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for Charlotte

mandrake root ripped up
laid across the path
but only the wind was screaming

the contours change
earth sinks and rises
breathes beneath our feet

so slow it takes a lifetime
to notice it and then
the old man says Maybe

I only thought it was otherwise
this dingle deeper
and that steep hill

maybe it was me
isn't a memory
frailer than the earth beneath me

but what if he is right
what if it all does breathe
just as he does

long slow heave
of an ancient planet

the whole world gasping for breath

=====

not clear to me what begins to begin
or where the moon came from
it's been so long since I've seen it or her
now over the sea south and its light
licking the side of the Rose Cottage
and everything else subdued
into the ordinary dark – 13th day
of the lunar month and the gulls
finally asleep

8 June 2006

Cuttyhunk

=== ==

shiplap, a splint
for broken clouds
a crutch for poor old Time

to hobble by

June 2006. Cuttyhunk

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if fundamentalists really were fundamental
and Christians Christian
and Muslims were Mohammedans again at last
then humans would be humans.

10 VI 06

=====

Everything comes to agree me
whippoorwill the evening in New Hampshire
the lost red hair of her
haunted valley in a valley
like exhausted immigrants from
a country that never was.

12 June 2006

Cuttyhunk

IN MEMORY OF THE LIVING

So water so many
so wall and fire
the red cock the witch
sets to crow on his enemy's barn

so many ways to have not touched you
never touched you
that way though I'm sure
a finger, or a fingertip,
taking, or offering, a glass of
not even wine, soda maybe,
or a cup of tea could,
did, touch –

the elements eventually
forgive us,

the rising tide, just barely turned now
washes seaweed up to the shore
kelp and wrack and then
out again, the bronze

tangles of it,
the green asides

as if we had to listen very hard
to hear the living.

13 June 2006, Cuttyhunk

THE GLOBE

She gave me a terrestrial globe from China. It is small, barely two inches in diameter, made from semi-precious stones inlaid to mark the lands. This is a magical instrument, it appears. It shows, often labeled, a world much like ours, yet distinctly and interestingly different. Moreover, this earth is not static. Each time I look at it, continental outlines have shifted, islands drift around. Something white is coming even now towards Australia, and Japan is gone.

. . . 13 June 2006

INTRODUCTION TO PHENOMENOLOGICAL DENDROLOGY

Every fucking tree book is the same
tells us what ought to be here
in some pristine unvisited region
where nobody ever stuck intrusive
cultivars. And bushes, for god
sakes you'd think they were enigmas,
nobody knows what they are.

I want a book that talks about
the things that are actually there,
trees and bushes and straggling
undergrowth with berries or
thorns or catkins or just leaves,
I want a book that is about
the actual, not the ideal, the smug
contented speciaties of the botanists
but the name and nature of
everything that grows.

14 June 2006

Cuttyhunk

BY THE BIG ROCK

the serpent and the bee
in the seaside roses,
rugosas white and mauve
aroma and the little
snake winds the root
the fat bee high above
visits the stored up
liveness of, the sea
also is infinite degree.

14 June 2006, Cuttyhunk

HYDRANGEAS

turning blue
just as I'm leaving

sky blue
my childhood
in them

to leave them now
a whole Aeneid in that

ferry to the mainland
the tears of things

the color comes with me
I love it so much
I can hardly see

18 June 2006

Cuttyhunk

AGAINST MARTYRDOM

not to die for your old ideas
but live for the new ones,
the next things that come to mind
you have to be alive to think.

19 June 2006

PROCREATIVE LOVE

The four ages: by *glance*,
by *smile*, by *touch*,
by *penetrative intercourse*.
The fifth age is yet to come.

19 June 2006

A LETTER

A

you send a letter
but a letter is itself a seal

sign of an identity
yours

written in the mind's sky
can fade

out into emptiness a
letter seals itself.

19 June 2006

EPITAPH DROPPED FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

Here in the first place
on the last day.

19 VI 06 Cuttyhunk

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Keep your mémoires, give me the memories –
hardest job to say just what happened.

And anxiety also is a blue flower.

19 VI 06 Cuttyhunk

BRAHMS

Brahms talking all afternoon
he never made a morning sound –

when did he wake up every day?
what was he like then

when the grey light touched with gold first struck him?
Ask his housekeeper, his chaste Céleste.

19 VI 06, Cuttyhunk