

5-2006

## mayC2006

Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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Some rain. Some hill.

*Loma*, a hilltop or bare knowe.

We have none here. Hear

but some rain

in and out. Waiting for all the trees

have leaves. What else would they.

Water. I still think

about so much wet, leaving lines

on dust or paper, the stains of thought

left in silence. She laughs.

She has heard such things before.

Breakfast on the moon, she thinks

in other words, wear the wind

for your pretty shirt.

12 May 2006

=====

The next one might work:

there is an ear,

lay it to the ground.

A history of everything they ever said.

12 May 2006

=====

Nothing hurt or last to knock  
an oak door in a Czech wall  
is alchemy enough. Resound,  
sister ! I have loved you  
with knots in your spine, have  
taken the railroad of your thighs  
to the end of the line, alfalfa  
and rapeseed fields all round,  
and a dry scented barn or godown  
beside the track where maybe once  
tobacco cured or crazy missionaries  
sheltered from vile weather  
and tried to sleep. No train  
ever comes in the opposite direction.  
Just as well. It would be death  
to take it. To be born again.

12 May 2006

=====

Nobody can ever know who they are by themselves

-- *Know Thyself* is not a solo flight

you know who you are by what somebody tells you

one day maybe quick in passing

or all night long it could be

their warm breath in your ear telling

even Buddha sat that night and dawn beneath a tree

and the tree told and the snake stood up and told

till he put his fingers to the ground and said

Hush, I have heard,

now I know who I am.

If you look for yourself with yourself you will only find the one you think you

are already, the lost one, the reject, el desdichado

but if you look for yourself with the tools of the other

you will find the good one, the glad responsible one, the god.

Look at you with my eyes.

13 May 2006

(for Mary Reilly)

## IN YOUR WILL

leave me either a million euros  
or your Pléiade Racine. The swimming  
pool without the house,  
the water in it but not the pool.

Leave me your name  
to toss around in my mouth  
and drop once in a while in bars  
to puzzle girls who never heard of either of us.

How woozy fame makes us,  
the more people know me  
the less I know myself,  
                            leave me  
your visiting card, your Vacheron  
Constantin *grande complication*,  
your box at the opera,  
your dartboard,  
                            your map of Africa  
when they all spoke Latin there,  
your badger shaving brush  
full of your dead germs.

Leave me your mother's wedding ring  
in case I find a bride among the natives here

pale frightened women who remember you too well  
stepping down from your sleigh, drunk and dangerous,

leave me your barn with the owl on the steeple,  
is it still alive,

leave me your luck,

leave me the handlebars of your Yamaha  
to mount on the walls of my salon  
so I can pretend I used to kill for a living  
not just by accident, not just by paying taxes  
like all the rest of us citizens,

leave me

your passport most of all, I never knew  
what country you were really from  
or where I belong, the original one,  
the one I see in your eyes  
before you look away to take care of  
all the other would-be heirs who want a piece of you.

13 May 2006

## END TIME

or classic  
schooner I'd call it,  
mahogany  
one of those who spoke  
with God in the old  
days when God was a boat.

A bid

for the valuable sea.  
Troll notion  
from the known,  
hoi,  
the little people are always with us  
and that's the difference on the sea, we  
have to do the troll work there, the fairy  
influence,  
the fee of earth  
must bring to water.

That is what Homer meant,

the little people  
of the sea are big, are nagas and tritons,  
have no truck with us.

Our elves we  
must impersonate  
at sea,



to fit the slim malevolence of us  
a chance to win.  
Every now and then a pigfish saves.  
Or Jonah comestible comes up  
spouting his new-laid prophecies  
the seas confuse  
until we hear.

What we hear is always mingled with our hearing,  
that's what's so classic in the ship  
the trim-coifed schooner  
skimming over all that otherness down there  
like a Scarlatti sonata, Domenico I mean,  
chattering over a Spanish marketplace  
bringing shape to what happens,  
ordering nonsense to be beautiful

you think,  
for a moment  
then by now the ship is into the horizon  
and you're left with the sea,  
no similes,  
affectless  
riddle of the actual  
never understood but stood.  
For Jesus you say walked on water.

14 May 2006

**LONG LEAF**

to tell you

sister your day

*PMK 14 May 1943*

narcissus bulbs lift their long

skinny leaves droop pleasingly around the

rim of the tall clear vase

where only a few tiny white

flowers persist

so late in this cool spring –

answers are all we ever really need,

answers and meat

because sometimes you want to make a flower bleed,

all that green to hide a ruby fact

you can't find in the heart of emerald,

your stone, lady, I promised, finally

found one I could afford,

I had worried about it years before,

when could the penniless fuck-up that I was

get hold of an emerald in a gold ring

he had promised, I had promised to my sister

an Indian emerald from the river sieved,

who knows what labor goes into this business,

making a stone talk,

how loose we live with contradictions,

there are two natures

not one Nature,

the red one and the green one

and we live as patriots of one or other

or compromisers. Who still

are promisers,

willing to make do

for the sake of the stone. I earned the money

meant kept the promise,

God knows the quality of the stone itself,

can there be

a bad stone?

Two natures. That is the secret.

Cuchullain's fatal strategy,

to stand with one foot in each

and try to fight,

what could such a man do but kill his son,

his human consequence?

Liminal man,

man between the elements you are,

say your prayers and close your eyes and try to dream.

14 May 2006

=====

Rice and rarity.

Not to believe

what I believe,

crooked fish

and spill of other people's money

along the common shore,

or credit,

or Bottom basking *in memory of a mistake*

or, The Real Made Rare.

Such dreams don't have

Parliament morning full of mothers –

breathe, the air's your only evidence,

God's mercury,

not even one

but all of them,

become.

15 May 2006

## THE INSTINCT

Who gives these ceaseless instructions,  
a child in the park conducting  
an invisible orchestra

he only hears.

Try to hear too,

a small one

but it fills the air.

To be music you need to know  
how to take a joke,  
how to dream all through breakfast  
if they let you have one

in the pretty blue prison of your desires.

See the kid

wave his arms,

the pigeons semi-alarmed

rearrange their resting squadrons,  
furlough from the sky.

See the kid,

guess the sound

he hears,

what has he seen

to make him hear like this?

Soon the voices come

and he hears those too,  
what is he doing

in this little body,  
a mind that rules the universe  
can't tie his shoes.

O music is a bitch, a Sovran  
chorus of absolutes

each one  
disposed to rule  
every minute of your virtued life.

The sun is out,

more smiles than frowns,  
more grass than grief,  
what would you,  
a summer day.

But who can really hear  
the music some kid hears in  
what he doesn't even know yet is  
only his heart or

something like that, a noise inside?

15 May 2006

## PERSPECTIVA NATURALIS

Two scapes  
of the risen amaryllis  
divide like Aries horns  
and cup between them  
out there a tree.

True  
botany is just looking.

15 May 2006

=====

*from/for Patricia No*

The mouth she sees with

and every womb is foreign

we come from

when we let the mirror

warp till we become

transparency and nothing seen.

15 May 2006



=====

He found it in a book.

he has had enough of it,  
this knowing so much and you not being there,

*a tree is always waiting*

he read

*the bark grows over and conceals*

*the beginning of our story*

the vascular permissions

*bone alphabet*

*I read in your blind skin*

He leans against the tree  
and thinks, this is bark, when  
it is thick it is cork

the cork protects

(but nothing protects the bones  
from themselves  
they go on being

hollow, and very far)

he thinks of all the tunnels

the miles of hollow space inside her bones

a skeleton is made of dark highways

barely hidden by the pale chalk of the bone

but what is the blind disease

she read in the dark?

He thinks the blind disease

is feeling.

feeling along the bone walls.

And he too has a malady of the skin,

his skin is sick from being so far from hers.

(from notations a year or so back)

16 May 2006

=====

make the King and Queen move

to let the others up

breathe me

the faces are all that moved me

stilling me in the morning a Red Ten

needed

a blue cloud

o you may talk about your India your ports of Spain, for me

there is no color like the dark plum

smashed below the wheel

and I have waited, haven't you

for the stupid flag of our latest conqueror

to drag down among the deuces and the treys

as if this were not the game it is, oil into pockets and the poor go beg.

16 May 2006

=====

But it wasn't what I sounded  
but what sounded me. A circus  
of indirections, a ball  
on fire. Through the outfield men touch  
the shadow and they fall.

If they knew I was here  
they'd be speaking German,  
language of fear, *ich liebe Dich*  
we say now, we used to say  
little d *dich*,  
and what about you,  
do you hold me  
in the *immer, immer* of your heart?

16 May 2006

=====

On the esplanade of anorexic avengers  
they stare dully out at the half-forgotten sea.

Crime is the lubricant of the social engine  
so forgive me when I break  
your window with my impetuous glance,

or gaze as they'd say, swayed  
by *ces dieux, cettés déesses*  
of the Sorbonne  
who prance in the Luxembourg  
midnight moonlight with barely an essay on,

just because the grass is wet,  
because of many other normal hence peculiar things.

16 May 2006