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1.

Yet also to be frightened of some things
a water-spirit that lifts each seventh wave
further than all the rest.

This talks to you.

You are getting
ready for the island

already its vocabulary
murmurs under your breath.

2.

Walk outside
in no outside

aluminum afternoons
waiting for dissidents

the only out
is further in

prepositions

terrify me

there is no escape
from.

3.

To be imprisoned in the world
and nowhere else.

Sleep
is even worse, a snuff movie
of menacing images.

I complain a lot
these days
in other people's mouths.
From which also
salvation comes.

Libera me in alteritatem tuam.

1 June 2010

AVOID DANCE *rituals*

1.

Light a candle at the back of your mind
a hawk sails by
it belongs to all the ones you think about

which one is the one
you'll never dance that

2.

spill the molten wax thereof
forward, spill it forward,
spell with it
until the letter's writ
you mean to send
then you become
an envelope to carry it

3.

or maybe a crow
wide wings serene

I hope so

the sin of hope
makes all things so

high in the feathery locust tree another crow.

1 June 2010

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I don't believe in my own anger
this makes it harder and easier both
to deal with women who mostly
deeply believe in theirs. My disbelief
frees me from my own.

1 June 2010

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As if they were with me all the time
sit quietly by my deathbed
and think of what I'll need
where I'm not going.

The need

is on me and the air itself
begins to sing, I try
to understand its words,
it sounds like coughing
and I notice for the first time
more shadow than sunlight in the maple
trees, how can that be? Can it be me?

2 June 2010

= = = = =

Nothing happens to you.

Your cows come home.

Your seeds are saplings.

You fall from the branch.

2 June 2010

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNIVERSARY

Our own arcane
the natural

the sun just a star
we see the light for what it is
a coming-towards
and thus a kind of word
endlessly speaking
even as the speaker recedes

they say forever
towards the limitless limit
from which
it seems to be the case
it is always speaking

and that star is with us
and the horses of the sea
ready to carry

because there is an island
we carry
through all the waves of circumstance
ready to inhabit

this place
all the places it can be.

We are married.
The way people are long together,
the day is always the same day
and always new, I wonder
how the same can have such
difference in it.

No wind this morning
but the wind is always talking about it,
about us, meaning us and reassuring—

I'm trying to say how loud this quiet is
and how it fills my hours with divers musicks
my joy to attend to them
and I want to blame almost all of it on you,
the purity of your attention, intention—

but I'm saying now and not listening,
a goldfinch at the nyjer seed rebukes me,
no wind, brash sunlight
and I want to spend my life with you

how strange the selfish of 'I want'
can pass as love, you make me happy
as I have never been, how selfish
to boast my happiness as love,
how much I hope your happiness intact,

how selfish to call my hope love
yet all I know about love is to be with you.

The wind chimes sound. A word is in.
The wind comes up to say us right.

3 June 2010

for Charlotte,

on our anniversary.