

6-2010

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When I was a little kid  
my father always said  
if you see the cows are lying down  
you know it's going to rain.  
Cows know the future.  
Fathers know everything.

3 June 2010  
Taconic, nr. Austerlitz

= = = = =

Old gentlemen in safari outfits  
step across the asphalt  
pass the gas pumps  
and seek out the men's room.  
This is summer, everything  
slow except the cars.

3 June 2010  
Lee

## ASSUMPTA MARIA

The white statue of the Mother of God  
by the side of the Pike  
in after-mist this cool June day  
looked like a great white egret  
in all our green. How quickly  
both of them fly up.

3 June 2010  
Mass Pike

= = = = =

A different time now  
Olson is forty years dead  
128 gets more crowded every day

the intermodal shipping  
the *metarsia*  
and nobody ever more stays home.

3 June 2010  
Charlton



= = = = =

Adventure purple  
deep shade of awning over

means *Wisdom* in old Greek  
who knows what broken altar  
the book torn in half you still can read  
half a sutra in your blue hand  
lady, the other half  
is meat and means you

and you mean some eternal situation  
inside outside but outside inside  
abiding nowhere remorselessly here.

3 June 2010, Boston

## GLOBAL

No kind of answer  
just to break grains and wait

the shepherd is too old  
to chase after his sheep

he makes a compact with the wolf

shipping container  
they call it cube  
53 feet long  
from the inside of your country to the end of space

we belong to the sea.

3 June 2010, Boston



= = = = =

There are people closer to the dawn  
a boundary is where the other begins

night never ends  
but has a frontier in it

step across the line into the real dark?  
No, where magic reigns

(you couldn't tell dark from light)  
all colors fumble in your eye.

What is the population to which I lend  
the brief alertness of my muscled gaze

hardened from ravaging inscapes?  
Who are those people down above?

He:  
I know no way to end an epic  
but with a flower,

gaudy hibiscus splayed on Turnus's bleak chest  
lily-white Hektor tossed on the fire,

malfire, how the city burns.

She:  
No one asks you to end,  
just find the right place in the beginning to begin,

the flower, any flower,  
takes care of itself.

No image is waiting for you at the end of the world.

4 June 2010, Boston

## NEW BEDFORD MEDITATION

1.

The shimmer harbor tells  
but no one lingers  
to listen.

Hearing is hard,  
hearing's the hardest thing,

all the senses are harlots too  
can't believe their love,  
their noisy love.

2.

With all its roar  
and scurry the sea  
teaches silence.

Follow the dog's tail.  
Because there were people here before the people came.

3.

The sky tries in vain  
to scrub the flags clean.  
Harbor. What can we wash  
off here. Time,  
our sense of time  
wash away, leave us clean,  
naked to what we are:

we are the talking part of space.  
Time is neurosis,  
we never change, the evidence  
is all false, even the truth is false.  
Time is the opposite of to be.

4 June 2010

= = = = =

Clearing the goat. Six  
horns has each  
to blow for supper

top of La Chauz  
strange how rare silence is  
except in memory

memoria the only silent country  
but sometimes I hear her voice  
and there were deer in her backyard too—

bodies belong to bodies  
souls own nothing  
this place does not want me to be me

the city's gates make sure no one stands  
crescent moon its immaterial light

Mozart always playing somewhere *Schablone*  
means template for it or a stencil

lets you write what nobody means.  
Words a hard habit. And a gull feeding on it.

4 June 2010

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

As far as anybody knows  
Russia is a country  
on the other side of ours  
very like ours  
most of the time but with  
strange ideas about God

Poland is like that too  
but the God is different  
and the fields are thick with yellow wheat.

4 June 2010  
Cuttyhunk

## FOG CLOSES THE HARBOR

It is time to do something else  
I hear the sea again at last  
perspectiva naturalis

or is it the 440 A that brings me home  
prisoners of perception  
ride out Friday nights on black horses

raiding the taverns of middle earth  
drink is impersonation  
and I'm the man I meant to be

what has all this to do with the sea  
you can't talk big around an ocean  
you muse at it it pisses on your ankles

the burden of the working man the *week*  
or would we make men work all the time  
without the Sabbath?

oh for a day when being chose us  
and we chose the work we do  
psycho-economics of everyday life

why is a thing not only the ace of itself  
but all the court cards too  
with all the sexual entendres

I wake up pretending to be you  
the meat of time or imaginary door  
sometimes you can hear the weather think.

5 June 2010  
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Setting the materials in order  
just don't think.

Let the materials for thought do the thinking,

the brain has shelves enough to store them,  
now let the cute assistants  
roam freely in the stacks

let them tell you what you think—  
for 'think' means loving and remembering  
and the mind makes do with what they find

so leave the window open even on cold nights.

5 June 2010  
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

There is a rain tree by the house  
a big elm on an island with not many big trees

all round the tree the ground is wet  
and nowhere else—the dew  
drenches the leaves then falls  
so morning's raining underneath the tree.

5 June 2010  
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

You let the storm keep you company,  
you go on with whatever you're doing  
and let the windows fill with gorgeous rain.

But I, like a teenage amateur,  
can't stop looking at the dark,  
looking at the wind, at all the nothing going on

and studying the rain, gazing,  
gawping at his first love's face.

5 June 2010  
Cuttyhunk



= = = = =

People. Why does it all have to be about people. It's as if we thought we were the only ones here. And why do we have to stay fascinated by the boy-and-girl of us, the quest for Other and its confused lusts, the sly alliterations of a kiss?

But writing about machines or writing about art is just babbling about our children. Products. No woman is boring till she talks about her child. But men are all boring to begin with. *Dickheads: Drones In Command.*

5.VI.10

= = = = =

Nothing is ever done. The slightest  
act ripples out forever.  
The sages of Sichuan  
did nothing. The silence  
of their bodies though  
still reverberates through the western hills.

5 June 2010  
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Standing on the sea rocks  
in the decade of wars before the War

we are alone on the shore  
the waves keep coming in.

5.VI.10

= = = = =

A hundred years ago  
my father was ten years old  
running from the tough Kraut kids  
up Fort Greene. All the way home  
to Williamsburg. He could run  
for hours: once  
he chased a trolley car  
all the way to Sheepshead Bay.

5 June 2010  
Cuttyhunk

## SONGS BY HAHN

I wonder if Proust heard such songs  
as he lay dying, yearning, tender,  
at times exaltation, his lover  
wrote them for some woman  
to sing, who was not either of them,  
but whose voice had for that  
quiet teatime moment of the song  
had to be both of them, if a song  
is really good it needs no one  
to sing it or hear it. And what  
do dying men hear anyhow?  
The senses on furlough at last.

5 June 2010  
Cuttyhunk