

6-2001

## junG2001

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All those cormorants. Every bird is an island.  
When I wake up it will be summer.  
Closed room. If one were not flesh  
One would not sweat. Be cloth.  
Or sweet metal. Not copper and all  
Its passionate quick changes  
Love hate blue green love  
But kindly aluminum soft and quietly  
Enduring its own form. I could be gold.  
I could read Balzac's *Louis Lambert* again  
This time in French, crying for the poor  
Lad we all are, our small tender art  
In the cracked world of chalky priests.  
Chalkblood! A crow will talk soon  
Interpreting the morning. I could be  
A photograph of an ancient Greek theater  
Empty ruins among laurels  
Grey inside my neat glass frame.

20 June 2001  
Boston

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That city breeze  
You won't believe  
A thing I say

Maybe till I tell  
City clear  
And no disguising

What I really will  
I mean I want  
You to understand.

21 June 2001  
Boston

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My wife the bagpipe my wife the rock  
Seacoast castle gull shadow joining  
Gull on beach my wife the yellow  
Poppies the mauve beach peas the small roses  
My wife the granite statue my wife the cloud  
Eraser Hollywood Gay Divorcée white satin  
My wife Fred Astaire.

21 June 2001  
Boston

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the wind is with us  
took a night  
to catch up with us  
from the sea  
we hurried from  
the island  
the ants find us.

21 June 2001  
Boston

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Then perhaps everything wrong  
A spill of light  
Over the stucco  
House with stained glass house with Germany

In it I saw a flag  
I saw the crowds moving  
Restless again east and west  
Against the little light they let come back

Who are they now the passion  
The beautiful blue pewter  
Ocean before the war?

21 June 2001  
Boston

## ROCKAWAY

In the haunted  
House ghost train  
Fun house tunnel of love  
We paid to pretend  
There was a place  
Crazier than where we live.

21 June 2001  
Boston

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TRINITY CHURCH

D:M:STEPHANI JONAS

What is buried beneath  
The church is nothing  
But our ancient pagan earth

That is the grail  
Safe from God

Earth's the cup Christ's blood did fill

We walk around on it all day  
Looking for something anything else.

21 June 2001  
Boston



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Not the repression, the lady,  
The squat uplift tower of Trinity Church  
The bronzes of the library, Puvis

runes, angels, harp sistrum,  
I am time's attorney I am nebula  
around the fingertips of this

outrageous lyre her hips.

21 June 2001  
Copley Square

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I have business to transact with you  
An identity or two  
And you need me  
More than you have ever imagined  
Your life begins to mean  
Something you remember  
From an old book  
It turns out you are just beginning to write  
Edit it for me  
In the next technology  
The think that breaks the window  
And lets the house out.

21 June 2001  
Boston

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## INAUGURAL ADDRESS TO THE NOVALIS ACADEMY

Other times say other things.  
Poetry for example makes everything happen.  
And it is not a valley it is a mountain  
Invisible Everest only an inch shorter  
The mind lives on top of all that flesh and rock in wind  
Poetry lets thinking happen  
The mistakes of poetry are the only hope of science  
Poetry creates a magical disappointment only science can cure  
Poetry cleanses life of its most various opposites.

22 June 2001  
Boston

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Albatross. My ship is waiting  
there is a blue kind of forgetting  
and a violet way of letting go

then there is you. Where  
do ships go, they look so white  
setting out, and all the sea's the same,

and you walk by remembering  
everything, and where am I then  
left with all the spoiled young women

at the Atrium in Newton, dancing  
the slowest dance of seeing  
what they want and buying

o how deeply we are entitled  
to what wants us to possess it  
as I am to this golden yielding

watching you pass back and forth  
trying things on and wanting nothing  
and all I ever want is this.

22 June 2001  
Newton

## SHOPPING FOR CLOTHES

She lifts the hem of her shorts up  
A little with one fingertip  
Idly unconscious anxious passing by  
So that I see an inch more skin  
Than anybody else. And who knows  
What I show, what millimeter  
Of my green eyes will flare at her  
Idle investigations among all the  
Rack-slung sleek with crepe de  
Chine swaying subtly costumes  
Dozens and dozens in the sweet air?

22 June 2001  
Newton

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Let me analyze the sky.  
The moon is you

The sun has set, the clouds  
Begin to understand the earth

Now of all the words  
Which make our sense?

I don't, I doubt,  
I am a lamp without a shade

A table without a floor  
A room hunting for a house.

22 June 2001  
Newton

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Eventually a word lets and the English sparrows  
on the Boston feeders and all the stupid arrogance of school  
stifles on its own failed distinctions and the birds eat

trees give shade and thieves make do with politics  
and selfish high school teachers take PhDs and poets  
know all about these tricks they scream for attention

and I have crept beneath the bosky shade and here I am  
come find me where I suffer and lick my blood  
with your pretty tongues I try to stimulate

into acts of recitation me me me I pretend  
is really you you you. An American intellectual  
is like a squirrel with no tree. I mean

I think a pigeon with no sky but don't ask me why.

23 June 2001  
Boston

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In the specifics a blue need, like paper  
or pigeons or a deck over your head  
when it rains you know how to love

you call up and say I'm coming and you come  
so you get to know the door of the beloved  
real time real space not Iceland or dreams

you walk along the boardwalk in actual skin.

23 June 2001



# A M O R E T T I

1

Blue failures of cloth wrapped round virtuous  
Presences a garment to hold this fascinated identity  
'your' actual face can I remember everything  
one more time one more sentence with pigeons in it cooing.

23 June 2001  
Boston

AMORETTI

2

Blood soaked paradox thy sweet behavior  
Thighed at rest between the yellow sun  
And love's white saloon rolled down the hill  
Moments after Eden and the snake had reason

23 June 2001  
Boston

## THE CERTAINTIES

Tattoos.

On neck or belly words  
To inscribe a fleet idea  
And make some vast Persepolis  
Of the mild butt cheek

A quick word that lasts  
The library of skin  
A casual eternity

23 June 2001  
West Taghkanic

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Why as a matter of fact  
Can't I remember all the food I ate  
Say in 1956, a poor  
Year I thought a lot about food.  
None of it I remember  
Except the baguette and cheese  
I ate every day for lunch  
And once some rabbit at Fugazi's  
Or tripe Genovese in the back room  
Barrel vaulted like Pompeii  
Or pesto at that cheap place on Thompson  
with the bocce alley right alongside  
and flies buzzed inside the sugar shakers.  
But what of all the other days and nights  
And appetites. And who ate at my side?

23 June 2001

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There is the opportunity to change civilization  
Or a dog

What there is no chance to change  
Is how much I need you

How much I need to penetrate  
Everything that is not you and find you there

[23 June 2001]  
Annandale

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candlesnuffer balanced on windowsill  
fell

what vibration it answered I  
could not feel

I thought it was a bird  
falling through my window

bronze, an angel  
of interruption. Whatever

I once was thinking leaves me thinking  
only this now.

(from 15 March 2001)  
found late June 2001

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This is the kingdom I propose  
a machine made new

a morning story

an old typewriter  
that will listen only to her voice.

(from years back,  
found late June 2001)