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The things of sleep  
are far things  
and sometimes seen  
across the dark  
but hard to touch  
and even if fingers  
seem, the mind  
lives somewhere else.

1 June 2012, Boston

## SEAGATE

Sea at last, through this gate  
all wonder and no waiting,  
with long rod the men against the fish  
kind of weekend, o it is Lent  
forever on this liquid earth—  
watch over harbor, beside a very blue  
boat Santa Maria. Her veil the blazon—  
we are shielded by color alone!  
What hard work to find rest.

For all our start an open space,  
mi alma! Lifting cargo.  
The ball-weight crane  
hoisting all our 'items' into the air  
the sea the ship the future  
towards which it all moves  
at one same speed. New evidence  
leads to a mistrial. Morning  
abrogates the rule of night—all  
us weirdos flee—no children  
in the dream, they wake me  
with their easy appetite, things  
and things to eat. *Olim terrae civis*  
and now only the sea. The world  
is willful the will is worldfull—

this makes you smarter than your kin.  
And nobody is smarter than her skin

We're ready for the outside world  
like an actress for her lens—look at me  
o Sun, o Sky you house of Sun,  
we all belong to where we are,  
how could I not run my fingers  
over the clouds the intricate contours,  
the smooth horizon always away?

How to be warm in the world. We went  
once in the old queen's time to Saint  
Paul's for what we called the Mass.  
A word I never used before. And here  
*Lady of Fatima Santa Isabel Hunter Siren*  
*Vila Nova de Corvo and Miss Amanda*  
lay beside us, greedy goddess of the sea  
and all the selves and salts that hold us in.

1 June 2012, New Bedford

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To be on the sea

is to be in the real place.

The land's an accident.

1.VI.12, N.B.

= = = = =

On the edge of it  
the necessary surprise  
to see the sea  
and not be it,  
but mostly made of it  
water and salt,  
a little red crayon wax  
to pink the skin  
crimson the blood.

To be on an island  
is to get some sense  
of the limits of yourself.  
The horizon is your arms.

then the silence  
of what is not you,  
the song birds behind you

and at your feet  
among the rocks  
that bird who tries  
to make you think she broke her wing.

= = = = =

Watches the ground  
he treads on  
carefully,  
                  the Talmud

of earth is a dense  
scripture, he must elide  
all easy meanings

to get to the root,  
the root is down there  
where no one looks,  
he sees it dimly,  
his own footsteps  
also a kind of alphabet.

1 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Storm in the night  
is bright now just as wild  
white waves the sea  
is always answering  
what the air says  
where did the beach  
umbrella blow  
will the golf cart start?

2 June 2012, Cuttyhunk



= = = = =

To use a word  
when none will serve  
bleached bone on the sea shelf  
once had a name  
is to be present to a shared world  
this mere conversation.  
Find out what everybody said  
then do something different.  
Say nothing for a change  
youth has reason  
sing what you think you mean.

2 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

## LIVING ON THE ENDANGERED SPECIES LIST

1.

Flypaper camphor emery board  
one becomes calamine swiftly prickly  
heat light does one no favors.  
One sees and that is so. The wind  
knows how to go. Learn from the wind  
one does and one goes. Living on a list  
of course limits. Nevertheless packages  
keep being delivered to the door,  
commerce prevails. Who says it's wrong  
to be a commodity. Or is it. Response  
is always welcome, even now  
so far away from beginning—lucidity  
and parallax for instance. For gosh sake  
learn how to spell. Stuyvesant.  
Serene delinquency, *sensuum defectui*  
and the mornings smell like the nights.

2.

Who comes? The wrathful boundary  
at the bruise of wind. Elm o elm.  
Bruise-ology of the weather. Lingerer!  
Malingerer yourself! I drown in matter!  
Move then. Spigot. Ferret. Flee!  
Let the last animal finally out of the box—

one owes that much at least to the angel,  
o Portugal. Where once Mr. Person kept  
all the names that ever were and gave  
to each of them a thing to say. A song  
in instances. A manifesto  
shouted in the dark. For he let Mary say  
“I am John.” He let the moon outshine the sun  
and here we are. Wholesome rebates  
from the management. *Tou kosmou archontes.*  
He spoke the wrong quantity, he blathered  
alien theology under the el on Fulton Street,  
tweets infamous counsel to both great and meek.  
*Vates sum* he said and that was so.

3.

They speak the mango in Brazil  
a woman told me so but she  
was from high up the Andes  
hence in love with her new husband  
who thank god was not around.  
Then it was dawn. She left  
her shoulder with me for repair  
and came back speaking cherimoya.  
So sweet her pips. I loved her  
for a while, especially her leopard-  
spotted shadow spread on my arm.  
She was a well-composed sonata

for a single man. Solo. Something  
at breakfast about herring-roe  
not what we ate. We looked a lot  
though. Outside our final window  
a woman holding an arrow or the  
kind of brown dog books call yellow.

4.

Once again, citizen, parallax saves you.  
The sea has myopia and has to touch to see.  
One has a way with oneself. Moon of Jupiter.  
The head was at the stern, portside, the ferry,  
how the island slumps along the horizon.  
Floats on the sea. Sheilas they call them  
when they shiver their naked way up the sand—  
marry some of them and take them home  
snug, dry by the baritone fireplace, the sly  
Presbyterian inglenook. Fewer seagulls now.  
So we worship air alone. In the ancient  
church of the elements one is the last priest.

2 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

INSTALLATION/s

(see Catch note on Iconia)

a box of wooden words

(for meditation)

(off Göbekli Tepe and the alignments, Shiphenge)

	<b>snow</b>	
<b>salt</b>		<b>hoe</b>
	<b>mirror</b>	
<b>factory</b>		<b>lute</b>
	<b>table</b>	

2 June 2012

Cuttyhunk

## WAKESOME PART

Now falterer  
stagger to your throne.  
You are awake, that means you're home.  
If ever over the motionless sea the moon  
stared at me with both her eyes  
I pray come to me now, august  
instructor, mouth I never kissed,  
breast pressed, loins invaded, *Kore*  
*Kosmou*, virgin of the world and speak,  
just speak. No need for words, words  
live only down here, your breath  
divides into what we need to hear,  
what we need. So that men  
in their dull fashion cry out in surprise  
"She speaks all languages"  
but in truth she speaks none  
or only the *one* inside *none*  
each hears his own.

If ever  
the ocean whispered to me on the shore  
I am the great blue stone and I give you life  
or as much life as you let yourself seize,  
why then come to me now as you did before  
when I was someone else and I stood  
less awkward under maybe the same stars.

3 June 2012

= = = = =

One does have to keep praying.

It's part of the fun

the sea actually there

I'll say for me and who'll deny't?

Cloud sculptures imitating

the landshapes below.

3.VI.12, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

The mirror  
is the pole.  
Move around it  
and see yourself  
among things  
in a singular  
world.

When  
we have solved the puzzle  
we know nothing but the answer.  
That's why mathematics is like poetry  
its solutions "lead only to other"  
solutions, like the "vistas"  
of poetry in Robert Duncan's  
explanation.

When you climb the mountain  
you usually see another mountain.  
But when you come to the shore  
you see the one and final sea.

3 June 2012, Cuttyhunk



## **BRUNO'S ONLY WOMAN**

he said was Contemplation.  
Looking openly and ardently  
and carefully and with heart  
open to what is to be seen,  
open to all that can be thought.  
Then silence to cogitate, weigh  
(ponder), then in the reverberatorium  
or spirit oven let the thought  
of what was seen resound and renew—  
and from the crucible in time will tumble  
the pure shapely crystal of idea.  
For everything knows how to speak.

3 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

## INSTALLATION 2

**fisherman**

**seek**

**necessity**

**elm**

**chest**

**iron**

**sutra**

3.VI.12 Cuttyhunk

### **INSTALLATION 3**

**stick**

**chance**

**chirrup**

**chill**

**latch**

**saddle**

**chin**

3 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

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Weeklessness  
of island days  
chain-saw on the Sabbath  
and morning any time of light

natural world before measurements,  
where we grow through dark and day  
obedient to impulse only,  
that Other Law inside me

which also I someday must break  
to break free.

3 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

## MYOPIA

The grey mesh bag full of thistle seed  
I thought was a woman trimming weeds.  
How could seeds make so much noise?  
I drowse beside the house in love with shade.

3.VI.12, Cuttyhunk