

6-2003

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**PRAYER TO THE ST MARY MAGDALEN OF RENNES-LE-CHATEAU**

Like an ace in the fire  
asking control

they like the pain  
until it hurts

and who are you then,  
Magdalen?

you have *introduced*  
so much of you

into my *story*  
as if at last

I am only a quotation  
from you

as I speak myself  
into the lives

around me, the emanated  
*forms* of archetypal love

using the seven of flames  
that rules the *sky*

*right overhead* and the six  
of penitents, nude

bearing skin-deep wounds  
and the Five of Insects

hovers near  
yellow my tabernacles

because of you  
I can prove the earth

exactly equal to my desires  
like a long-sought

far-fetched proof  
in mathematics

there in our minds  
all the time.

4 June 2003

## **AFTER**

People don't die, you know,  
the translation is otherwise,  
is a kind of vocation or call  
you hear and leave the room  
to understand more clearly  
what nobody is saying, turns out  
to be your own voice from the beginning  
of time, whenever that is, you hear  
again now and almost this time  
you understand. But by that time  
it feels too late to go back inside,  
life is so embarrassing, they  
will have forgotten you anyhow  
by now, in the conversation, by now  
you are ready to forget them too,  
along with this recent self  
and concentrate instead if you can  
it's so noisy out there, on all the words  
you intended in the first place  
when you were living there.  
A few go back in, a few linger  
and go on listening  
to the long opera  
of their derailments

their loves lives liberties  
and all those tunes  
they go on whistling  
when they finally join  
the majority and get moving,  
and every town they come to,  
you will too, has a fence  
around a backyard  
or a courtyard with a tree  
stuck in the middle, with  
or without figs on it,  
a moon over a steeple,  
you wonder how things  
dare to be so bright when  
you're so dim, and there you are.

4 June 2003

## MOORISH SONG

Fall asleep into language  
wake with an apple in your hand

fall asleep to language  
the apple's in your mouth now

too big to chew. What  
is the difference, the difference

is everything, is what  
a word does, a difference is what knows

any one from any one,  
there is no other.

4 June 2003

## **L'autre**

I think the other  
is a myth  
like Marco Polo

I think the archer  
has run out of arrows  
and loves the sound of rain

I think the people  
who find amber  
lose something too

I think it is cold  
this morning in the linden tree  
there it is not

I think you don't  
have to do very much  
to make change happen

just a little bit  
and then it's gone  
but the door is opening

4 June 2003

## TRUST ME

To be beside  
oneself, to stand  
over there in the usual  
encampment, a soul  
in a pink tent  
waiting for help

*au secours*

it is the Wolf  
that comes,  
the green one  
with the wind in his mouth,  
his soft paws  
all over your lap

the wind in his teeth  
nibbles you gently gently  
he shakes  
the whole earth loose  
from the sky so  
that you can dream again.

5 June 2003



## MATTER

Take out the pin  
and the paper gardenia  
falls from the coat.

Easter is too frequent  
for any flower.

Rise from the dead.  
Be Jewish again  
and let us know you,

by skin this time,  
the real way,  
the anointed page  
the glistening text

we trust the origin,  
the word you tried  
to drill us to remember,  
the writing system of the soul,  
body parts, leaping  
squirrel, empty wine jug,  
we trust the island  
where none of these

fall. The lapel, though,  
the lapel: where  
the coat folds  
back upon itself,  
the *material*  
in a rapture  
of self-awareness  
touches.

6 June 2003

Boston

=====

apt to leave traces  
shadows, tracks  
where your mother  
weaves the vines  
but does not know  
the craft

..

5 June 2003

Boston

=====

calm sea  
but unruly passage  
the humps of quiet  
sea lift  
against the bucketing  
boat how are you Sun  
a Bach prelude  
bothering gulls  
a cormorant glides

now I have said  
enough of where I am

hours later  
home on the island  
the wind is big  
the sea small

6 June 2003

=====

How much of what we see  
is visible? Is it an island  
or a path through scrub pines  
over sandy shadows  
where no one is waiting  
and I can no longer  
bear to be alone,

*noigandres*

Pound played with  
that scholars knew or didn't.  
and what could it mean  
that they dance the way they do

what it means is  
no other is known  
*non gnoisc andres*  
we are alone

the elk of the mountain  
the lady of the fountain  
the shadow of the passing train  
all leave us

licked by time

I stare at my mother's shoes,

old books spilling from the Irish closet

my face in my casket.

6 June 2003

=====

Competence is a dark horse anyhow  
when you think of the Qur'an  
and all the commentaries  
the heart inherits  
from the inclinations of the skin  
to dance and touch the dancer

hardly moving and yet changing  
position in space, a case  
of Irish posture for example  
milk-skinned and that marvelous  
seductive stiff-softness of the Irish

but you always know anyhow  
what the law actually says  
before you get around to bending it  
to fry your own fish in some weird oil  
where do they come from  
the heart's sly heretics

old men with their young chicks?  
I'll tell you what the law is,  
the law is me, the law is minute

hour day week year,  
the law is everything but moon.  
The moon is on her own --  
that is the whole secret of the system

and I'm shocked I finally let it out.

6 June 2003



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That the first day  
voices outside  
just like opera  
but no music  
what meaning

the secret masters of apparency  
have come disguised as fishermen

it is their voices we hear  
if they are really voices not just noises

too far away to be sure  
but we hear, we hear words

no matter what is speaking,  
they confuse us,

we hear something, guess something,  
see something and remember

but the central episode  
of every story is always missing

the real Pessoa, the person invented  
to inscribe identity

has no identity. Voices with no mouth.

6 June 2003

Cuttyhunk