

7-2001

## julA2001

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### Recommended Citation

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Always more to be said.  
Who says? Always  
some smartass question  
it takes the whole world to answer.

1 July 2001



GNOMON

Can this open a door can it sing  
where *sing* is to *speak* as *garnet* is to *red*  
and the fucking opera is always waiting to be said?

1 July 2001

BERLIN

*for my friend*

The angel erect among the creative derricks  
lifting the new city out of somebody's brain

and the angel is golden  
as the past always is

a flower that grows nowhere but the mind.

1 July 2001

WARNING

And even your losses can be found  
and what is just lost also can wither and be gone.

1 July 2001

AMORETTI

[ ]

In the shadow of a bush  
a dark earth riddled with tunnels  
everything carving reflections of the light

and it really is a matter of what we remember

am I little lead soldiers racing down these grooves  
trenches furrows caverns casemates, tell me  
all the words you know for getting in and staying

2 July 2001

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but what were they  
late at night  
the thing inside the day lilies  
that made some of them still stay open  
but made the street light flicker and go out

this is a Baltic question a remembering of someone named April  
someone named Ellen the way two or three names together  
are just a flicker of vowel sounds and what do I know

nothing, it's lost in the lilies,  
I saw the water and it saw me and is that enough of a story

Can that be my bible and you believe?

3 July 2001  
late



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People came and did their work  
and I am all denial.

You hear the ballad underneath the rubble,  
the awesome traprock of my fraudulent earth

built on the girders of a better.

I mean we dream this planet wrong.

It is famous how before Petrarch westerners  
did not know how to look at mountains  
though Chinese ones always knew  
or forests.

I say we see earth wrong.

I say we need to know earth new

what you see is what you get  
and we have gotten hell where  
rocks meant only heaven,

desert of the Dasht-i-Lut.

3 July 2001

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The only time I know what's coming  
is when I've just been and the place  
I was forgets me and a blue stone

Some say sapphire others opal  
but a strange one more water  
than stone more fire than water

blue flame and the cave in oxygen.  
Ibn Arabi. All I am is breath you know

breath runs the hands the tubes of touch  
the wings that carry me step by step

into the confusion of how we live  
arthritic angels on a willful earth.

4 July 2001

## LAPSUS

Fleurs, flares? My life  
a long mishearing.

Habit of the lapse, the fortunate  
let fall, the slip

that is the tongue  
a sweet wet sign

virgin speaking in the dark.

2.  
it is so far that they have come  
to be so little a thing as me

all the masters, all the angels  
of the interior the gold

beating Casanovas the pale  
wrested Beethovens to be me

what a futile destination for their art  
yet I can walk on that meadow with them

the grass of things  
allows me in that company

sundappled maybe  
a few steps behind

3.  
if two friends have fathers of different  
ages the ages of the friends — no matter

their own ages — are the same number  
of years apart as the fathers. Because the word

of the father that evil  
engine is what allows us to be.

4.  
birth trauma of I thought so many  
sparrows in what I was thinking

so many blades of grass between  
the museum and the museum

I clutched my knees to my chest  
and sat on the grass and studied

up at the old Empress so poised  
her body between the museums

birds rode her the vague sun  
was pale on my wrists

I was a little girl in love with nada.  
Dada. To be free.

5.  
Grazier tribe that stalwart oxherd  
traveling man with corny music

I was there when they invented bagpipes  
radio when porcelain first broke

I was a golden adder striped across the road  
a little girl must have picked me up

how cool her hands made me  
as I lay about her wrists

6.

I think it is a sunshine  
after all a pronoun a naked word

impossible to say out loud  
I was salt bird droppings serenade

I knew the name for it  
*Assume nothing* said the oak tree

that made my door  
no one is entitled to say prayers

7.

the stresses of the afterlife  
distract the blessed from the damned

demand *la part maudite* the brave  
librarian delivered in the stacks

because love is the animal of memory  
and Eros arises arsis

of the rhythmic wave a Greek  
sailor *sympa* never soon *siesta* leaps.

8.

I would have been green  
grown to this coast of broken eggs

the lapwing trails its feather tips  
twirling wounded to lure us off

apotrope the hope of summer  
someone not finding where she nests

we watched her seaside vaudeville  
how many thousand years she's tricked us

city after city and all the while  
the little birds were hidden at our feet

9.

because we fly. Sky rangers.  
Arrangers. I can't be sure

if I'm the same large or little one I was before  
if before really happened and isn't just

the shadow of now fallen on your shoulder  
spilling down the graceful plummet of your back.

10.

a door a  
destiny. A door a thickness

of necessity, an event  
without vent, issue without

coming out. Show me  
the little thing inside you you call me.

5 July 2001

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A day's a piece of color in the night.  
Galaxies trotting by. A cloud opens  
And is a road to show the Pleiades.  
Count them. They will be other  
When you come again. A white  
Woman standing at an open door.

(found from months back)  
— 5 July 2001

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And how are we to live in the world?  
That was the sentimental way  
With the soft skin of your anxieties  
Soothing my desire, cheek by cheek,  
The oil of answering, the whole story  
Yields to the simplicity of touch.  
That's what my body wants to believe.  
And what do you believe? Are we  
In the world together? Or do we talk  
Only to one another's shadow? Who  
Do you see from those astonished eyes?

(from months ago)  
— 5 July 2001



## NEWS OF THE DAY

All of it on its way to  
and the sun gives way

form enacts

the shape conceived  
and held in mind  
begins to function

Golem is between the eyes  
held firmly in Rabbi's gaze

function follows form

\*

you sent a petal  
a sign to show the way

a petal's a wind tongue  
watch it sift along my tabletop  
to see what the world says.

6 July 2001

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Are you listening when I hear?  
Are you walking when I move?

Stand, stand,  
Be the old Lutheran by the Spree  
Painting the blue bridge blue again

Be my bright brass.

6 July 2001

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all you really need is a river  
and the rest will come

a name a lover a bird  
to settle down on the roof of the  
house that will swallow you both

6 July 2001

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But did people fall in love before photography  
really fall in love, gasp-gaze at the image  
cream at the cherished sight of, how could they,

to be so without? Now is there anywhere  
to put them, these faces  
we carry so long in our hearts  
that we forget them?

What happens is that the face  
is washed over and over and over in the heart's chambers  
until it's worn away and all that's left  
is the intensity of feeling, the feel of a face,  
your identity dissolved in my blood.

7 July 2001

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but because of the way the haunch of the rock is raised  
the wind got its fingers in under it and lifted  
a few thousand years till the sand was gone and rock  
ground against rock like an arthritic knee bone against bone

wind fist deep in what happened happens

but the rock made sense of how it felt  
the worn away became the word it let slip  
I try to sleep I hear those words telling me constantly what to do

7 July 2001

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trying all along to hold the light against the temperature  
to make the day the accurate the fertile when one says  
o fons Bandusiae and supposes even Horace had it  
never better than this the cloud the sheep of the sky the god  
favoring the inner lightning from the heart to the hand

and you say this. This again. And this. And all these sounds  
have perished into signs and all these signs are perishing  
even as we speak into what you understand. You. It's your fault  
that poems mean. It's your fault that language specifies.

7 July 2001