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1.

Yet also to be frightened of some things  
a water-spirit that lifts each seventh wave  
further than all the rest.

This talks to you.

You are getting  
ready for the island

already its vocabulary  
murmurs under your breath.

2.

Walk outside  
in no outside

aluminum afternoons  
waiting for dissidents

the only out  
is further in

prepositions

terrify me

there is no escape  
from.

3.

To be imprisoned in the world  
and nowhere else.

Sleep  
is even worse, a snuff movie  
of menacing images.

I complain a lot  
these days  
in other people's mouths.  
From which also  
salvation comes.

*Libera me in alteritatem tuam.*

1 June 2010

**AVOID DANCE** *rituals*

1.

Light a candle at the back of your mind  
a hawk sails by  
it belongs to all the ones you think about

which one is the one  
you'll never dance that

2.

spill the molten wax thereof  
forward, spill it forward,  
spell with it  
until the letter's writ  
you mean to send  
then you become  
an envelope to carry it

3.

or maybe a crow  
wide wings serene

I hope so

the sin of hope  
makes all things so

high in the feathery locust tree another crow.

1 June 2010

= = = = =

I don't believe in my own anger  
this makes it harder and easier both  
to deal with women who mostly  
deeply believe in theirs. My disbelief  
frees me from my own.

1 June 2010

= = = = =

As if they were with me all the time  
sit quietly by my deathbed  
and think of what I'll need  
where I'm not going.

The need

is on me and the air itself  
begins to sing, I try  
to understand its words,  
it sounds like coughing  
and I notice for the first time  
more shadow than sunlight in the maple  
trees, how can that be? Can it be me?

2 June 2010

= = = = =

Nothing happens to you.

Your cows come home.

Your seeds are saplings.

You fall from the branch.

2 June 2010



## THE SEVENTEENTH ANNIVERSARY

Our own arcane  
the natural

the sun just a star  
we see the light for what it is  
a coming-towards  
and thus a kind of word  
endlessly speaking  
even as the speaker recedes

they say forever  
towards the limitless limit  
from which  
it seems to be the case  
it is always speaking

and that star is with us  
and the horses of the sea  
ready to carry

because there is an island  
we carry  
through all the waves of circumstance  
ready to inhabit

this place  
all the places it can be.

We are married.  
The way people are long together,  
the day is always the same day  
and always new, I wonder  
how the same can have such  
difference in it.

No wind this morning  
but the wind is always talking about it,  
about us, meaning us and reassuring—

I'm trying to say how loud this quiet is  
and how it fills my hours with divers musicks  
my joy to attend to them  
and I want to blame almost all of it on you,  
the purity of your attention, intention—

but I'm saying now and not listening,  
a goldfinch at the nyjer seed rebukes me,  
no wind, brash sunlight  
and I want to spend my life with you

how strange the selfish of 'I want'  
can pass as love, you make me happy  
as I have never been, how selfish  
to boast my happiness as love,  
how much I hope your happiness intact,

how selfish to call my hope love  
yet all I know about love is to be with you.

The wind chimes sound. A word is in.  
The wind comes up to say us right.

3 June 2010

*for Charlotte,*

*on our anniversary.*