

6-2001

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## 100 SCENES FROM ALL THE OLD MOVIES

her mutinous lips capsize a slim canoe  
he wants her in his punchbowl after the big game  
through leaves he slithers up her windowsill  
she weeps over the mansards of old Patee  
the field marshal's monocle hazes with tears  
she slides down the banister and lands on the maid  
father suffers a coronary in a house of ill-fame  
welcoming police a landlady dries her hands on her apron  
shy they sit on the curb and share some soda pop  
headlines scream the kid is on the loose but where  
you know they're waltzing the way her ballgown swirls  
faster faster the motorboat pursues the river pirates  
scrubbing the floor on old knees for him for him  
magnanimous mistress withdraws so lover can attend sick wife  
dog held onto his cuff till rescuers hauled him from quicksand

...

(31 May/1 June 2001)

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As if there were two of us in the room  
the candle flickered from one to the other  
saying what fire always says, has been saying  
all the roman years and we can't read it

too simple too quick too personal.  
Try harder next time. Really be alone in the room  
as if I were really here, not half here  
and somewhere else where you are

sand or scree or scour of streets,  
tumult of identities I try to quiet  
into one namable person and hold.  
It never is. All fire means is change.

1 June 2001

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Exalt the difference  
he likes words beginning ex-

they're good for breakfast  
they crackle over coffee he  
can see Mount McKinley in the distance  
the lead-glazed skylights of the Latin Quarter.

1 June 2001

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Orient is how a compass leans  
against the alphabet of air  
until it spells how late it is

late enough for the sun to rise  
the one that hides inside a body  
same body that speaks it one by one

endless rosary of named persons  
no one without a name. North  
is what it says, hope

is that way too, a chain of amber beads  
so sign of ending, pull  
one out of the sea each night

easy as anxiety a nude day comes.

1 June 2001

## THEOMETRY

Of a small  
to begin with  
drug sometimes  
takes up no more space  
than lightning in the sky

soon gone  
an amazement of music  
cosines of a fortunate fall.

o felix culpa  
at what angle  
down heaven's glaciis slipping  
did God become man?

1 June 2001

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I see the dark lowering face of the man  
curly black semitic hair and say I used to be you  
and you used to be me  
everyone I notice  
everyone that *comes to mind*

is someone I used to be, will be again,  
and we both belong to what we see.

2 June 2001

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Truth hides behind the moon

but the moon's enough for me  
the sin the surfaces

licking the window pane  
I taste the other side

I kiss the throne  
some royal body rose up from.

2 June 2001



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To be a Lama is to sit  
At the bedside of a sleeping child  
Sick in the throes of nightmare  
Giving signs.

2 June 2001  
KTC

---

The cycle of agitations  
supports the heart. Sans ça,  
the chest vibrates instead  
to the vagrant orgasm of the planet  
geology jive. But when you care  
the motions of the thing you care  
become your moves. All motion  
not so much emotion. Blue  
the way a bottle is  
its glass smashed, washed  
centuries by indifferent seas.  
Gentle now on your palm  
not so different from someone's eyes.

3 June 2001

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Full of certainties  
the manipulators  
wait for star dust

a world full of fall

everything promises  
thunder delivers

hail rare as triple plays  
pelts inexpert skin.

3 June 2001

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It's not that everything comes from you  
(everything comes from you)  
but that without you  
nothing would make sense  
when it came down, came round,  
came to town

the way the circus did in spring  
or crocuses or music  
happens in the heart of noise  
to make us hear

and who was she, anyhow,  
before you were here?

No one. A circus  
without elephants or trapezes.  
A flower without a single thing to say.

3 June 2001

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woke to men tearing the porch down  
moving the rhododendron hope it lives

Cherry Orchard feelings banistered in the hope of new

new is a Moon God  
always showing up the darkest hour  
coming and recoming. Teaching new.

4 June 2001

BREEZE BLUE QUICKNESS TO EVERYTHING

Do I have enough to make a man  
out of that clay

and what sacred tri-literal or tetra  
grammaton

would I mark on whose forehead  
my own brow hot with ache

who? Catherine in overripeness  
am I talking about you

Mrs Blake? Plastic boxes  
seraphic animates

a dead pope his face under thin wax  
more or less still thinking

and Sainte Thérèse in Armagh now  
her poor bag of bones and pus

a blessing.

4 June 2001  
Boston

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Bless me brick  
For I am island

A spit of rain  
From a far mouth

Mysterious peonies

4 June 2001  
Boston

AZALEAS

A balcony makes love to the sky  
Later gives soirée invites the moon

4 June 2001  
Boston



## TRIAGE

Triage, morning's a

or boulevard, bombarded  
middleweight who's left to

the sun makes old men stroll

Three girls on their way  
to Latin wait

for what comes from *omnibus*  
black pants white pants blue

I can't understand any language at all.

5 June 2001  
Boston

## NEW BEDFORD

Another century has passed  
And still has sun sliced sharp over harbor  
And the breakwater holds  
Still hope the city  
All the stars in the sky.

5 June 2001

**ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE AZOREAN MARITIME HERITAGE SOCIETY**

sidewalk café below the old New England Button Yarn works  
now one of the dozen historical must-sees in this museumized quartier  
I still love cobblestones and nobody can make corn muffins anymore

5 June 2001  
New Bedford

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I dream of a seagull  
feather found  
marking a page in a tall old book  
and then I know I'm not dreaming

not dreaming at all, just no book  
no feather  
but I am full of finding.

5 June 2001  
New Bedford

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Looking out at the sea  
after the collision of two ships before us  
and helping them hobble back to port

strange crowded corner of an ocean  
I know a thing or two about my life before this

how I have been a king deposed  
a senator shot down on the steps of the parliament  
a pope in trouble  
and seven hundred thousand no-account lovers  
not great or vile enough to be remembered

and certainly a priest  
who raised his oily fingers  
christward with a cup to give  
wine's blood back to who's lord.

5 June 2001  
*MS Alert II*

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The island of at last

a mirror lifted beyond a vineyard  
and a clown's face in that glass

and the sea is all laughter, a clown  
I never called you a clown, dear god, always  
a cloud or a cough in the night  
like leopards pussyfooting behind Darjeeling

but it doesn't matter what I call you as long as I call

a cry

    like one thing in the mouth of another,  
anything works,  
        all comparisons are valid, unconvincing

simperingly true.

So a cry like a gull tumbling out of the sky I shout up to you.

5 June 2001  
Cuttyhunk

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It might be an architrave  
essayed by Ruskin, glorioled by Talmudists,

commentary makes the Lady glow.

It might be a yellow dog asleep in the sun on the sand

anything you see leads anywhere

the driftwood in your hand  
writes short answers it pokes in the dirt.

5 June 2001  
Cuttyhunk

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Have I forgotten how to write  
will the page of earth not lie flat for me  
and let my opera roll across it  
letter after letter juggernaut of song

mailman bring me some love in the mail  
from the true place she wrote it  
and the simple box she slipped it in  
an ocean full of other people's histories

5 June 2001  
Cuttyhunk



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A recluse  
Alone  
With whatever  
Happens  
The holy

5 June 2001  
Cuttyhunk