

6-2001

junH2001

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "junH2001" (2001). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 1036.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/1036

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AMORETTI

3

Now we are all ready to be who we are
From the Irish bakery in Boston to the girl playing with gulls in Berkeley
Who could be more me than these tiger lilies
Shouting along the road this morning summer's here
Don't start understanding me now.

24 June 2001
Annandale

AMORETTI

4

Everything is the same except there is no sea.
Because the least was fond of me and the boat remembered
Sparrow shit on the wild rose branch
They sit between thorns and plan their world
La fiente the intricate prison of what happens us.

24 June 2001

So main to walk I spend with shower
a broken watercan a flower left over

and this white bird. Forgive me the colors
I have painted my life with
for good or ill the thing presumes

to have a fixity
as a shabby flower seems

live up to its name and be
prime example of its paradigm

whoever you are. Now I take her slim face
and imagine it in private shadows.
Misplaced martini. A song half understood
is worth two in the nave. Don't know,

don't know. A toad on the road.

25 June 2001

AMORETTI

5

The *mower* has ground fine my morning
Into terrible clippings of noise
A busy god obliterating what he made.

25 June 2001

AMORETTI

6

The *armature* forgives its windings
Hard. Better to be bone out loud

Out there where they can know.
Know me, I am a design.

25 June 2001

AMORETTI

7

When the government troops are bivouacked nearby
The family priest hides in his priest-hole
Back behind the wormy chestnut wainscot
He mumbles his prayers in there from memory
 As if darkness were a kind of Latin.

Belief is the most dangerous animal
Yet that's what I let run around inside me
Perceiving and conceiving and God knows what.
Better to be gone. Or let the armature speak
 A bone in the wind of matter
 Wound round with meat and horn and hair.

25 June 2001

AMORETTI

8

I want to break everything

Want to break I open
and put you inside

and them and all and all the distances

26 June 2001

THE TRIAL OF SAINT JOAN

She said she was trying to answer the old lady's question
The earth is always bitching
Every old woman is a panel of bishops

She said trying to answer the question
Without looking at the old lady the old ladies who were bishops
Instead she looked at the man on the wall.

2.
This trial. This conduct. This stone.
These questions

Enemies speaking the same language
But we have different weathers

My knee hurts
Comfort is all

Questions are enemies
This trial is about believing.

3.
The ones who have no experience of the holy except what they have been
taught to believe, naturally they hold on harder. They have nothing to hold
onto but the holding itself. This grasping is called believing.

Belief is holding.

But she *knew*.

So she didn't have to hold. She let go. She let go and went into the fire, was
fire, went into air and was suddenly *there*

Where knowing goes.

26 June 2001

the free without a shadow
on a pale free rockly dyed

came saunter my way and

this was medieval bliss
delivered to the lap direct

from all her say so

26 June 2001

The year with no name
Confuses the Cantonese chef.
No animal, no element.
We come from mountains
So high the fat moon can't
Get from the other side
So our lives are full of stars
Closer and closer, the sun
Scratches her back on the peaks.

26 June 2001
Kingston

I dreamed I was a detective hired by my wife. At first I thought the case could be solved by thinking. Then I knew I had to go outside.

27 June 2001

The kenning we know by,
churl ampersand
every rendezvous is just rehearsal for the next

shape of a rock
ferocious summer answer
sundown hope for heaven
heaven would be a cloud

my father's greek e penmanship
pathologies of hope
shape of a cloud

2.
I have to be on the other side of war
grasses amazement list of folly
I think I need you for my mistake

sun caught in a tree
desperate flashes
there must be wind

moving something
that is not you and is not me
what is the wind that moves the sun

whose breath makes the sun flicker?

27 June 2001

Reservation work
revising my tribe
I belong to
the people who
live on the other
side of the river
the future
I flounder towards them
through the shallows of now.

28 June 2001

AMORETTI

[]

And then the magnificence of now. No
revision and all vision, all noon and rivers
sugar beets and hills and rivers and rivers
all the way to four this afternoon.

28 June 2001

On the day of the peacocks
four peacocks
 their tails displayed
their hands together
forming a lotus of four petals
each petal a shell and the whole
gathering of them one great shell

and in this bell two lovers travel
uneasy with their vocabulary
but so close, close as a shell to the sea
or a bird to the sound
it says

 they live in each other
and in that biggest shell
they offer each other to the sky

no time for anything but them
no more pronouns
it is truer now than ever was before

and the sky comes down to feed.

29 June 2001

AMORETTI

On the day of tall four legged animals *kyöx*
they are the legs of one animal
their bodies are its body
their hearts are double-natured
a horse with two heads and the heads love each other
a deer with two hearts and they dream different
images different desires all
letters in the same long word they spell with their lives.

29 June 2001

Between the fires of artifice
and the exploding calendar
a French Jew salutes the zodiac
deciding to belong
to nobody any more
not even his hands
not even his slippers.

There were too many others
for me to be one.
Too many yous
for me to be me.
I have to be you too,
eat cherries from the trees
follow the yellow stripe along the road

till I come to the annihilating
fire and am me again.

30 June 2001
in memory of Max Jacob
(completed 23 July 01)