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**Overturn the obvious
you run nimble in dream
barefoot at Blithewood
a mansion of your own
empty of everyone but you.
I say you but it was me
in the dream, that other me
the character who waits
around the corner often
acting out fears and desires
never quite getting them
right. So much left to do
when I wake up, so
strange this life, the
obvious, the magical.**

14 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

**People talking in the fog.
One more day.
Desist from doing
wrong. Climate
takes too long.
Is this a diary or a dog?**

14.VI.14, Cuttyhunk

MORGENRÖTE

**Release the animals
penned up all night inside.
The word is out.
It is like this
before every war.
The woman gone
leaving a note behind
on the parapet held
down by a little stone.
Only her initial
signs it. The empty lawn.
Only the first name
is ours, if even that.**

**On a morning like this
Albéric Magnard was
shot by the Germans.**

**There is no way
to defend your house.
The enemy always
wins. For a while.
Wait. Then things
come back. The wave.**

**Crumple her letter
up, wish you had fire
to burn it in. Then
all of human history
would vanish in fog.**

14 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

SEEKING FORM

Casting off shore
strophes of permanence
is love a performance
wore waders among men
past tense of fish
rocks slimy underfoot I fell
till that was the end of me

Now the ode can egin
a clutch of red hair in my fist
gentle tug to mind the mind
flee from history love
the daemon men who sack cities
in god's name slashing throats
but they too are fisher-folk
abandoned by the sky

I stopped making sense
as soon as I was born
they broke the radio I tumbled out
every line a riddle
that's how English poetry began
make the fuckers work it out
and call it music

grow strong on separation
so here's a purple iris for you
and here a blackbird perched
on a post in your own garden
who owns the air?
feeding on reputation
one grows lean and mean
no wonder so many guitars
am surrounded by celebrity
sol et luna, glittering pharmakon
the dome of stars yes

the everlasting sky I swear on that
oaths for breakfast
and squibs for lunch
o I believed everything I read
they all were words
they all made sense
only I bereft of common
washed the sea

soaked her sweater shoulder with my tears
it's summer but the passion play still goes on
be on the ocean for the dummer solstice
the ordinary devil cannot catch you there
listen to me sparkle of obsolete technology
TSF and telegrams and pop-up toasters
nothing on earth more old-fashioned than bread

2.

**Or is this just another squabble
in the endless family quarrel that is the world?
If anyone were listening I'd hardly speak
—the dog of next door died in the winter—
my conversation is with glass and stars
my paragraphs wear make-up
and they roll up in limos
and simper loudly in this empty room.
There is no word for what has not been said
nothing but this.**

3.

**Intermission but where is the play
where the deer and the antelope
and singulars turn plural while we
snuggle mythwise in our painted tent
where everything keeps beginning
luster by luster stones fall from the sky
in Bayreuth that summer he changed
how things felt forever after, wood
and stone bleed into each other, every
difference we can notice tells.**

4.

**So what are these formalities
that clutch your feelings to your chest—
have you forgotten how to touch?
*I am abandoned to the Airs alone
across the street from nobody's heart*
but want to walk around inside your dreams
yes, you, holding your fancy camera
silent all the while you're thinking
never humming a tell-tale tune—love me
the way the fish forgive the sea.**

**15 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

MANIFESTO OF THE MOMENT

**Every sentence should make sense
but not the same sense that others make.**

**You are not a flower,
get over it,
live forever.**

**Put a pebble on your lover's gravestone
light a candle deep inside the book—
that's what language is really for,
when we're really talking
we mostly use our eloquent hands.
If you want to know what I really mean
just watch your hands.
And be suspicious—I've used the word
really three times in a row.
So leave me to the shame of being
understood. Even a barking dog
has that much dignity. Behold,
a rowboat in the middle of the ocean:
try that on for size if human
language is too small for you.
Adolescence meant invention of the other—
so what are you supposed to do now?**

15 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

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**Friended by the weather
woke up first.
I always do.
Feel cheap
in an empty world
left on the shelf
unbought by dream.
Still here, a stamp
on an empty envelope
whose letter was
read and filed away.
But these sre ways
of thinking not feeling
and the hairs on my arm
gold in morning sun.**

**16 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

= = = = =

**Wake like an atheist
gaze on the lawn.
Railing verses by
Rochester come by
to taunt, to haunt.
Powerless to do ill
one consents to peace.
Why is it so quiet
in me? Is this after
all ordinary life,
birds and babies, a flag
hangs limp from some
house you don't now
who lives in anymore.
I dreamt about the dead
their serene imagination
be born again in me.**

16 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

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**Played the piano last night
gave a recital three
last sonatas of LvB
to astonished and mild applause.
Was good, but not very.
Who knew? I listen
better than I speak.
The doctor said Go climb
the highest hill in your county
and write down everything you see
you didn't even know was there—
that's who you are and what you mean.**

16 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

MOTTO OF THE INSTITUTION

**Exchange bodies with me, we both
need the new science of being you.**

16.VI.14, Cuttyhunk

PALINURUS*nudus in harena*

**End with an image
with the imagined
beloved sprawled
under an alien sky
naked on the sand—
dead, his luminous
body dead in the story
but the image lives,
the sexy, creepy
tumult of the mind
trying to distance
itself from love, from
this skin, these limbs,
from what it wants
so much it calls
it true love, ill it
into a story
inside a story,
Book 5 of the Aeneid,
working up a storm
on a fake sea to be
done with him at last,
the beautiful beloved
no one can have.**

**But the image lives,
we see him through
our willing tears
all spread out so
fetchingly on the sand,
pale on the wet dark.
Three Latin words
woke me today, and
through the open door
the smell of the sea.**

**16 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

NOTE:

The lines of a poem stand, like a ballerina on her toetips, on their enjambments, unnatural, almost impossible, glorious, working with *silence*, working the silence in. Silence is to the poet what gravity is to the dancer.

16.VI.14, Cuttyhunk

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**Where I lost
the thread
of my discourse
stuck on the back
of somebody's sweater,
o god the cling.**

16.VI.2014, Cuttyhunk

RUGOSA

See what we have
in our pockets—

morning, the day
whimpering for us

to begin.
A thousand

roses by the beach.
some rare

sea-poppies yellow
in their shade.

16.VI.14, Cuttyhunk

GREEKS & CELTS

The Greeks, in love with athletes, tell in their odes about credible deeds of prowess. The Celts, in love with faery dreams, attribute to their heroes supranatural, improbable, faintly preposterous deeds, leapings and slayings and consumings so vast, so puissant, that the listener doesn't for a moment think of matching them, let alone exceeding them. Instead, the listener lies back and enjoys those fantasies of action, lies back and snuggles down in the opposite of action: the actual.

16 June 2014

Cuttyhunk

End of Notebook 367

