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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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One bad night and merry
if we belonged to our skin

fierce reprisals of ordinary weather
unpiecing friend from friend

because each screw head bears a cross
countersunk in the actual material

the alloy of our meaning scored
notional momentum fades.

Organize. We have been on strike
since Eden. Brothers, bratty

sisters, sweaters with us,
join us, be skin with us at last

in our vast forswearing (*Verschwörung*)
come out with us and walk

the picket lines of trees
and in the slippery canoes

slip through the mercantile brigade—
Satan is: power to inflict harm

without fear of retaliation
and feeling justified in every wound.

That is a government. Or church.
So we flee into the unnatural condition

the one you call Nature, the unowned,
the overwhelming, the good.

Perverse affections. Broken bells.
We sell our cars and buy butterflies.

Then we give them to the wind
and call it Christmas. Halloween.

A child is born in you. It annoys you
into mysterious acts of change.

It is the way I talk that makes you love me
especially when I don't say anything at all.

27 July 2005

BEING ISHMAEL

Or wait. A well
opens. Zam.
In deserto. Well.
Woman. Bend.
The child drinks.

God rides in everything
and still herself.
Tathagatagarbha.
Man womb. Woman seed.
Perennial. Now.

Or stone. The stone
cracked open
shows a lake inside
fishermen in little skiff
far away man on shore.

Frog calls. Split
the wood and read.
Bible. This one is true.
From all the trees of Eden
this one found you.

27 July 2005

= = = = =

All religions are none.

Only one true religion:

tomorrow.

Every animal
shows the way to the temple,
few go inside

“when one considers
an ant on the road
one finds the way”

[Ca’fer Effendi]

Mozart
pedal point, ... *Weisheitstempel ein*.
Weisshaupt. None of the above.

You, just you.

27 July 2005

= = = = =

Start the whole process.

Breathe me, be me.

Gazebo in your trees

I am a species of waiting

the light moves through me

till architecture becomes everything

it is the huge dark building

dreams me at night

American Gothic he called it

that Christian who would have built

the navel of the earth on Morningside Heights

the bishop was willing but the professionals

said no They always do, the great

Masonic Temple on a hill in Brooklyn

waited for me to dream it, the three

spires of the Cathedral off Amsterdam Avenue

you see it far away in every dream.

Unattainable women the buildings in my night

standing huge in cities that do not exist.

28 July 2005

X

Half score. Digits. A V on top of a V
balanced. X. Ten.

Why can't we be more than ourselves?

We can. We

imagine everything.

Then reality has to come up with something

beyond our conceiving.

Then we match that

with our interminable golden guesswork ever on.

Only what is beyond

can help us. Beyond reach

we are written by the eleventh finger.

28 July 2005

= = = = =

The child blacked out by the war
is enamored of a candle.

He hears the screams four thousand miles away
when the bus's air brakes squeal on Crescent Street.

He hears the bombs fall
when the cellar door slams open
and the phantom lepers in the cellar
creak up the stairs to blast him the sight of them alone.

Nothing but fear. In time
he notices the bodies of women,
girls even, round about him
and the fear goes away a little while.

If he had a candle he could light it
he could find his way
but does the road go through
or does it go around?
Through the body or beside it,
abstinence and woe?

Pinball of the soul. The bounce
from fear to lust and back.

The war never ends.

Huge blockparty celebrations at V-J Day
are exercises in women's blouses,
satin discoveries, contours, terrors, touch.

In the light of a lone candle
at the back of his skull
he thinks. A way
must be between them, neither and neither
and no. No such flicker.
Once a war gets in you
it never stops.
Ceremony of the single flame in the single dark.

29 July 2005

= = = = =

No tool or rod rest
against the sin meat
hard, a blanched
deliverer affrighted
by his message
doors you. Kind
punishment for maybe.
Go in and go in.

29 July 2005

= = = = =

When wither or
some green grin dirk
from under stubs
this sky, this old
affront so
familiar, toothcare
among old trees.
The natural to kill.

29 July 2005

= = = = =

Something walks through space
and time catches him in wax

ear amber time
tends to look that way

hard but not very hard
a tough thumbnail scores

these things are parts of us
as we of it

parasites of the hourglass.

29 July 2005

= = = = =

Because they believed the oak
stood and understood the same
black butterfly on a writing hand
leave a blue spoor bedight
with greenspun circuitry they called
and called again the sea
is pure remembering.

30 July 2005

VERJUICE

Young vinegar a little sweet
still sopping a sponge
lifted to a dying man

 this other
side of the sacrament
our well-meant sour charity yes
but more than that

a last taste in his mouth,
a focusing on us
a condensation
of our qualities

 and less than that
your little medicine, take it,
we'll almost understand
why you are doing what you do.

30 July 2005

= = = = =

The place the fox comes from
to be here
the permanency of his apartness

white-bibbed red-masked
last night he
looked up at our lights

coming in coming in
to his dark entitlement
matter world, food under bush.

31 July 2005

Rausch

All rush leads to you.

All rush leaves you you.

31 July 2005

DIRTY THINGS

lucre of our feelings

toilet talk

All feelings lead to shame. Arrow.

Hence the Door,
greatest of human inventions.

Christ rolling away the stone though
disinvents the door,
tells us there are no doors in heaven

no doors no marriages nobody ever alone

far from the happy closet men call hell.

31 July 2005

LUCENCY

as if a quality
you might for breakfast
take and take in.

Another happens. Who.
The random diplomat
touching the green shoe.
The policies in her hands.

Yen for meaning.
Even she holds it in a cloth
too pure even for her who made it.
Too pure for the body from which it came.

31 July 2005

(on the fresco of Mary – Virgin? Magdalene? – in the church of Saint Clement in Trahull, Catalunya.)

= = = = =

Organize my Portugeuse

beat you on the beach

so many surreptitious touches

add up to one far psychic pregnancy

and then the Undeliverable Child

forevers in you, flower.

31 July 2005

la vraie vie est toujours cachée

Then I take on she says
the form of every destiny
you chose and won or lost
enough to call your own

I will be your other till the end
a glance at music and a hand
pressed lightly on your arm or side
standing in the two-way mirror of a door.

31 July 2005

[the phrase as such came to me in French – one's true life is always hidden]

TRAHULL

A fresco of Mary Magdalene
holding a bowl of precious ointment
from which a sacred fragrance rises
sunrays spoken in the dim chapel.

31 July 2005

= = = = =

Thunder and a sapphire
yellow and a finger
for it to ride

with this horseman
I will ride down the world
until justice comes

cusp of August
dog snarling in the sun.

31 July 2005

towards the Torah

Justice, like memory, is a construction.

And we must.

Thunder, not near.

Humid,

shimmering pale.

Some scattered straw

to make a garden grow

turns golden in the shade.

That kind of light. That kind of law.

31 July 2005

= = = = =

A kind of crystal also.

Gneiss. A bird. Clouds
complain. Rubble of the day.

Try to believe me,
these stains
come with me,

they are the maps of me
you can read even in the dark
to find your way

if ever you consent to sail
this foundering argosy.

I have sinned
because you are.

A blame we share,
a dark commitment.

31 July 2005

= = = = =

The measure mild as milk
takes the child away
and hides him under the willow tree

where the magical personalities
you cherish in my mind
can rescue him, one by one,

elf by troll, all the years of his life.
I am, I am this simple person
to say one holy thing again

each time in a different form,
name, gender, wines, wings,
wildernesses.

31 July 2005