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JUNE TWILIGHT

Out of mist
over the Vineyard
a full moon
rises finally clear

near me someone
plays a wooden flute
practicing

Buddha is born
the nature of mind.

6 June 2009

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Sea poppy evening the full moon rising ESE of it over the Vineyard



So this much knows us.

6 June 2009
Cuttyhunk

PASTORELA

Waiting for the sea
waiting for the land

everything is a special
species of delay

wolfing the moment
waiting for another thing

I do not want some yellow
flower I want to talk about us

she would make a noble divorcée
but you would never divorce her

she said I will take the yellow flower
I will take the diamond ring

everything is here already
but I want another thing.

7 June 2009, Cuttyhunk

SELF-CAST, THE SEA STIRS

it remembers the sea is a wolf
with grandmother still alive inside
complaining, telling her old stories
mistreatments miscalculations
the groan of earth, yammer,
the sea is also a blackbird on a lawn
nothing for them to eat but still they live
the sea is a white chair on a high rock
and no one dares to sit therein.

7 June 2009, Cuttyhunk

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There were miracles enough without language
but the human word itself began
and miracles subsist in every sentence of
what you almost accidentally find yourself saying.

7.VI.09
Cuttyhunk

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Meeting furor with folly
is wisdom.

Meeting
the whole sea with little
chips of quartz is
music. The jaw
is firm, the flute
loose in the lips though—
we call that melody,
three ups and a down

and you're here. Home.
Creatures crawl out of the sea
and stare at me. The great
pointy jawbone of a finback whale
—like an awl six feet long—
lies on the beach. Its bone
flakes in the dry sun.

Lifts
as if even a hardwood tree
was just a tight decision of its leaves.
Happy birthday, Moon!
we fitted together like a sentence
our new appearance—close
close—answered impertinent querents.

We will be together, a kind of sea
where salt and water keep changing place—
I am your you and you are more than I—
here, taste it at last the way all the others do.

7June 2009

CONTRA NATURAM

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A kind of chop
from a hand's edge
down towards horizon
means Something
is over something is done
rise with the moon set with the sun

nature naturing her way along
we are her breakfast I fear

nature has golden eyes
stands and watches us with

nature is the mother of cities of Romulus

a wolf

It was natural for him to kill his brother. Remus, Romus, was the original, the firstborn. Romulus means Little Remus, he is the late-born, the envious, he picks a stone up and smites his brother. The stone is called The People.

It is natural for him, having killed, to build a house, or many houses. A city is the most natural thing there is, the whole of nature stuffed together and stuck up on a hill.

Seven hills. Not concentric circles but adjacent ones. Hills, not concentric. Nature has no center.

Apollinaire's raindrops sift down on it,
where his father lived
wearing white shoes and a little white cap
he said, but others
said his dad had crimson robes
and a hat with fat tassels that he never wore

My father was no Roman
but in Rome did rule

he said,

the Vatican is the capital of Nature. Its deepest imperative, obvious enough in our days, is to keep us breeding. Hence the Church's inveterate hostility to contraception, which it has treated as a sin worse than war or murder or extortion or usury. The Pope is the King of Nature.

Apollinaire's father whispered to him who God the Father was.
His father taught him what the rain was saying.

The sky is lifting
over every island
to show another island
far away

Distance is the same as nature.
Distance is a feather
you think you feel
tickling the nape of your neck.

Go there, get up and go,
be a pilgrim of the illusory distances,
lech, go, be gone.

For to rest a single moment in the mind
would ruin nature.

Nature's not a blackbird on a bush.
Nature is the habit of saying that it is.
Nature is habit.

Beyond it inside it this side of it over and under it and at its core
there is a golden thinking
that stems up from brightness

and lets the *unnecessary beauty* of irises in the rain or Amiens cathedral
stand up from the bleak habitual meadowland this side of the rain.

8 June 2009, Cuttyhunk

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Finding a way to it how
a long feel
afterbirth of a cloud
sunrays angling down over America
seen from sea:
over there. The main land.

We are placenta.
We were meant to feed
another being
who is now risen and gone.

As if no government ever spoiled
that low purple Narrangansett shore

As the sun is new
Pound cried
before they slammed in the cage
wherein he could neither stand nor stretch out

the only thing worth saying
is what you haven't guessed yet.

8 June 2009

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Something everybody around you sees
something about skin.

Sit low, think soft, be deep—
something about nature occurs to you,
you're like a leaf discussing his tree—

something about something
that is not natural, something before nature,

someone who had a rapturous idea
got out of control

or others came and stole it
and made the bad stuff to claim,

to own against the good.

8 June 2009
Cuttyhunk

A CLOUD IS TRYING TO SING

its words make crops grow

shift the table
to suit the chair
be difficult
a stone god

the tall staff
of the male fern
prongs in the wood brake
edge of sun

Things really are
where they are

Without identity
we move towards supper

vaguely determined,
like a cloud

like a cloud
choiceless we chatter.

8 June 2009
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Even on the coolest day the sun exhausts.
Is it brightness, or its vigor
that mocks my man-vigor, slack
I am and born feeble, whereas it,

so many human generations worshipped,
it thinks nothing. It just gives.
All this lyric this philosophizing
is the weakness at the end of the world.

When you can hear the sun sing, sing that too.

8 June 2009
Cuttyhunk

[from the last scene of a three-scene play:]

Two men, of an age, have fought loudly; one pulls a gun on the other:]

I got this gun in Lahore.

--My great-grandfather used to live in Lahore.

Pakistani? You don't look it.

--No, he moved from Karachi.

I'm going to kill you now.

--I don't think you will.

Why not?

--I remind you too much of someone you love.

Who?

--I remind you of me.

That's true. But resemblance is treachery.

9 June 2009, dreamed on Cuttyhunk, dawn

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The sound of woman
send for her violin
K.C. for her oboe
my English horn

Come listen to dogma
adrift in a rainstorm
how deep we have to believe
for it to work

inside us
the freedom animal
break her loose
from her habitual thoughts of herself

9 June 2009

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And we will leave this place too
and we will still be ourselves
and the place will be itself

constant change in a changeless world—
brief me on the incessant departures,
those irises are purple and maroon.

9 June 2009
Cuttyhunk

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Is. Waiting for the new. Word. The same. As tearing. Up the old. Or is.
The word once spoken spoken and nobody. Hears anymore. No old no new.
Is that. It. We interrupt. This. Sentence to bring. You.

Only when it's broken. Does it. Show through. Flakes of barley cracked
shells of pomegranates. Some seeds still translucent plump. Bible stuff.
Once waited always waiting. Something has. To give.

A point. A sign for silence. Where I grew up they. Ridiculed a tree. For
not being. Able to talk. Ridiculed me. How. Down it said. Everything
breaks. What. About you.

How long. Silence is. Supposed. To last. Between. And. And is hard. To
tell. The least makes sense. Broken. The crack. Is important. Light
comes. Out of the crack.

This light is. To hear. A new the other. Silence. Other side of. Silence.
At last. Said.

10 June 2009, Cuttyhunk

VARIOUS THICKNESSES OF INK

Viscosities,
Mother Mary.
Things I am trying to forget—
the throne I sat on
waiting for my mother

she was trying on clothes
in front of all the gold mirrors.

2.
Every child knows this.
He knows light,
it surprises him every morning,

it is a coming to be
that changes him
into what he is.

The challenge:
leave your body alone
that long investigation
and get up, out
into the danger,
the other, the one
with teeth and leaves
and it makes noises at you.

3
These sounds you hear
will rule your life.
No wonder it takes
so long to understand.

You will never answer
ever. You will make
their noises with them
but not what they mean,

your sounds will mean
only what you mean
and they will never
understand. This

is your vow:
to turn their words
against them
and find your own.

10 June 2009
Cuttyhunk

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A kind of rigor
children know—

a word is a thing
and a thing means this

and only this, as when
we say in playing

on the street You
must be Sir Lancelot

and I must be the dragon.
Pretend it is Wednesday.

Heaven and Earth
must be the same place.

10 June 2009
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Not a great reader now
the eyes I have
I save for mountains when I can
and sea today
and clouds every livelong day
all the ones that heal
alone by being large.

11 June 2009, Cuttyhunk