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# THE TRUE HISTORY

and the furthest island

every god has a dream to link  
mainland with far island

and every people is or has a god.

Archipelagoes abound.

25 May 2006

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Why does only this answer me  
when I put on my car and the  
coat is full of snow  
and the cat bites me?

They do. The cat's coat is brown,  
I am jealous of his attractive power  
because he is also a young man  
in a brown sweater by the fireplace

see, I really am doing it, I am telling  
about *my* life, a simultaneous sweater  
and breakage and dream.

So that the man said

all the Portugals we need,  
the Pope demarking this from that,  
your oldest swimsuit on the line,  
the coral atoll that is no more,

the whole effing alphabet is a riddle  
(o that man is in the moon again  
unloader of new species, semen broker,  
connoisseur of come)

and here we are,  
mistook the pilot for the captain  
and mistook the captain for the ship.  
Emerson was born today.  
Dissolve this long disease. Dream this.

25 May 2006

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

I dreamt of a cat  
the cat bit me

it hid by the fire  
you went to attend it

outside the music  
the snow

25 V 06 / Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Does it speak louder then?  
When you press the tongue  
against the smooth  
wood of your lover's door  
and listen?

Not everyone can tell  
the simple errors of our policy—  
we work for the rich, they work for themselves,  
they stand closer to some god, they point the way  
away from our needs. Away from our delight.

Pleasure is only for them.  
For us, they made this thing called 'sin'  
and took everything else away.

25 May 2006

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

A pot of chives  
on the deck rail  
even through closed  
windows hear  
the sea  
    touching  
all round  
and the channel bell.  
To be at all  
is to be at the center of it.

And seldom know.  
By Church's Beach  
the scotch broom  
blossoms. Cold  
morning telling me  
what? Could it be  
a cloth the sea weaves  
a crazy shirt?  
Get dressed;  
the hill is still high.

26 May 2006

PERVERSE

to do battle,  
the tools  
at hand.

Amity. Hydrangea. Proust.  
What one asks of a friend

an island. Too  
soon the sentence ends.

26 May 2006

Cuttyhunk



= = = = =

Not by little  
bones the body  
stands. Small's  
what makes it move.

26 V 06, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Some miracles are hard to read.  
Thinking quiet morning fog  
the thrill. And it matters  
somewhere else one  
wins or loses as if the game  
created players to play it.  
Mist, uniform light.  
Say more. I exist only  
to touch you. Skinless and unborn.

26 May 2006

Cuttyhunk

*ars poetica*, 26 V 06

The book's not here  
I'll have to make  
it up out of the air

another kind of take  
on words, the breathe  
them in from light

26 May 2006

Cuttyhunk

=====

I love the sound  
classical music makes  
on a tinny little transistor radio  
standing on the toaster  
rattling under the fusillade  
of the piano or the squeal  
of Biber's fiddle,  
                                    it is as  
if you're looking at  
the x-ray of a friend,  
none of the sensuous presence  
but the bones all clear,  
the rattling bones  
once hidden in that gorgeous meat  
you now see clear,  
I mean you hear.  
This is the noise I grew up with  
the sticks and stems  
I tried to clothe with my own song.

26 May 2006

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Has it made it through yet  
the bird through the cloud

I learned how to ask questions  
from Yeats and Duncan and Stein

a question is always worth asking  
as long as you don't know the answer

so if you're really asking  
the bird lands on the lilac bush in front of you.

27 May 2006

= = = = =

A red bird on a branch in the wind  
holds tight, rides with the lift and twist and fall

like a man standing in a speeding motorboat  
rolling with the slap and fall of wave

To ride on an element is the chiefest grace  
something like rolling over in bed and being there.

27 May 2006

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

In the tunnel through the aspens one  
frog declaiming. Smooth  
black water either  
side of overgrown path.

We try to go slow  
in our quiet clothes  
wild roses rip.

The ferns are still not ready,  
the lilacs still aflame.  
End of May. All round us  
roar of an uneasy sea.

27 May 2006

Cuttyhunk

*ars poetica*, 28 V 06

whatever you do don't think about it  
just write it down the way a whale  
what does a whale do spout I suppose  
or swim, just do that write it down  
like swimming, like brimming your  
fat lips with krill and sucking in  
the devious significations of the world  
letter by letter, o I'll learn you a new  
alphabet that no one knew, a crisis  
made of chalk and tallow, a sign  
carved into a candle that lasts  
when all the wax is gone, do it  
write it down just like that like fire.

28 May 2006

Cuttyhunk



= = = = =

Now the girl is on her mower mows  
her swain attends her with a scarlet can  
as law demands of gasoline.  
The insupportable clamor I support

like all the thoughts thinking at  
once in the brain. Taking care  
of the lawn and foreign policy  
and war. The boy trims edges

with his special other kind of noise.  
Everything sings. As poems promise.  
Men can lie but words never can.  
Brisk wind in up off the Sound.

The little black dog runs around.

30 May 2006

Cuttyhunk

## The Young Poet and Rhyme

He feels more comfortable with it  
like going for a walk in strange terrain  
with your own dog at your side.  
He doesn't like dogs, though

he likes the way they go  
rooting out everything that tries to hide  
and smelling every blessed thing.  
A dog is ceaseless exploration,

rhyme's like that too, Sapir said,  
heuristic, means help you to find.  
Affinities between the world all round you  
and your eternal mind.

2.

Good dog. Run away now.  
Let the man's mind lead him  
where it wants. No more  
affinities, no more playing  
boy and girl with the thingly  
universe.

Now walk alone.

Or not alone. Your shadow  
is always with you, fluid,

free, freely shaping itself  
to every move of yours  
and every surface it touches.

This is music. This is form  
knowing the world, intimately  
inward, moment by moment, true.

*for Vince Lechowick on his twentieth birthday, 2 June 2006*

30 May 2006