6-2011

junA2011

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/222
Canopy of past things clustered over
dense skinny leaves of the pinoak or
a night of storm over Boston
more lightning than cities ever see
and power failed till four a.m.
It is five now and the sky fills us with light.

In the forty-nine days of the bardo
beings have powers, can go
anywhere in thought in no time,
no space, just the storm of desire,
malevolence, revenge, compassion.

They strike from the seven weeks of afterlife
a week of weeks before they shrink again
into some womb and leave that empty power
doing anything they please, anything their
long will (what we call karma) calls them to.

Thus have I heard. And so from hell our dead enemy reaches out to smite the city.

2 June 2011, Boston
The window walks through the world looking, being looked through. ‘Wind Eye’ is what it meant and so it is, the little hole in the here where you can see there, where the wind comes from.

2 June 2011, Boston
Noontime under the ramada
cool breeze. This one’s
made of lath and grapevines
grown over it, vines of Boston,
every few years grapes enough to do
what with?

    Somehow makes me think you.

Cool, leaf shadow alive
hot sun out there. Never
too hot for you, you said. Blue skies.
Your devilblue eyes.
Now the wind saying out loud
all the things you never say,
I am the only one who understands you
but I do not belong to you.
It says. Things
talk like that when I let myself listen.

2 June 2011, Boston
SOUNDS

This means the Wren
Street bus goes by.
This closes a screen door.

Leaf shadows on my page
if I drew them painful as I please
I couldn’t catch up with Rhonda
Harrow thirty years ago
with her pale pencil intricately
accurate the obsession
of a dream the sex of shadows,
the breath of leaves.
This means memory and begone.

This means a shovel leans
against the edge of the deck.

Does this mean my work
is finished. This means
I’m the only one left.
Things use me up too.

We were speaking Welsh that autumn
trying to connect with our blood,
connect the breath of speaking
with the old genesis of the island,
the western tongue, any island.
They taught us language and set us free.

2 June 2011
FOR CHARLOTTE,

ON OUR EIGHTEENTH ANNIVERSARY, THE NUMBER OF LIFE

The ornament of life
our days together.

All I ever wanted
was more of you
and now you are.

more of you
and now you are.

Your sea your certainty.

3 June 2011
Working things out
towards the weather.
The island.
Things waiting for us.
To laugh at our anxious
mobility. ‘one who moves’ = a being.
Yet to move is not yet to be.
Or is Being itself that stasis from which it is to flee
into pure going?
The ones that go and the ones that stay.

3 June 2011, Boston
THE INTUITION

Let the timers
of this long earth decide
what to do about the birds

*this bird loves me*

it makes sense to know such things

because the wind won’t
always tell you

and the fish on the steeple
talks only to the wind.

So there is knowing to be done
in thee and me, muchacha,

I’ll look it up some time
if I remember.

Meanwhile there is only
the knowing
and us to know it.
(Or is it too late.
Do we know too much already.
Who? Moments of exclusion
when we think we’ve lost
something and all it was is breath.)

4 June 2011, Cuttyhunk
The grotesque is itself the message.
Compare and contrast, just like school
Look into the inferential mirror.
From the difference of the grotesque
know precisely how and what you are.
You are the only message the messenger brings.

4 June 2011, Cuttyhunk
Is there life still in the old measure. 
Is a month long enough to go on. 
Not so many trees now the sun has taken. 
That other circumstance the rabbis told of the sparkle. 
Never think it is what it looks like and you’ll be saved. 
Things talk to you that bale of hay’s like a grizzly.

Have you listened once to often to the rock in your pocket. 
Anything worth believing is worth talking to. 
The text lies sleeping in the fountain pen surrender serenade. 
The unrolled scroll is blank! I can say everything. 
Scattered tesserae left when the mosaic’s done. 
Each one is its own color that is what matters.

The colors last when the narrative is gone. 
See the light that looks at me the children’s book begins. 
Amalgam of bees and Beethoven frantic wisdom school. 
Read your Roman history for Christ’s sake. 
Men with weapons take taxes from the poor nothing changes. 
Something else really needs to happen here.
Hold back the weather the man is rising.
He is tired of what isn’t stone and doesn’t sing.
Why do I always have to do all the talking.
It came with the farm a wishing well or mill.
Artesian poetry by wind alone suck secret water from the earth.
Pinwheel manners I am kind of to strangers.

4 June 2011, Cuttyhunk
Offer the day to the day and the bay to the sea.
There are roses growing on the near shore nothing far.
Everything here.
   The lift
of love is a kind of parting,
an exaltation even
   in an empty place.

A rule of cloud.
   Horizon me
is all I asked of you,
   close down
the unbearable distances and
tend my inward out.
But are they Mænads who come to comfort?

5 June 2011
Where is the rage in all the little days.
Caught sleeping by the rim of the sun woke.
La Brea saw and a girl from Ilion with auburn hair.
The personal is always oil essential plumeria blossoms wreathed.
Sanguine poetics of the sugar industry disarm.

5 June 2011 Cuttyhunk
When I’m busy living with this poem
that poem lifts her skirts.
I feel like Buk at Santa Anita
afraid to shave or change his socks.

5 June 2011, Cuttyhunk
Measure witch cords string islands together.
As far as I can ever tell Oahu.
Lispings of prisoners in my soul vault who.
Most of it is allegory the rest just hurts.
Glasses for sale that see the about to die.
How many stones stumble one afternoon.

Princedoms of the lower air friendly neighbor us.
I came without my interpreters I rule by guess.
But my own language is a friendly magistrate came by mule.
Adjectives come right out and love you from afar.
Lovelorn seneschal a man on fire why not all women mine.
Lock the chapels the sinners are coming,

5 June 2011, Cuttyhunk
Can I wait for the meek beginning
I who had been happy in the morning
is an equation you must solve for I
and then for you. Meekness means
do it. Happy means never mind.
But the morning is your lovely skin.

Or another love poem,
peanut brittle by the bed,
a pot of ointment
made by the local Lady.
But how can you drink coffee
with so much sunlight in it?

Or still another I love you you know
because the chaparral is full of bees
and the new moon whispers in Spanish
and all that stuff we carry in our arms
groceries bosoms reams of statistics
printed out to prove what we know already.
Probe what we don’t. Means you enough.
Express means ‘squeeze out.’
Are you sure there’s anything in there.
Squeezing an empty tube of Cerulean Blue
he painted the sky.  Mozart
squeezed an hour in the Vatican
and came home with Palestrina in his head,
Divertimento in D.  Don Giovanni
and so on.  The Times today
gives ‘experiments’ in music’s
‘expressiveness.’ Self-
expression is spoken of
when there is no self. No self at all.
[from older notations, past few weeks]