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= = = = =

Dove call
soft as
in morning
a small breeze

remember them
from Waikiki
looked down
from my tall hotel

and saw them
white white
way down there
flustering into palms

this was me
looking down on birds
and this is hearing them
now. No blame.

26 June 2005

UNSPEAKABLE BEGINNINGS

I want to illustrate
my book with Circassian
slaves ornamental actions
like chess pieces found
by sleepy surgeons
inside surprising abdomens
it all is game

then Dumas woke
a southern name
full of oleanders
memories he couldn't
tell from dreams
from what comes next
all the Neapolitan charlatans
hide the actual Grail

and the king's just a nightmare
a knave a nation's karma falls on
the knife falls and the necklace
flies back to the diamond mines
where slaves of a different color
prey the earth for mercy
since no one else is there

while Taoist anarchs up the muddy glen
chaffering in rain await
young girls imported from their dreams
to set about them glamorous
opalescent Highland iniquities
a life on the other side of time,

invent me, daddy,
one says, I am the soul
of your wit the salt
that soaks the sea
out of the sky
by unrelenting chemistry
by me alone
a footstep in foam
never ask and never
make me tell
I am born out of the shadow of your need
and you from mine,
tiny daddy in the tumbrel of my lap.

26 June 2005

= = = = =

It's what they *tell* me that turns
the door, it's what the spring
releases when the hammer falls
and out of all that continent
of apart experience someone *says*

and says to me the break that spells
the empty answer, Null Set,
Moon Maid, call it what you know,
the letter left out of the alphabet.

26 June 2005

= = = = =

Is it enough to tell the truth?
Shouldn't I hide it a little
so others who come along
this road I made can find it too?

25 VI 05

B & N

Sour freshness of young summer skin
surrounds. The bookstore becomes
a hedonist café. They put to work
what used to be a secret: Books are sex.

Doesn't matter if you read them. Scholars
in secret raptures pore, sophomore
voluptuaries practice e-mail in the stacks.
Words touch, penetrate, frighten, please,
remain. What else does loving do?

27 June 2005

THE GRAMMAR

Name every terror after yourself.

Down the road slow

desultory hammering hard

something driving into something

with a lot of space around it

precise vectors of the heart

is what the grammar maps.

This hurts. This wants.

This drives a nail into the air.

27 June 2005

= = = = =

A patch of sunlight
in the thicket
ferns and sumac
my hand trembles
knowing that patch
of light or place
is the inhabited
something lives there
for a thousand green
years watching me
something that calls.

2.

The light flare in the woods is who.
Or when you see it there is someone there.

27 June 2005

WAKING, 7:29

Little numbers on the clock across the room
float in the dark a word from God
spoken only in numbers

which mean different things in every language
as Rimbaud's colors for the vowels
work best in French

tell me your name again
so I can walk armed with that knowledge
into your secret places

and be your Sufi of the particular
and touch the walls I find
and go through every door

and in the middle of the house
I find an empty room
with the TV on bright and loud

and I'll come back and tell you what image
the device was showing
then you too can know what numbers mean.

28 June 2005

[729 = *Jachin*, the pillar of Solomon's Temple, and also *Baphomet*, in Crowley's spelling.]

= = = = =

Because the tulip
is over and the rose
half gone and who knows
when the Rose
of Sharon that pale
American hibiscus
will flower, already
the beards are forming
on the sumac, white beards
that turn red, o years
turned me round,
where is the tree I was
all error and uprising?

Shall a tree get lost,
shall a man gamble away his sweat
and leave dry skin the wind
will not recognize,
no uplift, his terra cotta hands?

28 June 2005

= = = = =

Causeless refreshment

a spoiler for a friend

Yukon a girl

without a father

Greenland a boy

without a plow:

these meet: hymn tune happens.

Harpies and hyenas

on all sides.

This way to the You.

28 June 2005

= = = = =

Then thunder even
a little throw of rain
like bride's rice not
enough to eat a month on
our mouths so big

28 VI 05

= = = = =

The chosen instrument the piece of God
spilled into the horizon wedged
like Caesar in his alien queen
improvising dynasties. On the way
to the sepulcher a funny thing happened
I found a chisel on the cemetery lawn
and an unmarked stone. With these
I inscribed the Great Encyclopaedia so
clearly a bird could read it from the wind
and courting couples lean against it midnight
juiced by the fierce sexiness of information.
It all comes back to next. We live
for the thing around the corner. Every morning
the Relief of Lucknow. Spared once more
into tolerant emptiness. Morals
will be the making of us yet, and Death
arriving on his barge will tip his ragged cap.

29 June 2005

= = = = =

Can it take touch
and breathe it
hot into the cup
they call the sky
so the atmosphere
gives back all day
what we were feeling?

Thought by thought
the sun rises.

And what about the skin
we dreamed we touched—
where do such things go?

And what can such hands do?

29 June 2005

= = = = =

Masonic temple

the rose

wrought of iron

left to rust

or Kor-ten steel

same effect

color is the only gift of time.

29 VI 05

ORIGIN OF THE ELEMENTS

1

Outside of town

another town.

Town's means fence

to keep the chickens in.

2

You are the egg

imperious and cracked

from which an innocent

basilisk pokes out

to dominate the world.

3

Hawk feather fox fur

hen squawk man talk.

4

Outside of time

another time

a riddle solved

a bluebook filled.

5

Egg made out of copper
hollow. Through a crack
in it see out. The sky.

6

Little children
turn into fish
like this:
a girl crouches by the fire
and grabs a handful of flames
squeezes them tight
till all the air is gone
out of the fire and up
into a boy's mouth

so close above her
catches it and swallows
the hot air makes him sweat
another girl licks
the sweat off his arms
until her mouth is full
then spits it out

7

and thus is water made
it flows away
and earth arises
underneath it
to sustain its flow
otherwise water
would have to ride
the air and hide in fire
hurricane tornado end of the world.

8

The woman dies while you lick her
her children fly out the window
everything birds all around you
nothing to mourn nothing to mourn
a bird as big as a bell.

9

The wind shakes needles off the pine
the girl forgets why she's crouching there
why her hands are warm

10

will she find her way to me
lay these hands on my cold skin
so I'll grow hot hands too
and bring them to you and you.

11

Every pleasure is a vampire gift
turns recipient into donor after.

12

I scrape my finger lightly down
the broad of your back
dreaming about the endless forests of Brazil.

30 June 2005 TMR??

= = = = =

Till the bird finds seed
till copper eases out of the stone
bright-veined sometimes a bright blue

and you beat it soft again
a metal to conduct the mind
down the invisible passageways between

the everlasting conspiracies,
not stars, stems. Not stems,
strands. Not strands, strings.

Not strings, shadows. Not shadows,
stains. Not stains. You turn the faucet
out comes a piece of wood.

30 June 2005

= = = = =

Maple they called measlewood for its birdseye grain.

Catskills they called The Blue Hills.

Basswood they called linden because its leaves and then in June
the fragrances, fragrances in heavy night.

Water they called water.

30 June 2005