

7-2005

julG2005

Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

Follow this and additional works at: [http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk\\_manuscripts](http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts)

---

### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "julG2005" (2005). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 797.  
[http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk\\_manuscripts/797](http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/797)

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@bard.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@bard.edu).

= = = = =

One bad night and merry  
if we belonged to our skin

fierce reprisals of ordinary weather  
unpiecing friend from friend

because each screw head bears a cross  
countersunk in the actual material

the alloy of our meaning scored  
notional momentum fades.

Organize. We have been on strike  
since Eden. Brothers, bratty

sisters, sweaters with us,  
join us, be skin with us at last

in our vast forswearing (*Verschwörung*)  
come out with us and walk

the picket lines of trees  
and in the slippery canoes

slip through the mercantile brigade—  
Satan is: power to inflict harm

without fear of retaliation  
and feeling justified in every wound.

That is a government. Or church.  
So we flee into the unnatural condition

the one you call Nature, the unowned,  
the overwhelming, the good.

Perverse affections. Broken bells.  
We sell our cars and buy butterflies.

Then we give them to the wind  
and call it Christmas. Halloween.

A child is born in you. It annoys you  
into mysterious acts of change.

It is the way I talk that makes you love me  
especially when I don't say anything at all.

27 July 2005

## **BEING ISHMAEL**

Or wait. A well  
opens. Zam.  
In deserto. Well.  
Woman. Bend.  
The child drinks.

God rides in everything  
and still herself.  
Tathagatagarbha.  
Man womb. Woman seed.  
Perennial. Now.

Or stone. The stone  
cracked open  
shows a lake inside  
fishermen in little skiff  
far away man on shore.

Frog calls. Split  
the wood and read.  
Bible. This one is true.  
From all the trees of Eden  
this one found you.

27 July 2005

= = = = =

All religions are none.

Only one true religion:

tomorrow.

Every animal  
shows the way to the temple,  
few go inside

“when one considers  
an ant on the road  
one finds the way”

[Ca’fer Effendi]

Mozart  
pedal point, ... *Weisheitstempel ein*.  
Weisshaupt. None of the above.

You, just you.

27 July 2005

= = = = =

Start the whole process.

Breathe me, be me.

Gazebo in your trees

I am a species of waiting

the light moves through me

till architecture becomes everything

it is the huge dark building

dreams me at night

*American Gothic* he called it

that Christian who would have built

the navel of the earth on Morningside Heights

the bishop was willing but the professionals

said no They always do, the great

Masonic Temple on a hill in Brooklyn

waited for me to dream it, the three

spires of the Cathedral off Amsterdam Avenue

you see it far away in every dream.

Unattainable women the buildings in my night

standing huge in cities that do not exist.

28 July 2005

X

Half score. Digits. A V on top of a V  
balanced. X. Ten.

Why can't we be more than ourselves?

We can. We

imagine everything.

Then reality has to come up with something

beyond our conceiving.

Then we match that

with our interminable golden guesswork ever on.

Only what is beyond

can help us. Beyond reach

we are written by the eleventh finger.

28 July 2005

= = = = =

The child blacked out by the war  
is enamored of a candle.

He hears the screams four thousand miles away  
when the bus's air brakes squeal on Crescent Street.

He hears the bombs fall  
when the cellar door slams open  
and the phantom lepers in the cellar  
creak up the stairs to blast him the sight of them alone.

Nothing but fear. In time  
he notices the bodies of women,  
girls even, round about him  
and the fear goes away a little while.

If he had a candle he could light it  
he could find his way  
but does the road go through  
or does it go around?  
Through the body or beside it,  
abstinence and woe?

Pinball of the soul. The bounce  
from fear to lust and back.

The war never ends.

Huge blockparty celebrations at V-J Day  
are exercises in women's blouses,  
satin discoveries, contours, terrors, touch.

In the light of a lone candle  
at the back of his skull  
he thinks. A way  
must be between them, neither and neither  
and no. No such flicker.  
Once a war gets in you  
it never stops.  
Ceremony of the single flame in the single dark.

29 July 2005

= = = = =

No tool or rod rest  
against the sin meat  
hard, a blanched  
deliverer affrighted  
by his message  
doors you. Kind  
punishment for maybe.  
Go in and go in.

29 July 2005

= = = = =

When wither or  
some green grin dirk  
from under stubs  
this sky, this old  
affront so  
familiar, toothcare  
among old trees.  
The natural to kill.

29 July 2005

= = = = =

Something walks through space  
and time catches him in wax

ear amber time  
tends to look that way

hard but not very hard  
a tough thumbnail scores

these things are parts of us  
as we of it

parasites of the hourglass.

29 July 2005

= = = = =

Because they believed the oak  
stood and understood the same  
black butterfly on a writing hand  
leave a blue spoor bedight  
with greenspun circuitry they called  
and called again the sea  
is pure remembering.

30 July 2005



= = = = =

The place the fox comes from  
to be here  
the permanency of his apartness

white-bibbed red-masked  
last night he  
looked up at our lights

coming in coming in  
to his dark entitlement  
matter world, food under bush.

31 July 2005

Rausch

All rush leads to you.

All rush leaves you you.

31 July 2005

## **DIRTY THINGS**

lucre of our feelings

toilet talk

*All* feelings lead to shame. Arrow.

Hence the Door,  
greatest of human inventions.

Christ rolling away the stone though  
disinvents the door,  
tells us there are no doors in heaven

no doors no marriages nobody ever alone

far from the happy closet men call hell.

31 July 2005

## LUCENCY

as if a quality  
you might for breakfast  
take and take in.

Another happens. Who.  
The random diplomat  
touching the green shoe.  
The policies in her hands.

Yen for meaning.  
Even she holds it in a cloth  
too pure even for her who made it.  
Too pure for the body from which it came.

31 July 2005

(on the fresco of Mary – Virgin? Magdalene? – in the church of Saint Clement in Trahull, Catalunya.)

= = = = =

Organize my Portugeuse

beat you on the beach

so many surreptitious touches

add up to one far psychic pregnancy

and then the Undeliverable Child

forevers in you, flower.

31 July 2005

*la vraie vie est toujours cachée*

Then I take on she says  
the form of every destiny  
you chose and won or lost  
enough to call your own

I will be your other till the end  
a glance at music and a hand  
pressed lightly on your arm or side  
standing in the two-way mirror of a door.

31 July 2005

[the phrase as such came to me in French – one's true life is always hidden]

## **TRAHULL**

A fresco of Mary Magdalene  
holding a bowl of precious ointment  
from which a sacred fragrance rises  
sunrays spoken in the dim chapel.

31 July 2005

= = = = =

Thunder and a sapphire  
yellow and a finger  
for it to ride

with this horseman  
I will ride down the world  
until justice comes

cusp of August  
dog snarling in the sun.

31 July 2005

## towards the Torah

Justice, like memory, is a construction.

And we must.

Thunder, not near.

Humid,

shimmering pale.

Some scattered straw

to make a garden grow

turns golden in the shade.

That kind of light. That kind of law.

31 July 2005

= = = = =

A kind of crystal also.  
Gneiss. A bird. Clouds  
complain. Rubble of the day.

Try to believe me,  
these stains  
come with me,

they are the maps of me  
you can read even in the dark  
to find your way

if ever you consent to sail  
this foundering argosy.

I have sinned  
because you are.

A blame we share,  
a dark commitment.

31 July 2005

= = = = =

The measure mild as milk  
takes the child away  
and hides him under the willow tree

where the magical personalities  
you cherish in my mind  
can rescue him, one by one,

elf by troll, all the years of his life.  
I am, I am this simple person  
to say one holy thing again

each time in a different form,  
name, gender, wines, wings,  
wildernesses.

31 July 2005