

7-2012

julD2012

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There are schools that do this better  
ladlasses under silver walnut trees  
congress of dialects our love bespoke  
yet fits all sizes an eyrie for earth eagles  
and a man maybe woman to indict  
the crimes of lassitude and whatever.

This was ago. Same sun slightly  
different moon—I've watched  
the splash and blushes in her pale face  
change through my lifetime haven't you?  
I swear that water is wetter now  
as if we're really getting there. *Zukunft*  
to come towards what comes towards us.  
Future is assignation, future is a sleek hotel.  
When you look at someone across the room that way  
you're promising each other a weekend there.  
But in the schools I prophesy, their skins  
grass-stained or limpid the last lads keep  
their eyes firmly on the book all round them  
whispering the sequence of tenses and the modes of verbs  
and sometimes lick the lips of the one beside them  
"I analyze your perfect taste now parse my kiss."

2.

No Athens could more this. They fetch old words  
to their service

    they oil their skins  
and what they hear they drink.  
When they meet they kiss each other's napes  
and stand back to back a moment  
before they speak

    because books are written backwards  
as we must learn to read.

3.

Sumptuous semester of blue-eyed greed  
and chestnut scientists  
lab of every thorn

and even-numbered petals walk this way  
and those who understand the speech of crows already  
can go into town for breakfast.

Oh please be simple with me citizen—  
I don't want much and you have all of it.

7 July 2012

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I don't know where anything ends  
don't even know if it's begun  
could I just be sitting still  
busy with skies in my eye?

7 July 2012

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I will speak in blocks of wood  
until you hear me.  
Everything you pick up  
will be me  
or a message from me  
depending,  
                    and once  
you pick me up you can never put me down.

Blessing and cursing mean the same.

7 July 2012

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Skip a wedding lose a friend  
I hate it like this  
I kiss the bride from here  
I speak her name quietly  
at the edge of the woods  
and various animals come nearby  
assure me they have heard and understood.  
So if foxes and possums can hear me  
why can't she? An afternoon away  
she should feel my comradely hug  
and the sea will be looking at her too.

7 July 2012

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Or be dependent on the song itself  
to catch her on the wing  
say what brings you down  
the quality of seed sir  
the Darwin trick?

O who caught angels  
out of season?

Who raped chandeliers with shadow?

8 July 2012

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All over Anatolia Celts were beginning,  
the gall the gael of them, the *geiler Saft* that  
rose in them, pinkish bodies

half-pig half-archangel

nos ancêtres les

built the standing stones

to be men, and knew the spell

to make them come alive

and another just as good

to make them sleep nine thousand years

until one of us afterlings

grew to the age of wonder

and wondered what was in that fat-bellied hill

unlike environment.

That should be our clue

when it stands out

from local practice

seize it and dig.

Where Ulster County turns to Delaware

the hills up there

were made by someone else—

Andes Bovina steppes before Delhi—

come with me with your teeth and knees and hands



tell us who built what we stand on.

8 July 2012

## GRAPPLE

As invade the ship  
hooks cast  
on the far stern  
draw close  
and bored—  
by this the isolate vessel  
is violated  
or claimed from the independent sea  
that public thing  
so choosy of her citizens.

2.

Sometimes the whole sea  
sounds like tinkling glass  
a clean barroom after hours  
when the barmaid and the waiter  
dance their sober tango  
and make the cocktail glasses rattle.

3.

Manned by women  
the pirate ship  
of a boy's dream  
runs the whole sea

and raids the shore

someday he'll be lucky  
and be in some seaside town  
when they come raving in  
naked lasses naked cutlasses  
he swoons with samenesses.

4.

Sits by the shore, thinks:  
this is here for me.

The dragons and the maidens gone  
but these waves still

hungry lick the shore.  
And I'm a monster like them too.

I come here to watch myself  
relentlessly address  
caress my everlasting opposite.

8 July 2012

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Could the roses be coming out already  
on the hibiscus by the road?  
The names stagger through the mind  
we call out to things,  
we call them by the words they call from us,  
a cold fiery plasma of naming  
like Eve alert by drunken Adam's sleep  
doing his job for him and doing it right—  
a thing is what it makes us think  
and no rose is readier than  
her mouth softly announcing its name.

8 July 2012

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Sky hook  
I know it well  
I still from time to time  
hurl it up  
until it catches  
then I too clamber  
less limber  
than I used to climb,  
the deer that pasture  
in the sky start  
laughing when I crawl  
up huffing and puffing  
to rest a while  
and watch them play.  
Someday I'll stay.

8 July 2012

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What color is her hair?

My eyes.

What is that fragrance on her wrist?

The cool of her identity.

Who is she then?

The mermaid who needs no sea.

What did she say when you spoke?

Rustle of leaves with no wind.

Wood creaking in an old chair no one sat on.

8 July 2012

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Magic has to be everywhere  
or nowhere at all.  
It exploits the imperfections in the system  
and perfects them  
in such a way we can be included.  
Me and my children, even, me and my cow.  
Magic is the last trace of the alien  
understandings that brought us here.  
*Their minds meant something else—*  
and that early meaning is what magic  
tries to reclaim.

Listen carefully  
and I will tell you nothing.  
Look the other way  
I'll whisper in your ear  
something neither of us  
exactly understands.

8 July 2012

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Hair dye.

Crippled roots.

How can a mother

endure a daughter?

It's hard for men too—

I for instance am my own son.

8 July 2012



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Now it's time to come to bed  
in the sun so all your dark  
sleeps away in one instant  
and all you are is now.

8 July 2012

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What color was the air  
Psyche breathed  
before she fell?

Myths tell the truth  
as best they can,  
the Bible stories are remyths,  
the tales turned round,  
they walk backwards towards us.

Eve, Adam, Sarah, Rachel  
their shapely backs reminding us  
turn this information round  
and see it elsewhere on.

2.

So I've been saying it for years  
this is my backwoods Bible book

and we write our words from right to left  
to remind the gentiles how to read.

3.

And the Lord (the Lady)

blessed Cain  
whose name means upright, firm  
for banishing (dissolving)  
blood sacrificing carnivorous Abel  
(Abel means hollow, rain)  
—the carnivore was the killer,  
and Cain sent him to the land of Nod  
to the east of Eden.

Where we are  
warriors, carnivores, sacrificers, martyrs,  
*bourreaux*, children of Abel.  
And Cain went forth  
into the holy places in the kill-less apart  
where we seek, some of us seek,  
decency among the vegetable.

4.  
Nothing clever here. It *is*  
a holy book, so holy  
it takes a whole life  
to read it right.  
Right to left  
uncloak the figures.

And here cometh Eve  
our sister,  
who taught the serpent

to be wise and quiet,  
who taught trees  
to bear fruit  
and men to rise  
from their muddy condition  
(Adam means clay, blood-red clay,  
the kind the potter kneads  
before he bakes the mud out)

and took him in her arms  
and warmed him  
till he was hard and permanent and fine.

In the oven of her womb and mind.

5.

Turn all things round  
and be our mother.  
Make us permanent, pregnant,  
make us put on clothes  
and culture us,  
walk us safely  
across the street,  
into the land of symbols  
so we rise again  
to our starry nature,  
sister mother wisdom daughter

and teach the lovers how to love  
and in the tower of the body  
climb to the land before,  
land before Eden.

...9 July 2012

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The waitress bent  
to hear my murmur  
the hostess hoisted  
the drapes and hooked them  
to keep out the sun.  
Obliging people.  
I meant no harm  
sun was in my eyes  
my voice is soft.  
Nothing but causes  
say and hear,  
all the understandings  
are misunderstandings.  
And then the dreams begin.

9 July 2012

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We edit every day.

We look away.

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Begin the ascent.

For to every man I give a tower

and to every woman an island of her own

to keep them well apart

but let their shadows mingle

so after twilight even you can read

the lighthouse keeper's daughter.

9 July 2012