

7-2013

julG2013

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "julG2013" (2013). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 407.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/407

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

A QUICK READING OF THE GOSPELS

**Be monogamous to this place—
alternate universes are shimmering adulteries.
Open the magic lanterns in *this* dark
calm the frightened children in *this* dream.
Feed all my my sheep.**

20 July 2013

THE DEVICE

**I want one that doesn't hold its settings
when I turn it on I don't want yesterday;
I'm lord of the moment, but liegeman to a battery.**

21.VII.13

=====

**Old folds of new skin
to fields of Hungary
furrowed for a film
there are legitimate reprisals
a sky full of cartoons
and your boyfriend's plane
skimming in too low—
this is modern folklore,
real tears and plastic money.
And there is no more night—
religion is the only enemy.**

**Why do you think we keep an empty sky?
And why are you still reading the oldest book?**

21 July 2013

=====

**Rising and falling like the Rights of Man
the month unfolds
too hot for history
a simple meter suitable for song
but no words yet.**

21 July 2013

=====

**I come back to the *behavior body*
not what it looks like but what it does
and how it does it
the dance of every day it does—**

**we need a Pheidias of pure time
to write the shape of what you do
write it in something
more lasting than marble, pliable as you.**

21 July 2013

BEAUTY

again, that sheer *equivalence*

valid for person place text or seen or sound

something that stands beside you

and what you're looking at or hearing

and whispers to you like a noble servant "I am here."

21 July 2013

=====

**Then the waiting starts
the bold pirate walks the plank
again and again into the splashless sea—**

**vanishing is not so easy
Straits of Sunda and a storm
twist the stories all together**

**Caesar stabbed in his bathtub
ride an elevator to the busy Moon
and you're back home before you leave**

a puzzled look in your hands.

21July 2013

=====

Roman numeral four

like three drunks waiting for a bus IV

but Tibetan numeral four

two slim moons making love.

21 July 2013

=====

Flowers

**between me and the world
the work of the windows**

**I want bold clouds
to breast up against the sun
that old Affronter**

**Mostly I want
winter when the work is done
and only the crows sing.**

21 July 2013

=====

But why the rail-splitter?

**Are we not all beneath the stone
beneath the wheel the furrow
the heel of brute labor
instead of sacred Work,
each one our Opus Magnum under hand?**

**Why just the bloke with the adze and the axe,
aren't we all caught in the laborious
sleaze of making other people rich
the web of that blind lolling *equivalence*
that Marx called money?**

**Shouldn't the poet rouse us all,
teachers, nurses (young Whitman
by the soldier's sickbed), shouldn't he say
"Let the shoplifter awaken, the drug dealer, the priest—
let all the dreamers at last
awaken into their dreams."**

21 July 2013

=====

**I set out my book in the sunshine
to make it rain,
it's the day of travel
on the narrow road,
the bite of distance
gnawing at my heart,
I'm so far from myself
you in the next room.**

21 July 2013 / Day 8 E

=====

**I want to make something
to speak into your lap
money to spend
I want to own all the prepositions
and do what I want with them
to almost anyone
I want to demonstrate
the whole set of them
show the meaning of each small word
in on and around you—
our bodies are not ourselves
but we go through the body
to get to the self
and when we get there
charm it away by music
each preposition allowed
becomes one note of the scale.**

21 July 2013

=====

**The church we're all going to be
sooner or later
you be the window full of colors
I'll be the altar rail,
kneel against me and whisper your lies.**

21 July 2013

====

**Can the water walk uphill
am I a Lydian to ask such questions
oxygen in the artery gives life
air in the veins brings death
it's not all chemistry it's physics too
your palace in ruins
stone rotted by endless moonlight
the only song was emptiness.**

21 July 2013

=====

**Waiting to be music
the silence listens.**

21.VII.13, chez Q

=====

**Sometimes music erases
a word from the mind**

will it ever come back

**a word like *Monday night*,
window open, sounds
*coming in, coming out***

**giving the town a voice
no dog could do,**

no natural thing

**the word is *gamelan*,
it takes all of us.**

21 July 2013, chez Q

=====

1.

Outrage of captured time
that all you show

is what I know
but never knew I do—

the squeak of memory
behind the wall board

beneath my dumb feet
the rat of remember.

2.

For there are certainties:
enough to be now,
reading Omar in the air-conditioning
to find in coffee all
the lucid wickedness of wine—
these once-red berries from Afrika
recruit me to now, save me
from the swinish ordinary.
Or do I mean Homer. Or *moly*.

3.

If you think this is an opera

how right you are,

Jean-Luc Nancy aussi

gazing at cherry blossom petals fallen

in some book this too

is trying to be. Yes, you.

A word that has no meaning but to be.

(15 July 2013, Kingston)

22 July 2013

=====

**I swiped a poem
from the dictionary
and why not,
you belong to everyone
who ever had a mother,
alas, we all are brothers,
even all my sisters,
so every word we speak
must be incestuous,
lrd, it should be against the law
to say anything at all.**

(16 July 2013)

22 July 2013