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## RAIN

There may have come a touch of rain  
it may have been when we least understood  
and later the evidence dried,

light stains on the sky.  
We lived through those days in constant denial  
of what we see. Seem. It told us  
(all told us) what we had no wish to reflect,

old letters, scat of feral animals  
in our little woods, dead for all we know,

certainly we don't hear them growling anymore  
in the night. Just as we didn't feel the rain.

21 July 2006

## MANHATTAN REVELATIONS

1.

Soon someone will come  
and then it will change.  
All the room for revision  
will be taken away.  
They close the sky.

2.

In elevators all over Manhattan  
women wait, uneasy,  
when will the familiar lurch  
lift or lower them  
to their next imposture?  
And why do they keep up this masquerade?  
Why don't they show us who they really are?

3.

If only the propositional  
comes to excite?  
Can't you listen and make love to the places in between,  
not the pirates but the whole Caribbean?

21 July 2006

## ON THE DAY 13 SINNER

So much the sinner  
the scape the run  
into the woods the red  
the sign of number raised  
embrowed with crimson

army, for David *counted*,  
*taxed*, and sinned the kingdom.

The first sin is to count.  
The leaves of Eden  
numberlessly fell  
till scoundrel Adam  
picked one up,  
*One*, he said, let this be one  
and veiled with cock with it –

for number hides.

Eve went  
“wailing,” horrified by this hiding  
as he had loved what had been hid

and found Sir Serpent ever truthful telling  
I will give you fruit to eat  
tasting it you will taste  
the real world beyond the numbers  
where nothing’s hid,  
sensual and supersensual at once,  
the living meat of the abstract,  
the cock of God.

And Mind closed round her as she ate.  
And she knew.

2.  
Mind held  
Eve hard in hand.  
Mind knew  
itself in her  
awake anew.

Eve always  
awake. *Adam*  
means 'sleep:'  
the red glow  
you see when you  
close your eyes  
in sunshine, not  
the 'red-clay-man'  
but a man made  
from color alone

by her, the master  
language maker,  
Hevah, mother  
of all being.

3.  
Adam stirred.

His fingers closed  
around her ankle  
as she stood above him.

Her astragalus  
firm in his palm  
erased the deep lines  
left there from another life.

A life before Creation  
which was all being  
and nothing made.

Adam's new smooth palm,  
the past erased, this is what  
the theologians call  
*Making Man in the Image of God*

(but theologians are strange old men  
who think that Eve was just some man)

but she said: your smooth skin means  
you have no fate but the words I tell you.

4.

And she knew  
knew how to teach

us to use  
the ramparts of a silly book  
as a stairs  
to reach out and touch her hair

above the lonely order of the world.

22 July 2006

**SEAS**

Vanes of a pen's nib  
fins of a shark.

22 VII 06

## POMPEY'S CAVE

In Pompey's Cave a stream  
runs below a stream.  
Sometimes at low water in the upper  
you spot the hole, the ladder  
leads down to the lower

German fairytale, blue light  
beneath the earth that leads  
all us poor old soldiers, and we are,  
we all are, down along  
fleeing from the witch of war,

the lower is always in spate,  
runs hard into and out of the rock wall.  
Pompey they say was a slave,  
he hid they say in the cave below  
through which the purifying channel ran.  
Two streams in one.  
Freedom deep inside the slave,  
a slave inside a man.

22 July 2006



= = = = =

It is midnight  
the branches  
fall from the trees  
leaving the leaves

intact, in position,  
green intersections  
only, barely there  
but there.

It is not midnight,  
the branches lie  
scattered on the lawn.  
Through healthy leaves

cameo appearance of  
the dying moon.  
When she shows  
it is not raining.

And it almost really is.

22 July 2006

= = = = =

I have a key that unlocks silence

I hide it in the back of my head  
near a cloister in the mountains  
where the stone is always talking

*stone knows how*

and that is the first thing I ever remembered.

23 July 2006

## A DAY WHEN NEATNESS COUNTS

It's been years since I've been in this kind of place,  
she kneels down with that notable gap  
between her front teeth – Chaucer said  
goat-toothed or gate-toothed, I can't remember –  
dentists declare diastemma – anyhow  
they glowed in the dark of our mutual intentions.  
Lay the Seven of Hearts on the Eight of Clubs,  
you know the rule. When I was young I too  
wanted to be a doctor, just for the books and the bodies,  
it wasn't clear I actually wanted to help people,  
but why not, sickness is a way of conversation,  
I knew that already, well before Sunday  
and I was only born Tuesday. I think there's music  
playing but I can't be sure, the *imago* before me  
overwhelms my meager senses and I fall  
into concentration, why my betters used to call  
a 'brown study' and I chose it and choose it again  
and smile disarmingly at the pretty lady.

23 July 2006

= = = = =

Is that my name  
this thing I can't pronounce?

23 VII 06

## THE BLUE OUTSIDER

calling for certainties  
is waiting at the church,  
marry me is his tune  
and every passing hearse  
pauses so that the corpse  
might listen. For we too  
are affianced to the dead,  
their tired words our love songs  
that explain the world to us  
and make us almost confident  
we have a place in it.  
Language makes us  
members of the club –  
but not him, the one who waits  
on the other side of language,  
the blue outsider who has  
only one phrase left, marry  
me, marry me – we think  
he's one of us and hurry past.  
But he is not. But his day will come.

24 July 2006

= = = = =

Eventually things do get around  
to being themselves. O what a day  
that will be, Martha, when we all  
live up to our names, even our middle ones,  
and apples are really legitimate to eat  
and shiny Oldsmobiles come to life again  
because a word gets wet on an old man's tongue.  
It will come, Martha, keep the faith,  
the sun is like a diamond ring, my dear,  
and we make up the finger for it, all of us,  
and just wait till you see the whole hand.

24 July 2006

= = = = =

but there are things missing:

his broadsword swung  
nimble near some head  
not hitting it,

the leaf  
knows how to fall and the tree  
lives,

the shadow  
knows how to come back  
and stand beside its woman

that was a world once but now only is.

25 July 2006

## COMMITMENTS

Let the rain decide  
it is not raining  
my business is the proposition

✧

truth is up to you

✧

and then the day passed  
its labors, its constructions,  
confusions, effusions.  
And silence. Silence now.  
Silence me.

✧

I wonder what sort of person  
I have become. A number.  
A bowl with things floating in it.  
A glance, directed at or away from  
a remembered face. It goes  
both ways. I love you like an other.

✧

There are spirits here.  
They show up as foxes  
if you turn a camera on them  
in the trees. But they are not foxes.

✧



They sound like owls over an empty highway  
but there is no road

★

There is something so tired in me now  
something like the wrong day of the week  
lodged in my throat like the reminder  
of some food I tasted once and liked.

But I am not hungry, what a strange  
confession, how can I be alive beyond  
appetite? A lake, a woman swimming,  
white bathing suit, pine trees,  
a cat asleep, the wind just beginning.



25 July 2006

= = = = =

Only first thing in the morning  
am I permitted to look into the future  
and set a number on what I find

not find, some days I can discern  
the number of Nothing itself out there  
waiting for me to enter it also

into my interminable calculations.

26 July 2006

= = = = =

Have I finished  
what I began?  
Have I even begun it  
darling a hope

in a hand like  
some dumb  
kind of rose  
offered no matter

a thing is worth  
only to give  
quickly even deftly  
to another

past hope it helps.

26 July 2006

= = = = =

The target follows you.  
Hit me it keeps telling you,  
*fais moi mal* it says  
like the Boris Vian song  
Magali used to sing,  
she's still alive, time  
did it to her, hit her,  
does it to us, the target  
pinned to your back  
you can't shrug it off  
I saw it the second time  
we met, we were together  
but I would not kill,  
the only arrow I know  
points to a word in the text,  
an immense scripture  
I am always reading,  
the point of it despite  
its shape, shape of a hand  
pointing, is to signify  
not to wound, except  
the terrible wound of meaning.

26 July 2006

= = = = =

These days I have a taste for hunger.  
After so many years of eating  
to feel the other side of that,

the inner waiting, turns slowly  
into not waiting, just resting,  
just the inside of a moving system.

And all the tastes of it! The difference  
between the hunger for cheese  
say and the hunger for meat,  
the hunger for a piece of warm bread

or the hunger for a bowl of yogurt  
with plump Jersey blueberries sweating under sugar.  
The hungers are as different as the foods,  
and it is time I came to know them,

the feeling of feeling, hunger not a question,  
just a kind of music of its own.