

no need to follow.

31 July 2013