

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

=====

**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

=== == y

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

