

7-2013

JulI2013

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### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "JulI2013" (2013). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 403.  
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**Imagine the obvious  
till it's really here.  
*It appears* we say  
when something's obvious—  
Uncle Gregory isn't  
coming for Christmas,  
it never rains on Labor Day.  
Fact. Anything  
would be a relief  
wouldn't it? No wonder  
Tolstoy had no use for Chehov,  
we blunder through  
all those silent conversations.**

**24 July 2013**

=====

**Right to be silenced  
by beauty. Even  
my saying this should prove  
I have not really seen it,  
felt it, known.  
But after silence,  
praise is the next best thing.**

**24 July 2013**

=====

**Don't know how we're doing  
what we don't know how to do  
it is one step and then another**

**before we know it  
we're in another language  
a sort of singsong that loves us**

**something milder than a mother  
hotter than a lover, all innuendo  
casual and strong**

**and here we are at last.**

**2.**

**Or is it at the other side of it  
one more compulsion  
like roses tossing themselves around in the wind**

**means you can't help it,  
the wind makes you nervous  
like the mistral slicing through the *marinade***

**I use the words that I was given  
north wind dispels that sticky southern coastal smog  
and everything has a name**

**Africa is for lions,  
tigers for India, China for pandas,  
every child knows that**

**but what country are we for  
or is it for us, the purple,  
the plains that Ceres gave**

**in every land they walk on dirt  
they breathe the air  
the flowers never remember.**

**25 July 2013**

=====

**Quiet mind  
says everything.**

**26.vii.13**

=====

The things we last  
are losing.  
One hears a distant  
hammering in the pipes  
but there are no neighbors.  
You are all alone  
in this big house.  
A bird maybe,  
a fortune teller  
at the window  
selling omens out there  
from his little cart,  
a goat is tugging it,  
he has one eye —  
could it be me  
in profile, the mirror?  
I was lying before  
when I said you.  
It was me all along,  
too scared  
to say so,  
of the night,  
the images, you.

26 July 2013

=====

**Try to tell the weather**

**what to do.**

**Use ancient difficult words**

**it might remember**

**from when it was young**

**and played with Zoroaster**

**on Europe's highest mountain**

**or do I need**

**a darker**

**animal than that?**

**26 July 2013**



=====

**Diffident to say against  
but quiet seeming  
names of people  
trigger the heart  
cumulus verging from the east  
white crow.**

**It's gotten cooler since I came downstairs...  
wow, I affect the weather!**

**26 July 2013**

=====

**I have so many things to tell you  
I have to begin somewhere else  
someone else's mouth  
telling only what I don't know**

**don't fade on me,  
don't let the rose wake up too soon.**

**26 July 2013**

=====

1.

Blowsy land long streams  
cotton feels the air  
nobody naked ever  
or never. This summer.  
*gephura*, a bridge,  
*spes nostra*, our hope,  
*Schattenduft*, the smell of shadows  
wait here till I get more.  
I mean a bridge is your only hope.  
When I was a little boy trolls lived under them.

2.

I too have seen their shadows  
moving sly across the running water.  
I know what shadow means,  
I know how it smells. To be down there  
where it is cool and goes!  
A bridge to cross.  
Another land.  
*tlas*, the ground I stand on  
*tellus*, the earth.  
Tell us the land I stand on is water.

**Tell me I can walk on shadows  
as every day I do. *Meridies*, at noon.**

**3.**

**It is about escaping.**

**We are exiled here from somewhere  
noble and fine. A world beyond.**

**The only hope of exiles is more exile,  
no returning, once an exile always an exile.**

**Pretend you are a nomad**

***no mas*, no homestead,**

**pretend you have somewhere to go**

**pretend there is somewhere else.**

**Just go.**

**4.**

**The smell of shadows lingers  
even after the child grows up.**

**The trolls are quiet now,  
have pretty wives of their own  
you sometimes catch a glimpse of.**

**Near the waterfall, at evening,  
when the swifts come out and arrow through the air  
seeking their small prey  
*quem devorent* that they may devour.**

**But by the time you see the birds  
the pretty wives are gone.**

**5.**

***Sweven*, to dream,  
also a *swoon*,  
how to tell them apart.  
I dreamt I woke and played like other children  
but we were old, not ancient,  
but no child. No children in this world.  
We played the way water does  
and air, we held on to each other and let go.  
The trolls were watching from the shadows.  
I said Be careful of the trolls.  
My friends answered There are no wolves.  
I didn't say wolves I said trolls.  
Oh they said and held me tighter  
as if they were afraid of what I thought.  
Let us hold you,  
let us clutch you as if you were a bag,  
a leather bag full of milk or wine.  
*Skene* or shadow  
one of them held me.  
Now it was time for laughing.  
The rose roared.**

**27 July 2013**

=====

**Build a bridge under water  
the beauty of its structure  
— stone, wood, I. K. Brunel's red iron —  
improves the sea.**

**2.**

**For we were brought here to define  
give name and shapes to natural things  
and teach them manners.**

**3.**

**Or we were born for this  
from seafoam and crucifixion  
to work out of pain  
a frail beauty  
that teaches somewhere else  
a beauty lasts.**

**28 July 2013**

=====

**It has rained and will again —  
the day is *kawoq*, rainday  
and we are back in sequence.**

**When the calendar and the weather agree  
wise men say All is well.**

**Women keep their own counsel —  
they were here before such things.**

**28 July 2013**

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**I used to be rhetorical  
but now I tell the truth.  
And both are lies.**

**28 July 2013**



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**Use wisdom to white the wall  
write words on it, not many  
tooth or rose or river name  
I'm shy and like to stay at home**

**where better can I wrestle the Giant Forms  
out of the mind and onto the page?  
Mind is a fishnet in a flowing world,  
have to be as quick as it.**

**And leave you with a woven word  
for you to untangle your story.  
It is yours. It is you.  
What else do I know, what else could I do?**

**28 July 2013**

=====

**I like this word “I” —  
it lets me imagine someone there  
but all it is is vector  
carrying attention from one thing to another  
riding desire into the chastest hills  
there, there, far away and at your side.  
I carry nothing and bring it everywhere.**

**28 July 2013**

=====

**The little boy has run away.  
First he hid with his tablet  
under the porch next door  
then when nobody was looking  
he ran and ran and how to find him now.  
Will he ever be found again?  
I feel responsible somehow  
because it was in my mind  
all this happened, wasn't it  
while I was just dozing in the sun?**

**27 July**

**(28 July 2013)**

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**I'm trying to skip  
a stream across a stone  
because my father was so good  
at the other thing**

**but the water has a mind of its own--  
I wish I could say the same of me.**

**27 July 2013  
(28 July 2013)**