

5-2004

## mayE2004

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### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "mayE2004" (2004). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 849.  
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## **COLORS**

The catch or glee  
the quick thing stung  
as by a yellow bee  
wandering among

you think they're flowers  
but I know better,  
down from the towers  
of cloud fell a letter

I read it, I am reading it still.  
They are not flowers  
they are pirate colors  
who seize the forms of things  
and make their show their breasts  
their mouths their privities  
to amaze this sleepy world,

colors are the pirates who  
come sailing in from Somewhere Else,  
you'll never guess,  
and what the earth would be  
without them,  
all anxious sightless,

all columns and columns and columns  
of numbers on grey pages without end

the letter said.

See to it that you are  
where colors come  
and let them capture you  
and make you serve

the dappled glory crazy story of the Other  
who sent them to ravish you  
on their slender ships of light.

16 May 2004

=====

singing  
is stinging

listening  
is lust

16 V 04

<late> =====

1.

**late because somewhere**

a mercy on the man  
who fills his mind with mind

2.

sailboat on the Vineyard Sound  
more and more till I can't count  
my heart says the word regatta and  
I try to understand

3.

and over all the clam shells of the Hammels  
the conquistadors of East New York  
falter towards Rockaway to feel  
and pleased in Playland on cold lager  
leave in the sand human footsteps  
conniving at happiness

4.

as if a street's the only place to dance  
and then I move and you  
make the body of the President to sing.

16 May 2004

<late> =====

Cast of miracles  
and then some flowers,  
Childermas  
and hot for winter-

**there was much more going on  
than sin and punishment**

there was silk I never mentioned  
for I was Homeros first and then  
all the rest of you in turn  
anxious in Eden

you were my simple people  
and I was your book

and there was the naming of things.  
Nothing more  
but that's still not finished,

a man for instance with blue wings  
and his tongue tip in the abyss,  
what shall we call him?

16 May 2004

## **BLACKWATER**

Could in and after  
all be so close to me  
through the valley  
east of the Taunton River  
that something's hidden

of our First Intention,  
I can't prove it, I feel it  
is bad enough, near the Rhode Island  
line then keeps nothing  
crossing the low hills and off  
east I feel it, Chief Anawan's misery  
and the breaks of changing,

loyalty to the place itself  
and if that breaks  
what other fealty holds?

where we left the gods we brought  
and killed with gods we found,

what is it I feel here, yes,  
I take me as measure,  
what makes me feel this strangeness  
is what is measured,

what is it here north of New Bedford south of Taunton  
that stretch of Eden  
wedged against earth  
where heaven is no paradise  
but an angle of sharp meaning  
a *norma* let into the trees there  
to guide us yet,

but to what altar.  
No altar, bird chatter,  
Dante gibbering in the scrub pines.

I'm telling you where not what it is  
but that's something, I'm telling you go find it,  
we need an accurate  
fix on it, we need to parse this feeling.

17 May 2004

## **DELPHINIUMS**

Delphiniums and small china red roses on the table  
amazing in the blue glass vase. They look at me and say  
Everything! Everything! And one large yellow rose.

17 May 2004

<late> =====

But all of that keeps waiting and why not?

A field of Canada geese mumbling corn

from water stubble. Where I die

is where I must be born. After rain,

princesses in thorn trees, they

finally forgive the obvious.

They love to feel the energies they rouse.

So the Sabines reckon. Or those idioms

in my mouth that try to want you –

spirit inside matter, matter inside water,

the strange water they call electricity,

a kind of amber thing, your cat understand you

but not as well as I do, touch by touch.

There are so many opposites in this world

of ours, mystery of the dancing police.

17 May 2004

=====

**Of all that keep waiting a stone**

is spokesperson enough, a board  
with nails in it, a crow in a dead tree –  
nothing is missing.

You call it war

I call it the second movement of  
a lost Fauré sonata, dreamy  
and demanding as any girl  
on the Eve of St Miriam when  
in dreams one witnesses all the sad  
things that are to come and what  
lover brings them.

I call it fruit

of the medlar tree, you call it  
a message from the Pope,  
you take it from your wallet  
still smells of new calfskin  
unfold it, read it to me.

I don't know that language.

The air smells like a marble quarry  
this morning.

You disagree: No

it looks like the last day  
of the Battle of Gettysburg,

dying men remembering their wives  
but getting the names wrong. Sunshine.  
Foxes waiting in the bushes  
for all this curious fuss to stop  
and they can get on with the world.

18 May 2004

=====

*after Christie Seaver*

**Sometimes the sky envelopes my tears  
and I wonder how long I will last under its presence**

but wonder if comfortable for me, I like to walk around  
with my snout in the air, the tears

dry on my face in the light of sun or moon or stars or cloud  
whatever the Lucency is coming from that hour

after I tear open the sky envelopes to see what's on God's mind now  
after all these years of Bible Bible Bible just this kiss

yes that's what it is, a the kiss of all this,  
presence folded inside absences inside presence

like the sunburn itching on my face at midnight  
something always present, I look around, I'm looking hard

for someone to talk to now and display my tears  
because emotions are only motions on their way to you, yes you

the one whose presence in my mind lasts longer than sunburn  
winter, spring again, maybe all my life you last in me

when you are lost out these in the sky world, hence tears in the first place.

18 May 2004

[Note: Christie's first lines actually ended with the word 'pressure' but I misread it on the blackboard as 'presence.']

<late> =====

**a horn**

from some beast's head

hollow

to blow through

a day

and not much to show for it

celebrate a vacancy

made to resound,

build up in the curved and curving

channel a complex tone

something you'd hear once

and remember a long time

but then forget and yet

a very long time to come

suddenly recall

like the smell of some fried eggplant you ate once

when Penn Station was still standing

and a girl was walking across the street from it

somehow eternally in red clothes.

18 May 2004

=====  
**This blessing in disguise** business bothers me  
like a tune the guy is teasing with and can't  
get right, dispersing whatever old time sagesse  
or doctrine a melody might still be able to wield  
over gibbering vibes, time to have children  
and then you're seventy five and no idea  
seems particularly good, maybe Tiffany & Co.  
has the answer, picture a window I mean  
a classy vitrine full of rocks are you with me?

I thought I was but then my interlocutor  
shifted the conversation by a deft elbow westward  
to include a dapper blonde who had drifted  
I thought my way over from the chopped liver,  
sure, I like diamonds, so he went on,

the matter

with matter is the not quite material  
hand that has it, holds it, enrolls it  
in a queasy army of acquisitions

more noumenal than now, neither (he rhymed it  
with *knee fur*) here nor where? When? Is it a woman  
'of a certain age' or 'uncertain age' she wanted to know,

back is forth so often that I can't stand still.

Many martinis later hearing Mandeville's marvels,  
moppets shooting marbles, melp me, I man't mop.

Puck! That's better. *She gets impatient with my face,*  
that's the name of the song, I don't hear anything do you?

19 May 2004

=====

The marvel is that on a cool  
spring morning some people are  
enough in touch with their body  
to pull cotton sweaters on

while others stay in their tee-shirts  
and the wind blows. Calendar  
louder than skin or breath or wind.

The wonder is that anybody notices anything.

19 May 2004

=====

**There is also a smile**

somewhere in the world

I bow my head to it

I let it sink inside me

so that the man or meat of me

smiles too, a change

happens everywhere when

something happens here

I slip inside the smile

everything green.

19 May 2004

## **RICH MAN, BLIND MAN**

Everything I see  
belongs to me.

19 V 04

=====

Are we later or are we other,  
laughter lives at the next table

over the mesa a curl of cloud  
like the sky taking pictures of the earth

long time no desert  
it is so long since I was dry

a red dusts sifts into the telephone.

19 May 2004, Hyde Park

<late> =====

Who gave you this coin?  
It fell from the sky.  
What was it doing up there?  
It was hiding the sun  
the way your thumb  
at arm's length blots out the moon  
or the way a feather  
falls so quietly to earth  
after owls and crows have fought  
so shriekingly up there.  
What do you mean?  
That everything is different  
that this silken necktie on a hook  
means nothing in itself but  
tying it on means everything –  
a sign of the cross, a semaphore,  
a signal to the conductor  
we are ready at last to leave this  
station halfway to the sky?

19 May 2004