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FOREST MEADOW

(working from the Chryssa Saj print)

But can I see at all without looking?

glance

peer

Or having glanced just once

gaze

or was it twice how much remains?

stare

see

The mind is full of accidents.

look

Red horse rampant in a forest meadow why?

spy

observe

Midmorning sleep, one

ogle

half of my brain

behold

is asleep the other woke

the wake one wakes the sleep one and

my fingers move

the corners of my mouth I feel

as if I were going to say something

sleep taught me, told me,

my eyes are open I notice,

seaplane takes off, roar over roof,

I wonder about the ancient

Celtic tower on the island over there

that I can see only through binoculars

and no one else can see at all

we see we see and nothing has to be there

Can you help me see? Can you help me close my eyes

so I can feel just feel the skin of the world?

What must be counted. Encountered.

Strange people move into an empty house.

2.

have you ever made a book of symbols
each one would explain one degree of the zodiac

then everyone would know

for there are namable situations in the world,
a girl comes through the street riding on a fish
the feel of fish scales against her skin
is what I mean, either one,

each one is a condition of the other. Law of Functions.
Stations of the Cross.

3.

Bell Six is banging in the channel,
it helps me see,
a bong at every sea heave

waves crash on the Canapitsit rocks.
Boats sink there.

A drunken woman leads a goat through the museum

Aren't you tired of art yet, sweat of your thighs?

4.

The images of the within
Make three:

The exposition of the offered other.
The oral version and the other other clasped.
The final settlement throned and known at once.

And then the epilogue or afterjabber,
A violent entrance one last time

Where you become the object of an angry preposition

Then a procession in solemn and effective cloth
Swaying down the nave to the baptismal font
— urgings —urchins— of a girl choir

how just three or two of us can make cathedral.

Apse by violence
Nave by uttermost
Font by sharing
The spit in your mouth

And then moons later
The night is cut with light

Striations of a stone known on a beach brought home

Pneumatic passion, distaff,
Unorthodox answers
Shoved deep in your absence)

Antares out the southern window burns.

18 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

Things that are close
spicerack the sea
tell me something
about another recitation

how we came here
it can't be just
what we remember
other sins other heroes

of it must have happened
for this to be this
all the memory contents
implausible urge to explain

nothing happened
where we are
has to be remembered
without using memory.

19 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

Books don't help. They're worse than we are,
Can't even change their minds.
Though we can change them. Pelicans
In the shallows, cormorants on rocks.

Like that, always. We have enough names.

19 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

BOOKS

So we value them for sentences supplied
The form of things
The patterns of how something could get said
If we could find the time.

19 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

THE GLEAM OF THINGS

That they shine by
Is that they stay
While we so go
Enoughs the certainty

A thing is an only angel.

19 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

THE DIFFERENCE BEING

I dream men come
And build it
Where it is.

They could find
Us no other
Place to be
But being.

19 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

There are still four forces in the φυσικς world
No longer called earth water fire air
Metaphors by nature always shift
And nature is no better, but what the forces are
Is still like those four in operation
Cling together flow apart demolish and inspire.
I am made of this and this is what I made.

19 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

The try for seeing
 or a major gap
gone in looking

what is lost in seeing
what is saved in knowing

or not-knowing, how rich is that
when you go to the bank with your snickering
and the ferry leaves without me and I'm forever island

a leper on a rock, tu sais?
We live from headland to headland
giving each other this shabby little scorn called room.

19 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

HADRON

A scatter in the head or
Is it an electron still
Quick march of fated convicts
The prisoners of light?

19 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

THERAPY

a threnody for Boris Vian died young

Flowers of course. Lung lotuses
We are healed by likeness. Cure me with your gazes,
Everything happens in the simplest look
She settles her face deep in the heap of lilacs and.

19 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

Coming closer semaphore o eye
be quick to count the vees
arms make
 cutting slices of the light
to be far off and saying

simple things simple things
a rock is here
 I love you
A man has fallen in the sea.

19 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

Bottled edges the swathe of light
with some red cows on it

cut the cloud into something sensible
across the channel

presumably heaven where the rapture goes
and takes the chosen

when the red heifer has been sacrificed
and Lilith finally settles in my lap.

19 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

A tower no one sees

I am the story
It tells itself
To be

Look at me look
At me the empire
Begins where the mountains
Break

Come no further
Into the sweet legal
Land here latin still
Speaks midnight

Brenner Pass
The harsh light

It stands on every hill
Only you
Can see it only
Seeing it lets you be.

19 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

[Staring over Canapitsit channel at Nashawena, that strange chapel on the skyline of the ridge, the strange tower only I seem to see, and remembering the weary journey at midnight over the Brenner Pass, glare of roadlights, grind of traffic, from Innsbruck down into Italy at last. What links these conditions, both in one way or another false to the present?]

IF A WOMAN HAS TWO WIVES

If a woman has two wives she is to the one as one is to one. But to the other she is as one is to a world and everyone in it. Everyone else is in the other one. Because it is a secret. A secret is a selfish thing. A thing that is hers and not everybody's or even anybody's. So the whole world is in one and one is in one and the three of them together are all there ever is if a woman has two wives. But they are never together never together.

But nothing is always waiting for everything. Things have a way and when someone is selfish things have a slightly different way. When someone is trying to be not selfish but still have a special way with someone, as a wife to the other one of her two wives, there is something to be said. There is also something to be lost. Something said is something lost. A word spoken is always lost. A word is always lost.

This lost thing is sometimes the world. It is lost because one is to the other one as if the other one were the whole world with everything in it, x's and y's, seas and hospitals and nights. Because it all is to her as this other one. The other one is everything and so the world she represents is lost in the representation. To be technical. It has often been said.

How can a woman have a wife you may ask let alone two. It is a problem for any one to have any other one. It is hard enough to be one. It is hard to be one oneself let alone another one's other one. Let alone some other other's

other one. And in trying to do so it is exciting. Exciting but something goes away. What goes away is the world of course but of course it isn't gone. Not really gone. The world can't go. The world has nowhere to go. It just seems to go away for a while sometimes a long while, the whole big world hiding behind the woman's other wife.

20 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

Other ways and outward and afraid.
A man with no life and a woman with two wives.
A man with a sister and a friend's wife is a woman with two wives.
The same is true of husbands.
They are all named Raoul for the sake of the argument.
Men and women like to argue
It passes the time safely
When they could have learned things about one another
And their own selves.
It is dangerous to learn because what do you do with your knowing
Now that you know
Mr Smarty pants and so what and fuck you
And safety lies in numbers
Safety in fact is a lie made out of numbers
A number is the safest lie there is
Like something self-evidently six.

20 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

Sheen in the haze of the wide sea
Wind much
And the beach flowers full of knowing
Full of arcane knowing, know,
What do they know.

Know in the wind
All that is to be known.
Open the wind
Know only what it wants you to know.

20 June 2001
Cuttyhunk