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Let only the important
in. They are the weeds
you need to cultivate.
Extirpate. Pluck up
stirpes, rootstock, replant.
in a fair light airy place
outside the mind. Exult
at the exaltation of the sky.
Now the real one is not far.

1 July 2007

SAUL

Be sure about the stem.
It is them.
You can do little
alone. Go
back and forth.
Damascus year
after year.
You hunger
for your catastrophe.
Seizures come
not every day
and rapture rare.
Fall to the dirt
and lie there pretending
that what you so long
waited for has now arrived.
It may be raining, or dust
tickle your nose, a gnat
land near the corner
of your eye that lustrous
pool from which so many
yearn to drink.
Look at me now –
isn't it real?
Didn't it work? You are
who you expected to become.
Plus another one. Me.

1 July 2007

RICORSO

home something
new a few
waiting in the aster
a color
tells the whole
affine relation,
liver yellow,
green because dead.

1 July 2007

PENTECOST

was long ago. Everything
depends on where you start
counting. Joggers
their heartbeats hard.
I was pruning maple and sumac,
male and female,
I am a north person
I have ideas.
How things should be.
Am I near you yet,
Madonna, fallen asleep
among the macaroni trees?

1 July 2007

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Maybe there are other ways of finding me.
Look under the Turkish carpet –
not the kilim, the other one, furry almost,
glossy from silkworms. I am starving
for attention. Find me fast
before the gravel of oblivion
engulfs us both. Human lyre,
human drum. The sad legato
of ordinary life, until only the trees
believe in God. I am not in the leaves,
the wood, the bark, the sap.
But crack anything open and I am there,
in a clean tee shirt, my hair on fire.

1 July 2007

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I dreamed this:

citizenship is mastery

then I broke that phrase off
the crust of a small text like a cookie

as if to measure it
and how we live

between my fingers.

2 July 2007

GALACT

And now come round
simplicity
 or a quilt
stitched out of skies

one summer for each day of your life
now blankets you
in star.

 That's what she is,
the twin breasts of the sun
spilling the two milks—
 the light we see by
and the other one, the drink
of darkness from which colors break

to train the mind
to see the mind.

Only because of colors did
ancient people worship sun.
And from the spectral colors seven
grew the gods
and found planets for them to rule—

but all that is star milk
 and you with your lips sealed shut,
apostate of sheer suck.

2 July 2007

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My lime tree cut my lip.
Misery is meek to do—
a branch sprang back
to face me, hard.
Rilke. Scriabin's thorn.
But this knifeless wood
could. As if I too
were another and I am.

2 July 2007

MORNING SERVICE

After I've talked to myself a while
I'll talk to you. It will keep,
it's been waiting since my bones were born,
this conversation with somebody
else's sense of time. Mass. Somebody
else! It's like milk
to see you but just wait,
I'm still busy with the one I was,
Jewish twilight daybed money
and the way her teeth felt – imagine this:
from her reluctant eagerness I woke
into my conventional impersonation
you know so well, and care about
evidently enough to be here.
Now what was it you said?

3 July 2007

= = = = =

Things dig in.
The decent thing
is let it

in. The other
way is silence.

Where the wolf
et cetera trots
up the aisles
of the woods
buying time.

I am who you are
and it hurts.

3 July 2007

= = = = =

To understand anything
is to live in its shell.
I don't want to understand I want to know

that's why things break
or I do or the
woods close for the night
and there's nothing but this.

Let it out,
the ordinary knowing,
that's all I want.

The howl of have
only an echo now

and then this.

3 July 2007

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Get ready to get ready
to be ready to go.

Then stay.

There is no other way
to be here.

3 VII 07

SCHILLER

Animal everywhere.
A sequence of fixed cars
passes my door, each one
juiced with planetary sap.
The influences.
You could call out
and nobody hear
what with the roar
of what is there.
You could watch them
pass, green, cream,
wine on their way
to other people.
The delivery is constant
*as long as the mountains
stand on their foundations*
he quoted but the mountains
are their foundation,
there is no difference.
So he must have meant listen
as long as a mountain is.
Presumably longer than I am.
Listen longer than I am.

3 July 2007

sdrp

There were four of us when we came in. I don't know how many are left or maybe more, I'm trying to work it out, be patient, please. Am I one of them or none. Am I here still again?

3 July 2007

THE SYLLABUS HAS BEEN REVISED

for J.A.

Rest your hat and coat, the streets
are getting tired of your indecision.
Blackmail under every door, like
Korean take-out menus. Rest,
je repète, the morning has plenty of time
before it even thinks about dwindling.
Dwelling. If you give me your cloak
I'll hang it up, more like an ulster,
flop it bohemianly over the chairback,
this one, not that one, that one's
for the parrot when he comes down
from the rehearsal, *Manon*, the scene
at Saint-Sulpice, things happen in him,
remorse for repentance, seduction,
a lot of singing leading to yes.
That's what makes him fly, isn't it.
A formal disposition of outer garb
argues hospitality ahead, if not
actual welcome. Trees cluster round
the summerhouse where somebody
insists on reading out loud a Father
Brown detective story, sly slaying
in a summerhouse. Yet somebody
is alone with the text, so somebody
doesn't have to speak full voice
any more than the avocado in the
hanging basket dreams of going
back to its tree in old Méxique
where experimentalist M.D.s
snicker up their sleeves at Hippocrates.
I suppose I'm not really a nice person
but civility is a kind of saintliness
wouldn't you say? Or is it me?

3 July 2007

=====

In that country they have trains that run nowhere. But each runs to a very particular Nowhere, unlike all the others. The trains all leave from the same station, and vacationers must be careful to follow the color-coded lines painted on the terminal

floor, each color leading to the appropriate track. There, the powerful, same-colored locomotive waits to bring the passenger to one's chosen Nowhere. Our family always went to the Dark Green Nowhere, so I still tend to follow that, more out of habit than conviction, though I am a sentimental person. My own predilection would probably be for the Crimson Nowhere, the furthest away of them all. The very young and the very old both seem to enjoy the Purple Nowhere best, and strange to say they make each other good company there. Whichever one the traveler chooses, it is important to feel at home when the train finally—and truth to tell it is a long dusty journey even to the nearest Nowhere, the white one—drags its coaches into the terminus and we step down into the serene and indifferent crowd of all those who have come before us and made the same fateful choice.

3 July 2007

All winter long I had a jungle in my ears.

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Core of peach,
 man blossom, a mind
carve. Keep.

These are the frequencies
again. Tune in 1943—
it's all too war

but that is the fact of things,
the wharf whereunto our ship is tied,
our little ship.

 Cannot yet the hawser cut
he said, and even those skiffs you see
nose to the wind in the outer channel moored,
they too are linked to the single fact.

Kids like you dream about
cutting the last line and letting go,
setting sail—you call it, but wouldn't
know a sail from a chasuble—

out into the unmoored condition,
what you call 'free.'

Well let me tell you, he said,
I have been there and come back
and kiss the sidewalk
that holds up my broken feet.

Call it Descension Day
down to earth and light a candle,
some honest paraffin and stink
to fight the sea on its own terms

a sea is a chemical solvent
that liquidates haves into hopes

and this splintery old hard dock
into a scum of maybes

out beyond the last barnacle
where you couldn't even find a single stick
to break with your fingers and call it two.

4 July 2007

THERE

Where a voice
locked in a flower
's loosed
by looking. Genie
talking pink,
talking cinnamon.

4 July 2007