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rDo.rJe.Phag.mo.la

The face I saw in her face speaks me now
silently inside. Again and again she sinks into me.
When I first saw the face it was inside a woman's
face whispering to me a poem in a language
I didn't know. Later the face was in a woman's
body crouched in the corner of the room, cave,
centuries passed praying on the face and the face
is in me now. I feel the shiver of knowing her
inside. She in me and I in her, a kind
of crucifixion, crisscross, yoke or yoga,
to be inside the one who's inside you.
The face so deep in me it will be the last
face I will ever see. The first. Your face.
And who is this me? A shadow on the mirror,
a breath of mist that comes from looking.

23 July 2004

<late:> =====

Things beneath the stone –
radical explanations
of how people are mean
to each other, children
steal other children's caps,
salogic, antonym of share.

I wanted you in a special way.
Woden in your woods,
I wanted to back into you
and see the world out of your bush.

Universe is permit,
language is my license.

So many dream to drench you with,
so many voltaic coils, electrodes,
palmistry manuals, part-time jobs,
Christ I would pay you to stand
naked in front of the mirror all alone.

23 July 2004

SATURDAY

Saturn's day,
limit and despond—

enough of that
Lord Saturn says,
there is a limit
even to despond

and limit
is an act of peace
also,

I am ripeness
also, nightfall
and war sleeps.

But what wakes?

24 July 2004

=====

It is bizarre to think that anything's still there.
It all went in the night. Went to get born and come again
and here it is. Sun that had been rain
fresh wind that had been sultry haze
and I pretend to be the same, the man I was.
Only the ignorance is unchanged, this yen
to be who I was last night, to move
the same hands again, to touch the same you.

24 July 2004

=====
But all this thinking
is jet-skis by the shore
juttering the lake
with frantic voyages
nowhere in particular.
I watch them from the Drive
they scoot in sun
the way I think at midnight.
Let me sink my thinking
in the serenity of knowing,
smug girlish certainty
any lake is, and some
men are such noisy thinkers.

25 July 2004

=====

What does my rock have to say?

Measure me

by displacement.

Identify

by history:

this is

from that,

it came by weather or by fire

you decide.

Be serious for a change.

Give your rock its proper name.

From the sea beach at Cuttyhunk, the last three of its million years have belonged to me. It chastens me to look at it, ignorant as I am of 99.9% of its occasions, its composition, its history. And it sits on my green table, palpable, palpably mine.

25 July 2004

A THING

A thing belongs to me
by dint of being here.
I hate this. All I know
is what the blind man sees in the mirror.

25 July 2004

=====

Hope there's enough light left
to make a window

carve it out of the sky
and look through it
onto the lawns of elsewhere

where some odd old kinds of
children are playing.

26 July 2004

AVANT-GARDE

At a certain moment every writer
begins to cross his l's and dot her o's.
This is called art awakening, or, the
girl coming around the corner.

26 July 2004

=====

The silence of the morning
reminds me of the voices of children.
Two houses away, the Gadsby kids
often celebrate the afternoon.
Voices get deeper as they get older.
By the time they're big
I won't be able to hear them at all.

26 July 2004

=====

Enduring honesty or poetry
taxes the audience.

The word that comes towards you
is a word you doubt.

Better to watch them, hear them,
over there,
words playing among themselves
like children in the snow.

Then without defending yourself
you can see how they work
together, rub and tumble,
cry and bleed,

fade into pale twilight.

26 July 2004

=====

I give nothing away

I sweep up the
evidence

I bury the dad

I hide (transitive
& intransitive).

But I don't wait.

I come
towards you even now.

26 July 2004

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It must have been very inefficient,
the old way.
That must be why we got rid of it,
and the sun rose.
This one, today. Finally got it right.
The light.

26 July 2004

=====

Cock crow
far away
at the edge
of hearing,

is it rooster
or turkey cock?

a bird, just
over the highwaying cars.

26 July 2004

=====

What grows?

What knows?

What comes?

What stays?

A candle flame remembering the sun.

26 VII 04

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Trying to be blind a man
opens a door. Tasting
nothing on the air
he dares to proceed. Welcome,
experimental man,
reach out your hands, reach
not for the sky
like in the cowboy movies
or for her hips
like in your heart,
just reach out and see
who comes to hand.
Niemand. Du bist allein
in all the world.
Somebody says that
in your head, but you're blind,
you can't find your head.
Now all you can do is remember.

26 July 2004

<late:> =====

And then the other
appalled by lucency
closes its eyes
hopes to see stars
the stars
are animals asleep in the sky

suns asleep in your lap.

26 July 2004

<late:> =====

Every building is sacred architecture.

Some only speak in negatives, though:

neti, neti,

god is not like this,

this building shows you what the sacred isn't,

hence points to what it is.

Every building is a solution,

a revelation,

a choral dance ground made

masoned by the currents that link

all those condemned

by grace or will or hope to build it,

this mosque, this summerhouse.

26 July 2004

<late:> =====

Her lap desk she carries into battle.
Arrows cruise around her head,
the crows of Kosovo fly from her word
even though she only writes it down in dust
using the tip of a kitchen knife
in Cyrillic letters. But what is the word?
Ask the crows, who always try
to scream out what they're fleeing from.

26 July 2004

<late:> =====

In this field flax is grown, in that one hemp.
For a long time I want just to go to sleep.
The rain was soft, her quiet voice
opened like a hand. Warm moist
skin of what she said.

26 July 2004