

5-1993

mayF1993

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "mayF1993" (1993). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 1269.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/1269

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.

S A M S A R A

Interminable animal. Si muove,
eppur. Index.
I'm telling you something you never heard before,
look it up:

you can look right through the moon and see the sun,
wrath in the core of kindness. The Italy.

27 May 1993

Halfway through a day comes dawn.
City music, this is. Let's dominate.
Love rules. Everything I told tells
do what the heart tells
and helps you hear it. Nothing more.
Well-meaning logicians at the mill
chasing squirrels up infinity.
The academy. The mall. The inside outdoors,
strolling among the forgivenesses of loot,
dim specie. Here hand my glad,
a bushing, an armature to get you there,
something worn, something wound,
some old alchemical word your father
technically remembered even after
all his techne was spent. I welcome you
to the mountain in the house, lake
contradiction, the bedroom alps.
Here heap, hump over hump, the horror of
having. Then don't have. Don't shave.
The cameramen like you plenty as you are.

27 May 1993

APOCATASTASIS

Red flags in trees
forgiving satirists,
Rome founders
and the water-bearer
reverses her urn.
From the Tiber
fish swim up again
still living, still
unhooked. The heaven.
We have to do it again.
This time with feeling.

27 May 1993

ANIMAL

With a vividly white belly
approaching seed. Underbrush.
It's the colors of the thing
that do us in.

27 May 1993

CORTEZ

Have a horror of interfering in natural design.
Bauhaus weather. It knows how to run itself.
Make room for me says every little galaxy—
Every newborn needs Mexico City.

27 May 1993

MAIDEN PASSAGE

The mourning dove the crow the culvert
you step over on the way into St Jean
I have never been this way before
forgive the blunders of a silent man
broken into speech. Ra boat rain day
dove scatter same old stuff we call it food
Central Asian ink carpet of oak leaves
narrative alone protects us from this.

|||
|||

Commentary:

Epic arises as narrative to protect maiden mind from the welter of sensory input, sensory memory all too cherished. A plot holds all those unbearable marks and remembrances together, even if it (Proust, Virgil, Pound) can't hold itself together. Narrative forgives images into the peace of seeming to be part of something larger than the beautiful pain of perceiving, yet something smaller than the whole world of such images. That something is story, the gleaming specious smiling face of what is to be told.

28 May 1993

WIND RESISTANCE

to the local gods

wind resistance

a culture

topples when the unbelieving wind
sucks round and pulls it down
by creating a vacuum behind
into which suddenly or not the city falls.

Rome did not fall in a day, finches
still visited the corn.

We never know
the tide releasing

of what held us
we thought we held.

As if the rock cared
what flag is wedged in its cracks!
And yet it cares.

There are colors
worthier than others
to rule the world,

this little world tu sais,
local business
also has its purple.

Hujus loci Genio I offer
honestly this morning
the tribe of them too,

dactyls of Annandale,
the hooded ones who answer me in crow.

Kà-tak.

Chö-pa, what can I offer?

the smell of Italian coffee,
sound of my rough hands rubbing together,
cold on the porch,

and into your wind offer my breath,
air into air,
this feeble sacrament of praise.

Do you know me better now,
my body in your acre,

we come and we measure and we err.

That error is called Empire
and leaks beauty, severally,

here and there, like ducks on Lake Geneva
bobbing solemnly while Pilate drowns,
like the sea off Ravenna
glinting back in Dante's squinted noonday eyes,

like the horse-trough at La Borne
never void of icy mountain water
healed once my tendons

among the miracles of actual place.

This heals by being unimaginably this.

29 MAY 1993

SLEEPING WOMEN

Do they dream in rosy torpor
of men's machinations that confer
such meaningfulness on every careless limb of theirs
at such cost, such love, such torture?

29 May 1993

The flowers you plant for the neighbors
The flowers you plant for yourself

Who sees what comes?

We are from,

we are born
for service

and who serves?

We are worn
for another

talk about beauty in the dark.

30 May 1993

Things near to things

If I begin with the same words
will I come to the same place again

same Friday night behind the billboard

same glass of water Thursday morning
Gloucester Harbor I don't like this?

31 May 1993

ã*v-f*

Ungrateful for one's own life
and all who give it and give it back,
one seeks out stone idols to
tear the chest open and give
at last one's only heart to.

31 May 1993

Lusting after oneself one runs at last into a blazing hell of
unstable images
Not very different from a piano bar in Rocky Neck.

31 May 1993

and how are they are,
how is their sort there,
and so many,

and do come, come they,
repeatedly upward
to rouse my hips and back and shoulders

to have something to say to the day,
and are they infinite?

Yes yes, yes yes, the crow says.
Sounds just the same as No no.

Or no
more finite than I am

with all my reckoning, my hopes my
haves my alphas.

They say they are flowers, have
various significant petallings
numbering outward and bearing
the sounds of all things

pronounced correctly
written securely in the silence of the body

dark under all my speaking.

31 May 1993

I have never seen a red-winged blackbird perch
on the bird-feeder's side and pick seed
but I see it now. His white chevron catches the sun.

31 May 1993

oceanless periplus
a plum
rimmed with sand

31 May 1993
(in a *renga* sequence)

