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## **The proPosition**

But not to  
this ever night  
the checkerboard  
can't evade  
its squares, words  
fit there

like a score  
every silence measured even  
and the shape  
tells what words to travel

what we mean  
is where they are.

26 July 2003

## **A WORD**

A word has to fit  
into the wound  
that's left  
in silence by will,  
that's all.

26 July 2003

## CAUSAL RELATIONS

But all these intuitions  
speak a second language  
what the waitress brings me  
instead of coffee  
hot still night on the terrace  
unknown city everything  
I think is like a dream.

Donnerwetter! my father used to say  
from the Kaiser time, his pale blue eyes  
knew how to laugh at everything  
I'm not even sure I had a father.

26 July 2003

## PATCHWORD

Patchwork intellect  
a briquet in the trenches  
to light candlestubs and cigarettes —

we dreamed this also war  
spoke dithering panegyrics  
for blundering generals — so, so

we would have died anyway  
later older maybe in more pain.  
The alternative to everything is also everything.

26 July 2003

## **GEOLOGICAL**

I guess a kind of I'm not sure  
it really is too early off the Greenland coast  
—Ives' hymn tune haunts— to be a place  
so temporarily permanent  
as if a day could come, as if to melt  
that mile of ice and then

how much of anyone is what accretes to them  
on them as ice on rubble till  
or sandless Sahara who are you then  
Victoria? Or is the dynasty undone  
with all those colonies once furred your cape?

Beneath what all the winds brought all the years  
what am I, pilgrim nakedness, my self?

27 July 2003

## **SEEING**

I have to be closer to what lets me see  
have to inhabit the eye  
not just let it look

And then I'll be museum for you  
and know exactly where you are,  
merciless artifact.

27 July 2003

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To win but not the way I wanted  
to have it there suddenly in my hands  
without the effort of reaching  
of stumbling so many miles to get

what good is that, the relation  
I thought I wanted, the brotherhood  
of the broken bowl,  
wife of cornsilk and a weasel  
quick along the stream

dark of the moon tonight  
humidity and no one speaks.

27 July 2003

## **Summernight**

What these little things are  
around you, these  
insects you think they are  
until they're very close  
and then you see the flame  
has no effect on them  
they pass through the torchlight  
and come close, closer  
until they seem to be part  
of your eyes, the way you see  
and what you see  
finally become the same,  
as anything anything  
is the flesh of what you're thinking.

27 July 2003

## PORTULACA

a long way goes  
round my base  
a summer bookstore  
in dry country

presume on locks  
to sparrow  
in your reputation  
I know everything again!

all the beloveds  
hurrying in sand  
new-mown wind  
lies down for them

the freshness lasts  
meditate the names of flowers  
patch of sun in deep trees  
time for everything to answer

don't stop now  
Amerigo the hidden rabbits  
a soft mole dead on Grymes Hill  
forty years I worried who killed it

nothing dies by itself  
we triturate enemies  
Tradescant wandered dark  
looking for it

too, we all do,  
when we still had names  
we loved in darkness  
and we hate in light

the wind comes up            *le vent se lève*  
his favorite phrase  
some pain today  
sunlight dapples path

mix monosyllables  
with your sighs  
and be a mother,  
once it all belonged to me

but it was just an image  
now it's real  
I share with you  
so many rooms

ratty old apartment  
not far from the park  
I would walk there most days  
and tabulate the cherry trees

everything was empty  
in those days  
except sensation  
everything desirable and out of reach

the name of that angel  
was City not Youth  
youth was another  
a secret triumph

dark in the brightest afternoon  
cherrystone destinies  
from local waters  
the breeze comes home

feel it stir  
my fur my satyr hocks  
and all their chlamyses  
sail round their knees

these Dryades  
co-nascent with my observation  
Heisenbergian hetaerae  
brought out of the woods by desire

that equal-handed thing  
that stirs each one of us an equal  
measure with the other  
the force that runs the forest

everyone alive  
begotten of that need  
and the wind hath carried both of us  
in his blossoming womb

28 July 2003

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Yes I saw  
her, this  
is like Debussy  
just out of  
focus just  
over the hill.

28 VII 03

## CE QU'ON ENTEND DANS LES BOIS

Morning hasn't come yet  
in the trees  
though the sun looks in

it takes more than one glance  
to light that awesome shade  
the merest lead nurtures and protects

we live in the smallest spaces  
and everywhere can find  
the colossal civil war in which we're born

in quiet morning hear the ancient soldiers groan.

28 July 2003

## THE ANALYTIC GARDEN

But knowing steel comes close to sage or salvia  
doesn't make the sparrow fly

everything said racks like dessert  
a grasp at afterness kneading

soft tissue to make something stay  
dreary pronouns up to their old tricks

my fault my flume  
the speed of things

(broke this bring of daylight  
the woods came fast

sky licking her Yosemite)  
to cut the story loose from its adventurers

church doors lock themselves at night  
temporary religion then what word

when they don't go to church  
where do they go?

2.

Mississippi trash fish and sympathy  
must have the right to difference

my changes are a tolling bell  
wake the woods around you

no one believed in those days  
belief came later, a Protestant trick

made up after knowledge died  
to interpenetrate the tissue of the light

energumen the force that works in her  
the daimon of her name

horoscope the puzzle cube  
unpiece to solve the liberal air

come back my vacuum  
linden leaf and maple side by side

3.

prompt growth and comfortable voyage  
plush topped steamer trunk provides convenient seat

he dreamed of hammocking her  
but the hammock had hands

(you were stretched along me like the goddess Nout  
stars glinted through your taut blue body

I clutched the sky to me and worked it with my hands)  
we are fed up with dreamers

nobody knows anymore  
never enough for a bank

the most they do is get the length right  
flake board and plywood and copper pipe

the mixture of all seeds we call The Woods  
and name our planet Blue Girl Lost in Woods

so many circle dances left to jump  
before the closed-eyed dancer prances out.

29 July 2003

## **DE LA VIEILLE RUSSIE**

Silence inside the space between snow flakes falling is like the silence in the mind of a dying staretz; once I understood that link, a vast network of silences opened, like threads of light through a sky already luminous. So silence inscribes a deeper connectivity among the things we normally know.

28 July 2003

## ARMAGEDDON

1.

Catching peanuts to feed elephants  
all things from sky scatter  
every seed is the shadow of another  
—peanut, elephant testicle—  
read the correspondences  
in the brittle light of the actual museum  
preachers call The World  
and understand how many many leagues  
the albatross must fly before you wake,

2.

otherwise animal eternity.  
The ancient sitcom spills me  
little Hebrew and a lot of Greek  
but the only language I speak is with my hands  
hear me. It was Gaspé  
for another war, Saigon, Beirut,  
middle-aged catastrophes,  
daddy won't you go home  
hide out in sunlight on the terraces of cafés

3.

Megiddo wanderers rucksacks  
stuffed with forgivable information  
betrayal is the sandal on your foot  
assimilation is the other  
it is almost time to start a war  
one we can win but not yet  
(Korea chorea incurable disease  
we have not won in fifty years)  
not by winning do you win but by waking

4.

sorry lordings that was just time  
clearing its throats, suspending  
the easy interflow of racy signifiers  
to make you suppose someone  
is in the act of touching you, not so,  
not the bishop and not his daughter  
neither with a kiss or camera  
bad luck to walk under a mirror  
or think about cats before washing your hands

5.

it has to be apocalypse by now  
no other books are left  
but that one with all the music in it  
huge hymn tunes of ungraspable ideas  
jewelry and brass and broken moons  
the bloody sea springing on your lap  
while time runs out, born without manners  
grew without a guide, was crown prince  
once among wolves but god never died

6.

everything you know is by techné if not technique  
a musty smell in air this morning  
as if the woods were really made of wood  
after all, old and wet and dried and wearing out  
I only chant this way so you will come  
sprawl on my knees like sunshine  
after all the orators have gone home  
and left us to fill the ancient senate house  
with out silent listening lachrymose together

7.

we had come to that station of desire  
know at the beginning of the world  
when beatific gazing, dawn on the other,  
blue sky eye, time rhyme, your first smile  
was enough to make history happen  
and now and still forever cobbling tomorrow  
from the memory of some keen face held  
overnight in escrow in sleep's house  
until the world was ready for your glance

8.

that sounds like love this chemistry of bonds and valences  
but is nought but coming sense and reveille  
money has to stay somewhere while we dream  
the peace of number lies uneasy, we call  
this anxiety The Dragon, who spends his breath in fire  
because the numbers will not let him sleep  
the last human left beyond the Rapture  
will be a market analyst in Singapore  
sobbing like Whitman on a beach without a sea

9.

human sisters who outlive my meager song  
pray that the ever-loving gods forgive me  
for the inconstancy of my desire and the sleep of fact  
wood was enough for my poor uncles,  
why did I claim a word for me?  
because the first word I had I broke  
and out of it came gushing more delight  
wildness beauty all these years  
than even now I can reckon or control.

30 July 2003

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Catch it because the causes  
themselves — broad shoulders,  
stars leering over their epaulettes —  
stare into the meager pool of affect  
where our feelings conjugate  
their unrelenting rabbitry,

more, more, encore y mas.  
Nothing calms. Catch it  
while you can, this mood of grace  
sunlight coming through pubic hair  
and no one vicious, one hour  
before the invention of photography

and the sun stood still over Fécamp  
while the rain dried on the cobbled streets  
and old man S looked out his narrow window  
counting the stones it was his fate to know  
as I know you, still counting, still  
working on it, gift of Isis

to an undeserving planet  
tender dialects inhabited by love  
houses' immense variety  
all the ways space shapes a  
wife a wife shapes space.

31 July 2003