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Call it ink, the thick rouge
runs from your ideas
decorating the cheeks of young women
who need no such empurplement.

Shut up. The train yards of Pocatello
are somehow between the city
as the city is between named
ranges of low mountains.

Not my name. Cougars and snow
and slush and such. Glacier,
though I think you know me there,
my copper animal. Brass language.

24 July 1994

IN THE ASSESSOR'S OFFICE

On the assessor's plate. Round acts
of sexual tort. Something red. Manifold,
red manifolds, interferences, a screen.
Show. So then the sunlight and so on.

And the bin for old clothes, Goodwill,
wellware, and walking near it excited
with badness unterrified by evidence
of their future three drunk teens
embarked for nowhere. Show. Watch.
On the bonneted superstar
on the corner staggering. "These
are sewers and they are filled with money
only lend me some way to go down"

Because descent is not easy. Not our days.
Show me. You need to bore a hole in it
to go down. Nothing is easy. Get down.
We weigh nothing. We float
in cumulus of entertainment. Show me.
Poverty. Necessity. Disobedience. The three
vows of the unawakened. Here.
A skeleton is all I have.

This I leave to the tuba maker, my tibia
to the flute factor, skullcup to silversmith,
my pelvis bone be rosary beads. Be me
another. Show me another me.
In the Dordogne the limey juices filter
still. Behold, I am the more than Macedonian,
matchstriker, finder of your crevices.
I light the inside. Follow me.

And all you have to do is walk along
reading these pattersongs, snug as a priest
sauntering with breviary, purring psalms
while his mind's busy with Other Images,

the secret life of every one! The paradise
of brief duration! Other Images
it thinks in me, Other Images
than what we see, Other Images the life of me.

A nice man working hard for truth. And electricity.
Name lights. Show me. Fit me into your darkest
cranny, a license for meaning, an eagle inside.
And Pilate at the door still washing hands
like a rabid raccoon, can't stop, the hunger
for evasion's bottomless. All Cars Eat Gas.
Mind breathing hard. Show me you.
A bunch of rock. The unperturbed minions of Day
go on talking while it swelters in me
unfocussed, well-meaning, trying but not hard enough.

A lens is fixed in its capacity to refract.
Therefore a set or gang of lenses needed
to move both with respect to one another (sensitivity)
and to the object (accuracy of transmission.)
Then we see. Show me. Whereas the eye
makes do with squeezes, apertures, color blur
and guess of meaning. Nothing is as good as us.

24 July 1994

Washing with gold and mercury
the timing of these things

a text woven of interferences
honest appraisals of a damaged moon

a bright thing you can look at for hours
without hurt, with mounting satisfaction

a canal. In the roasting oven
the mercury burns away

and leaves the gold deposited on your copper.
A method. A danger. A daughter.

25 July 1994

AS IF EXPECTING SOMETHING BUT WALKING ALL THE WAY

There. Glass. Farbisant & Glorigore, a store.
I meet her in some street, says coffee me I do.
There is walking (like a flower). And another.
There is pork. Legal testimonials I touch.

You can tell when they've closed their h[ear]ts
against [ad]venture. Then must I ope
(poetic for reveal, 3 down) the glumwit
wanhope manner of their go.

At least she asked. Be it done to me,
as meant, or be. Hold the hand, maid of the
interruptions are the only sense we make
(Niagara in its own mist, cant a canoe—

you cannot guess the power till you see
nor is the earth ever quiet there with that rushing
down, earthshake and air full of god breath
while visitors make squealing noises

like pigs at prayer.) Close the circle.
Drink what I put in your hand. (Postmarked
recently, in a country next door.)
Your little watch is underneath my heel.

26 July 1994

I walk through the kids like an immigrant
from a tribal culture, I know what everything
means, I have nothing, none of their money.
They know I can't buy. My eyes
are questions they don't want to see.

27 July 1994

To conceive the wish for a sparrow—
the ruddy brown in sunlight of tail feathers, drone
of an airplane on a quiet morning,
a far radio. Everything
asks the same question.

27 July 1994

THE WOUND OF IDENTITY

that I would fare
eastward, a pilgrim, an actual
crusader against this smooth
machinely rising every morning sun

that I had beat at nature's door
and no one's home
and leave my fingerprints on nature's mirror

and everyone of you will read
and by reading rub them off,

clean glass and private wound!
Of each! My ink
has all of language in it
confused and energetic, trim
and at the ready, wet!
Oil of everything I say!

27 July 1994

WEATHER LETTER

Not a rainstorm but a quiet rain.
Messidor was terrible this year, only the afternoon
downpours would cool the air a while
and break the powerlines. A month
from the island till the first scarlet in the sumac.
And now the roses of sharon blossom,
early with heat. And now a quiet rain.
You ask me why I tell so much weather.
I live there. It happens. And it happens
to us. And when I was a child I was told
you live with your head in the clouds. And I do.
The sympathy of mist touches everything.
And the slow focus of humidity into a vast
towering focused formal cumulus
cloud bank in the west, this is the slow
coherence of my life into something
even a child can see, looking up in awe
of the pure white difference. Shapeliness of cloud!
You know, you look out the windows too
when the stewardesses finally leave us alone,
you see the canyons, cities, cerebrums out there,
artless art you think and look away
to the in-flight mag where Anni Wooster
raves about some ruins in Detroit.
But everything you need to read's out there,
there's the formal's ever-changing and the shape
could take you in. Down here the rain
reminds. The equalizer. The democrat.
The equal touch. We stand identical to weather,
inside the difference of mind's reaction.
Study that weather.

28 July 1994

A man repeating certain phrases
walked down a long corridor till he turned into a bird.
The building, a block-wide skyscraper in midtown,
gave scope to his flutterings. Go everywhere,
make everyone uneasy — poetry.
Say everything (cheep, cheep) and then expect
some barefoot saint to understand you.
“When men were all asleep” the bird came flying
back along the hallway of the actual, became
a man again, silent as everybody else, listening.

29 July 1994

HURRYING TO RUSSIA

Or do I misspell splendor by concrete?
Sudden sense to *have* this actual, time.

To have an hour, and that time could
take me anywhere, I could be fine
by the end of it and wide awake.
I could find the keyhole and go through.

And do, now, what I never did—
it can be some little thing, a pause,
a stop, cup to lip but drink but see
instead a slight breeze apparent in still leaves.
Just anything, a gap in the pattern

and light comes through. Or anywhere else.
I have to let it. Nobody but me. The wolf
waits for his familiar meat. Wolf prowl
stop. Balk him by being. By thinking
anything else but what he likes to think.
A quiet thing is coming to me..

30 July 1994

Calming the mind with the meaningless
like reading astrophysics or Ray Di Palma,
healing utterances from magic's cave,
spell upon spell and the world's a little
changed by it but would change anyhow
whereas the busy mind is quieted by guff.
Bless you for your soothing jabber,
Scientific American, poetry, the empty world
you so bravely try to know ("to boldly go,"
like those cartoon humans on tv)
is beyond your grasp but not your lexicon.
There's nothing more complex than emptiness.
And you can't count it. Whereas the mind is full.
Hollow that mountain for us, ants of information!

31 July 1994