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I caught my cuff on the cliff  
and couldn't fall.

                    Somebody else  
had to shout the word  
I would have called  
out in falling.

                    There is always  
someone else. Always  
another word.

                    But my word would  
never have been said.  
I must try the cliff again  
plummet into what it means  
by letting me fall.

5 July 2012

=====

I'm getting too moral.  
If I reached out  
you'd feel the dry  
crinkled page of a book  
touch your wrist  
a dead leaf fallen  
into your lap. So I keep  
my advice to myself.  
I am weary of knowing  
what everyone should do.

5 July 2012

= = = = =

Catching words by music  
you dreamed a net  
of sound *seven clarinets*  
*spacing out a song*

it could take years  
to write down  
in letters or quavers  
what that song said

dreams do that  
just a little nap  
asleep in the sun  
and so much comes

you have to catch  
the shining filaments of  
the net that caught you  
and see where it goes

from whom it comes.

5 July 2012

= = = = =

Something between us and the moon—  
roundish shape like a seal's head  
or a bird with folded wings and beak tucked down  
out there a thousand miles in space—  
what if it wakes? what if it comes down?  
Or flies away forever? What do we do then?

5 July 2012

= = = = =

They move from book to book  
they are allied with Jericho

we tore their tents down in the night  
and drenched them as they ran away

groggy back into their shabby hills.  
But why did we use wine when

water would have worked as well?

5 July 2012

= = = = =

Try to find it now  
the blue forgotten

the part where the will  
grates on the rock of the city wall

and soldiers gasp for breath  
when they rouse from their siestas

and is that the same bird in the sky?

6 July 2012

= = = = =

Men want it all the time  
because it is the gate to everything  
women want it when they will—  
for will is all, and self-  
embodiment of will and be  
invisible till the image she  
chooses to project.

2.

The two races have  
such different entrances  
to being with.

3.

Every woman doubts  
her lover or herself.  
Better by far for her  
to doubt the other.

6 July 2012



= = = = =

The things that please us  
have cages in them

open desert still a prison  
all pleasure reeks of the past

recognizes and comes again  
but no step forward

pleasure is regressive  
hence repressive

the same old hardware  
of excitation and release

then nothing more.

6 July 2012

## PLAISIRS

Pleasure is our share of evolution  
the circular tunnel we  
burrow through year after year  
and what makes me happy makes me dumb.

\*

That's why the old so often seem to be  
killjoys—they have learned all they could  
learn from pleasures and now want something else.  
Is pain their teacher now?  
Is it the shadows of death  
cast on those fair young  
bodies dancing the old read  
as hieroglyphs instructive and sinister.

\*

Don't begrudge the young their pleasures—  
until we know what pleases us  
we don't know who we really are.

6 July 2012

## PENTAGRAM IMPERFECT

Unfinished star of magic  
dot the i, unpiece the weaving  
go back and forth at once

find the original center  
of what you're doing  
what you are

the red ball bouncing  
in the woods  
the waterfall of milk

blood of the trees.  
Take off everything  
put everything on

believe the shadows  
the imperial purple  
of your body's folds

so much magic so much  
listening heard  
your words inside dawn

there was a cry  
caught between us  
like the cry of a gull

in an empty sky.

6 July 2012

= = = = =

So that is magic

that is the singular

air moving

and beast desire

*to know the other*

I put my flesh at risk

to learn what the gods have hidden

inside your clothes

inside these creatures who pass

around me miraculously

different from one another

each living being is a gospel

it takes my whole life

or all my lives to read.

6 April 2012

= = = = =

No images left  
they've all been sung

now what  
the chipmunk wants to know

is it all just  
the shadows of leaves

the silent wind?

6 July 2012

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I tried to make you sit down in my mind  
to measure your displacement  
the surface tension triumphed over  
shadow I can rend with my teeth.

6.VII.12

=====

My defect, I cannot  
speak to war—

                  horror  
is all I can hear

this root behavior  
of our house

and Homer said it all.  
And it should never have been said.

6 July 2012



= = = = =

Trout on the wall stars in the well  
the music ripens apples  
out of the fallen tree  
almost rotted away  
the fruit of  
the sun says something too.

A house is always  
on its way back to the wood.

Deer looks at me from trees  
read me read me  
more books less reverie  
and most be beast.

6 July 2012

= = = = =

The dust of Aristotle  
swirls through my window

motes in sunbeams  
planetary systems

every system imitates itself  
quicken lust

and you know why.

All round us animals  
research the light

broken feathers on pebbles  
whisper in the ear

your breath says  
more than words will.

6 July 2012

= = = = =

In those days men and women could hear—  
air was a kind of chemical mistake  
we took the giddy risk of breathing—

o that compromise, that first  
inhalation of the atmosphere—  
no orgasm fuels such rapture now

and then we were here  
in the garden of beginning. Sinning.  
And who knows what we are.

6 July 2012

= = = = =

It might have been a balcony  
or an organ loft a song  
in Italian but she forgot the tune  
only the words only the words  
and even those I forget  
only remember  
the smell of her breath  
she breathed a little  
island into my head.

6 July 2012

= = = = =

A man who goes out of his house  
goes to act things out

he performs an identity  
he thinks his own

sparrows scatter like girls laughing  
dew dries on his lawn chairs.

6 July 2012