

6-2008

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Till I'm far enough from the mirror

to see somebody else in there

I'll keep telling you lies.

All kinds, sweet and otherwise.

By observation I am grown scrupulous

to my manifold defects. My eyes

purpose to deceive us both.

See the European light come settle

down around a modest Indiana town.

Nobody around. Everything now

ready to begin again at last. Now

everybody is there but me. Me,

I'm never near when you need me

but never far. But look up the street:

that's us up there, fast asleep.

5 June 2008

= = = = =

The partition of an hour  
into slices of cheese, say,  
or the miracle-workers hauling  
backhoes up the hill

and a whole basilica  
afloat in space! Who needs  
your dreamboat ocean, Iowan,  
when you have air?

Who needs me when you have you  
almost, you're almost in your grasp.  
strike fast. Human identity  
lasts as long as a loaf of bread.

5 June 2008  
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Lying personage  
stretched out on grass  
reading these words  
as I write them down  
some distance away  
on a cold wet day

some flecks of  
what looks like snow.  
This personage should  
take these words to heart  
so artfully eavesdropped  
and come in from the real.

5 June 2008

= = = = =

Last night in perfect dark the bell was going crazy and the waves crashed louder than I've ever heard them in no wind. The raintree by the wall breathed quietly as usual. My breath and pulse coupled with the sea and sang the bell in me.

5 June 2008

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The salt says red.  
Don't try to pretend  
you can be everything.

What you are is salt.  
And what salt says  
is you saying it.

5 June 2008

= = = = =

Let it be or have been a dream  
a waking animal  
undisturbed by the increscent light  
arriving towards us  
and balbulous with sympathy  
where he bends above her sleeping form  
inquiring Are you, are you...  
and all that comes is ...comfortable my love?

6 June 2008  
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

We ask each other  
always the wrong questions.  
It's a kind  
of politeness

like children learning  
baseball, rules,  
comportment it  
behooves to have

if they are to be one  
day picked for the game.  
Nor is it with us  
one, or not yet,

or yes but no  
rules to it we  
are likely to uncover  
asking as we are

little words  
to twist in the wound  
yet again in  
hopes to heal.

6 June 2008, Cuttyhunk



= = = = =

Around the corner from something  
where there are no squares  
and the only round thing  
is this cold apple remember

from somewhere else  
in a squall of light it came  
here it is, settled firm  
like a house on the ground

and no wind. The rain  
walks over the sea to tell you  
something it neglected  
to tell me. Help me

I have nothing left to think.

6 June 2008, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

So many of them born today  
and what they taught me.  
How to eat animals. How  
to climb a ladder up  
the back of the house.  
How to speak Russian.  
Play chess in the dark.  
Beat a drum silently.  
Look all the way out windows.

6.VI.08

## WHEN ALL THE AIR IS GONE

As if we had less thing more about  
the careful waiting by the gate  
and the woodcock come in from the moor  
on the spring's tail or then the fowler  
—use birds to hunt birds— it might be  
all of it right here. Train in it.

As with music a thin arm lays a thinner  
bow athwart a fat cello and nobody knows.  
Somehow full of pain the morning fog.  
Is it just that Sun vexes it from behind?

I mean the opposite of what it sees—

*celabor*, I shall be hidden  
a tower with windows and no door.

Nothing will ever come closer to you than a sign,  
imagine that Sake of Heaven you cry out  
Eve came to Adam in a leather coat  
showing tricks the serpent taught her  
taking the measure of the Old One they saw  
now and then strolling in his garden. And we  
are in the wrong story. We closed  
the gate behind us and moved into another,  
now it is time for this one too to fall away,  
did you bring your clippers and your calipers,

first cut through the hedge then measure  
the diameter of desire on the other side  
and here we are, nobody but we can  
do this trick either so follow me care-  
heartedly dear where the record ends.

Now spring a rose to suck your merriment  
the words of most songs are dumb enough  
but it's the music kills, the lyric plague,  
the galvanic dead their mendicant guitars  
violin a crossbow aimed at gentle hearts  
your brilliant body where a drum goes home.

7 June 2008

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Or if a sparrow then four of them  
and no forgetting  
and a white bird over the harbor  
we quarreled pleasantly about  
small egret or large gull  
too far away to tell

like everything else  
the sun eight minutes from earth  
by line of light, a bell  
on the wave lift. Everything far.  
Two doves on the deck rail  
studying me as if I too  
were finally beyond reach.

7 June 2008  
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Take the sea out later  
when the picture's done  
then the cloud and the ship  
and that cliff looks too  
like a face to be rock  
or even dirt, take away  
the stupid birds and  
then the beauty comes.

7 June 2008

*We need words as we go along, their sounds and sense of meaning something. But when the poem's done, all of that shimmers and disperses like morning fog, burnt off by the ferocious clarity, the sun of pure form.*

= = = = =

Hot day brings everybody out  
snakes on the lawn girls in tanktops  
pink weekend yachtsmen chug in.

Weather is really our only country  
flies its own flag and salutes it  
we tag along beneath its squalls

obedient to oxygen. The birds  
who seem to be more citizens than we  
are old hands in that compliance,

ride on it or tide it our, depending.  
What am I saying? They have no hands.  
Only we have. Idle in Sabbath sun.

8 June 2008  
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Something to say there  
but not mild not many.  
Parsipanny they tried to drag me  
or Summit with its marble priests—

when in doubt teach people what to do.  
It seems the oldest rule.  
A book of matches is like some Roman thing,  
the world has lost one more addiction—

so who will own us now?

8 June 2008



= = = = =

To pay attention is another story  
in this one. Sudden vacation  
in the middle of a (say) sentence.  
Or looking at the flame below  
the kettle all at once comprehend  
the color of oxygen. And why.  
And maybe even go there a while  
and walk along that beach, skim  
stones in that fiery lagoon  
while a strange red cat winds  
in and out around your feet.  
See what happens when you pay  
attention inside what you were  
paying attention to. The water  
boils. Not a cat in the world.

8 June 2008

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Having served so long desire  
must serve fulfillment

deer in the headlights

turned to men

9 June 2008

= = = = =

The malcontrivance of the ink  
led me not to write  
the word I should not have written.

Obedient to obstacles  
I accept for once  
the sunlight of the give,

slouch sunburnt later to the din  
of my scatterbrained projections  
as if that's what walls are for.

9 June 2008,  
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Stepped in place  
below the blue conundrum  
lambasted by the cries  
of children: schoolyard music  
of fear and fondness  
build a creaky house  
an aftertaste of lostness and a gull.

High home,  
spirit spittle moist dry mind  
so that I love again! he says  
naming an improbable resuscitation  
of an enigma anyway,

if ever you did love you never lost it,  
as any overhead can tell you, bird or not.

9 June 2008  
Cuttyhunk

## DAWN

Sunrise round here is soft  
a kneeling woman eating strawberries  
subtle stuff, dawnbirds  
and you can hear their wingbeats,  
those passersby. Peasant  
sparrows earliest to work.  
The gulls are mostly stepping here and there—  
enough description, enough meter.  
The point of it is no fixed measure,  
a quiet heave of light  
until more ordinary things appear.  
The ones that stand still all the time  
while east turns flesh  
first and the wind walks up.

10 June 2008