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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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Refuse to refuse
and still turn off the light,
bird flies up to the roof
seemed white and large
dove-big or gull-little.
Fly on the lampshade
a speck of night.
All sunlight does is feed the dark.

2.

So it a question of belief
of desire spilling images
into what we take as the future

sticking you with what you want
or thought you wanted. And all
you ever meant is now.

3.

What I want is the surfaces of things
the sayable strokable
curtains over the core.
The Veil of the Temple
was the truest image of God.

4.

I think I have become the one you mean

over the mirror over the door
my daughter's house my oldest violin—

delicate ambushade of the visible
birds waiting for me when I wake
softish sky

how did you wake the sky?

Who was your sleep?

5.

Softness of what seems loud
waking up with the tone controls
of dream. What turns
you on turns into you, we all
know that. Ayahuasca forests,
Your skin is somebody else.

6.

Look for me in the light
won't find me there

no dark either
theodicy

all I ever was is in between
footfall of a shadow on the steps

glass staircase
climbing up the air

I am your aspiration
subsumed into language.

Now chew these leaves
and call it morning.

20 July 2012

= = = = =

It is hot in the core of the woods
I have no business there
what am I doing knowing

the meter is all wrong inside
we catch the plumb line but have no force
no one can climb to where we are

the pendulum moves the hand
things are too far
all I knew was the shape of some legs

climbing the simple steps
legs moving briskly up the hallway
half a hundred years ago

everyone is too far
the hall my hall the years my years
just kiss an image and let it go

a photographer on every corner
is waiting to caress you
of course you want a city

possess you with that terrible eye
of course a city
who else could God be

or his angel lost on a street with no name
a house with no number
only a color but are you sure

a number with no square root
I will never feel that skin
all other is a foreign shore

can't cross over Jordan
you are Moses little girl
autistic in this sunlight

quavering musculature
you are allowed to swim
most interesting circles

in the sacred river
but never all the way across
across is the other person

some idiot like me
with outstretched arms
weeping in my greedy need

for you are drunk on exile
and never fail the chalice
the secret elixir poured deep in you

spoken with someone's tongue
around the cup edge of your ears
would never dare the fire of your core.

20 July 2012

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The names of famous statesmen
do not fortify the wine. History
dissolves like sugar in water.
Xerez. The meek turn milk
as Falstaff prophesied. Green-sick
callow artists pledge such temperance.
Tarot trumps and unbelievers.
I did not become a prophet by
squeezing your thigh, my hand
is a man of its own—
 in crystal
goblets drink these tears
the god in heaven leads me to the truth
half-asleep and tell no lies—
a child is born without the will to want
what a lonely smile the whitest teeth
she lips a curl of ice cream in her mouth.
White white white. No wonder I cry.

20 July 2012

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Pale shadow of a single nymph
as from Greek arisen
from the quarried stone, a miracle
of accurate caesura, old word
for a little climax of the breath

and out she swims into our once
natural world, a grace all goblin'd
by our quest for name for form need
and absolution, *believe my body, pale*
as it is your only answer ever.

21 July 2012

= = = = =

Eyes are hummingbirds
drink deep and quick from
everything they linger on—
sick surfeit maybe after.

21.VII.12

= = = = =

The messenger we believe
tells us what we know already
and this is Loki's day
when effect begets its causes
"because you punish me
I will tell the always truth"

21 July 2012

LESS SAID THE BETTER

lees left after the letter
a mouth at the back of the taste
someone else's in
true if it were only
a day to tell lies
count the flowers on the bush
go hum a beingbird
the mirror runs from the face
the runner beats the earth
the road assails the runner's heels
if it were only a little more than enough
ya vas lyubil I meant you once
now you're so different
nothing matters less
not a cynic being but a hoper
a leaper with his church bell
stand there and be a temple
open up the prism and let the light back in
we were colored once and now are plain
crossed Delaware dragging my Indian name
August dryshod almost
most of a century flew by
water I fear water I crave who am I
to stand on every river ever known
Prabhakirti water I fear to drink

widen the doorway I need to forget
burlap socks casual news
it's more like hiding behind the yew tree
but everything that grows
grows there for you
I touched the rain with such tender care
she made her body her pet
and took it with her everywhere
I have a new name now want to see
wearing the shabby clothing of the confident
waiting to spend everything that spills
seeding the lawn with everlasting shadow.

21 July 2012

= = = = =

Last night's fox
feeding on parathas
scented with fenugreek
dear ruddy friend
all that folklore
in our little woods
how the books all
finally come home
to the world
of things and are things
beasts alert
to our presences
worth it for the food—
how we are fed
by what we feed
fed by what we see.

21 July 2012

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Are we after
 liquid disaster
 the rhyme words
 boogie old
 fashioned in the head
 —more hip than hop—
 it's where the eye lands
 leads the hand—

grab after sequences of dust
 encomium moriæ
 forbecause we're fools
 we can be saved
 cheated into paradise
 by a talking dove
 a block beyond Descartes—
 see that church?
 ancestor built it
 see that tree?
 ancestor planted it
 see that God?
 ancestor dreamed Him up—
 and when he was a river
 I was a hero I went
 down there to eat with him

in his clamshell dining room
his wife in coral underwear
dreamed on the pearl settee—
the soup was thin but filled the mind
the meat was a condensation
of aged atmosphere
condensed so you could taste
inside it all the famous
people who had breathed it
in and out before he mashed
those molecules down for dinner—
Sappho, Achilles, Parsifal,
all the tuneful fools of love
in heaven every one of them
waiting to be born again
to hurry home and rescue us.
And for our dessert
it was enough to dream
the same dreams she was in
as she lay beside us.

21 July 2012

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Was I even thinking
poor bad-teeth checkout woman
checking out organic rack of lamb.
What is there in the sky?
Clouds. Sometimes. Never.

21 July 2012

= = = = =

So many hummingbirds
the sun makes me sleepy
turn me around
to face the clever dark.

21.VII.12

= = = = =

Willful like the rows of corn
scattered shadows of maple leaves
the wind alone is what I mean.

21.VII.12

= = = = =

Just enough blue to say
the usual the ferry
to the island the day's work
already working

in your spine your
mind the agents of
otherness assembled
to abstract your poor

quintessence the daily
hostage drama
unfolds inside
your actual soul

if I can get away
using such a word
dusty as it is the
rafters of the mind.

22 July 2012

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The color of it shifts
from dawn to light
a relatively small vocabulary
is enough to describe
the course of a man's whole life
but not enough to distinguish
precisely one rose from another
growing on the same bush.
Language must mean the other.

22 July 2012

