

7-2013

julE2013

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### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "julE2013" (2013). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 413.  
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= = = = =

I live in the elbow of the world  
pliable the ambiguity  
like a city full of fish and rumors  
o mermaid live there  
a dread ship on the horizon

no one knows if coming or doing  
sly men in snakeskin shoes  
want to share their religion  
but my creed has trees

older than anybody, sky  
glimpsed through foliage  
visio beatifica  
aspen leaves chattering in the park

the final irony of light.

10 July 2012

= = = = =

Something doesn't know its name  
it came on a streetcar in Vienna  
face in the window people here  
have outlived something

they don't know either *give me*  
*a new word for God* I hear them beg  
are they Moses waving his arms  
or Medea killing her children

water runs below us we groan  
and tumble around in our beds  
we never know what myth we're in  
and no two of us are ever in the same

no never the same and you  
with your bright eyes can detect  
the alien monster in my shy glance  
horses flee from burning stables.

10 July 2012

## **THE FALL**

Flying too close to home  
Icarus lost interest in his wings  
and sank into his living room

he sits there still watching images  
moving on the wall  
from time to time he wipes his eyes

and at night he never dreams.

10 July 2012

= = = = =

Is it all just picking adjectives,  
pretty nouns like that girl plucking flowers  
on a field and then Hades happens?

The writer is himself Persephone  
distracted from his work  
by the beautiful tools themselves.

10 July 2012

= = = = =

The name of it is summer  
and it speaks

Sumer. Begin again

There are no accidents  
in language

Sumerian

dream: in Philly a Gaudí  
church all swoop and swerve  
upright of concrete that rose  
like mud like candlewax  
but from the organo-upward  
thrust of it protruded  
a Grecian temple  
from argillaceous matter  
a smallish Parthenon in white—  
cold as it was we stopped and studied

this massive message here for me  
for I am monstrous and most mixed  
and have vexed the sacred Orders  
of archaic taste

I have put things where they don't belong  
my words in your mouth  
and they are beautiful and there I was  
barefoot in a blanket and a sheet  
and some people in a truck  
knew me near enough to my identity  
to offer the kindness of strangers

Sumerian money  
only a farmer would buy this  
marsh fertile field  
out of which all cities stemmed up  
monstrous and mixed  
and they wrote with brick—

I want to hear them speaking now  
a record you can only play in dream.

11 July 2012

= = = = =

But love isn't about knowing  
love is about leaving alone

in the infinity of otherness  
a comfortable abyss

into which you *fall*  
changing nothing but your mind inside.

11 July 2012



= = = = =

Who knows  
what spoke

hibiscus said  
three times summer

“he made me bathe  
every day  
even when I came up  
fresh from the sea  
in morning swim  
he’d make me  
wash in fresh water  
and with soap  
he made it special  
from lamb fat and olive oil  
and somehow ashes  
from last night’s fire  
so I was clean”

try to forgive him if you can  
it was so long ago  
hundreds of years

even the smallest complaint  
lingers through time,  
spreads out, a soft malaise  
through standing trees  
it was hot that year  
and no one knew.

Sometimes the sun  
took our breath away  
poison in sunlight or  
by sunlight loosed  
into the atmosphere

he staggered in the courtyard  
almost fell  
just from the weight of the sun

and if nothing else  
she was cleaner than her sisters  
whom he interviewed from time to time  
without either party growing much wiser

but conversation itself  
is meat and drink  
and they grew fat on knowing each other  
often if not well.

So that was in a way your vengeance  
—slim, for a slim offence—  
in washing you he sought to wash himself  
clean of morose delectation  
as the priests call  
thinking too much about the body  
its chambers and its musics  
and its ultimate vicissitudes.

12 July 2012

= = = = =

And that dear children is the ending  
of what did not quite manage to begin.

12.vii.12

= = = = =

But don't want to know what was happening.

It's all the same as tomorrow

get a move on      move in

we walk past the White House but we don't drop in.

12.vii.12

= = = = =

The line grows tired before it meets its end  
this is a geometric impossibility and yet

13.vii.12

= = = = =

Among the sayables  
you stand  
untouched

there are those  
power wakes

they build their cities  
out of the unimagined

on the outskirts of every  
equation the jungle waits  
trying to be counted

waiting. Waiting  
also is power

that look, those eyes.

13 July 2012

= = = = =

How long does old habit hold?

The peloton coasts downhill

to rest those knees

and then the grind begins

the so-called ascent,

cycling to the moon.

13 July 2012



= = = = =

I owe everybody a letter  
but all I want to do  
is hold your hand  
or something, something  
that says no more than  
here I am we are.

13 July 2012

## SINGSONG

I'm tired  
of simplicity  
the *clus* is the secret  
of the rose  
the *clar* the on-off  
of the rotor  
electromagnetic wilderness  
those people bring  
the desert with them  
resentment makes it  
the green leaf  
will not grow in rage  
bad summer  
sumac coming back  
*the static of my disaffection*  
*crackles over the purity of my invention*  
I was born to be a radio  
you really have to imagine me  
picture what I say  
(bleak argument, Baghdad, once  
there was a city beyond economy,  
a flirt of mind a whisk a will  
and wind took it)  
when the mind is at peace the weather stops.

14 July 2012

= = = = =

Where did you put my urn  
I write my tombstone every day  
heavy on my knees  
this marker magic  
some words sink in.

14.vii.12

= = = = =

Think of what a hammer dreams  
a vast and focused falling  
hard on the shiny nail

and the pen dreams of fingers  
driving it teasing it along  
making it write words have never been spoken

and think of the voluptuous dreams of the chair.

14 July 2012

= = = = =

In the cool of a hot morning  
a bike rides by  
I wonder about such people  
and they would wonder at me.  
In torpor I dwell  
waiting my hour—a wind  
will rise, a word will tell.

14 July 2012

## THINGS

Not all things need things.

Some sing

by themselves

comme ça: l'oiseau

tweets from branch to branch

of course they're messages

the world-word

is full of them. Other things need things

and then it's up to us

to answer. Basic English.

God is a monosyllable.

Take note.

2.

Thing thing.

Sing. Sing.

Childhood is a prison.

We watch the mother

dance her kids around the circle

“how dare she move us

are we not men and small

and women small and are we

not movers of ourselves”  
he balled in infantese  
but still the mother insisted  
saying “thou art a thing  
among things— the prison of thy young days  
will be followed  
by the long confinement of  
adult identity—  
for thing thou art  
and thing remainest,  
and belongest  
either to me or to  
some other ‘me’  
you call yourself—  
no thing is free.”

We who watched felt back in Bible land  
where the fathers crush the mothers  
and the mothers crush the kids  
there is a horror of being a traveler  
in time to see what was and will  
  
and the cries of foster children never cease.

15 July 2012

= = = = =

It's not the patri-  
that's so evil  
(though matri-  
would be better)  
it's the -archy  
that mows us down.

15.vii.12 [buzz'd]



=====

No rain on Rainday  
no wind on Windday  
not so good.

We (“what fools these...”)  
are intersected.

16.vii.12

= = = = =

I don't want to blame you for my faults.  
But you are the weather and I am a man  
who knows no better and thus must endure  
whatever winds and vowels send my way  
or keep themselves locked in the green wood.

16.vii.12

## **POSTERITY**

Won't it be exciting to read  
ten thousand years from now  
that some man was bugged by the weather?

16.vii.12

=====

To find the word  
in all the words  
written down  
for our inspection  
that is his own  
word he cried  
out to us?

--*ossia*-- [out to me?]

16.vii.12

= = = = =

Built as variations on a theme  
we extend to infinity

no wonder we are awed by Beethoven and Bach—  
of all humans they seem  
most like the ordinary architect.

16 July 2012

= = = = =

Something the smell of strong coffee  
shares with skunk—  
a little mercaptan music?  
Handkerchief dropped on a wet lawn?

16.vii.12

=====

As my attention span gets longer  
the poems get shorter.  
Wittgenstein would have something to say about that.

16.vii.12

= = = = =

Changed this side of recognition  
I know but don't want to know  
**the sameless changeness of never.**

16.vii.12



= = = = =

I have unpieced my learning  
till all that's left is touch.  
That means mortality and dust.  
Why did I drown my book? And when?

16.vii.12

= = = = =

To get out of this web  
a self spins  
where the spider is more trapped  
than what she catches

and the only way out  
spins yet another web

but when the wind moves  
I think there is a way—  
be part of it not what it touches.

16 July 2012

## **“THE PRISON HOUSE OF LANGUAGE”**

Can't write what I can't mean.

Spin the wheel. Mean something else.

16.vii.12

## SKETCHES

just sketches  
not yet the giant canvas  
full of snow and war  
burning forests  
horses and forgiveness.

16.VII.12