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How long one waits  
to taste the simplest  
thing: light  
coming across the skin

dawn song  
that silent business  
over the hill  
the sea  
suddenly being there

It's not yet anything  
just a difference in itself.

15 June 2008  
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Merchants, list this light  
provisional, a good risk,  
something will come of it  
later,

    tell your customers:  
Take this home and ripen it,  
you will be glad you did,  
it will give you something  
to praise yourself for,  
the deepest of all human needs.

15 June 2008  
Cuttyhunk

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Those who don't  
write down what they see  
might as well be blind.

15.VI.08, Cuttyhunk

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The magic does itself—  
the magician just has to stand in awe.  
The pretty girl he uses in his act  
ascends up to heaven  
and never comes back.  
No one is fooled by his magic  
more than the magician himself  
who believes every word he says.  
Nightfall. Invention of poetry.

15 June 2008  
Cuttyhunk

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Nothing tells me more than light.  
And you.  
You have a lot to answer for  
comma the world.

15 June 2008  
Cuttyhunk

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It was writing in the dark I was  
the words found me I found later  
if I was lucky or maybe not maybe  
the word I didn't write is truer still.

15.VI.08, Cuttyhunk

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When there's less light  
things change colors freely.  
Color is a childish pleasure  
in and out of one another's clothes.

15 June 2008



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Starlings being  
on the deck rail  
starlings being two  
one the spring  
being almost done  
has lost his yellow  
the other beak  
still a little  
has or shows.  
Now it is Sunday  
now it is grey  
the angels from a book  
and the book is old  
have come to say  
goodbye to somebody  
going to sleep.  
Go to sleep they say  
at dawn with  
starlings and a cloud!  
Luxury of time  
that has books and birds  
and the weather is.  
Always talking.  
People never get better  
birds change all the time.  
Red sky at morning  
warning. A cloud  
of people wandering  
out of a book  
indian-file all  
down the sky.  
Name each one.  
It will take forever.  
You have all the time  
in the world where  
will you keep it.  
Fools turn it to sand  
kept in hourglasses,

wise men collect  
anything, the wine  
examine the flight of  
birds they never  
count them, one  
thing you must never  
do is count a thing  
not even one.

Otherwise the wind  
inside you turns to sand  
and the sea rolls up  
and goes away. Green  
moon heaven and  
nobody home.

16 June 2008  
Cuttyhunk

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Whole sea of bead of mercury  
bounced on a table top  
and what it does to gold  
doesn't bear speaking.

16.VI.08

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Where the seeds were  
the birds are  
not for long.

17.VI.08

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In sunlight warm  
write my way into sleep

later tell who found me there  
and what was said—

sleep is mostly listening.

17 June 2008

= = = = =

Captured it in the small cove  
between the thought and the intention  
not yet ready, like the glimpse  
of someone walking far ahead  
who will turn out to be a friend  
but not yet, a deciding. Trees  
were all around it. A muscle  
is of course a miracle, we know that,  
we were taught that when we were  
very young stars and singing lessons  
were given all day long. To be ready  
for the night. That's all any anybody  
needs, skin or no skin, an assignment  
you can't refuse, must be done tonight  
not later. Always though with help  
from a friend. Like that one now  
who might almost be ready to be.

17 June 2008  
Cuttyhunk

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Using the light  
right. Spill  
candlegrease  
over the east.

Sea smolder  
coast catch  
the eccentricity  
of human speech

means touch  
addiction  
latitudes of want  
longitudes of need.

18 June 2008  
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

What can be done with one vine  
bent back and spliced upon itself  
or twisted so tightly knotted  
in upon the mealy substance of  
itself meshes and allies the  
strands of self inextricably one.  
There you have the whole green  
story. We rot into our identity.

18 June 2008  
Cuttyhunk



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More can be one.  
Soft vine so tight  
you have it.  
Need? On this  
dawn knotted  
strand of eternity  
is now is only now.  
Bent back upon self  
we rot. You are  
just one more island.

18 June 2008  
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Stay I want to hypnotize you with dawn.  
Rubber-faced dream connivers stagger into the mirror,  
gone. You're alone with your mouth.

*Trinc*, as the oracle told. Or touch  
with that silver hand that brow of gold.  
Wade ashore, this is your homeland at last.

18 June 2008  
Cuttyhunk

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Put in this place more than you understand—  
it's called catching up with the dolphins,  
Hölderlin did it, and busy Hegel on horseback  
trying all his life to analyze why history  
always ends in that girl over there. No names,  
please. All mind is a coming to love.  
Only we must not use that word here now,  
words have to be frictive, raw, undocumented,  
smelling of their journey. By night, stifled  
or frozen, émigrés from somewhere even  
crueler or less meaningful than here. There.  
When all the oil is gone we'll burn the air.

He said. Or someone did. Or no voice yet  
has been willing to agree with even the smallest  
river. Sunrise irritates like a bad movie.  
Yank the lovelife back from your vocabulary,  
yank the words back from their neighborly  
weariness. Who knows what will happen  
inside a word left out all night while the heart  
finally sleeps off its villainy and the light  
changes? All of these in quotes of course.  
*Leaving things alone out loud* he called  
the little book he meant to write and set aside.

18 June 2008  
Cuttyhunk

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Or if I remembered the openings  
how many forests would I find inside  
with animal men inside them  
and inside them what's inside me

till everything that I beheld gave out  
the same unending shriek  
and there was no silence anywhere  
in skin or bone or sky.

19 June 2008  
Cuttyhunk

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Willow. In whose shade  
relief of pain. Willow.  
Whose leaflets trail  
in the common stream.

Who floods with color early.  
Who is uncommonly now.  
Go on listening for the clash  
of cymbals – as if music

ever needed sound. Willow.  
Not even sound. Not something  
to be seen apart but something  
is. In shade or stream,

the pain of music stilled.  
The sound released from music,  
sound released from sounds.  
A refutation of the pain.

19 June 2008  
Cuttyhunk