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At any moment it all could end
a book you picked up and never finished
we don't know who did it or who dies
who loves or loses but we know
even through our fingertips sensing
the sheer volume of the unread
that something dies, someone
comes through the door or falls
from the sky. And that's enough.
Because this too is coming to an end,
all gone, you too, just the dropped book
lying on the lawn, pages riffled in the wind.

11 June 2014
Cuttyhunk
That’s just like a sonata
without the music
and you wonder what words are for
if they can wake the dead that way
or sing the oriole from his branch.
Then a Mercadante opera
and you wonder some more, why
have you never heard of him before
when he’s so good. When you are old
the internet remembers everything.
But what if they took the internet away? Who’s they? The ones who
gave it to us in the first place, more
unknown geniuses, more Mercadantes.
Remembers everything just enough
maybe, coded in language easy
with graceless translation machinery
but there is so much to know.
Such beauty. Don’t even need
music, everything is, every percept
comes fast, stays slow, goes
fast again and then is gone.
That’s just how the game is played.

11 June 2014, Cuttyhunk
ASPENS

We walk the picture you took yesterday. Walk the things we see, she saw, he wrote down in neums or crotchets. We walk the evident and come soon enough into the hidden place we read about all our lives, greendark, hard to find, so easy to go in.

11 June 2014, Cuttyhunk
We all feel sunlight on our skin only the subtlest can feel moonlight there tomorrow or the next the moon will be full let the skin sample that way to know I say all this slow so that you can feel.

11 June 2014, Cuttyhunk
And if one day the sea answers back. Threshold the door won’t close the music’s pouring in.

You prayed to the moon and it suddenly turned night. Every prayer gets answered. Not every answer makes sense.

There is guesswork to be done. mustangs tamed, mushrooms to be identified, the lame must walk. The sea must open its eyes.

11 June 2014
Cuttyhunk
I knew you were a good guy
when you missed natural
light most in your new city,
no floundering Baudelaire-ling
in easy schmooze with dunkelheit.

You chose. You blaze.
The cars outside too
run on sunlight, a million
years old. What do drivers know?
Ancient sunlight wishing us well.

11 June 2014
Cuttyhunk
CLIMATE CHANGE

Just catastrophes of shadow fallen

the old gods too have fallen

sprawling now across a stricken earth.

11 June 2014
Cuttyhunk
Let me take them from the common world into Titania’s boundless garden

those few of them whose souls dare make that journey into meaning—true or false

it is not my business to declare. But there they will be in brook and leaves, all of us at last together.

11 June 2014
Cuttyhunk
ICONOSTASIS

We live in images
but are we images ourselves
this ocean
with the glass I thin I’m
holding in my hand?

Imagism is realism—
only the blind can see.

2.
He said, considering. Take
each sense away and what is left?
He worries about these things,
he is a pirate who’s forgotten
where he buried his treasure
long ago, on whichever island
longbefore he even was.

3.
We live in magic
and miss each other
sitting in the same room.
A painting of white
flowers on the wall.
Wasn’t there a man
in Shakespeare who
pretended to be a wall?
And what did you say
your name was?
And what is it right now
that the flowers are faded
and brown and the wall is gone?

4.
That’s why I love the propositional,
a sentence finds it hard to wither.

Any sentence is a thing
the way not even a thing is.

I talked about this with Lutz
Wittgenstein once and he agreed.

But what is agreement worth?
And who are we to speak?

5.
Say anything
but say it firm,
capital letter at the start
and Levi’s fine carbon
point at the end.
Say it. It is a thing
you can play with,
hurt yourself with,
give it to your lover
and make her cry.

6.
Too many tears already
in this narrative earth.
Nobody smells exactly
like you. Fact. The bird
came so close you could hear
wings through the window.

7.
You have to use the hand
your mother gave you—
you can’t write with your hair.
You have to hold the image
of someone in your heart
and want them hard, so hard
your flighty busy blood
may get around to telling your breath.

12 June 2014
Cuttyhunk
Suppose it really is a cosmos,
baby, lie an egg—
are we the yellow or the white?

12.VI.14, Cuttyhunk
Long before Saint Afternoon
slows us down with her kindly
Mediterranean radiance

there is a Natural Light
tumbles out of darkness or
does it rise up from the horizon

those lips of Someone Else
to guide us slowly, just enough
right now to read the word of the day.

13 June 2014. Cuttyhunk
So where does anything come from 
a book on the moon 
waiting for a child to read

how far that public library 
is from his house, his 
breath the only bus thst goes there.

13 June 2014, Cuttyhunk
Sometimes at dusk
the Device turning on
with its chirpy little tune
seems an alien animal
friendly enough but scary
by implication. A strange
story about me comes out
how I have to be another man,
a child of pure contrivance.

13 June 2014, Cuttyhunk
PERFORMANCE: QUAI D’ORSAY, MAY 2014

Courbet always gets you into trouble he did all his life, him with his daring to show things as he’d like them to be really as they are — slim divide between the real and the evident, his paint loaded with pubic hair denied as much as it revealed. Comes Deborah de Robertis to change all that, came in gold brocade just sat there and showed them spread-legged fingering the open secret against all the terrified authorities in detail the true origin of the world.

13 June 2014
Cuttyhunk
STORM

Birds race across the mind.
Take care.
All the work I've made
made me.

I must inscribe it
in the air itself
where the light remembers
everything ever said.

Poetry dies into weather,
the ever-changing.
The permanent
conversation.

13 June 2014, Cuttyhunk
SEEN IN DREAM

Everything came close. There were no voices though their faces moved their lips kept changing. I think there is a language spoken just by breathing in.

But narration is the thief of time. Occluded by reality the dream slept.

13 June 2014, Cuttyhunk
I seldom dream
of people I know
in waking life.

But the ones I dream
I must know them,
there they are,

with me, talking,
doing, being
as they are

each one distinct
as anyone can be.
Sometimes their

eyes last all day long.

13 June 2014
Cuttyhunk
13 June 2014
Cuttyhunk