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I think of this body dying
all this familiar meat and meaning gone
and where does the me of me go,

the one I love you with, the one
that tries to tell the truth,

even this truth? A man
is nothing but a tune.
A man is a tune.

17 June 1992 Boston

The voices come out of the sun
there is a miracle
that speaks our differences

in the appliance repair room
down in the stone cellar
safe from the sun glare

language sails on and on.

18 June 1992 New Bedford
for Charlotte

WHEREVER WE ARE BORN THIS SAME LIGHT FINDS US

for Charlotte

In repeating
I am safe
the child
is saved,

the cloud of rainbow-colored light
from the twelfth century
eases over Hartford
where we're caught in traffic,

in the shadow of the Seraph's lancing wing
Charlotte is born,

by the beach at Morgan's house
a brown snake slithers into grass
always head up and looking
for its new world

and *nerpa* the Baikal seal
hides inside the intense blue age,
there are depths the world has
the world will never understand

and Cuttyhunk cracks off from the moraine!

New age begins, Cape Ann, Cape Cod,
the Elizabeths, the Long
Island north shore hills, Cemetery
Ridge, and Brooklyn Heights,

the discontinuities!
the differences are given to us,
the differences we call the gods,
sun shapes the sea around the momentary Man
we lose
what we began

the sex of islands (αι νησοι)
in the impossible mirages of desire,
the discontinuities!

Olson is Zukofsky, I am born on
a fragment of this great Final Hill, this
crescent island left
so recent
there are Mongolians who remember before it
travelling our way,
dry-foot through Beringia
carrying the silk-wrapped greasy arrows in their hands.

18 June 1992 Cuttyhunk

Remembering from yesterday
driving northeast through Connecticut
seeing a bald eagle soaring
and we discussed it,

important
to say the names of what we know,
to find the nameless thing at last we need.

18 June 1992 Cuttyhunk
for Charlotte

A man is a tune
I thought
and wrote it down
and lost the paper,
a man is a tune
and slips
back into silence easy.

18 June 1992 Cuttyhunk
for Charlotte

LES NAUFRAGES – Second Part

And he wanted to know if the entrance is an island.

So stood looking at the Canapitsit Channel
for all the serene of afternoon a danger
to cross to Nashawena arduous

the ocean
is a danger even in its smallest part or reach

What did he know?

Time for the census of his knowing. How
from the earliest days he knew:

1. the entrance has to do with
 - a) a woman
 - b) the color red
2. an animal knows something
3. the wind blows a lot
4. north is the direction [*byang*]
5. after dying there is a spate of knowing

This roar of knowledge
is called "heaven" by the Christians he grew up amongst,
(probably what he now knew as the *bar.do* state, the Between
State of Becoming)

But now he was knowing something new
not knew but new, *so.ma*

- a) and it isn't after dying it is now
- b) the woman isn't someone else she's *here*,

and that is a convertible expression,
reek of heaven,
tang of balsam fir in the hot noontime
or sharp tawny along these *Atlantick Shoars*,

this, whatever is, here, is she.
And she is here.

c) or if elsewhere, then that elsewhere's inside,
the basilica inside, the queen's palace,
blue shadowed in the wrack of scarlet,

d) the shape of *her* redly within, inly red.

And there he was at the gate again,
looking to look in.

Almost five.
Ice melting in the illicit gin and tonics of this dry island.

And here he was at the question,
how to get in?

Or was in the same as out, no further (no closer)
than the sheep browsing on the Nashawena shore?

18 June 1992 Cuttyhunk

Gull shadow on a sloping roof.
Island evening. Swallows
skitter black. A rabbit
runs away.

18 June 1992 Cuttyhunk
for Charlotte

[*naufrages*, continued...]

Can I walk there along a blade of grass
skinny dipping Beech Lake or an owl or

it has to do with this chunk of deep blue cobalt glass
congener to my own old sugar bowl

glass in grass, the blue,

a sort of Rectification
by sound alone

Not refraction. Crow
on the lawn. Cobalt
is the right blue anyway,
getting closer.

Spec sheet, getting right

what lies behind the counting.

What lies the numbers tell.

18 June 1992 Cuttyhunk

Mostly the planet is too close to the sun
and the atmosphere deteriorates alarmingly
owing to the magical practices of a small
pale-skinned aggressive minority
curiously themselves the most susceptible
to the Fierce Ray their mumbo-jumbo lets in,
all their hoodoo candles and fluorocarbons.

And so much for Numéro Trois. Yet this house
was where Awakened lived, the full-born,
Best of hominids. Above His head
the great sheltering shadow of the serpent Trance
hid Him from the crazing sunlight over Dorje Den
and He composed Himself. He woke.
Culture tries to shield us too, but cannot do.
Culture does not know not to kill. Culture
is pure will. A night filled with the bad road of dreams.

19 June 1992 Cuttyhunk
for Charlotte

[*naufrages*, continued...]

All these are hints
there's something more

How can you call this a song?
Or this a body
just because it breaks the light
and throws a shadow shaped a little bit like her

*the self you must become
if ever you become to go in*

that's clearer now, as weather τα μεταρσια,
 Carlos, the spume
 of happening that blurs
sometimes the sun.

 Or radio, that evil molecule.
How strange your simple chemistry!
A bunsen burner underneath the galaxy,

*shimmer of who one must know oneself to be
 beyond becoming*

I is she.

19 June 1992 Cuttyhunk

for Charlotte

Little snake slipping in the flower bed
to wait in brown for raspberries

and the sky gets paler as the noon
shifts cumulonimbus meek over Vineyard Sound

we ask so much of light.

Machine noises, back hoes, mower,
sunsparkle, wind-puzzled trees.

Island people make a lot of noise.
In two days the sun stands still.

19 June 1992 Cuttyhunk

HEADLAND

and a habit
of being here. Ornate repose.
Come cloud and read a book,
like my childhood when I would read
the sun down and chase it into midnight
with my greedy eyes now not an hour
without that mainspring guilt
rib-squeezing tense inside me, what kind
of time's relentless chariot legacy.
Let it be still. Boat under tarp
on Charlotte's lawn,
and gannets' laughter. Be enough,
be still enough to read,
to hold the liberty of mind,

to do nothing but to see.

2.

The clouds have whited out the sun.
The snarling hurry of the guilty mind.
Once more the Three Kings huff at the door
bringing midsummer presents: pondweed
from the Precious Guru's Lake to feed our duck,
a wreath of mallow roses from Lookout Hill,
dust from that village where no one died.
The wind is clear today, and brings to ear
the murmur of their Old Persian. Hist!
A vain endeavor to escape the mind —
Son, run home now to your lucid Mother.

19 June 1992 Cuttyhunk
for Charlotte

SOLILOQUY

Fundamentally I have no right to do anything at all.
Incidentally this long remark (a life long speaking)
implies (or at least anticipates) an overhearer.
Behind the arras, gods listen at their peril.

19 June 1992 Cuttyhunk
for Charlotte

SOLSTICE

A mauve petunia shivering in wind.
On the shingle a sandpiper still.

19 June 1992 Cuttyhunk
for Charlotte

for Charlotte

Roses everywhere
roses up to the sky the things
we are not permitted to disclose
riots among the lost angels a wreath
of straw on an aged neighbor's door
the wooden pineapple welcoming us in
the Pelican bleeding to death in piety
the love we need to intercede
among the efficient hidden symbols that wield us
blue waves never ceasing to annoy the shore
and Nashawena there empty as the horizon
except of contour alone.
And all we ever have is *form*.

19 June 1992 Cuttyhunk

FRIDAY MIDNIGHT

If I had **taken** more part of ordinary civil life
The mindless cries of children would more please me.

19 June 1992 Cuttyhunk
for Charlotte

You say it's a very expensive chesapeake bay retriever
I say it's a dumb dog looking to bother some poor snake in the
bushes
and I havent lost or shot a chesapeake bay and dont need it
retrieved
and you say And you wonder why sometimes I call you
cynical.

20 June 1992 Cuttyhunk

The cost of such instruction
as a color gives
moving pictures from the committeebrain
that sought them in its Personal Hell Researches
—the sleep of humankind—
to spray on more or less sleeping audiences
is you tell me on the average
in 1982 twenty six millions of American post-Iraq dollars

for which we get if that a pair of over-ripe lips that haunt
nobody's dream.

18 June 1992 Cuttyhunk

The gore responds to the cut
five of them to show my world
cut fruit orange of Spain
conquest this door
into the unknown fruitage
piled in the heap of dreams
like this bronze woman's Yams
sacred under the snaking vine

pluck the med'cinable Gum.
Scrape it off the tree with your fingernail
then out from under your fingernail with the side of your front
teeth
then suck that acerbic sweetness sets the rest of your life on
edge.
Call this a peach tree in Mrs Gebur's yard.
It is Brooklyn and a war.
"I am nothing but what I remember, •is that right,

Plantagenet and tarragon and ptarmigan
and later this summer we will alp. Haute-Savoie.
I was a king of any country I could name.
I was Sarajevo and I was Macedon,
and especially Thrace. Zalmoxis shuddered in his Sacred
Grove
knowing the like of me would king again
and kick the gaitered commissars away
and rule by Virtu and Assembly Sweet—

the God feared sometimes the ardor of his votaries.
Danube showers on the Massachusetts shore.

And when the God sought out the mauvey lower lips of his
favorite
he swept down as a rain of gold or dip of swansdown or even
(lit from the furthest horizon where Gayhead Light winks red)
this sun the ordinary candle of the day.

20 June 1992 Cuttyhunk

