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What does enough mean?

A truism like baker's wheat

how early they have to wake

go down to their ovens that Egypt

of an ordinary place. *Bekos*,

'bread.' *Pyramis*, a loaf of it.

See his arms long sinewed

taught in the twist of knead,

already the dough glistens,

the loaf sleeps before its day of fire.

The baker breaks for a cigarette—

cobblestones in his alley are wet.

Seems we wait all our lives for bread.

15 July 2009

NEL MEZZO

middle life a self refound
wooded like a mad idea
with wild animals walking around

and no one answered till everything did

from the noise of that great assent
I had to pick out the tiny
silver filaments of refusal
by which sense —that primal
contradiction— has to get made.

No is the defining space between.

15 July 2009

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All I've
got is be alive
the sweet
imperative
bird song in the
beast brain
carries me on
one more one
more and then
never again
the always
and the new
as in the old
days chased
God through
the neurons of
hunter seeker
forager forester
lewd conquistador
look! a new island
in the middle of the mind.

16 July 2009

CAPTURE RATIO

sanity / nescience

a sane body

in a sung mind

the radio strives for us still

against the rational,

even money casts a shadow

and in that murk

lurk sanities of poetry

and touch. The skin

and yes I will

against Capital

strive in unvisited boudoirs

above the earth

angels scoff on the rooves

(old form to shock)

of banques remind you

of a season when

all this global dreck will be

plowed under yet again and

mean wolves prowl

only on four legs

and the forest remembers.

Even money casts a shadow—

find it, that's all

we're good for now,
find it and survive it,
survive.

The senses
run away with the world—
how stone must laugh
to hear itself discussed—
poets, freemasons, geologists.
all they have to say
wouldn't buy a tin whistle
to call your sheepdog back.
If you had a dog
to dog your sheep
or sheep around your rock
or grass around
for them to eat.
Or just a rock to call
your own. You have a rock.
Listen to its laughter: trust the rock.

16 July 2009

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The wick on the candle you made
burns down in the soy-beeswax mix
and yields an arch-entered hollow
like a great sea cavern—
Fingals Cave, the Hebrides,
rib bones of the great whale.

16 July 2009

COUNT ALSTRÖMER'S LILIES

(long compact unfold
their mild colors
as if the mountain jungle
still kept inside
a tenses information
close attention could descry)

but the colors have no names
though they work the eye

but the cool breath inside each flower's
slow-opening razzle-dazze
is no air for a man to breathe.

Inspecting the inspector they are called.
Mauvish sometimes. They come from Peru.

16 July 2009

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Then time broke.

And what fell out?

You tell me—

this is where you come in.

I heard the crack

I saw the wound

now you have to tell me

what swarmed out towards us

before the horrid door was healed?

An animal covered with eyes.

16 July 2009

VARIATIONS ON *FW*

“My foos won’t moos”

he said she said

and the river heard

annoyed at her complaint

“I haste no foot to stond.”

16 July 2009

SUMMER STORM

So then the rain comes.

I spill a trinket

looks like, coffee

onto glass, amber

carnelian maybe—

the stone of all I

loved when I was young.

Maybe if a man in the full

of his life really knew his own

true preferences when very young

before the world distorted him,

them, with their instructions, he,

now, might know who he is.

His task. What I know now

is that carnelian makes me sad,

makes me think of West 4th Street

and dead loves. Thunder too.

What would it be like to sit

here sheltered from the storm

with no memories, no images

to think with, and no words.

Nothing to distract from this.

16 July 2009

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When you breathe
who inhales whom?

Is there an Egypt
inside where
sandstone or syenite
choose the carver's hand,
reach out and guide it
to find the god bird
hidden in rock?
A lost word?

When you say anything at all
you are the Nile too
and when you don't
it is West,
it is n-Dwat, the silence after life.

Tell him anything at all
when he asks,
a lie gives life.
He is red sandstone waiting for your hand.

17 July 2009

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Road ready vehicle
full of last nights.
Distance is a dust.

A book left open
on a bare table takes
all the light in the room.

It is like an animal there
in the corner just waking.
Nothing can ever be the same.

17 July 2009

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These empty lines
anthologize the mind.
Everything you ever thought
waits there for you to think it again.
Like sin. Do me. Do me.
I can make you happy
for a little while. Beauty
is on the other side of something
I can't touch or smell or see.
It waits for you. It will enfold
you before it embraces me.

17 July 2009

THEODORA

Too many men to be maybe
too few to be fun.

An empress in her own right—
look at your shadow on the wall,
he is your husband.

You will make him wear the crown
and then you'll turn off the light
and you'll be you again all alone.

17 July 2009

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Things moving in the night.
Say-so. After rain a flutter—
hard rain, now hard calm.
I hear our little river running.
Always something on the move
outside in the dark.
The long legs of listening.

17 July 2009, very late

= = = = =

Every time you dream
is Byzantium.
Powers shattering gold walls
into fleshy shadows.
You touch what you see.
Miracle enough. You wake
and your wrists hurt
from holding so hard.

To sleep is to be outside history
until the dream comes,
that sinister other kind of waking.
Where different years are moving through the sky
and months you never heard of
send their bills for light and wool and coal.

17 July 2009, very late

= = = = =

And what should I do with the sturgeon
Elizabeth send through the mail?
I'll count the scales or whatever they are—
there's something fishy about this fish,
halfway between an iron sword and a kid's cartoon.

17 July 2009, very late

VOTIVE

Let the candle flicker
till the intention
reaches the deity in mind.
Not long. It isn't
very far inside.

18 July 2009

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How to begin
talking to
nobody remembers
to go home.

18.VII.09

SALTON SEA

Little

America, Wyoming. Corn Palace.

These phony things
the mind turns authentic
by remembering.

Remember

means to mingle
out there with in here
irretrievably.

Till a thing

seems no more than me recalling it.
And I'm no more than what it lets me see.

18 July 2009

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Summer

 makes me hysterical

too many messengers

a million lives

converging

just when I want to be just me.

Gasp, gulp air, tremble—

is that the only alphabet I wield

to answer all this animal?

Breath comes before the word and lives after.

18 July 2009