

6-2009

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Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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As if they were waiting for us  
the girls of the horizon, diaphane  
their filmy dresses, tresses  
weft of air and clouderies,  
never a bone  
to get in the way of ours, sheer  
penetrable Ideas—

my chemistry  
is made of them. For them I think  
but who really knows  
what deeper purpose  
what we call music serves,  
all the words of it or  
what I'm up to when I'm up  
ranting my ravishment

or you, sailor, humming in the rigging  
lost on some preposterous sea.

14 June 2009

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Is it ready yet?

Is it rain?

Is it a hook to fetch

bales of barley to the barn?

We have no barn

for this kind of grain

it's hand to mouth

in this secret navy,

turn your back and

the whole sea is gone.

Eat what you can

hold in your cupped hands.

14 June 2009

= = = = =

So quiet. Is this a beforemath  
to some tragedy  
or just to this new day?

Is there a difference  
between a day and a difficulty—  
mountain gloom and mountain glory  
she called her book  
the title says it all, the rest  
is dates and numbers.

Why bother with less than poetry?  
Is it there anything less at all?

| Every word begs the question, at least one.  
Dozens of doubts console the lazy mind.

14 June 2009

= = = = =

Half-dread with desire—  
angel on the stairs  
chemistry set in the cellar  
I never had an attic

the angel sits on the midmost step  
seems to be waiting for me to climb  
I rise into the problem  
lurching between  
wall and banister  
half-drunk with ascension—

the angel's lap is full of light  
I, like everybody else,  
am blinded by what I see  
but the steps beneath me  
teach me what to do.

(There is an evil drug called being who you are.)

14 June 2009

Cuttyhunk

## CHIVALRY

It was because her eyes.

Became his colors

he wore the thought of her

gold around his ocean neck

he rode

at the stern of her wagon

he followed wherever her

white mares carted her

as she seemed to be sleeping

all the while she traveled.

Sometimes she was bronze

or limestone, sometimes

her sweet flesh ached also for his.

Sometimes he touched her.

Her skin was his banner,

the rumble of her wagon's

wheels was his religion.

14 June 2009

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Remembering things  
the way a dog  
brings them back  
a stick from the sea

drenched with surf  
of all it went through  
to retrieve  
this broken fact

the dismal mind  
trapped on its shore.

15 June 2009, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Forget you own an appliance to do it  
just do it. Forget you have a battle to win  
just win. Forget to go to church to pray to God.  
Just God.

15 June 2009, Cuttyhunk



= = = = =

These things are not on my mind  
they're my mind.

A canker blooming on the rose  
is still the rose.

Think about it:  
there is nothing to think.  
The sea thought it all for me  
long ago and told the sky.

But I keep forgetting.  
They silver mirrors by Mercury  
who helps me remember  
the binary pleasures of my little life.

15 June 2009, Cttyhunk

## ALCHEMY

Rarely I look back to find  
what I've been thinking.  
Or what language has been thinking in me.

Writing is a kind of dreaming  
at some distance from decision.  
A black carriage rolling through the night  
with no horses. But the horses are white.  
The carriage stops. A pale slender hand  
reaches out to touch me and the Work is done.

15 June 2009, Cuttyhunk



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Anaximander waited here  
I see his footsteps in wet sand—  
broad, splay-toed, as if he liked  
the feel of where he stood.

As if a philosopher had skin  
or a poet had a brain.  
Lucid intervals of seashore  
children trooping home from first communion

murmuring Portuguese in white clothes.  
I change myself into the color of mercury  
a moment –you say Call that a color?  
I call it a mirror. I can't ever fool you,

the sky is still up there despite  
all my efforts to pull it down, Queen of Heaven,  
though sometimes you (or is it really  
me) do let it rain

15 June 2009, Cuttyhunk

THINKS

How far do we go  
before we're gone?

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A little life  
a lovelorn thorn.

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A little hurt  
a little have.

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Animals run  
women walk

from under shaggy trees  
men watch in terror.

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Lovers coaxing the spine to transmit  
pleasingly inaccurate info home.

15 June 2009, Cuttyhunk

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Close enough to the rock  
to see the water—  
there is nothing between  
them but me.

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A little map  
at arm's length hides the sun.  
Look at anything long enough  
and you'll see the real thing  
showing through it  
sometimes even shining.

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So much is up to you  
in this story.  
Twisted limbs of damaged athletes  
all round the temple frieze  
as if it were such hard  
work to be simply here.

15 June 2009, Cuttyhunk

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I can't let it stop saying  
till it means to.

Park on the sidewalk  
near République  
walk the rest of the way,  
it is the night time of a city  
people will let you do anything.

Look at the impressive monument,  
even count the street lights.

The emotion you feel in your chest  
is terror, it occupies the lodge  
from which desire fled  
frightened of how easy everything is.

You are trembling a little.

People notice but they're trembling too—  
you'll never know if for the same reasons.

Stop all this. You are just a digit  
in a long equation. How could you  
possibly know what anything means?

The equals-sign is far away,  
springs over a dark river.

15 June 2009, Cuttyhunk.

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Some images never go away  
the girl on the rock soft tawny hairs on her thigh  
and the blackbirds anxious as ever  
the seed.

Five thousand years  
this has been going on,  
how can I help it go on.

Live for this. The actual rootless  
encounter, going nowhere, having  
no socio-economic consequences.  
Be gods in a lost religion.

15 June 2009, Cuttyhunk