

7-2009

## juID2009

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What does enough mean?

A truism like baker's wheat

how early they have to wake

go down to their ovens that Egypt

of an ordinary place. *Bekos*,

'bread.' *Pyramis*, a loaf of it.

See his arms long sinewed

taught in the twist of knead,

already the dough glistens,

the loaf sleeps before its day of fire.

The baker breaks for a cigarette—

cobblestones in his alley are wet.

Seems we wait all our lives for bread.

15 July 2009

## NEL MEZZO

middle life a self refound  
wooded like a mad idea  
with wild animals walking around

and no one answered till everything did

from the noise of that great assent  
I had to pick out the tiny  
silver filaments of refusal  
by which sense —that primal  
contradiction— has to get made.

*No* is the defining space between.

15 July 2009

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All I've  
got is be alive  
the sweet  
imperative  
bird song in the  
beast brain  
carries me on  
one more one  
more and then  
never again  
the always  
and the new  
as in the old  
days chased  
God through  
the neurons of  
hunter seeker  
forager forester  
lewd conquistador  
look! a new island  
in the middle of the mind.

16 July 2009

## CAPTURE RATIO

sanity / nescience  
a sane body  
in a sung mind  
the radio strives for us still  
against the rational,  
even money casts a shadow  
and in that murk  
lurk sanities of poetry  
and touch. The skin  
and yes I will  
against Capital  
strive in unvisited boudoirs  
above the earth  
angels scoff on the rooves  
(old form to shock)  
of banques remind you  
of a season when  
all this global dreck will be  
plowed under yet again and  
mean wolves prowl  
only on four legs  
and the forest remembers.

Even money casts a shadow—  
find it, that's all

we're good for now,  
find it and survive it,  
survive.

The senses  
run away with the world—  
how stone must laugh  
to hear itself discussed—  
poets, freemasons, geologists.  
all they have to say  
wouldn't buy a tin whistle  
to call your sheepdog back.  
If you had a dog  
to dog your sheep  
or sheep around your rock  
or grass around  
for them to eat.  
Or just a rock to call  
your own. You have a rock.  
Listen to its laughter: trust the rock.

16 July 2009

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The wick on the candle you made  
burns down in the soy-beeswax mix  
and yields an arch-entered hollow  
like a great sea cavern—  
Fingals Cave, the Hebrides,  
rib bones of the great whale.

16 July 2009

## COUNT ALSTRÖMER'S LILIES

(long compact unfold  
their mild colors  
as if the mountain jungle  
still kept inside  
a tenses information  
close attention could descry)

but the colors have no names  
though they work the eye

but the cool breath inside each flower's  
slow-opening razzle-dazze  
is no air for a man to breathe.

*Inspecting the inspector* they are called.  
Mauvish sometimes. They come from Peru.

16 July 2009



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Then time broke.

And what fell out?

You tell me—

this is where you come in.

I heard the crack

I saw the wound

now you have to tell me

what swarmed out towards us

before the horrid door was healed?

An animal covered with eyes.

16 July 2009

## VARIATIONS ON *FW*

“My foos won’t moos”

he said she said

and the river heard

annoyed at her complaint

“I haste no foot to stond.”

16 July 2009

## SUMMER STORM

So then the rain comes.  
I spill a trinket  
looks like, coffee  
onto glass, amber  
carnelian maybe—  
the stone of all I  
loved when I was young.  
Maybe if a man in the full  
of his life really knew his own  
true preferences when very young  
before the world distorted him,  
them, with their instructions, he,  
now, might know who he is.  
His task. What I know now  
is that carnelian makes me sad,  
makes me think of West 4<sup>th</sup> Street  
and dead loves. Thunder too.  
What would it be like to sit  
here sheltered from the storm  
with no memories, no images  
to think with, and no words.  
Nothing to distract from this.

16 July 2009

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When you breathe  
who inhales whom?

Is there an Egypt  
inside where  
sandstone or syenite  
choose the carver's hand,  
reach out and guide it  
to find the god bird  
hidden in rock?  
A lost word?

When you say anything at all  
you are the Nile too  
and when you don't  
it is West,  
it is n-Dwat, the silence after life.

Tell him anything at all  
when he asks,  
a lie gives life.  
He is red sandstone waiting for your hand.

17 July 2009

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Road ready vehicle  
full of last nights.  
Distance is a dust.

A book left open  
on a bare table takes  
all the light in the room.

It is like an animal there  
in the corner just waking.  
Nothing can ever be the same.

17 July 2009

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These empty lines  
anthologize the mind.  
Everything you ever thought  
waits there for you to think it again.  
Like sin. Do me. Do me.  
I can make you happy  
for a little while. Beauty  
is on the other side of something  
I can't touch or smell or see.  
It waits for you. It will enfold  
you before it embraces me.

17 July 2009

## **THEODORA**

Too many men to be maybe  
too few to be fun.

An empress in her own right—  
look at your shadow on the wall,  
he is your husband.

You will make him wear the crown  
and then you'll turn off the light  
and you'll be you again all alone.

17 July 2009

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Things moving in the night.  
Say-so. After rain a flutter—  
hard rain, now hard calm.  
I hear our little river running.  
Always something on the move  
outside in the dark.  
The long legs of listening.

17 July 2009, very late



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Every time you dream  
is Byzantium.  
Powers shattering gold walls  
into fleshy shadows.  
You touch what you see.  
Miracle enough. You wake  
and your wrists hurt  
from holding so hard.

To sleep is to be outside history  
until the dream comes,  
that sinister other kind of waking.  
Where different years are moving through the sky  
and months you never heard of  
send their bills for light and wool and coal.

17 July 2009, very late

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And what should I do with the sturgeon  
Elizabeth send through the mail?  
I'll count the scales or whatever they are—  
there's something fishy about this fish,  
halfway between an iron sword and a kid's cartoon.

17 July 2009, very late

## VOTIVE

Let the candle flicker  
till the intention  
reaches the deity in mind.  
Not long. It isn't  
very far inside.

18 July 2009

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How to begin  
talking to  
nobody remembers  
to go home.

18.VII.09

## SALTON SEA

### Little

America, Wyoming. Corn Palace.

These phony things  
the mind turns authentic  
by remembering.

### Remember

means to mingle  
out there with in here  
irretrievably.

### Till a thing

seems no more than me recalling it.  
And I'm no more than what it lets me see.

18 July 2009

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Summer

                  makes me hysterical

too many messengers

a million lives

converging

just when I want to be just me.

Gasp, gulp air, tremble—

is that the only alphabet I wield

to answer all this animal?

*Breath comes before the word and lives after.*

18 July 2009