

7-2009

julE2009

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "julE2009" (2009). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 565.
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Calm morning people
come out of next door
say good morning!
(educated protestant not too affluent)
to one another.
All the way over here I smell their shampoo.

19 July 2009

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a man named Tomorrow
saw the lovers
trapped on a rock
saw the monster try
to lift the woman of them
into his own heart

a man named Tomorrow
let him let her go
and the monster
staggered into the sea
and all he had was the sea

a man named Tomorrow
has nothing left but the sea.

21 July 2009

(hearing Jean Cras' *Polyphemus*)

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Achilleus, is that who it said
I am, old son of a new word.
World, who am I, really?
Isn't it time after all these years
to tell me who I am? Who
my father was who seemed so mild,
the silence of my mother, quiet
half-impooverished dignity in
side which I grew up? Who
was my mother before she was?
Every human birth conceals
a mystery. Reveals. Knowing
it though does not know
what it knows. I was born
another. Now tell me who.

21 July 2009

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Archilleus, is that who it said
I am, old son of a new word.
World, who am I, really?
Isn't it time after all these years
to tell me who I am? Who
my father was who seemed so mild,
the silence of my mother, quiet
half-impoverished dignity in
side which I grew up? Who
was my mother before she was?
Every human birth conceals
a mystery. Reveals. Knowing
it though does not know
what it knows. I was born
another. Now tell me who.

21 July 2009

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Is my nose long enough to reach the air?

Are my legs long enough to reach the ground?

No need to worry about more than that.

24 July 2009

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My beautiful rich blue ink
distracts me from what it writes.
Somehow this seems to mean
much more than it says.

24 July 2009

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I am not who I am
and the wasness of things
oppresses me
with a half-heart now—

not the meat but the humidity,
the broken columns
and the temple ruined all
but for the dark gateway

and no one knows what's in it
and isn't that all a temple ever is
a high house of what we do not know.
And the wind makes hymns hum.

25 July 2009

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But they haven't opened.
But they will. The actual,
the virtual a simple
hymn tune in God's hands,

the lilies. How it can
make what we touch sing
or even with our eyes,
those old mythologies.

26 July 2009

= = = = =

Nothing needs you to be more—
that is the mystery of the Rosy+Cross.
Everything is there already
and you don't know it. Slow movement
of a lost concerto, the oboe
stands in for the viola, I love you,
children whimper in their sleep.
Wake up, the flower is calling.

26 July 2009

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That girl over by the railing
makes Christianity make sense:
we live for each other
as Christ lives in is.
The link loves us.

But beyond
this observation is a Buddhist rite
called everyday life
where we have come together
already from the beginning.
The courting phase passes into marriage.
Union of the opposites.
The single offering.

26 July 2009

THESE DAYS

I never listen to my favorite music
I'd lie there if I did like a turtle
on my back if I heard Mahler.
And Strauss (say the third intermezzo
from Intermezzo) would leave me panting
supine in a strange boudoir
drenched with alien patchouli.
Ouch makes better listening.
What I love unmans me in delight,
hmm, makes me lose my way
in forests with no trees. Or the soft
horror of a human face that has no bones.

26 July 2009

= = = = =

It takes a while for a knife
to remember how to cut.
We have to remind it
midnight and watch out.

Things need us too—
that amazes me when I recall it
as I too am for myself
but also for everybody else.

There is nothing alone.

26 July 2009

IN PHILOSOPHIAM

How sad to follow
a lovely image
through the trees
and wind up only
with a good idea.

26 July 2009

= = = = =

Application and duress.

River bridge and stress.

Inside every desire

a frightened child.

The world so deeply innocent.

26 July 2009

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The surgery is complete.

The unimaginable dismemberment
and his cupped hands
are full of blueberries.

The sickness of hours
cut open and emptied and healed.

Time, the milk and the bone,
honey, the berries cool.
His head hurt, trying to hold
all of it together, cow
and bees and bushes.
river and barge, the sunlight,
eclipses, aircraft droning overhead,

the flowers, the sacred individual differences
(‘names’) of each weed, the bees, the wax,
hives, streets, women’s voices
calling from window to their children
husbands lovers, the gods
at their elegant but cumbersome machinery
running the world, the weird fluid
that runs the gods, bees, queen, loosestrife
might be abundant this year with all the rain,

spokes of that bicycle zipping past
a sheen of moving brightness,
is there anything so humble it has no words
and all the words, the waxen cells, her call,
the bees, the berries, the hands,
holding. Everything he holds.

26 July 2009

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Speed proportionate to the dark
inside trees.

It is beautiful in the woods, to walk
with them all round, but more so sometimes
or strangely so, to drive by the woods
and see from the corner of my eyes
the dark entrances on either side, sly
avenues of dark and light go in,
the deep, deeper than the eye
and way back sometimes there a glint
of sunlight sculpting the dark.

Otherwise a wood is all entrances
Deep of the place: to see it
for a second as the car moves by
but leaves a part of me back there,
marooned in forestness, the part
no road can move—and I am two:
the man back there, the woods in here
as I drive, divided into wholeness
is how it feels. I have a wood
the wood has me. Things
the mind knows belong to the mind,
and I am back there still
in leaf sparkle, dazed by my inheritance.

27 July 2009

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Find the long way in.
Eve's mouth slightly open
to taste. Or speak.

We are saved by what we say
no matter if no one listens.
Or maybe better that way,

the words in their purity
listen to themselves,
touch each other, brood.

Then they really know.
And will tell us later
when we use them again.

As she now, her lips
a little parted, tip
of her tongue sometimes seen

slipping forward to lick,
lets us know the whole
story in her first word.

27 July 2009

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You have to keep telling a myth
until it talks back,
then the real hero comes out.
The rock cracks. Earthlight nude.

27 July 2009

Myth is μῦθος, μῦθος means word or anything said, anything told. So a word too must be said over and over until it tells us what it means, just as not till a story is finished being told do we know what it means. If then. If a story can have a meaning.

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Hermetic address:

house on the hill

with wind in the door.

The woman comes back.

We wait for each other,

waiting. Touch

is the primary,

all others a disguise.

Doors of the mind.

Find identity by hand—

how can I know who you are

unless I touch you?

How can you know who is touching you

unless you touch me back?

The skin is all about answering.

But what if a word is in the wind?

All our hope is that it touches too.

And how shall I touch a word in turn

and send it back to you?

27 July 2009

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Sometimes from beneath an old man's coat
you hear his skin cry out.

Softly even, waiting so long, ready to be young
or to be disappointed again. But there.

The everlasting question is its own answer.

27 July 2009

SKIN

When touch stops
mind is on its way.

*

A terrible palimpsest
stricken with delight.

27.VII.09