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The denser number now weaken the connection.  
Digit meant pointer counter touch you light between the eyes.  
Tender downy ridge where future's storied stored.  
Trust [me] there then trust [me] anywhere.  
In darkened sky the air relents the temperature ballet.  
Sweet as sweating on a simmer day.

Lofty landfill with blue methane burning off.  
Pick another number and divide by me.  
He stood in flames like one who has a message to deliver.  
We tried to listen but heard only the environment.  
In Muir Woods again the spider answered the riddle it is the sun.  
Then the famous moonbeams came and made us hear.

Will somebody please answer the painting on the wall.  
We carry you with us in all our future lives.  
You don't have to remember the past you're still in it.  
The past is all around you now if it ever was.  
Suddenly everything small I hold it all in my hand.  
I am held in someone else's hand the fugue.

No names no norms just the *fishy depths of sea*.  
Numinous vacancy *nemus* a holy woods.  
Leftover language with a billion hearts to fill.  
This thing in your hand imagine it in your hand.  
Can you feel the vowels of its being there.  
What makes *dubious desires* Dante calls.

Unscroll the sky a different one.  
In worlds around meal this has happened still.  
Conscious life of kindness catches on.  
These things have left me in their wake.  
Years of running on to learn to stop.  
Crows reminding raindrops too.

25 July 2011

= = = = =

As if I were living in America  
and the bee hovering here into the rose of Sharon  
were my bee, or I her man

and the road you hardly notice in all this green  
till a car goes by on its way to work  
and if it were morning of a soft moist day

and everything is inside of something else.

25 July 2011

## **TIME**

is not mine to waste.

Time belongs  
to the other  
and is her due.

25.VII.11

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Different things for the same word.

A ghost in the yew hedge you see.

The tribal on its way back to the animal.

The veiled woman is the specter of society.

Men bare their heads in certain churches.

Are they letting something or something out.

25 July 2011

= = = = =

All morning I've sat  
watching the roses  
both of us drowsy  
and doing damn all.

Bees make use of  
them I wonder do  
hovering thoughts  
make use of me.

25 July 2011

= = = = =

So thronged with angels and earthlords and elves  
you can hardly walk a country lane  
elbowing your way through.

Disguised as gravity, temperature, humidity, wind  
they are the resistance you push against.  
And some weave tree roots to snag our feet.

Walk reverent through this vast population,  
these citizens of silence and invisibility  
who move through us as we through them.

I wonder if their will is freer than ours.

25 July 2011



= = = = =

But how free  
and who feels how  
like the old moves  
when the mousy teacher  
takes off her glasses  
lets down her hair  
and we change  
before her eyes  
into desirers  
we salute the signals  
we are given  
faithful helots of the heart  
or whatever organ  
swells with blood  
at the swirling permission  
of that liberated hair?

26 July 2011

## ΠΥΓΜΑΛΙΩΝ

One thing at whose time  
never? The young miracle.  
Walk on the moorland  
or hide in the car?

Work.

The hope of having  
bodies. The work. Chop  
up the fallen tree.  
Hang the roof from heaven,  
heal. This house  
wants some of you.

Take the face I gave you  
and stare back at me.  
You are not just a woman  
you are the green itself  
in which I live.  
I mean nothing but what I made.  
Receive me.  
Let me also be.

26 July 2011

= = = = =

Imagine this as it is  
a cloud halfway up a mountain

you knew it from Nepal  
cloud valleys

and sometimes we are higher than the cloud  
and sometimes the rain comes sudden

feathering the canvas overhead  
then pelting wildly hailing and hard

then it's all over and the ground is wet  
that's all, and that's what things are like

they come and go so fast  
and we're here ever after

wondering what such things mean  
and how we can be them too.

26 July 2011

= = = = =

Dark woodwork church  
the gloom of belief  
when we have belonged  
too long to a book  
and the book is tired  
and the glass in the window  
for all its color seems  
to say dreariness is best  
a hymn you don't need a hymnal  
for the words bored into you  
long ago and the air  
around you is warm and stale.  
Warm and stale like  
the people you are when you are.

26 July 2011

= = = = =

Hiding behind roses like so many meanings.  
Wanted to embed itself inside the shape.  
The contour not the contents the world is pure.  
The meat inside is food for someone else.  
What bread the angels nibble while we fawn.  
The fugue is gone only the bright light's on.

Jogging past Jesus on the way to self.  
Maybe when they arrive they'll find an empty house.  
Maybe I'll be there before them baffled as they are.  
Sometimes the sacred and the civic are the same.  
Outside the city is all the way in.  
Wolves follow fleeter prey across the mind swept plain.

Quick rescue music from the blue sky.  
The river of sixes flows from Aphrodite's chair.  
Special sun that golds the middle of the night.  
The cushions on her throne bear marks we learn to read.  
Scratches from lovers' fingernails infect with lastingness.  
Our human job to finish up what time began.

27 June 2011

= = = = =

Too near the end to see the finish line  
the mind of the mower must be weary  
from the stale ecstasy of fresh-cut grass.

They say the smell comes from the grass's pain,  
we love our feelings so much we can't feel anybody else's,  
radiant sophomores wiser than their mentors.

27 July 2011

## NOTHING BUT NEVER

The sixes slip over the hips  
and slide to the floor  
a fountain of cloth  
from the body seems to rise  
and flow up towards me.

For seeming is all.

This ode  
rehearses the ancient  
miracles of yesterday,  
boy in a boat, eagle  
screamed three times above us,  
rain from a blue sky.

The accurate wife, the husband  
testing the waters of silence.  
And then Achilles spoke  
from his hear-house: listen  
I understood the self wrongly,  
death neither ennobles nor dismisses.  
The land of shadows is a long holiday,  
awkward education, quiet surgery  
and then someone is here again  
who doesn't have to be me anymore.  
I am you now. Among you

we both grow  
a little wiser than we were (they were)  
before.

    Slowly,  
Towards the light  
that is no flame,  
the color broken open,  
bird at the top of the sky  
who screams three times  
and wheels around us,  
marks us for our own.  
Death taught me none of this  
but the blue sky did.

28 July 2011



## RIVER WITNESSES

Such things the river sees.  
Stand by the banks  
and make gestures. These  
are mirrored, they answer  
you and flow south  
every molecule of that water  
bearing your image,  
                                the word  
your body is and said.

Past the cliffs and cruel subdivisions,  
the city proper, harbormouth, the sea.

What you do to water you do to everyone.

28 July 2011

= = = = =

Some darkness came over me.  
Some darkness came over my need for you.  
My sense of you  
broke a little bit.  
A kind of sacrilege happened between us.

Strangely silenced of your answer.  
Me being as I am  
I assumed I had done something wrong.  
Something with someone  
in it that was not you. Who.

I think our images shimmered  
in each other, grew unreliable,  
changed. Faded.  
Silence is something also you can see.

28 July 2011

= = = = =

Something is bothering the crows.

Someone is in the woods—

fox, fisher, wildcat, man—

they think shouldn't be.

These trees are the Lady Chapel

and none should be in there

but themselves and the small citizens

who say the prayer of silence.

Pay the tax of quietness.

Crows are the vergers of this place,

their cries the keys—

they seem calmer now though

having explained all this.

28 July 2011

## TEMPLE

protect it above all  
from the Templars  
rescue churches from the priests

give the Vatican back  
to those old half-conscious poets  
who spoke when it was still a hill

the voices of so many gods.

28 July 2011

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I'm not sure

I'm not you.

Are you?

28.VII.11