

7-2007

## julE2007

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I'm not sure there's any way to be a hand  
unless you are one

five stalks of bamboo  
up out of a bronze water bowl

trying to remember  
something somebody else used to know how to do.

19 July 2007

## MEASURE

Measure is itself a mushroom,  
wallpaper paste you soak off and eat  
famine food, measure  
itself is a girl crying,

a gate flapping in the wind.

19 July 2007

= = = = =

Put the right images together:

Altiplano. A pal from Peru.

But the windowscreens are soaking  
but the rain has dried.

But the sun has set.  
But we're still here.

Of course it seems as if the feet  
themselves made the body move.

But what would I know,  
I for whom a cloud  
walking past sunrise is dance enough.

19 July 2007

VATES

When you begin writing a word  
you predict the future,  
that cam will turn into came into camel

and they all happen  
and the paths divide forever.

I'll try again. When you write any word  
you predict it, your intention  
is previous to its inscription  
common sense says. Is that true?  
Or even so? When you begin  
writing a word anything can happen.

The camel can pass your crooked door.  
You can forget everything  
you thought you meant and go follow it

where such things go.

20 July 2007

= = = = =

This dictionary  
picks me to live

with it. By mere  
beast you shine.

Your sheen.  
This comes

closest yet.

20 July 2007  
*for Grace Leavitt*

= = = = =

Suppose this cushioned davenport's advantage  
enfeoffed anxious teenage lovers who  
know everything that love knows how to teach,  
put out the light and do as you please.

Here lie they down. Here awkward they align  
horizontal gumptions in the vertical array.  
Here push they or pull. A little miracle each time  
like a rabbit freezing on the sunny lawn because a shadow.

I am the shadow. I am the awful one.  
a little like a wall  
a little like a mockingbird  
who sees all. Who remembers all too well.

20 July 2007  
Red Hook

= = = = =

Who are these who glue themselves to me  
their ineffaceable images why?  
There are some flowers don't tolerate the sun.  
Am I one? Or they hide themselves in me?

These mild autistic women!  
The strange zombie ailment of autism  
*indifference to the other* until  
even the own is other and stops feeling.

Poor child, to be trapped in a world without me.

21 July 2007



= = = = =

So little here to understand.  
I should take my basket of eggs  
and hide under the bridge  
until I hear the fox's faint footsteps  
pass overhead, pause, and then be gone.  
Now I am safe from the images.

What is an image?  
An image is the knife tip broken off in the wound.

21 July 2007

= = = = =

1.

I have written my bone dry—  
can you make an opera out of that?

2.

No one knows how much his body,  
his very body, may mean to another person.

3.

So much cruelty in the world  
and all of it comes from not knowing one's own infinite worth.

4.

Learn to love yourself,  
no one who prizes himself would ever do harm.

21 July 2007

## LOST AND BE

glad on it  
it's all in the hands

the skin work  
the honey  
on the hands

so the boat of us goes, imposing,  
do you hear,  
who?

All in the hands hurry—  
studying the philtrums on foreign faces—  
this *tells*

but who, what *what*  
the eyes listen,

time spatters.

They call it canvas  
this thing they paint on  
it is a garment  
to wrap around space and walk through  
time with it so different from a wall

though thou art painted as a wall,  
Egypt had to put the building on  
endure stone's sense of time—  
all you bring is your space skin,

imposing it on spaciousness,

this shrivel of a me  
being here

and yet the only

2.

You didn't like the man I can't blame you  
you hardly even saw his face he'd let you  
only through the telescope of fear

my god

his eyes were a phonecall in the night.

22 July 2007

= = = = =

Sick in me  
despite the weather's  
health the gold  
afternoon not lost  
because the air,

not much of me  
is sick,  
the rapt radio  
of my attention

cows spilling  
from the cattlecar  
all we need  
is expanse

acreage of actual  
skin our largest  
organ or  
under the apple tree

we are a sinuous  
interruption  
a moment of being  
conscious then not

I'll teach you what the tree taught me.

22 July 2007

## COULD EDEN EVEN BE?

1.

When my heart's in the right place I'll have a habit  
till then too many came in too few went out  
and not one unchanged

Was it the walls, enmuraled elegance all frit and glze  
or was it the doorways basalt-jambed, alabaster transomed  
to scare the daylight out as you went in,

suck light

or was it the greenery, the fruit and ferns  
and all of it whispering Eat me?

Eat me as if I come into myself, my own  
only when swallowed by another,

l'âme engloutie,

that dismal little operetta?

Am I my own yet  
or would even want to be?

2.

He did. That was the trouble,  
he consented prematurely  
to his identity.

If there was a trouble,  
of course,  
if there were ever anything but  
the interminable sea interrupted by  
interminable landscapes.

That he consented to be  
something bigger than he.  
Wind left him lots of space to move around in  
but who could see it, who could see  
the vast savannahs of his desperation,

his feints and follies out to the neighborhood horizon  
and who knew?

Carl Sauer on the steppe said it,  
vulgar as it is to say it

grasslands are the limit of a man.

22 July 2007

## PYTHAGORAS

But could it be me,  
apple or evening, voice  
trailing after a shade?

All the conspiracies  
lead to the same place,  
a little man sitting in a little room  
wishing he were other than he is.

Everybody guesses, nobody knows.

The secret history of the world  
is the history of its secrets,  
the chronicles of all the explanations,  
all the guesses, all the sensual suspicions

all the theories that finally prove  
nothing but our need to theorize.

I killed Lincoln. I killed Kennedy.  
I carried Arthur to the lake.

Spirit wants us to think there's more than what we see.

22 July 2007



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I see him vaguely  
in the glass: globe  
not necessary, any  
mirror shows the future—  
you don't think you look  
like that *already*, do you?

22 VII 07

## CONSEQUENCES

The detectives are waiting,  
you have a statement,  
try to believe what you'll say.

The rough-hewn stone  
of the police station is strangely  
like the Vienna opera house,  
weep for all the human crimes—

that world will never come again.

The innocent lusts of men long  
dead sound like music. Buildings  
are the shadows of people's lives—  
some real, some imaginary—  
those who lived or worked in them,

a city is a zoo of shadows.  
And that's the thing I really love,  
you can always trust a shadow.

22 July 2007

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So much depends upon  
the color of the ink,  
eleven lines to say I love you,

a phrase not available in French  
for all the ink in China,  
the army is a disgrace

can't capture even one chateau,  
desire, where you take shelter,  
they plod up the ravelin

abashed by your arrows,  
all my force in vacuous panoply displayed.

23 July 2007

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That cloud is up to something  
that little one darker than the rest  
with a face like a trout  
nosing those distant waters  
beneath which I and mine  
perpend deliciously in summer's  
last will and oxygen  
I love this little world light gave us  
be careful how many things you look at  
you'll have to see them all again  
when the girl on the tiger finally takes off the sky.

23 July 2007

= = = = =

Hen deck?  
A syllable's  
enough for me:  
*me*, that egg,  
that preposterous  
certainty wrapped  
with insecurity,  
fragility, Saint  
Martin's cloak  
this beggar  
saved from winter.

23 VII 07