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As if they caught, cod, they could
and the banks stove the hull in
boat by boat, reefs they were
and panached with wave spray,
no home but foam. No cod.
The seas change themselves
into the costume of another,
I thought it was her tit it was the sun
rising through mackerel clouds, milk
of the sun this light. I thought
it was a fish it was my shadow
elegantly wavering beside me
for I went north, sure of nothing.

Morning haze and weeks have ended.
There is nothing left to be
that has numbers in it,
the only kind thing is to be difficult
then men will turn away before decoding
the preposterous gloom of my infant message.
Get it? I love the th- sound, old *eth* ð
like a d with a head cold, devil sound
of this and that and these and those
the deictic finger jabbing at the I want.
I am a man and you are water. Forgive me.

8 June 2007
Cuttyhunk

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So he went through the world
asking for absolution
from everyone he met.

Some few who did not turn away
asked him for what crime
they were to shrive him,

what sin of doing or left undone.
I wanted wrong, he said,
what's more I still do,

I cut the hawser and drifted
randomly and called this 'free'
now I have nowhere but you

he said to each one
and each one said the spell
the found in the moment of looking,

the Divine Word, the first
thing that came into their heads
before they hurried away

trapped in a freedom of their own.

8 June 2007
Cuttyhunk

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Always expect a little more to say.
The speakable is always a mischance,
hence all the bibles and their sinister allegiances.

Can't we find a God someday who has no law,
who says: Finding me was piety enough,
rest now in your inclinations, Beloved,

pleasing yourself is pleasing me?

8 June 2007
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Never having not to do more he rested.
Then sun rose like an argument to be refuted
brash as an axiom in Euclid.
What would he do about it this time?
Men buy pencils for the sake of the eraser.

8 June 2007

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Sea glare on the grass even,
rabbit a sea-creature leaping from.
Universal problem, belonging
to what we perceive. I also
am a mirage. All about
the practice of chastity, sad music,
bones sticking out of the sand.
I want to learn her name
who found me wandering on her shore.
For a little while we named each other
but our names didn't hold.
Nothing holds but the lost original.
Talk about horror! We are green.

8 June 2007, Cuttyhunk

FINDING A WAY IN

looking up and seeing how sea fog
has lodged in the window screen
mosaic of waterdrops, thinking
how everything finds a way in

looking up on a piece of paper
and seeing the word 'virgin'
left from another language,
virgin that condition which aspires

not to be entered in, which every
other condition aspires to enter,
lust to become that once again
or if not able, then make that

as changed and opened and hurt
and entered as this is, whatever it is
that seeks through all things
for the merest way in...

9 June 2007
Cuttyhunk

MERCY

Something on the mercy side a man
his body coterminous with what he sees
he reaches to the end of his perceiving
—more senses than universe—
an empire of signs.

Hesed,

the miracle of caring for what you see
and leaving it, safe in its own place,
sometimes leaving a bowl of milk at its door,

we all drink milk, *lavanah*, the moon,
the White Heart in the sky
meet me there and we will beat together
in the upstairs chamber. Mercy
means to give thanks for everything that happens,
and happens to you, and to be glad
at the otherness of the other.

And of course to give milk. *Abd*, to be a servant
of the moon, the moon gives us everything,
everything that is of kind,

it seeps down on us

in sleep or in late reveling,
the moon. Its color is mild.

Sometimes strong mild, like a sea fog
or an arc lamp, sometimes a kind of pushover light
you could close your eyes and not even think.

Mercy sometimes is what you don't even notice
but would forgive you if you did. And you,
with your calf-bound lawbook, your code, you also
would forgive. The White Heart
hammering away upstairs
in the night sky. In you.

The mild of it

touches every skin, runs
along the contours of the body
like dogs running on the beach,
the splash of mercy round the eyes.

Then they look at each other's hands sometimes
studying the look of the thing by which each one
makes the other feel,
 the sightly engine of what pleases,
moonlight falling at high noon.

Mercy. It endures until the world is there.
Then it swallows the world.
It is the part of a man that takes things in,
mercy, it is said, the anxiety of God.

9 June 2007, Cuttyhunk

PARTITA No. 6 in e.
Section 2.

Not that I know,
some other cup
filled from some other spring

the kind my father saw
sprilling out of ferns
from a black rock we drank

and all my magic comes from that
magic water so cold from a broken rock
on a hill I don't remember.

9 June 2007
Cuttyhunk

PARTITA No. 6 in e.
Section 3.

You don't have to know the name of it
to run down the road then off the road
down scree, clay, scrabble
down onto what seems a lawn,
long low white houses but who lives there?

Some miseries we store in sunlight
in clean white houses, with windows,
with pale motionless curtains hanging in them.

9 June 2007
Cuttyhunk

Mi.rTag.Pa

Yonder. There's a lot of yonder in it.
In everything. It's not in the nature of
things to be here very long. Wherever here
is, it isn't where it is very long.
That's why it's so beautiful to be here when it is.

9 June 2007
Cuttyhunk

HEARTH

Fire starting understand
geometry of drafts.
Trinity of wood
so through the gaps left
between irregularities
of their essences –skin
essence beauty deep—
some light roars through.

10 June 2007
Cuttyhunk

J.W.v.G. gewidmet

ARS POETICA

Make it possible
whenever shorter.
A coaster lasts
longer than the drink.
Cork. Remembers. Sappho
help me to know you.
Sometimes you have to
let your eyes drink only.
Sometimes the head's
hands do the whole feel.

10 June 2007
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Morning fear and ocean hymn
I'd like to see her dance for once
wild about the steeple
in the air! in and out
of shadow! Every
wolf afraid of fire is.

10 VI 07, Cuttyhunk

POSTCARD

54° Silver wind.
The birds know
but what do they
know? Roses
profuse by sea.
And a new one
who knows either.

10 VI 07

Partita No. 6
Section 4

Who could have know so fast
the things known past?
The abiding is a stone
but someone picks it up and then
puts me down again.

10 June 2007
Cuttyhunk

Partita No. 6
Section 5

Harp hazard ahead.
What we care about
seems always far,
a hill over the sea
is more like me,
I can measure the mainland
I can never touch,
count the white sails
that forget to bring me home.
But there is no point in being sad,
be a bird instead with twig in beak
or driftwood shoved in sand
rough with barnacles—
she told me once that they at least
are dead already if you find them here.

10 June 2007
Cuttyhunk

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Oh this sky. Sunrise
through a Joseph's coat of opalescent colors
over the next island.
The whole morning-redding falls here.

10 VI 07

THE ARM

I would be further if a friend
I would listen to my arm
the way a man does, his head pillowed on his biceps,
dreaming his own body is another
he would listen to this blood
running its destinies up and down his arm,

god, how lonely lunch is
all the people smiling—
but on the lawn the dawnlight
shows through the rabbit's ears
pink as he runs towards me, lonely
as one ear listening to the other.

When you're old, your body becomes
your demanding lover, always queening it,
always needing you to fuss over it,
no room for another. Keeps you
to itself. Or a small town
and you are the mailman
and never a letter from a stranger

only from that impostor, your Soul
wearing a robe dyed with your blood,
all your kinfolk buried in your skin.

And yet my upper arm
is pale and plump and sturdy
why should it tell my ear
such trashy trash?

Why do I need to know what I know?
The air in the window
reminds me of heat,
the hot day this would be
on a mainland somewhere,
in a heart unknown
except for what the pulse
makes the blood sing in the ears.

Sleep is a yellow flower,
iris, I think, edged with maroon—
a word that once meant
leave me alone with what I am.

11 June 2007
Cuttyhunk