

7-2005

julE2005

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Recommended Citation

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SOLO

Dine on *Dinorah*, midnight
snack with Zemlinsky or Schreker.

Alone at dawn, remembering
l'aube, the Duke of Alba,
ed al alba vincerò. Stuff.

Gorgeous stuff, tinsel for the ears
and all the trees of it still stand
outside. Everything outside.

Where music comes from, and the dancer
I knew in another connection lifted
the middle phalanx of her ring finger
against the forehead of a grieving woman
and took all my pain away. What pain?
The pain that distance sings me,
dead men making leafless dancers leap.

18 July 2005

TALISMAN

An old man finds a photo of himself as a young man.

He holds it reverently to the crown of his head
to take its blessing
the blessing of his youthful ardor and ideals
blesses him now

This can happen
Time works many ways
time is not an arrow
time is a wave
arriving, touching, drenching,
bringing strange stones and creatures from under the sea,
leaving, retreating, coming in again always

We don't find lost time
Time comes back by itself
Time is the one thing we can't lose

The old man kisses the face of what he was
and becomes is
and each image goes to heaven in the other.

18 July 2005

PRIORITIES

- You need a wall before you can paint on it, or hang a painting on it. So architecture comes first.
- False. They painted on cave walls thousands of years before they painted on a wall in a house someone had built.
- They did, but in order to do so, they had first to find the cave – recognize the nature of shelter, locate themselves in the cave, *conceive* the cave as a place of habitation or sanctuary – that is, they required and found the *architectural imagination*, which always works from inside out, from the place where you stand, to shape the space around you to accommodate your needs. The architectural imagination finds the edges and limits by being, always, in and at the center. The architectural imagination reaches out and finds the walls, or builds them.

And only when the wall was found did women see on the smooth or coarse surfaces of limestone or chalk the *outlines of reminding*, which, reinforced with ocher or charcoal or orpiment, elicited images of *moving* things from that which is so still. To make stone dance, is how it began.

Painting then began as a response to the architectural given – they responded to what they saw, learned to see, saw and learned from.

In that way, too, architecture comes first.

18 July 2005

= = = = =

Hold with the *bakery*
which is a *place*
and what goes on there
something to do to be done by
a holster holds again
a baker takes a
ba-bird and a *ka*-bird
(a *ka* has hands)
and makes them live together
briefly in a shadow
or a quick fish slipping away
or in you, you have a smell too,
don't deny it,
do I embarrass you?

God is a baker not a potter
or an undertaker
near Porter Square providing
tasteful interments of the rich abstruse,
we are (i.e.) buried in each other.

No word but heard again
in me or in some other,
malting time into one more sweet quaff
of momentary ecstasy o

the drunkenness of *now*,
of being able to touch *this*,
overwhelming phantasm of the actual
from which we wake
later, into our usual torpor,
half-baked, imagining
god knows what gods
who talk to me and
devils who don't

and all of them are you.

Who else could they be?

I'd recognize those pale thighs anywhere.

19 July 2005

(Ψ Variations)

Hair white why?

Said I

too much

and you too few

as many

as you are

you are

I will happen

to all you too.

19 July 2005

= = = = =

living with people
is living in free fall
sometimes you push them
away even so
gently they
keep going away
from you forever

19 VII 05

= = = = =

I heard a hollow
sound in the woods
and turned around
it was the moon, rising.

19 VII 05

THE NATURE OF NATURE

the roses
still in cellophane
from the market

the wind of the fan
rattles it, makes
the sound of rain.

19 VII 05

= = = = =

Everything easily backwards

run to remit

payment punishment reply

and send again this thought-form in the word

to see whom it can find

there are rules for these things

low slow to learn

but the mouth tastes true

can't fool the tongue the tongue fools you

rushing to the swimming pool to get

inside its healing chlorine before

the agitation stirred up by the Angel's

Touch calms down again and sleeps

and water forgets to heal

forget how to touch –

the edge of anything

comes to you

the ends of the world

rush in upon

the slow-breathing architect

only how to begin?

And what if a thing
has no edges

have I grown old in vain
licking shadows off the wall?

20 July 2005

CAULDRON

everything in it
what you need
floating thick
with what you want

always full
never too hot
too handle
and never cold

you get
what you grab
today, must wait
till morrow

to get more,
all round you
heroes gorging
on what they got

so you gorge too,
the sun is a curtain
to hide something brighter,
everything inside you

drains while you sleep
into the white moon
the cup she fills
the cauldron from

and everything is free.

20 July 2005

= = = = =

Reaching towards being on the other side of
what is central to the edge of being
is being on the edge all the time
the 'brim' to which the woman is filled
with organic matter and inorganic eyes

Steel sees but aluminum of which the earth
is made does not. Coal sees but gasoline
is organic. Go there from here. All we do
is move from place to place: that is our nature.
Be wise as a lizard smooth as a word
slipped between two others. Dare me and I will.

20 July 2005

= = = = =

such a lonely sound
car revving
fast up the road
laying rubber
into the empty morning

21 VII 05

= = = = =

There are always enough of you
is there enough of me

Life is a harem
and every woman has a thousand wives.

21 July 2005

= = = = =

What changed?

Your body reached me
through the air

a mapping of its moves
on me miles away
as if all distance

is a lover's breath
a teasing
word soft beside the ear

so that I move
now in that behaved space
of what you do

losslessly tentative
afresh
you shape.

21 July 2005

= = = = =

Maybe with this sword
to smite another –
a pen to make
another inroad on the unconscious

the only place democracy exists
so radically that each of us
is equal in that shadowplace
each man a master and a victim

vulnerable paradise
park of all possible change.

21 July 2005

= = = = =

I wear this stone
to let the world do it for me

acres of influence
on a narrow finger

the time folded in a jewel is enormous
and every minute of its millennia

unfolds to my need.
All my lifetimes

to say one thing.

21 July 2005

= = = = =

A red sapphire is called a ruby.

A blue ruby is called a sapphire.

A yellow sapphire is called a yellow sapphire
and is sacred to Jupiter the guru star.

21 VII 05

= = = = =

The important thing is not to do anything
the rest will take care of itself
optimo the green leaf infallibly turn brown
the mature smoke blue out into distances
disperse. Do nothing. What's left
will sing quiet stuff in your right ear
a little like a June mosquito but sweeter
and hardly frightening at all
more like history lesson from a pretty teacher
about a country you couldn't care less about.
This is information. It's the only thing that isn't you.

22 July 2005