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## **INSTALLATION 4**

**saw**

**clay**

**fin**

**pool**

**midnight**

**bread**

**ray**

3 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

## **INSTALLATION 5**

**bare**

**sequins**

**yeast**

**clamor**

**middle**

**tongue**

**engage**

3 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

=====

everything stale  
except the sea  
and thee

3.VI.12, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

pull up shade

ocean by ocean

some world comes in

at dawn

one sunbeam on the sound

an obelisk.

3.VI.12, Cuttyhunk

**Come back to the night**

the right  
instrument  
the sky  
carves into the mind.

2.

Only the blind are safe  
from heaven, the gods  
give them other ecstasies

that understand them  
well enough so all  
humans see a piece of it

3.

a mountain scaling the light  
or Turner seascape kept  
dark in the Tate  
or yesterday

we all share yesterday  
when the bright boats  
sailed by  
and even the sleepers smiled.

## **ANOTHER ORIGIN**

Dark be thou my light  
he cried out  
and Music happened.

4 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

=====

Let the wind do it  
it knows how—  
we forgot the way.

4.VI.12. Cuttyhunk



=====

Sometimes relenting  
fervor is protestant

crosses are set on fire  
politics is mostly noise

power is silent.

2.

Even the sound of money being counted  
has some truth in it  
not the indecent silence in the mind  
of a developer staring at a stand of maple trees.

4 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

## **ATLANTIS**

Back in those days we were saying something  
there was a thought to portion out between us  
a vista from the temple steps we shared—  
to agree with you now is to behold that sea.

4 June 2012

= = = = =

Did we get to the island too late?  
The paulownia had flowered already  
from that precocious spring  
even the seed pods were cracked and bare.  
Empty. But you found  
a few scattered blossoms on the grass  
yesterday's north wind had not scattered  
and these we took home  
soft, pale purple. An antidote to time.

4 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

## AND THERE ARE TREES

and that is solemnly  
the groove of open  
along the legal lawn  
a ha-ha for shelter in  
from the big house peak  
where whimsical widows  
walk their fancies  
each with a yapping  
lap-will pressed to her chest  
because there's no power like loss  
except the fear of loss,  
the gloss on it  
of the mere my skin  
will never abrogate  
yen or yield  
serenity as when  
under cloud edge  
sun slips through  
one moment you  
can't tell dawn from night.

5 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

One's breath gets shorter with time  
goes faster and the blue cruiser hops the sky  
you live in a submarine you get married  
to a sense of purpose no fun along your way  
say a tree on the horizon is it time to write  
love stuff to actual people no more Antinous  
no more Condwiramurs her snapshot\  
on the shelf pilfers your attention from  
the necessary dictionary no it is a sailboat  
almost at the Vineyard shore you're wrong  
the form of this forgetting is a kind of sonnet.

5 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Walking home is always walking away.  
You listen better than you speak  
opposite of as it seems the wind  
or an ocean for your lawn it seems.  
Moral instructions from a broken rock.

A stone that speaks.  
Barrytown two little houses  
(Mrs Russell and her forty cats  
and Kamin came) (John  
Navin's post office then  
Gordon Baker's then  
a gallery of local happenstance).  
Like a single cat it is  
always the same house.

Prose keeps breaking in,  
its own song considerable,  
its harpers soberer, its pipers  
already half over the hill  
but music still. I heard this  
when Browne rose from his fossils  
or her pet cardinal flew along the rail.

It is the place where everything happens at once,  
‘to once’ as my old book says  
the one I wrote when I was born  
full of words I did not want to hear.  
What I wanted was an old clock  
ticking in an empty room.  
midmorning sat at the kitchen table  
and for the first time really understood.  
But what it was I still can’t say  
though I’ve spent my life trying to  
that one small moment of the opened mind.

5 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

## **INSTALLATION 6**

**moon**

**twelve**

**clever**

**handbag**

**weir**

**grass**

**salmon**

5 June 2012, Cuttyhunk



## THINGS I WISH I COULD GIVE YOU RIGHT NOW

alphabet blocks

a cup of sorrel soup

diamond pendant

bright red wind-up toy car

a windowsill

contraband replica Vacheron-Constantin wristwatch

bookends in the shape of elephants, brass

a patent leather belt

scale-model of the Cross-Bay causeway and bridge

velvet Torah wrapping, empty

hamstring of a bull prepared in the South Chinese manner

an urn full of Lemnian wine, unresin'd

white nightgown, cotton, modest

a doorway open onto the setting sun

bracelet made from beads of Whitby jet

embroidered footstool on Chippendale legs

a mechanical enamel parrot that squawks a version of your name

toaster oven from a yard sale, now full of English muffins

squeeze flashlight (never needs batteries)

a standing blackboard on casters

a jar of my own onion relish

emergency short-wave radio, crank to charge

a paper of pins

a sundial on a small Ionic column base

a lineman's heavy rubber glove (right hand only)

a pint of raspberries in a wooden box.

5 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

It dares know in the in-between  
and it has wings

I list things  
a spark from amber

her stomach feels something  
she says when she sees his name

the wholesome deed of no contrivance  
harness hood

bend to my will—  
you call that your will?

5 June 2012, Cuttyhunk