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## CANDLEMOTH WOMANMAN

The breeze is up today  
and seethes the maple –

use words wrong  
like churning butter  
until they come

then something you never touched  
touches you back

Or touches your back  
firm as a shadow  
quick as a candle  
maybe all over the room

and oh then outside  
what happened to the night?  
I fell asleep and it was gone  
around me when I woke

So many lost children  
their pictures in the paper  
I think I hear them in the woods  
but people will think anything

the sheer loneliness of light.

11 July 2004

=====  
Who takes them away,  
the ones who fail to understand?  
You touch them as they pass  
with your delicate instrument  
half wand half stethoscope  
no firmer than a seagull feather and  
you know them deep  
and they know you as they know the weather  
as deep as you may or may not be  
and then they're gone,  
the wand quivers in your hand.

11 July 2004

## HAVE TO BE SO MANY SEEDS ENTERING THE WORLD

Sunlight on a stainless diner  
stark in its parking lot like a steel lotus  
in a salt lagoon, yes, and the cars  
are canoes the cars are tortoises  
the cars are gods  
who come to carry local girls away  
for sacrifice in strange stone cities  
abandoned by all but the living,  
sacrifice that takes so many years,  
the girls are old women before they pass,  
64 or 80, any multiple of sixteen  
the holy age of chosen virgin sacrifice,  
over and over again all through their lives  
and then they're done, they rest  
in other parking lots with polished stones  
and angels in cement weep rain on them  
and each has a label like *mother, sister, wife*  
and so they snooze and sunlight floods the diner  
where girls on swivel stools eat sticky buns  
drink herbal tea and wait their turn.

11 July 2004

=====  
Look up  
from what I'm not doing  
and an unfamiliar flag  
is flying from my roof  
and the heart begins  
to explain it to me:  
the stripes mean punishment  
of course the white  
forgiveness and the blue  
flower *is the rose*  
*of complete forgetting*  
but the little golden hand  
means you.  
The one reaching for you now.  
Your only hope  
is the next person you meet.

11 July 2004

<late:> =====

<in the gazebo>

Staring into the dark  
wondering when the fox  
will begin to bark the way  
he did last night,  
I'm sitting so close  
to his den, I wonder  
if there are cubs in there  
that make her anxious,  
if it's a she I heard,  
pacing around me  
barking last night,  
we have to share this earth,  
he or she or they or I.  
Being is a group endeavor.  
To be is to be with  
someone, somewhere.  
Midnight fox, fox, fox  
where are you now.  
Cars on the highway go fast,  
share their excitement  
with me by the sound of speed.  
We are all drunk on the same  
excess of entity.

11 July 2004

=====  
as if the main rule  
was never tell anybody  
just keep talking

in the early days of MTV  
seek / check the tapes  
everything was predicted

that we have become  
all the wars the glittering  
humiliations foretold

Vanity's dress stretched  
taut on Monica  
the overdetermined

music of what happens.

12 July 2004

## O'ERTHROWN BY LOOKING

the picture falls  
into its component colors,  
rub your eyes, ask  
“what was I seeing?”  
and then see nothing  
vague memory of a blue  
bowl filled with pears  
a train on a trestle  
a sentry asleep under a tree.  
Snow is falling on all the world  
and we think this white opacity  
is light. There is nothing here.  
Perhaps you have already  
eaten the pears, *cool*  
*and soft the morning.*  
You spoke it aloud,  
and heard yourself saying it  
syllable by syllable  
carefully, as if it  
were the password of the day.  
How did you know it?  
Is a morning itself  
built of sheer listening?  
Everybody has a head,  
eyes always to the front,

you never need directions.

What were you looking at

before the picture stopped?

12 June 2004

## INTIMATE EXPERIMENTS

towards a general theory of energy  
action at a distance  
between two sentient beings.  
Persons. *De amicitia*, treatise  
on friendship Folderol  
with umbrellas and zippers,  
doors, fussing with your feathers,  
unknotting the silk tie, the strap  
depended, a flotilla of hats  
on their way to church  
god knows what they do in there  
thinking by means of hymns  
I am such a shabby protestant  
bent over the sacred text  
in mortal isolation and screw you,  
I want the congregation of the alphabet  
to sing to me, the dark oratory  
of the spaces in between the words  
which I have to solve before breakfast  
every mortal day. Dear master,  
you must be underwrought  
to talk so common. Can't help it,  
dream is an incurable disease,  
the yeomen dream amidst their corn  
and martyrs in Jerusalem dream loud—

where can I be safe from noticing?  
I see everything the same  
and all of it is good, does that make me  
an early phase of God, in Eden,  
looking to the right and left?  
I made none of what I see.  
I put the colors for you back in the tubes –  
that much is my symphony, withdraw,  
breathe in, close eyes, think out,  
let sleep be civic and particular,  
breathe out some more till only light  
is left in the store, then sell that  
to ignorant immigrants who think  
the streets are made of travel and the wall  
will not grow old, take away their bread,  
sausages, lavender, prayerbooks,  
Black Forest crucifixes and give them  
the universal undemanding light:  
“Everything you see is yours!” That’s  
what light tells me, that Satan on the cliff,  
we all have been tempted in the desert,  
we all fell. No wonder they call him Lucifer.

12 July 2004

=====

Zip-loc bags. Anesthesia.

Cell phones that take pictures.

All the rest was Babylon.

12 VII 04

<late:> =====

Cauteries of innocence  
because to be so tender  
is a wound. Summer afternoons  
the Bronx. A view west up the street  
to the high right field seats in the Stadium –  
beautiful angle, ballistics of memory,  
Justine on my knee.  
She healed me, send me  
out for chopped beef she cooked  
for dinner, later, when Manny came home.  
Me and Manny and Justine  
and the avenues were so long  
they frightened me with their endless going.  
the buildings reach the sky  
and I had no place yet,  
no place on earth, my lap  
I could sometimes offer,  
and my fear, It is terrible  
to remember a time when I had  
nothing to remember. An innocent,  
traumatized by the evening light.

12 July 2004

End of NB 265

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With the rememberers busy at the slaughterhouse  
the forests have the day off, only the trucks make noise  
torturing the fourth and fifth stories of the human ear  
the ones that look out over the Methodist chapel and view  
the distant quivering gleam-line that means the sea.  
So while the back-up beepers shrill, the sky closes  
and the human subject is stuck inside his skull  
as if he has hands (she has hands) that don't work  
because the hour is too cold. Silence warms us,  
is often blue, and then she can see the beach again,  
the subject, and find his way through the maze  
of her intentions right out the actual door.

You have to fall in love within a dozen hours of  
arriving in any new town – it might be the librarian  
where you go to establish postal identity, or the man  
at the Chevy service counter you meet because Martha  
(your '89 Cavalier) is exhausted after the trip  
hauling the trailer with your books and aquariums.  
Or maybe the girl actually reading a book in the park  
under the Spanish-American War memorial,  
it hardly matters what the book is, homework even,  
or how to learn Welsh. So few languages anyhow  
have one-syllable names, you think, maybe it's Dutch.  
Maybe she's waiting for her lover who will  
oh what will he do, lovers are so unreliable,

kill or skedaddle, an old word you remember from  
cowboy movies, it ought to be spelled with a Q.  
Anyhow, love, fall in, do it. Fall and be counted. Fall  
and emit vaporous professions. Join that religion,  
go to the temple every day but don't give him all your money.  
Her. Who can tell who you will find to love?  
Or who you will turn out to be while you're doing it?  
Massive resistance to commitment. Read interesting ads  
in health food stores, you only go to get salt cashews,  
learn why butcher's broom extract is good for the ears.  
Somewhere in all this, your new life is waiting.  
You wanted to come here with nothing but the fish.  
The personalities inside you have all been dismantled.  
No more remembering! Wonderful as a pigeon  
taking incontinently off from the roof,  
keep looking up, how that one stone-colored bird  
does something to the whole sky. From the little hill  
you study the skyline below, your new house  
is hidden from you by unknown buildings, puzzlement,  
you're caught in your raincoat under a cranberry cloud

13 July 2004

=====

**quietfall the delivery**

of rain

can I call you now

before the dream

is even dry

get you out of bed

make you use

language to me

answering me in woods

rocks ripples of

the earth I think

must mean something

each one must tell

who you are

and who I am to you

so difficult to do

anything the day begins

every impulse is a violation,

a spatter of rain

is enough of an idea

13 July 2004

=====

It's probably where I grew up  
**but I think morning is like a ferry**  
and you free and quiet on board  
just observing everything  
till the boat gets there and sidles  
into the yielding notch of dock  
and then the other thing happens  
the other people day  
begins, it's not yours any more  
only the observation lasts  
the sunlint on the narrow bay.

13 July 2004

<late:> =====

**Everything is busy but the night.**

I tried to call you  
but the ocean intervened,  
bought a telephone for a penny  
and tossed another penny in the lake  
so the two kinds of copper, kin,  
begin to gossip.  
All I ever had to do is listen.

2.

But what if it didn't speak?  
What if I forgot how to read  
or my hands forgot to hold?

3.

Reading is just another kind of holding  
and the night still didn't do anything,  
the way they don't do. Who?  
In the Jardin des Plantes we felt a general air  
that all the animals were leaving or had gone.  
It is said when cities say goodbye to elephants  
and cathedrals say goodbye to whatever fantasy  
got ordinary people to carve them out of the sky.  
What a strange slow dance we are.

13 July 2004

∴ μγον—πο—λ ∴

Out of the south east  
under and over the cloud

over the hardwood trees  
and the noisy foxes that bray under the bush

over the windowsill and over the sky  
come into the place where I can hear you

come into the place where we discuss  
with rosary beads and skull bones and drums and horns

discuss the weather of eternity  
the bank accounts of all the cities of hell

the meaning of music and the tall shadow  
the tiniest man casts just before sundown

as if his soul finally came out  
and started making dark prostrations to the east

and nothing was inside him anymore  
except the smile of empty air.

13 July 2004