

7-2022

**Jul2022**

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=====

**Forget everything.  
A rabbit runs across the road.**

**The trees have changed  
subtly in the night—  
something they heard maybe  
from the new moon.**

**Something is new,  
breeze in the leaves,  
wake with sweaty collarbone,  
what then?**

**The visitor  
will notice the murals**

**on all the walls keep changing,  
the ceiling of the dome  
keeps improvising colors—  
don't bother trying to name them.  
Rest your weary eyes now—  
enough that you have seen the rabbit.**

**1 July 2022**

=====

**It's not all automatic.  
The mail has to find you,  
the phone has to learn how to sing.  
You are a moving target  
even when you're sitting still  
pretending to be peaceful  
reading the paper on your porch.  
Here is your license to let go.**

**2.  
The Wizard of Yes  
has brought you to this place,  
this pace, this peace.  
You always said his name.  
You wonder sometimes even now  
what the Witch of No would have,**

**could have, done for you, with you,  
in you. The colors of passing cars  
are all you have to go by now.**

**3.**

**Help everyone. Hurt nobody,  
not even the hovering mosquito  
hungry, wondering if it dares.  
The rest will take care of itself.**

**1 July 2022**

=====

**Any word from our visitors?  
Why should they speak—  
they know where we are,  
we forgot to close the road  
forgot to build the wall.  
The sunlight points right at us,  
they're on their way already,  
put on the kettle, dry your tears.**

**1 July 2022**

=====

**They fall me from,  
things do, and that's  
the nerve of things,  
to be and do and have  
meaning. The paper  
slips from the fingers,  
rides in joy all the way  
to the Turkish carpet.**

**It's no all the fingers' fault,  
this is a dance, out here,  
you know, and we are not  
the only dancers. Dangers.  
Be careful when I lift one  
from the monastery of the  
drawer where handkerchiefs**

**July 2022 7**

**sleep in purity. No one  
likes to be disturbed. Unless  
they think it's time for play—  
see how I have blundered into prose.**

**2 July 2022**



=====

The wren is loud round the house  
these days, her hatchlings snug  
in the corner by the furnace room  
only little beaks appearing, chirp.  
And we are in their opera too,  
part audience, part stage set.  
In a week or two the singers will  
fly off to other opera houses,  
new music, but they'll never  
sing this performance again.

2 July 2022

=====

**What is the gender of genius?  
We see the glow of glory,  
grin of greenery at winter's end,  
but maybe words hint at more  
than we pick up along the way.**

**Maybe there are than two  
genders—I don't mean mixtures,  
luminous transitions, voluntaries.  
I mean maybe something bruit  
in from the womb, I'd guess six  
genders, points of the holy star  
itself made from two triangles,  
the good old  $x+x$  and  $x+y$ .**

**2 July 2022**

=====

It's a long way away.  
It's a day. No, it's a bay,

Oakland on the other side  
or Staten Island. Where was I  
to begin with?

Did I even begin  
or is this sentence just a liana,  
a vine I have been swinging on  
since when?

A bay, I say,  
Buzzards Bay maybe, what a name!  
we have a cottage on it  
but I have never seen one there  
so there are plenty here, vultures,

**over the tiniest bay, half-marsh  
half-river, Tivoli Bay, don't bother  
with the map, it's just water,  
water that hugs us, loves us,  
stays quiet with us  
when all the rest flows away.  
As I say, it is a day.**

**2 July 2022**

=====

I've been in school or eighty years.  
A bit of a shock when I counted.  
Most of it as teacher  
but teacher or student  
really not much difference,  
school is school  
and shapes us as it will.  
We skip off to class every morning,  
totter home at *night C'est tout*.  
See, I leven earned  
some French along the way.

2 July 2022

## **STREET SCENE**

**From lamppost to lamppost  
measure. Then at midnight  
at the exact midpoint  
see how much light is there,  
where the lamp lights  
should overlap. Now measure  
the dark if you know how,  
and tell me so I can learn the way.**

**2 July 2022**

=====

**The Canada geese  
are in the cornfield  
long before the corn**

**the way we go to church  
and hope for heaven  
but meantime comfort ourselves  
sustain ourselves  
with little prayers and sacraments**

**Go to the cornfield  
if you don't believe me**

**the seeds are in the furrows sprouting  
already**

**something green is happening**

**the geese have gone now**

**for a little snack elsewhere**

**they know that something**

**there is always growing,**

**eventually heaven comes home**

**2 July 2022**



=====

**Listen to the frogs**

**I can't hear them**

**that's because they sing in spring and  
it's summer now**

**then why tell me to listen?**

**listening is a very holy thing**

**you might open your ears for a frog and  
hear someone else altogether, someone  
you never heard before not just singing**

**July 2022 17**

**over and over again some words in the  
trees**

**but singing saying something  
meant only for you.**

**2 July 2022**

=====

Enough sea to sail on  
enough air to fly  
but where does the going go?  
We are sung into something  
that sounds like sense,  
a moment of music  
stretched out in local time.  
streets, overpasses, towers.

Thunderstorms yesterday,  
Mahler on the radio today?  
Hope keeps happy.  
Song sparrow, linden tree,  
always, always, distances  
hurry to our hands.

*3 July 2022*

=====

Pretty girl in rocking chair  
old man on a bike—  
we've lost our places  
in the script, no wonder  
we use pop songs instead.  
And when I say we  
I hope I don't mean me  
or you, for that matter,  
o please listen to me  
=in case I learn to speak.

3 July2022

=====

**The sunlight grows severe,  
a law with loopholes in the shade.  
Too bright to read the program  
but I think we're still in the  
intermission.**

**3.VII.22**

=====

I see you walking in the hills  
your words wrapped round you,  
eager to see and not be seen,  
Touch but Don't Look it says  
on your shawl, your wall,  
the hillsides just talk and talk,  
they never watch you walking.  
You could be anyone.  
You could be you.

3 July 2022

=====

**Arms of course  
were originally meant to walk on.  
That is why we learned to write,  
scratch this moment into distance,  
we walk on our fingers  
from heart to heart.  
Almost by accident  
science tells us something useful.**

**3.VII.22**

## **THE STORY SO FAR**

**Tristan did not die Isolde did not follow him into the dark. Instead, they sent messages to all the kings and census takers explaining that they both had died. But really what they did was change their names, Isolde was called Isis again, and Tristan Osiris. Then they sailed away, away up into the sky, towards a home just a bit beyond Earth's atmosphere where they have always lived, long before Egypt or opera.**

**3 July 2022**



## OFF CHURCH'S BEACH

At first she couldn't be sure  
if it was a seal  
or a dark girl shyly  
floating, bobbing,  
circling near her.  
Those eyes!

Rain  
coming across the bay,  
rime to come ashore,  
she swam in and the sudden  
friend went with her,  
a seal indeed, young one,  
learning the shallows,

**the strange pale beings  
who swim the New England coast.  
She turned, waved the seal,  
who kept looking,  
then slipped out of sight,  
even the best conversations end.**

**3 July2022**

=====

What's it like,  
being above?  
Ask any bird.  
Or building,  
for that matter,  
the old Flatiron  
by Madison Square—  
once it could see  
what no one else could.  
And they still sell  
Masonic fezzes downstairs.

3.VII.22

=====

**Rapture is riddled  
with ordinary,  
and a wise arrangement  
keeps it so, so  
we see both at once,  
hear the Four Last Songs  
while the kid beside u  
whispers to his iPhone.**

**3.VII.22**

## TO A DEAR FRIEND

Stay away or you'll  
catch moonrise from me  
when all the stars  
slip off the sky  
and only one green glow  
is left to make  
everything the same.

2.

Edges wander. Words  
dissolve, ice  
is just water, water  
is just wet. You look  
up at the empty sky  
and ask, trying to be brave,  
what happens next?

**3.**

**What happens is more questions.  
Even when no answer ever comes,  
there is some comfort in asking.  
Asking makes energy. Answers mute.**

**4.**

**Then one day I heal again,  
the stars come back,  
definitions work again,  
z wheel is round.**

**4 July 2022**

=====

**A tree says  
Listen tome  
I do and that's  
all it says  
and that's enough.**

**4.VII.22**

## **INTERDEPENDENCE DAY**

**Sunlight and I hear the wren  
again. We need  
one another, we need each other.  
There can't be a me without a you,  
no you without a me. The words  
are evidence enough. We belong  
together. No hurt, no harm.  
This should be the festival of love,  
fireworks silent in the sky,  
orgasms of color and no pain.  
This day we belong to each other.**

**4 July 2022**



=====

There is fear in the air  
and it is my fear,  
not Nazi bombers  
but the fear of change,  
of moving from this place,  
my leg is sick  
because it doesn't want to go,  
my eyes are weak  
because everything is near.  
It should not be this way,  
I have sinned by being  
only where I am, 'sin'  
has the same root as *sein*,  
the German word for 'to be'--  
I woke hearing roaring in the sky.

*5 July 2022*

=====

**Picture this:  
philosopher in a rowboat,  
poet in a kayak,  
nine beautiful women  
(you know who they are)  
waving from a passing skiff.  
Who can follow them best?**

**5.VII.22**

=====

**Bus slows  
almost stops,  
speeds up.  
Nobody got off  
no one there  
to get on.  
But something  
changed. Speed  
has meaning  
on its own, does  
something to the air.  
Nobody there,  
side of the road  
will never be the same.**

**5mJuly 2022**

=====

Lords and ladies  
I'm just reporting  
how what happens  
happens in me.  
A hundred thousand  
years ago you made  
up language to hear  
what I would say  
and tell me what to do.  
Love, I'm listening.

5 July 2022

## LIMITS

1.

Fence round the organ  
let no sound out,  
let it stay inside  
heaven of pure hearing  
with nothing heard.

2.

Luminous void  
from which we come  
to the gathering  
(*ecclesia chiesa église*).  
Sme call it the lord's  
house (*kuriakou*,

*kirk*, church) but he  
is everywhere  
and we are for this  
lifelong moment  
only here.

3.

So listen softly  
to the edge of things,  
the edge is where the taste  
is truest, where  
things meet,  
soft explosion of being here.

6 July 2022

=====

If I had a brother he would be  
smarter and leaner and probably gay.  
He would play the piano and go  
for long hikes, village to village  
in England again, write postcards  
a-plenty but hardly much else,  
I'd get one, from Bristol or Leeds,  
not saying much but factories,  
meadows, firemen's parades.  
When the radio plays Chopin  
I think about him, smile a bit  
before changing the station.

6 July 2022

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Try the opposite,  
the wet road,  
the skimming blue jay,  
*hay her* it sounds in Germany,  
who is she? She is who's blue.

2.

Glisten. Glacier  
did this rock,  
leaf on leaf the stone,  
readying the place  
for us it would seem.  
Detecting purpose  
is a devious art,  
a tale we tell we never heard.



3.

We walked there  
shuffling through the numbers  
a little unsteady underfoot.  
East, west numbers look the same  
and that's just part of our problem.  
Where does this road leave  
I used to say as a child  
mishearing the word lead,  
it leads to here it leaves me  
but where is that? Only  
the trees seemed to know,  
tall black pines outside Callicoon.  
Enough of me. Lead, leave,  
I just stood still.

4.

**For I am glacier too,  
change where I am  
and where I pass.  
And you are too,  
there is more stone in us  
than most suppose.  
We are chemicals plus something more.**

**7 July 2022**

=====

**Sombrero means shadow-maker  
a mile means a thousand  
the weed trimmer violates morning.  
So many different kinds of truth,  
some less painful.  
Half million leaves on average tree.  
But there is no average tree  
and rain had stopped by morning.**

**7 July 2022**

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**Spell the word with two x's,  
write a cloud on the sky,  
carefully fold the wave  
back in to the waing sea,  
sing a whole love song  
using just one note  
and be quick about it,  
a cardinal on the window vine  
is trying to decide.  
So many directions!  
And all of them away–  
how can I spell up without you?**

**7 July 2022**

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Riverine, the shore  
ancient with shells,  
*Venus mercenaria*,  
how dare they  
call a clam by Her name,  
bivalve, guilt.

Everything a child is  
routinely reproached for  
he will reproach himself for  
ever after, the older the more so.

In like manner, the dark  
oily green of the East River,  
famously not a river, haunts me  
these days, to gaze long and slow

at that quivering opacity,  
why, why, off Greenpoint  
or by the old Navy Yard, why  
does the sight come back,  
persist, but not the weather,  
not the one I was with  
if I was with nnyone, not even  
sure who or what I was  
doing that seeing, just glisten,  
living surface, so dark, green.  
Mustn't stare at people  
they insisted, but everything  
is people, everything has life.  
We go tomorrow to gaze at the sea.

7 July 2022







