

6-2004

**junl2004**

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<late> =====

To strike the word

as at the moment

of a blue knife

a traveler

comes home at last

among the streets.

28 June 2004

Boston

*(written in the dark, in bed, and with an alien pen)*

=====

All through the night I wanted you in or under my hands  
inscribing whatever they would in or on you  
and now we're together in the blank morning.

29 June 2004, Boston

## **ON THE AMERICAN MAINLAND**

So many trees!

So many kinds of things.

An island has no choices.

Here it's like driving or walking

through an encyclopedia

after spending a month in a haiku.

29 June 2004, Boston

## LA FIN DE VACANCES

I feel strongly that I'm not headed back  
but forward, to something else.

*Nostalgia* begins to be reserved  
for moments of perception or intuition  
one feels at once nourished by  
and sustained anew by recalling  
while at the same time hungry to revisit.

But how can a moment be revisited,  
it can barely be lived in while it's there  
so quick it goes? The definitions  
of things get in the way of things.  
Isn't a moment of atom of time,  
atomy, indivisible? The physicists  
and their military masters show us  
what happens to the world when  
the atom is divided. Who will show us  
how to *split the moment*, chronic fission?

A moment is awareness.

A unit of awareness: it  
can be divided. Milarepa  
in many places in one moment,  
Mohammed's toppled waterjug  
is still spilling when he comes

back from heaven. The moment.  
And when it is divided  
a new kind of time will crack out,  
the day of miracles and green silence.

29 June 2004

Boston

**TO ON**

But this is not to say  
or not to say. And not to stay  
what seems to have been said.  
Or stay with it as long as it stays  
the way something stays that  
has been saying or has said.  
Memory has nothing to do with it.

29 June 2004, Boston

## **THE WAY NOBODY SHOWS**

The legal charm of all our Tuesdays  
linked by the secret judges of the open court  
themselves hoodwinked like Justice  
stumble through the crowded parlors of time  
bruised by bronze rhinoceroses  
capable of Spain. And reach today,  
the furthest shore, the surf  
pounding on the otherworld that starts right here.

29 June 2004, Boston



## ANTIBAPTIST HYMN

Hands up, Christians! You have imposed  
your won'ts on too many,  
now we sentence you to live  
the joyous life of all you banished,

sin strongly and endure  
the swift consolations of immorality,  
brief though they are and headed west  
or worse. Across the river and into Thebes

where ordinary green frogs  
will sing you back to life again.

29 June 2004, Boston

=====

Whatever philosophy means (not  
the 'love of wisdom,' that  
would be sophophily), it should mean  
being smart about love.

29 June 2004,  
Boston

**<late, and at home> =====**

Things I think are busy  
marveling at themselves

and the radiant delight  
of a flashlight shining on a blue jar  
in a house empty for a month  
or the old red maple  
exuberant with dark new leaves  
is what old books meant by the Glory of God.

29 June 2004

Annandale

## Stymied, in Circe's bowge

I come home from the barges bent  
in the interior direction – how sails  
bend the sky when the sloop heels  
in the wind off Falmouth –  
doesn't have to be there, anywhere  
can compose a dynamite scenario  
glossy as a lipstick ad in *Elle*  
to remember what it actually felt like  
to *be* the sea a million years ago  
and pick your denizens  
out of your dream hat  
and set them swimming, beaching, barking,  
making books. And all of them did  
what they do for you, to please the long  
fingers of your dream,  
the cosmic circus you put on for yourself,  
that's how I am now,  
before dry land appeared and I am on it  
limited in my selection of the trees.  
*So many trees* – that's what overwhelmed me  
when I came back from the island. And now  
I see all this is floating on so many seas.

30 June 2004, Annandale

## **THE RULES**

Even kings  
can't bite mosquitoes.

30 June 2004

**But what if I weren't here at all**

and a spider, and who would be  
and the wind outside, so tame, so land,  
would have eternity to figure out  
what piece if any is missing from the puzzle.  
But who wants to spend eternity  
figuring this small world out?  
The capacity for bemusement  
is severely limited  
among the animals we are.

30 June 2004