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The one who gets up first
gets the last piece of rye bread

but all the heritage of night
comes with it

we drink the black drink.

1 June 1993

Car doors. Sir Henry
Baskerville runs in fear of his life
again. A heart
condition called a dog in the dark.

1 June 1993

Who were the Gods when you were born,
the weather? Did you notice it
when they abandoned the earth
on the endless journey back to the mind?

Not quite endless. Not quite notice.
Parmenides was there waiting for them
celebrating each with a word, a special
rhythm, a tone row, an elegant proof,
a hidden axiom that deranges all their plans.
Still, it's better than coming home to an empty house.

1 June 1993

When I was a child there was no weather
I loved better than an empty house.
Send this out on the network in my name
and see if an answer comes like a hand
laid quiet on the small of my back.

1 June 1993

Form is too big for us, marry in haste,
our Lent is measure. Starlight
comes to our wedding, animals
are evergreen. In the high desert
sons plot against their fathers.
But here we must be patient, follow
the path through all her weaving,
Sophie's web threadless and serene.

1 June 1993
[for Prajñāparamita]

Some fighting among the écureuils today,
pourquoi? they vie so prettily
on each base appetite — who
is lordlier than me in seed?
They squabble like memories,
an old man dying at his desk.

1 June 1993
remembering E.W.

Like a murderer from behind the arras
the sun slips out.

1 June 1993

I'm thinking short sings today
it must be the squirrels
my fear.

1 June 1993

The woe lives in the fingers why
there is a rose pried open by inquirers
do they listen to what they let fall

2.

It has to be simpler
has to be bone
or a bone

adrift in daylight
guessing

3.

Unzip the answer
to this soft question

the package
is everything

the world proclaims

4.

Analysis at least is.

2 June 1993

IN VEXATION, THINK OF LONDON

Why doesn't it come to hand today &
why does Blake sit there in the second room
bent over his Copper Ocean stretching
lines from the loins of his imperious Creatures
that loop from the mind to the broken
shells of the world this Lambeth this grief?

someone alive at the image-bank
draws the clouds of identity down around us
name by name proposing a different musculature
for these gorgeous shadows we walk out in
shimmering through the streets and reaching
the kindly river the bargemen the feluccas
plying between Chelsea and the Isle of Dogs

let the empire come back upon itself
like a fist closing let the palps of fingertips
hide in the groove of the palm let the hidden
hide in sunlight and glory the fountains
splay by the obelisk the museums are on fire
the flames are slow and blue and favoring
where is my watch when does the opera begin

at Paul's house worshippers silently chew.

2 June 1993

Everything is behind me.
Everything is in front of me and it hurts.
Everyone is in front of me and it hurts.
Everyone is hidden from me.
Everything is above my head.

3 June 1993

Try to explain a candle.

Try to ask what a word means
before you say it.

Everything alive. Even this lost thought
grows fur and feet, scurries into the dark.

Lost to the one who thinks it
it lives for others.

I mean ask the candle what it means.

3 June 1993

THE GREAT INPUT

Measuring the input across the terminals
we find again an historic disposition
("drive") towards sleep.
Six a.m. I batter sweet rainlight
hard against my eyes to
hold the cloakful color of the green
in dense boscage, in the way.

In the way things are. I am permitted
any species of pause, from a breath
to a death. The potential builds again
at the synapse of the heart,

gap-jump,
new life, the thought arrives.

Unarisen it is there,
unbanished it is gone,
there until you go to look for it,
not even a gazebo out back of the mind,
let alone a house.

And from all the snoozy clamor of measure
One comes to wake us.

4 June 1993
Full Moon of Sakadawa.

I'd like to tell you the stations of this journey
call out the names in our native language
of each stop. At every station the doors slide open
and a different one of me gets out. The rest
of me rides on undiminished, hopeful as ever,
blue in cavelight, mumbling more names.

And this recitation would be my chronicle enough.
The New York word for getting what you want.
The word for touching the hand of a stranger,
for having a friend and being faithful, for keeping
the practice of the presence of mind. Some light.

As if anything is still the subway and I go.

4 June 1993

All night the renga
wrestles with the moon.

No. Begin again.
All night the moon.

4 June 1993

[AS I CAN]

for Charlotte

a wedding
for us

after so much marriage
something new

to be worn
a fidelity

inside the sky
taken

to heart
“forsaking”

the logical mistakes,
enter

we being
people enough

to be us
full.

4 June 1993

KEEPING THE PEACE

The fasting question and the well-fed answer
smell of a man
a crow signals food's here all clear

they come for what they find
read the signs

we are grown dependent on identity
food for a Bosnian food for a Serb

the middle hour of a minute
makes our sense

His mind's a crook that bends his life
things change their kindnesses

a heart fails

coming near the birthday of overdetermined desire
the Balkan Expectation conquers a dead village

assembled around a surviving cow
they listen to sermons on chastity

market full of mirrors

everything is a river

And so on
straw smolders under the bodyshop wall

and everywhere bridges are still beautiful.

5 June 1993

wfn-en\$**f**

The three yards of my majesty
and late a war,
did you?

My father
and a blue knife. And a garage,

white sand, her sea. The sitar
analyzes this quiet room
into its component
silences.

In the garage a black Pontiac.
On the window ledge some pensées
black-eyed purple hearts with hearts of gold

means soft. No, thought.
Three realms, three times
the in-numerable entity.

Mindsprawl, the endless kindnesses of kind.

6 June 1993

Walk by this narrow field the vulture
sat to his food that
spring day
another year upon

a victim earth.

To be in the process of making
I am supposing a project unwraps from my hands
my concerns are peculiar
in some insistence on letting the silence
stretch between people to heal them of
not listening to the words in their sweet fat mouths,

the learning.

Learn a foreign language
it will heal anything this side of death—

accountably the waves full of cod.

6 June 1993

INTERVENE IN HOSTIA

Let the rail
splitter sleep deep
old Saturn keeps
his chilly revel and
an orange moon
refutes sterility—

we have reached
the secret passage
where the world
must heal itself

our means are empty
our ashtrays full

drumbeats
imagined in deep space
alien physics
of cold sound

and yet we hear.

6 June 1993, KTC

Days aver

mute haze
fades

Bright
happens
everywhere us.

6 June 1993, KTC

T R A V E L

for Charlotte

Somewhere
when it is Massachusetts

an offering
of the means

line-maker, fake me a lute,
a color I can play on

or stalwart word I whisper her
sure on the shore

no matter what wind.
"You can almost

smell the sea." As if over the hill
a wave of the

hand had
and you, only knew, ever knew it.

7 June 1993