

7-2009

julG2009

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "julG2009" (2009). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 568.
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Mountain calm and ocean other—
sparrows they call greedy
but I would spare all birds.
I want a vegan mind.

Boston, 30.V.09

= = = = =

A century ago I had this shore.
Same steeples same shadows
of the same trees. Same me.
I come again and again
to the same shore. Time changes
only itself, doesn't change me.
I am from a somehow planet before.

1 June 2009
New Bedford

= = = = =

Sometimes confusion sets in.
It is a pilot sans avion
a fang without a serpent
to wield it, a commonplace
mistake. I love lists.
I often mistake them for poetry.

25 June 2009

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All over the world at this hour
thousands and thousands of old
men just want to go to sleep.

late June 2009

= = = = =

Sleep now—for sleep
is a sledge carries
fast over blood-stained snow.

Sleep is *travel*,
didn't you know?

Sleep in getting somewhere,
somewhere I need to be.

That is why we say we go to sleep.

29 June 2009, Poughkeepsie

= = = = =

Blue chrysanthemums
maybe I believe
or maybe a bold pirate
come walking on the sea
to bite my boat.
No wonder a dry dream.

July 2009

= = = = =

A meadow so big
it hurts to look at it—

pudor kicks in, modesty,
one is abashed at seeing

all by my self's own eyes
something so wide

a green immensity someone owns.

2 July 2009
Rhinebeck

= = = = =

Siste, viator, domi.
—RK, 1951

Capturing the fullness of the mauve
petunias beneath the locust tree—all
the names are wrong—cars
are born antiques, they all
belong to a long-ago understanding
of coming and going and being somewhere,
a past still with us, Only
sitting on a bench is permanent,
watching traffic flow. Stay home,
traveler. And what could be better Latin
than all your years, and all your senses
mastering the unconscious procession,
dreamers mooching by, dreamers
hurrying everywhere—that color, there.

3 July 2009
Rhinebeck

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Examining the fourness
of a fourleaf clover
given me by Rinpoche,
examining the word 'give'
and 'given'. Examining
what it means to examine.
It has four leaves. Not one is me.
Neither am I. The word
dissolves in the mouth
and I know everything after all.

5 July 2009

= = = = =

As if examine
long apart
a whim needed

Salton Sea a maze
with a highway at its core
among all the curves
one stretch of stranger.

And who will I be then?
That's what a lover asks,
delicately breathing on
the gateway to the maze.

15 July 2009
Kingston

= = = = =

Each tree
is a presence,
a meaning,
a sentence.
A statement.
Perhaps a person.

24 July 2009

THE JUDGE

When they're too young to be old
and too old to be,
they come to me. I am Minos,
I have done every kind of wrong
so they made me a judge.
I made my wife sleep with an animal
so her child would not be my child,
he would be no man's son, a monster
— speaking socially. So he would kill
all those I yearn for and could not touch.
Not for lack of power, or bad laws—
I am the law. No, I couldn't touch them
because something in me will not reach out,
something proud and cold in its bone house.
Let him do it, my little Bullcalf. It will be
enough for me eternally to judge the dead
who stand before me surprised by their whole lives.

24 July 2009
Millerton

= = = = =

The things our faces tell us
when we see them on other people—

what does the meaning mean
we think they say?

Quiet mind. Smooth pale
bark of the ancient beech tree

here, before and after.

30 July 2009
Kingston