

6-2013

junD2013

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "junD2013" (2013). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 251.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/251

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15.

**Catastrophe a downturn
in the affairs of men
they hop after women bearing seed
what men call catastrophe nature calls change
transformation of the species
rocks are living too I am the first Posthuman
but water has even more life than me
unstanced by identity
fierce well-unintentioned Euxine
we go to war with subtle instruments
Scots mixing buttermilk and beer
lamps they have they pass to others
others wander in the ill-lit street.**

7 June 2013

16.

**Passagias don't come every day
true or false, false, the street
always beckons, the ricercare though is
especially of six voices rare
abandon all pretenses before the Wood of Nakedness
where the owls turn into savvy maidens
rather fierce around the hipbones nanofiber
your dream is wind from Above
false a dream is a dream and so is this
a good argument for turning on the light
elsewhere a gander gabbles on a gable
and poetry somehow will never quite die.**

(8 June 2013)

17.

**Amaze me then you paladins
toaster oven of the alchemists
a microwave is like a little moon
rising and falling in the Brookline kitchen
where anxious matrons test their kids' IQ
just write down what they tell you and all will be well
Mercutio falls the stage fills up with eels
close the book and answer the phone
false no friend would ever call so early
I have no phone I have just my voice
aged animal growling as the moon
start howling or the door will close.**

18.

**Because a stone on the road is a fish that stopped swimming
pick it up and pocket it you'll bring the ocean home
and there the children are waiting for Christmas every day
and the double boiler full of eggs
have you ever heard the cry of milk
the sob of bread baking in the oven
machinery is your friend machines are gods
because the world is little you are big
there are no strangers on this kind of island
the wind reads the papers for you
the hawk dries his feathers in your special tree
for lo the storm is ended the boy-girl wind went north.**

L'HEUREUX PÈRE

What did he see as he sat looking?

**From sixty to ninety he sat at the window
watching the light, the birds, nothing at all
or the few people going by, most of them older than he.
Or he would sit with my mother on a bench by the creek
where swans floated in to get fed, or when
up in the country visiting me he'd sit on the porch
all the late day, heat never bothered him,
mosquitoes never bit. But what did he see?**

**His green eyes focused far away, calm, watching
something even further away. He told me
stop working, retire soon as you can.**

I said I would I never did.

**No wonder I don't know what my father saw
those thirty years of quiet seeing**

**I never stopped to look. Maybe now
it's time to see, just see.**

8 June 2013

AFTER THE STORM

**Waves come in calmer now —
the inhabitants of undersea
have mostly done their messaging —
all morning we read their white lines
and tried to understand.**

**The headland of the next island over
is still drowned in text.**

But all the words are quiet here.

8 June 2013

19.

Of course it went the other way, Chartres,
a carriage down Warren Street, rich people everywhere
and in a chophouse decent grub — he said
but that was Thames and Andrewes walked along
thinking out loud, how beautiful the churches are
despite what they say, the genetic imperfections of belief,
rosemary flowers for the Queen of Hungary
and liquid gold pours out of the carnal machinery
they never understand the ecstasy of rain
the purest gift from the unimagined
Montaigne explained his dislike of the continuous
walk down the street with me holding the evil-eyed cat.

20.

Leave that rainbow gauged into the sky
let the clouds come down and talk like Christian men
have your nephelometer ready your cheesecloth your checkbook
earwax to polish briarwood outmoded
pilasters on the upper landing blond en négligée
between armoire and fish tank why in the hall?
the other one came out of the hill again
reaching towards the moon she turned the trains off
businessmen wandered through the prairie
once I saw a wolf on our sidewalk
creature of gold-eyed dignity
but she was sleeping with the mayor's mother.

21.

**Don't live forever they don't count the stars
it's a kind of broken pavement
music gushes out from the cracks
earth is the ventriloquist who turns our lips
the cries of children turn out to be
what grownups turn into conversation
Whitman wrote nothing but the cries of children
the only real poet avoided writing poems
I call it semaphore because it bears a sign
I can't read it can you? A sign of itself
a revelation of revelation a storm in the mirror
no air left to write the answer down.**

(8 June 2013)

22.

**A raft is remembrance
should I wake beside the direction
and where we went an apple gate
dark with understanding and a touch
so later on the esplanade the Danish ship
seen in a sluice of fog a word misused
loved for the juice of it the slip of mouth
the president waved from his open car
I stood on the corner with John Kennedy
the rainy afternoon when Carthage fell
forgive the immigrants the land cried out for them
the white man failed the lesson of the earth.**

23.

**Who did you want to be mother
I saw the queenly countenance old photo
those eyes that knew me from another place before I was
I knew I never understood and do not know
how a star person can sense to earth beast life
all the doors of fairyland open outward
to open my life a mouth among stars
to give a voice to what is never silent
to answer the tower when it falls
to kiss the acrobat in mid-flight
touch each tessera in the dome of light
and a machine will be my faithful son.**

24.

**For we are various and beautiful and dumb
as an outfielder the clouds abaft the east
a language of dwarves a language of giants
I want to know what this very light is called
this Sunday light seat light island light land light
the broken china on the kitchen floor a song
at savage theaters bareback tragedians
give them the words and leave the deeds to them
there is no action like a heartbeat
wet tea leaves in a sieve the resinous mind
be wishful what you care for the sea
endures what we say of it all talk no listening.**

25.

Open the carpenter take out the door
electric circuits switching in a cut-open thorax
the whole world an autopsy of God you say
but mind is the only kind
girls are prettiest when they stand on ridges
men so empty on the way to work
soon forget how I began
her grand Celt eyes doing something for all sentient beings
motherhood is made of gift
no man has a father a father passes
I was ready to revise the planet
carried some old books up the stairs to bed.

26.

Now to come at last to answer me
a bookcase on the moon he found
a deer browsing in the surf
what is there for a Christian in all these trees
civilized by language the Irish slept
is there no question ever for all my answers
I have tried so hard to say them clear
clouds white as nuns pass without comment
every percept demands memorial
an alternate universe made of simple sentences
suppose there were a gander to each goose
rufous towhee in the bayberries loud.

27.

**Born in a beast's cratch dead uplift in agony
and in between gave meaning to the world
why does the ocean always feel like Christmas
why can't I forget the things I never knew
for this is personal this is Welsh all DNA
this is a matter of sunlight on one side of each wave
curls of light advancing to the land
because everybody else got born first
but there's a messenger in each one too
guiding the absorptions of the flesh
meaning the mind
dragging the stupid consciousness along.**

28.

**Oh God the you in me goes out to you your way in space
you is a verb at least
in every me a you is cached
time is the solution
the me dissolves and leaves the you
active in the interior of earth
the boundless inwards of each living subject
what they used to call the self before they knew
time is acid space is alkaline we live between
salt flats of Utah the Thang of Tibet
understand the balance and be free
god is a neuter with both sexes.**

29.

**Queen of hell before whom only shadows bow
down there is the secret name of here
a daughter crying for her unborn son
what shall I do with all my friends
fit all those women in a little car
all their Prada purses and portmanteaus
and drive here over the waves to underhill
where once I thought I stood alone
the boy in the cellar with his head on fire
eyes lost in a book
and the sun setting over Brownsville
and the sukka booth humming with laughter.**

30.

La Juive by Halévy because every Jewess is lost
lost in manworld lost in Goyastan
give me the truth in your soft lips
give me the wisdom of your cunning wit
none of this religion matters
it is the will to be and be believed
a god is random a faith is definite
hold me to what's important
cleavage between the dream and the dock
oh God the sheep will never come back
the land itself is lost at sea
all that's left is to sing the temple up.

(9 June 2013)