

7-2006

## JulC2006

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# Αισλίγγυ

*Aisling.* The dream  
as human society, the only  
place where the human is  
an independent subject

in a knick-knack world.  
All the broken badges of the dream  
litter my mantelpiece,  
snapshots of beauty queens not yet born.

(O this lad is from another era, he has fireplaces,  
he has or has had girls, the cad) (being old  
is like being queer, the differences  
are louder than the same) (the seeds  
still ripen in the Undertow)  
(the universal) (he was a bird  
before he was a man  
a fence and only then  
a city, a garden well-enclosed,  
a rose)

(no wonder  
he's so weird now  
as kings give up their crowns and ask  
for their names at least be kept  
on river or fortress or piazza

but they moved Louis XIII –who was he? –  
you see his horse's butt  
late night when you stumble out  
of one more lecture in the Galérie Colbert)

(gay men are called queens why not lesbians kings)  
(ask your mother she has been everywhere  
before you and you hate that,  
hate being last-born in a used-up world,  
family horror show, strange girl at the gate\_  
(what a pair they make  
old too young and young too old,  
love prowls this dictionary,  
scientology, wet-slatted benches in safe suburban parks)

(every day one more exquisite exile  
then it's off to Philadelphia in the mornin').

13 July 2006

= = = = =

There is only one person  
in the world. Sometimes  
he dreams he's you, sometimes  
he dreams he's me.

If there is any difference,  
it has to be the dream.

mid-July 2006

= = = = =

Impromptu  
the air  
    falls apart

you hear a tree frog not far  
it makes you wonder

the way everything does  
when it suddenly speaks.

13 July 2006

## SOUND

Anything you can hear  
is the sound of space  
licking time

a science thing  
like the color of your hands

or why in winter  
your wedding ring slips off your finger easy.

13 July 2006

## SAPIENTES

In every fire  
Bruno is waiting—  
it was his door  
to another room  
where he's still at work

Those who die in fire	Bruno, Jehane, Empedocles
or in water	Kings of Atlantis and the rowdy poets, Shelley, Heym
or in earth	Moses, Osiris, Oedipus
or air	Enoch, Edward Kelly,
or in the Æther	Guru Rinpoche, The 12 <sup>th</sup> Imam, Jetsun Milarepa

all are still at work in each his element  
to make the green Spagyric work

our planet and its flower-foot

and far beyond it lost in time to come the Blue Religion.

13 July 2006

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All the certainties, the sides  
down which the oil slips  
when the pan tilts over  
flash of flame, syllables of fire  
trying to pronounce a word  
that only women really can speak,

Providence, in the Elizabeth bar,  
slumped in a comfortable settee  
wondering about the bright  
weather outside thank god for dark  
in here, where I am, and my kind,  
body beings in a nest of time.

13 July 2006



= = = = =

Now on then  
never one will be  
poised.

A flag  
for 14<sup>th</sup> July  
a parade, the town  
defiled with tanks  
rocket launchers  
women soldiers in frumpy uniforms,

all the people hidden off the avenue.  
Chiracistan at bay.

14.VII.06

## RING

Just as I headed towards sleep  
my ring slipped off my finger,  
sleepy tried to find it in the sheets,  
couldn't, sailed down to sleep.

All night I dreamt of finding it  
here or there, bed or bedroom,  
house or road or by the sea  
tide swirling out of that gold circle.

When the dreams let me rise  
it was the first thing I saw  
middle of the bed where I had been  
and it was still warm from my skin.

14 July 2006

=====

sparrow

an old decipherment  
the soaked paper

said:

the apparent raja  
spoke softly to his tiger

*thou and thou alone art free of malevolence  
the hurt you do is innocent  
prone to your teevee's  
ineluctable machinery*

I think it said.

Or was it raga, tigress,  
tendresse, fenders and no hurt,  
was it music instead of a picture,  
lines of the staff stripes of the beast

which, we are wisps of what programs us,  
the inexhaustible mediation

teevee? what kind of word is that

where I come from you don't talk to tigers

(14 July 2006)

## THE DOGGEREL

wrote me, then I was other

so the spirit sprinting through my breath  
would come to you panting  
with adoration, a Renaissance painter  
aghast on his back before  
a vaulted ceiling three inches bigger than the sky

and painted it (breathless, a girl  
in his mind he made Mary,  
then made St Agnes, then made  
three angels in profile and one  
angel with wide hips frowning at hell

and he couldn't stop thinking about her  
so made Christ from her, slung  
a brown beard around her cheekbones  
and God the Father the beard turned white  
but still her grey incurious eyes

would never come to rest on him,  
not till the Last Judgment when the grave  
gives up its dead and all of them  
rise to meet him, all with her face.

14 July 2006

= = = = =

Crevasses  
in things  
the crack  
I worship  
pour  
what I know  
comes back  
rejuvenated  
by sheer  
between.

Feeling best  
when serving  
most that  
vanish point  
from which all  
arrives and comes  
to meet me  
make me  
what I am.  
As between  
the lips the  
clitoris or  
between  
witnesses  
the phallus  
stands so  
between the  
eyes someone  
also knows  
the final  
judgment  
court of last  
appeal.

16 July 2006

## PEDAGOGY

Just lie about  
while every book beats  
passionately against your naked education.

16.VII.06

= = = = =

Causes of nine:

Sympathy. Megiddo.

Marmot lawn.

All right, I'll give you hummingbird

how you rested on me.

A wooden flute fitted with a trumpet embouchure,

Parmenides. Have I left anybody out?

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*Commentary:*

Parmenides because he got there by horses, but not on them. Trumpet mouthpiece on wood to make soft things blare. You and me, we're history. Hummingbird excessive lyric observation quick tongue in mouth sugar red. Animal. Touch. Politics & War. What else could fuse or force or feed?

17 July 2006

## SINE FUNCTIONS

Blue symmetry.

Some. Here.

We name this proportion sin.

It is the relation

between the upright and the other.

Any deviation

is given a number.

These numbers rule us.

Later they take us to hell.

17 July 2006



= = = = =

Enough math for one myth.  
Is it o-pus or op-us?  
You decide – you are my broker,  
my live feed. How can I make you  
listen to me, give me what I only want  
you who are all about need?  
How can I even pronounce you?  
How can I get you in my mouth?

17 July 2006

= = = = =

Eager. Ague  
to get, get it,  
the want  
is always waiting—  
but the less want  
the more you  
do want. Root  
puzzle of it,  
our predicament.  
Who told you?  
I learned it from a nearby restaurant,  
plump diners inspecting the buffet.

17 July 2006

## FLESH AND BLOOD

Could this be Horace's triumph after all?  
*Vicisti, Romane!*  
I have learned to speak about the street,  
the one that leads only to one more street.

17 July 2006

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Too late to apply the remedy,  
enjoy the disease.  
Watch the blue wildlife  
hallucinate out of your woods.  
Remember the thrill of feeling  
someone's skin you never touched.  
The world around you buzzes like a fly.

17 July 2006