

5-1993

mayF1993

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### Recommended Citation

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# S A M S A R A

Interminable animal. Si muove,  
eppur. Index.  
I'm telling you something you never heard before,  
look it up:

you can look right through the moon and see the sun,  
wrath in the core of kindness. The Italy.

27 May 1993

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Halfway through a day comes dawn.  
City music, this is. Let's dominate.  
Love rules. Everything I told tells  
do what the heart tells  
and helps you hear it. Nothing more.  
Well-meaning logicians at the mill  
chasing squirrels up infinity.  
The academy. The mall. The inside outdoors,  
strolling among the forgivenesses of loot,  
dim specie. Here hand my glad,  
a bushing, an armature to get you there,  
something worn, something wound,  
some old alchemical word your father  
technically remembered even after  
all his techne was spent. I welcome you  
to the mountain in the house, lake  
contradiction, the bedroom alps.  
Here heap, hump over hump, the horror of  
having. Then don't have. Don't shave.  
The cameramen like you plenty as you are.

27 May 1993

## APOCATASTASIS

Red flags in trees  
forgiving satirists,  
Rome founders  
and the water-bearer  
reverses her urn.  
From the Tiber  
fish swim up again  
still living, still  
unhooked. The heaven.  
We have to do it again.  
This time with feeling.

27 May 1993

ANIMAL

With a vividly white belly  
approaching seed. Underbrush.  
It's the colors of the thing  
that do us in.

27 May 1993

## CORTEZ

Have a horror of interfering in natural design.  
Bauhaus weather. It knows how to run itself.  
Make room for me says every little galaxy—  
Every newborn needs Mexico City.

27 May 1993

## MAIDEN PASSAGE

The mourning dove the crow the culvert  
you step over on the way into St Jean  
I have never been this way before  
forgive the blunders of a silent man  
broken into speech. Ra boat rain day  
dove scatter same old stuff we call it food  
Central Asian ink carpet of oak leaves  
narrative alone protects us from this.

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| | |

### *Commentary:*

Epic arises as narrative to protect maiden mind from the welter of sensory input, sensory memory all too cherished. A plot holds all those unbearable marks and remembrances together, even if it (Proust, Virgil, Pound) can't hold itself together. Narrative forgives images into the peace of seeming to be part of something larger than the beautiful pain of perceiving, yet something smaller than the whole world of such images. That something is story, the gleaming specious smiling face of what is to be told.

28 May 1993

## WIND RESISTANCE

*to the local gods*

wind resistance

a culture

topples when the unbelieving wind  
sucks round and pulls it down  
by creating a vacuum behind  
into which suddenly or not the city falls.

Rome did not fall in a day, finches  
still visited the corn.

We never know  
the tide releasing

of what held us  
we thought we held.

As if the rock cared  
what flag is wedged in its cracks!  
And yet it cares.

There are colors  
worthier than others  
to rule the world,

local business  
also has its purple,  
this little world tu sais,

*Hujus loci Genio* I offer  
honestly this morning  
the tribe of them too,

dactyls of Annandale,  
the hooded ones who answer me in crow.

Kà-tak.

Chö-pa, what can I offer?

the smell of Italian coffee,  
sound of my rough hands rubbing together,  
cold on the porch,

and into your wind offer my breath,  
air into air,  
this feeble sacrament of praise.

Do you know me better now,  
my body in your acre,

we come and we measure and we err.

That error is called Empire  
and leaks beauty, severally,

here and there, like ducks on Lake Geneva  
bobbing solemnly while Pilate drowns,  
like the sea off Ravenna  
glinting back in Dante's squinted noonday eyes,

like the horse-trough at La Borne  
never void of icy mountain water  
healed once my tendons

among the miracles of actual place.

This heals by being unimaginably this.

29 MAY 1993

## SLEEPING WOMEN

Do they dream in rosy torpor  
of men's machinations that confer  
such meaningfulness on every careless limb of theirs  
at such cost, such love, such torture?

29 May 1993

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The flowers you plant for the neighbors  
The flowers you plant for yourself

Who sees what comes?

We are from,

we are born  
for service

and who serves?

We are worn  
for another

talk about beauty in the dark.

30 May 1993

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Things near to things

If I begin with the same words  
will I come to the same place again

same Friday night behind the billboard

same glass of water Thursday morning  
Gloucester Harbor I don't like this?

31 May 1993

ã\*v-f\*

Ungrateful for one's own life  
and all who give it and give it back,  
one seeks out stone idols to  
tear the chest open and give  
at last one's only heart to.

31 May 1993

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Lusting after oneself one runs at last into a blazing hell of  
unstable images  
Not very different from a piano bar in Rocky Neck.

31 May 1993





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I have never seen a red-winged blackbird perch  
on the bird-feeder's side and pick seed  
but I see it now. His white chevron catches the sun.

31 May 1993

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oceanless periplus  
a plum  
rimmed with sand

31 May 1993  
(in a *renga* sequence)

