

7-2001

juID2001

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "juID2001" (2001). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 1043.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/1043

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

Too many broken things
but this word speaks

appalling verities but I know one
who is full sister of love

and loves me much, kandroma
maybe mother maybe wife

a true solution to an empty night
where all the images are born.

22 July 2001

I was a Church Father once upon a life
A minor league Augustine. Or John
The Pragmatist, who held that God
Is a thing in a world of things
And only men and animals have minds.

22 July 2001

So it is summer and I have some news
I want you still and want you changing
Because we feed each other as we go
Metabolizing futures into certainties
And who can tell who we will be
Surgeons of each other's destiny.

23 July 2001

The cause is trust. The song sprawls anyhow
Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him
Saith Job in his leprosy, the sufferings
Are only apparent but the change is real.

What does that mean? What hurts
Heals. The suffering along the way
Is sparrows chirping on a dismal day.
The world just has too much fucking weather.

23 July 2001

ONE A.M.

Too late to be reading Erasmus. The night
Very hot, the fan a good friend. In such weather
I read Religio Medici and Gide's Fruits of the Earth
In one sitting. Green canvas camp chair
All night long. The kitchen table. The fluorescent
Light formica. I was fifteen and greedy
In all things. Reading eating drinking loving
I would say though it scarcely came to that
More far glances and whispered names
No soft ear heard. The least fragment of a name
Betrays me. And that's not all.
The encyclopedias in my house have worms
Or rats, the wood speaks German,
The shadows are all around me, it's still night,
Books are safer when you leave them on the shelf.
Eighty degrees at midnight. Sky without a single kite.

23 July 2001

ON LOVECRAFT'S GRAVE

On Lovecraft's grave it says I am Providence
Or else it's 1 A.M. as Keith Waldrop reads it.
I was two years old when Lovecraft's midnight
Came, and at his death age I met the Dharma.
Keith gave me my first review, 1961, and now
I've just reviewed a better book of his.
Coincidences are approximate translations.
But of what. The long white neck of Sarah Durling.

23 July 2001

LAWN PARTY IN PROVENCE

Plane trees thick as haystacks
Grass in moonlight late fireflies
Things slyly fond of one another
Hired servants snicker in the hedge.

23 July 2001
(remembering Gordes)

HEAVEN CAN WAIT

Demons come
In all ages all
Varieties of the Good.

For everyone desires optimum.

Even the old creep
with his noisy dog. Even the Pope.
They all want peace.

A peace beyond good and evil, a peace
beyond the Crucified, beyond even you and
as they say it's certainly beyond me.

24 July 2001

In the silent music room
only *ce dieu* the air
conditioner whispers
at my neck my neck

25 July 2001

SUMMER NIGHT

it has to do with hot fingertips the words
speak against the skin
on a night like this me wonder
and wonder only makes me hotter

because the outside is the inside now
and the inside is lost inside remembering
certain words you said and how you said them
how they and everything move steadily in

lost ocean where everything is found

25 July 2001

I adore you so
much I have to find
more ways of making
me yours

25 July 2001

This life of a young girl, with its love betrayed, its fatal joys, its pangs, its miseries, and its horrible resignation, summed up in a few words, this humble poem, essentially Parisian, written on dirty paper, influenced for a passing moment Monsieur de Maulincour.

— Balzac, *Ferragus*

Their flesh, the body of their humiliation, is identical in all, any chemist will prove it to you, but that which animates the flesh is distinct and different because it comes from the home of that infinite variety which is necessary to the ultimate evolution of the good and bad

— Haggard, *When the world shook*

The small attentions on the face of rain

treetoss goldfinch wind
birds cry as if old music
quoting Bach
a bonsai cloud drifts down

but Bach quoted all the others
and Biber quoted birds

no one was ever first
and everybody had a mother

God had a mother and she still is

Or we all are pioneers
desperate as Rimbaud in the Harrar
looking for another art to discipline
something no one knew
something made out of sun and rock and pain

bruise him as he bruised poetry

back in the puberty of art
coming to its fertile frenzy season

a word in musth.
Do you remember April
uberrimous months later

the grass all grown again
and I am waiting at the temple gate
for some new gladhanded song.

26 July 2001

VESTIGIA

Can I with the unremembered
walk a beach beside a vanished sea
and still come home with ankles wet

o anklebones are heaven throne
all Paradise is walk around
and we are deity

I mean you are
and I horn in
poking my person into the unlikeliest

**

I want to write about your ankles
the gold slave chain you don't wear
the rose tattoo that is not there

your eloquent astragal
that shapes the fall of shadow

as if every footstep left behind
a shadow sandal walking west

and I go too
with you
into the unity

in Bordeaux I took ship
and sailed to where Columbus waits
in dust and chains
for a new continent to form

I have come to the limits of the world.

26 July 2001

Coughs. Catches
moonlight in the throat

only love is worth a tree
elephant footed
maple in the morning.

27 July 2001

A M O R E T T I

[]

If this be jazz make the mist of it
and blur this mean rational sunlight

and let each solemn personage
conjugate with each other

a man angry with God makes a bad friend.

27 July 2001

CREDO

I believe in all the Gods, mothers and fathers most mighty, created by the heavens and the earth, and in all the Christs, the Buddha sons and daughters, our lords. Who were conceived in the Holy Mind, born in the Virgin Flesh, suffered under all the world's authorities, seemed to perish, died and were reborn. I believe in the essence of Mind, the lord and giver of life, in the universal conspiracy of love and compassion, the family of those motivated to banish suffering and lead all sentient beings to eternal happiness, I believe that every being who ever lived, lives now, or ever will live is holy, and bears the seed of enlightenment, a stainless identity.

27 July 2001

Γριαν

the sun god

so many images
of one woman
clouded or nude

her brightness
turns the eye away

this is the definition.

28 July 2001

Something to hold against the heart
skin of a skater
pressed against the wind the ice the cry
in another language the body can read

but never tell. I saw three crows
eating on my lawn, they seemed a secret
I should never tell, I say the names
crow, eat, lawn, and still it seems

I have said nothing, the secret's safe,
the meaning hidden under the hill.
It's not what we do that breaks the sun

or makes the moon bleed, it's what we tell —
a name's enough to break your heart
but won't hold warm against your skin

28 July 2001

GAZPACHO

I always take the weather personally. This sun in the window beyond the shallow bowl of soup by no means garlicky enough. It is not relevant, it is just there. Here. What does it tell me. I am tired of missing people I don't struggle enough to see. I am tired of my patience, itself a new-grown vice in the garden of my qualities. Truck garden. This healthy summer food, I hate the whole thing, sunscreen and radishes, as if raw leaves could make us live forever. And I forgot to look up rere-mouse, Shakespeare's word for bat, to see if rere is the same as rear in rear-admiral, but I didn't forget to watch the waitress's rear end as she brings whatever comfort's in a crème brûlée to the next table, the smell of burnt rum conjugate with the flexion of her hips — to set a small ramekin before a diner and give me pleasure. Can it be that I am old?

29 July 2001

As much as he
wanted a blue
he got a yellow
there are only

so many colors
to go around
language is old
it gets impatient

with our demands
our anxious hearts
fumbling to know
some other thing.

30 July 2001

Straußenei

when the ostrich
egg broke
what came out
into the hot valley air

when an egg
contains the phantom
of a bird
and the shell breaks

the phantom flies
becomes me
I am the ghost
of something spoken

long ago inside
a capable shell
a word let loose
when the shell cracks

and all around you
you feel
what I am saying
as if I were

the same as your skin.

30 July 2001

Let me be slack with you
irate user empty vessel we are gods

lank palm trees by the naked shore
o we are vexed in light.

31 July 2001

Both these because of it.

Low sun seduced by some.
another, or a wind
idling through the afternoon

one more in the interminable
analysis away from you.

Miss you, how I. Presumably
how the birds miss the sky
though they (because they)
spend most of their time on earth

only rarely that bright genius there
they feel that they were born to serve.

All this jabber when
all it needs is to be quietly together,

a word like a lap, a lap like listening

someone crying at last maybe
softly on the other side of sad.

31 July 2001