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90.

**There is a certain subtext to humanity  
they would never occupy this hill  
this boulevard to heaven though I have seen  
the shapes of them more luminous than light  
sometimes by the Dogana or any sea-touched hand  
land they walk even when they're standing still  
the form before me a gasp in the mind  
to see such absolute a shape dissolving matter  
once you have seen such things you can't lose  
ghost girls of the janiculum laughing in the shadows  
a tree is left from their investigations  
a doorway full of light that natural house.**

91.

Venus as the bride of Christ he taught  
and every book their wedding gift  
forlorn as a block of marble never carved  
insatiable as apple trees he offered her  
all the comparisons a likeness is a kiss  
sudden stranger in a midnight bus  
nowhere in Nebraska the one I never  
if they don't live here they don't live anywhere  
to know truth a little is to know the heart  
but who has one and who knows the picture I never prinked my wall with  
I was afraid of images nothing else can wound.

92.

So while the wind away until it's still  
all sea and no continence everything belongs to me  
let the roof slide off the sky the sleepers show  
dare their dreams to stand up and get dressed  
to walk outside like decent pagans  
forgetting all the words nibble rosehips and why not  
education only gives you bigger hands  
after all the meager teachers one thing taught!  
look like you did last night golden ocher  
America sky so far away but let me see  
mind takes hold the shape of thing but not the thing  
excitement of all the pale-eyed deceiving.

93.

**Finches like apples so there  
we can know nothing of how he struggled  
to know the first time what can't be known  
unanswerable question the fall of light  
from the top of the hill you see your limitations  
places you know and names hold you in  
you are a hostage of the street you live on  
a seminared priest of what you see out the window  
everything owns us  
will there ever be enough of me to go around  
for thousands of years people have thought: the breathing of the sea  
but it's time to hear the word it says.**

94.

**This is what happens to music when it starts telling stories  
how could it not be that's why I grew up with  
Franz Kline and sunrise over the East River and a girl from Ecuador  
I saw the color size of a man's reach  
stories fall out of the light  
tells them into new situations: these are the colors  
all the way from red to violet and beyond  
I come from Tenth Street just like everybody else  
another fin another siècle the boys come marching home  
the girls run away through the apple blossoms  
nothing changes the sickle sweeps the moon away  
the dark mumbles stories to its lone self.**

95.

Lay so nary hiding in her underpass  
need here such traffic over, in arches dwell  
faute de Lascaux, they did it for the silence  
no air no sound can or molecular meanings  
less plausible than spirit kinds  
those electrons uncommanded by atomic nuclei  
I touch you now despite the faraway  
for every skin is far away as India  
no matter where the boat is going  
there is a better way of getting there  
takes longer tastes more pleasure on the way  
queen of heaven in her mandorla slips into every me.

96.

Loud sea last night I hear at dawn  
new sun caught in sugar  
else all grisaille the fog of morning  
have we done dreaming yet or is  
that gothic stonework still in place the crowds in Latin  
all the discontinuities also a continuum  
as a hand makes everything it touches its own  
this bird all birds squeal a blackbird in Ireland  
land of tuneful sleep more sheep than men  
as every island is the same island except Manhatta  
a place where fish were never plentiful  
but from the ferries you could see the sleek seals play.



**97.**

**To be long as an epic and nothing happen  
a lyre the size of an oak tree  
hands busier than the wind in its strings  
all words and no meaning  
sex without babies  
the first posthuman rises from his couch  
sonless in brightness and every girl his daughter  
the Touch Me Not of risen Jesus new explained  
because a story binds us to our culture  
and a song cuts free  
all Coleridge no Wordsworth  
the fable peters out in song.**

98.

A little bit of legal left I call it mist  
you call it sun in water vapor spread  
transsumption of molecular motion throw old letters away  
don't let me into your archive  
a rat in grammar  
in mesh of syntax mother-naked  
the one foundation of your house  
Szymanowski's lost novel an alchemy of sound  
or sugar candle in the god wind whoosh  
Zuk he did it and bad me too  
less pants more paunch more tune than tenor  
the Romans had no word for it or kept it to themselves.

99.

*Sea pink* was his poem  
and a stone so stood  
braving the Pacific calm  
Hebridean storm St. Kilda's poisoned by birds  
my week in Scotland original Annandale  
no need to tell you circus tales  
sex on the floor while Abbot Sturlow watched  
a fish in the sky its shadow a cathedral  
did you remember to count the waves  
they too have a cycle surfcasters ken  
home in wee hours with creel asquirm  
this is my theory of poetry.

**100.**

**All those things let go  
one fish could be a hundred of them rule by rhyme  
you don't see the anchors you see the hulls  
moth flies out of the fog the sun  
easy weather for the alchemist  
the brutal heteros all asleep  
why do I love music so music is always somewhere else  
back to London or Lascaux or on to Jupiter  
things shouldn't lead to anything things should always follow  
there should be a cute lieutenant leading them  
into the cloud castle little darling  
you woke up just in time to be me.**

**101.**

**This is our hour  
the first of the last time  
the lion comes out from the hill and claws those Christian garments off  
battle at sea between the waves a wave is war  
the pull of gravity and the push of current and there you are  
loud surf all night and the lion looking at you  
naked as the afternoon shingle beach a cry  
a gull and a lion and our time has come at last  
seize and be greedy there's nothing left but praise  
and where bestow it this tawny sunrise this mandolin plangent forenoon  
all the subjunctives gush over your lap  
sea syntax one same as different as the mother.**

**102.**

**If it said anything it said blue  
I walk with you around the ancient hill to water  
am all air and leave it to you to be fire  
there are people such that being with them all elements complete  
that's why I run out of breath ascending  
the air I needed left behind with earth  
I make noises as I arise they are words  
you hear these sounds as touch  
for every singular is plural I am the frantic chorus  
heavy hoofed uphill clamber reach the top  
your house in the sky I enforce residence  
you knew right then we've always been together.**

103.

I am no meaner than the mind next door  
the swan on the hood of a Packard tells the time  
long kinship with owls for crying out loud  
a ghost train rushes past the slaves are freed  
from one master into the clutches of many  
the salary of circumstance please tell me what to do  
I want to talk about the moist details  
the lug nuts down below the arm-break crank  
slowly unpack all the details blue glass seltzer bottle  
call it vichy in Dubrow's early edition of the Times  
I don't think the subway ends here but I've never gone beyond  
it's hard to stop being credulous about the real.

104.

I want to tell you things that I can't say  
inside Santa Maria Formosa the kind of light  
coaxes me to speculate your skin a hum ahead  
flame of rain have whirled round a stranger  
and yet I know you in her face her place her space  
you try to hide from me in other people  
but I track you from the Adriatic to the Hudson  
your velvet gown close-fitting baffles Rilke  
we all are here together not exactly angels  
if just once you turn and look at me and say you see  
that would be the flight to JFK the cab to Chelsea  
stroll to Penn Station afterwards and so to North.



105.

Hammer heavy but I can judge the sound of competence  
and he's not it, a father trying to fly tight for kid  
but there's no sky, Chinese dragons slice  
one another's guide lines up LaSalle above the river  
yea Lady the same river the two-faced blue-eyed water  
writing is a way of doing nothing but keeping time from passing  
or lets time pass but makes it leave behind it  
shadows on the little world people hold in their hands  
stare gently out the window thirty years  
Pound's kulchur stares back in we live *paideuma*  
the wolf has turned himself into the door  
he lit the ardent Asia in the Western mind.

106.

How can I be at peace who knew no war  
the Brothers Grimm are my grandees  
their angry soldier only in exile find the blue light  
I follow the bright lumen to the cave mouth of my sin  
there is a first place to wander from  
in Adriatic mist and summer storm  
pale Rilke fiercest thinker of his day  
adding the one force Nietzsche missed, the sentiment of love  
and to do no more than tell the truth  
invented poetry along the way  
this new organ in our flesh of meaning things  
a word like children screaming in the rain.

107.

**From the arrow that flyeth by day on the south wind  
protect the cradle of the infant thought the blue trees  
reach down to us to stifle unbelief  
throw you fishing rods away your lariats  
because everything but what you see is real  
deep in the truth of the unthought  
Lila the uncontrived with whom we play  
night more than day and the wind knows it all  
broken clouds your mother on the phone in every wind  
islands change their flags like underwear  
we belong to nothing but the sea from which we come  
religion is an ailment of the mainland only.**

108.

Hydrangea Himalayan flower favorite blue  
has blossomed early in Tara's gentle hand  
I saw her tossing them on the hillside south of Sonada  
and here by the sea in Betty's other garden  
a few blue already the many on their way  
always like that, profit and followers, udambara path  
assigning meanings to each thing I go ahead  
listening to what I stumble through leave the self out  
have no favorite flower no mountains no name at all  
the names are all asleep in you  
that's why you love us best  
the colors you chose to smash over the world.

**109.**

**There's a taboo against learning history  
tabu, to know yestreen spoils the afternoon  
everything forgets, pleasure is always now  
back then is all the pain and dark and work and woe  
sunbathers wait for their Renoir, the wind  
drives them indoors, Lincoln dies in fever  
Romulus Augustulus leaves Rome to die in peace  
this is the empire — the sea's been telling us that forever  
forever, no god and no czar, no meaning,  
no bible, nobody home, sleep in sun on grass  
I forget more than you'll ever remember  
that's why in sleep I am the same as you.**

**(19 June 2013, Cuttyhunk)**

