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Sometimes all by itself  
language comes close.  
Sometimes it's almost afraid  
and comes to me for comfort.

Speak, it seems to say,  
say it clearly and it will not happen.  
The terrible animal will not come,  
the one on whose bones I am made.

11 June 2007  
Cuttyhunk

**Partita No. 6**  
**Section 6**

You overwhelm me honey  
in an elevator so close  
we are trapped together  
in mere ascension.  
There has to be a godly  
mezzanine to which we come,  
a palm tree in the sky.

11 June 2007

**Partita No. 6**  
**Section 7**

The druid fruit falls here  
pattern of material arrival

you led me? or I followed?  
something to do with your  
contours and my eyes

and what the beach was saying  
mild water, cold wind

my feet like this sand  
as if a conversation  
they could finally understand

feet walking in sand  
are like the whole body in an easy chair

why am I telling you this,  
why is so much permitted  
without even thinking?

It isn't what we did  
in other words  
it was what we let  
our own words do in our name.

11 June 1007

*Praeludium, C Major*

No wonder, run away.  
No army, no battle,  
just me running from me,  
since they first marked me on the brow  
with a sign and said Thy name is [name]  
thou shalt make thing after thing until things break thee.

11 June 2007  
Cuttyhunk

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Nothing has to belong to its begetting.  
The source is always hidden,  
the girl crouching among ferns  
where the spring speaks from the mountain.

11 June 2007  
Cuttyhunk

## SHADOW

Shadow. It is neither the self nor the other. This is important. A man who sells his shadow sees only self and other – he has lost the road between them, the beautiful road that the ancients wrote into the sky as Arianrhod, the Silver Street, our Milky Way, that walks with day's brightness through the weight of night.

Shadow. This is important. Buddhism is sometimes called the Middle Way but that makes it seem like a lukewarm clever compromise, a *Via Media*. In fact it is really The Central Way, or, even better, the Between Way.

*Tselal*, I seem to remember that as the Hebrew word for shadow. It is something that goes at my side, with me but not me, it is shaped by me but is not my likeness. It has no eyes.

Shadow, shadow at my side.

The most important thing to remember is remembering.

It is mind aware of mind.

Because *memory is not of or about the past* – memory has nothing to do with time.

'Memory' is the mind being aware of its own contents.

'Contents'—these are not stored items or traces, but dynamisms of moving, closer and further away, they are habits of apprehension, sometimes fettered with or clinging to the original apprehensive act from which they grew by repetition. Habits. Velleities.

Someone who knows his mind knows all his lives.

Nothing to remember. Everything to know.

And to know the mind we have the technology of *bar.do*, the 'between two.'

Not light affirmed and dark denied, yes to both and no to both, but study in between. Between thought and thought, no matter the thought. Between feeling and feeling, no matter what is felt. Just between, the freshness rises. A clear place, no expectation and no dread, just aware.

And you are sort of your own shadow that moves between, unattached to what it passes in the way of conceptual or emotional landscapes, just as a shadow passes over rock or water, momentarily reshaped by what it touches but unchanged by it.

The shadow is the music goes along with you, lets you hear the voice between sound and silence.

From *bar.do* arises *so.ma*, the eternal freshness. How dream renews the day.

(And, speaking of shadows, shouldn't we say that the shadow of words is what is called thinking?)

\*

I know where you've been and what you did there.

There is a place with big windows. I am there too, some of the wish it was all of the time. The shape of a body that causes the shadow. The curve that makes another curve, never the same twice. Where is the light? Half a mile of seashore covered with wild roses white and red.

I know where you've been. The dagger pointed the way. The circumciser's knife – Jesus chose (Zinzendorf tells in a Moravian hymn) his penis as the first part of his body to bear the wounds, the wounds in flesh that would come to save us.

Circumcision is like a seventeenth century violin sonata. Scordatura, the tone that comes from being wrong, the sweet salvation of steel against flesh, flesh against flesh.

A knife is a science that does its work by going between.

A knife, like the suit of Swords in the Tarot, knows by going between.

Knowing between.

Between you and me a knowing rises. Gnosis.

Entering someone's wound –or womb—is entering someone's knowledge of themselves.

On this island it sometimes is frightening in bright mid-morning: all that light and no one for it to illuminate.

11 June 2007  
Cuttyhunk

## TIMING

Roses and rabbits  
come out together.  
Nature is a Polish joke  
a miracle of malaprop—  
our teenage sun  
adorable blunder.  
June too soon.

12 June 2007  
Cuttyhunk

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Keep the spyglass  
focused on the spot  
you want the bird  
to settle on.  
Call it the scar  
on the texture of the world  
the oriole must come  
to soothe. The tanager.  
The confusing autumn warbler.

12 June 2007

*Praeludium in c minor*

Over the hill in a hurry  
and leave me here to keep  
the little blue smoke rising  
from our toy chimney so  
you can find your way back  
always to me I am fire.

12 June 2007

*Praeludium in d minor*

Or did I mean you should stay  
come back I am the door  
come back I am your broken shadow  
I reel in your footsteps  
I am a spider a fisherman  
a host of unlikely amateurs  
who specialize in you.

12 June 2007

*Praeludium in D major*

Calm sea or steely mirror  
but this light knows how to talk  
tell me more than I want to know  
about how far far is, and how high  
is up, and my father's ghost wavers  
through the wind-swept elm tree  
behind which one storm cloud stays.

12 June 2007

## TEMPUS EST LEGENDUM

Reading, reading is to absorb the essences other.  
One does this entirely in and on one's own time.  
Some writer tries to shape my time, my time  
fights back. They feed and ginger one another  
the whole book through. So when some parents  
frown at the child reading and say Stop wasting  
time, they speak truer than they know. Ruskin  
smiled to hear this in heaven, knowing as he said  
all beauty begins in idle spending,  
making be what does not have to be.

13 June 2007,  
Cuttyhunk

*Praeludium* in E major

If it were a leaf or I were  
and if it were a breeze or you  
the yellow irises on island June  
would start remembering the message  
their creator gave them for me and i  
even if I were me would begin  
to piece the signs together and hear.

13 June 2007

*Praeludium* in e minor

Ah who would believe a flower  
anyhow? The signatures of things,  
as if there were no people in the world,  
none for me, and each of us alive,  
each man a solitary messenger  
who has lost his message, searches  
everywhere for this one single thing  
he has to say or thousands perish  
unilluminated by the news that tricky  
flower meant him to announce.  
Now do you believe me? I am  
God's only voice, Bach said.

13 June 2007  
Cuttyhunk

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Hurry up and hear me  
disconsolate north wind  
northeast wind the birds  
are whirled by and the sun  
schedules the blank day of the sea  
with its own unbearable information  
I am made of glass  
I confess it in this hour  
frangible transparent true—  
a mirror cracks from what it sees.

13 June 2007  
Cuttyhunk

## TRANSPARENT ROSE

The sickle shape of time is most evident  
in long afternoons. In old drawing rooms, low  
fires smolder. One naps and dreams of Whistler,  
maybe, or somebody more modern, moderne even,  
like Hartley. Like Leger. I dreamt of the latter,  
his oafish abstractions always on the verge  
of being people in a place, colors turn into men,  
women, in a place you might walk into if you dare,  
not far from here. There is a factory by the river  
owned by Germans, full of luminous machinery  
idle at the moment, all the laborers laid off.  
Kuningas is the Lithuanian word for king.  
Or something like it. Sometimes when you wake  
from a twilight nap you remember such matters  
but have forgotten where you set the coffee down  
that failed to keep you alert and involved in  
what conversation. The room is empty, but even so.  
This is how the flower grows, every flower,  
not just this pale blossomer you see right through  
only feeling a little botany as you go by  
from the course you almost failed in college,  
a whiff of attar. Expensive. Otto of rose  
they used to call it, a fat bald bud you think,  
monocle, dueling scar carved by his own thorn.  
You still are childish when it comes to names.  
Words themselves are nothing but prejudices  
when you come to think about it, some easy  
attitude you stick on some percept like a label:  
'flower,' 'scent of roses,' 'this transparent rose.'

13 June 2007  
Cuttyhunk

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Do for sun sake  
not a thought but sky  
in my wake head  
fear of worse but soft  
it is the one  
thing OK not to know  
the necessary wrong.

14 June 2007  
Cuttyhunk

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Tooling my contemporaries by magic  
to make them better  
fit inside the bigger world  
money keeps them from knowing

Current novelists like kids at a zoo  
fascinated by passionate animals  
they can watch but never touch  
and can see only the daylight obvious

of those strange lives. Novelists  
are terrified of knowing too much.  
What it is really like to be a man.  
A particular man, immense as he is.

14 June 2007  
Cuttyhunk

*Prelude & Fughetta in d minor*

1.

I recall you now  
you are the one  
in the elevator,  
the smile on the sixteenth floor  
wondering our way up

and later, hours  
into the party to come  
over to me and said  
we should have stayed  
where we were  
and never come down  
I don't know  
these people either.

2.

Scattered pigeons, nuns,  
newspapers, it's all  
a long time back, Madison  
Square, my father  
coming out of his bank,  
a statue. All of them now  
statues in the mind,  
rubble tunes.

14 June 2007  
Cuttyhunk