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Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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= = = = =

Jasper red lips stone

be enough

the way it feels is always a sort of beginning.

Anger in the morning hummingbird

the redbird chicks cry out *ohime ohime*

it's an opera out there

a lyric tragedy of seed

sometimes angels answer loudly—

a twitching in the skin—who's there?—

not every albatross is out there

big and white, some are tiny

floaters in the eye

tell me I have sinned.

It was all over in a minute

the sky stained with our sighs

so we made the weather

shores of Campeche where the red tree grows

but bluish in alkaline environments remember

basic blue

as jasper can be red or green

the two ways of iron

*Holzwege* tricky

paths through the woods

erroneous—the mistake is to travel at all

a twitch in my cheek

press harder, Christians,

the tomb is still closed

or do you try to keep Him in again?

Wax melts the ink slips out

the message writes itself using our hands

—you call this weather?—

the shape of sea and sky

there was better hardware in those days

doorknobs and window fittings

as Saarinen at Cranbrook made

each thing for its place

condign design paradigm

there is no multipurpose room there is only room

the daytime stars surround us

room

they keep Christ in the tomb

afraid of all that love

will the priest ever be on our side for a change

like Abraham interceding with God

—if in vain at least he tried—

they should help us intercede with mind,

suspend our habits and see what's there,  
madness in her hands she tossed at me  
a flock of crows I welcomed  
all round me my ancestors black as me  
blue-black of a well-oiled gun  
they took the oddest ways to come to me  
or the kind of cars they had  
(Schwerner's Nash Ambassador, Antin's Sunbeam,  
Wanning's Borgward Isabella, Rémy Hall's MG)  
carried also me—if I forget thee  
rivers of Zion crossed  
wrongside of the Livingstones  
how little it cost to cross the bridge.

2.

Or some such gap  
you have to understand  
we're still coming from the desert,  
still on the way.  
Every streetcorner is a Pisgah sight—  
we see the other  
hurrying towards us,  
our ears still busy  
with that desert drone  
wind in hollow rocks  
the hoot we took for prophecy.  
And here we are

but not here yet  
imagine the tragedy of the elements  
and we are there,  
air you can lie down on,  
fire that will not burn  
water that will not run  
earth that manages to fly.  
But all around us men are smiling,  
the screw threads into its socket  
and all around the encampment  
families at their supper.  
Not for us  
for forty years we have not eaten  
and will not eat for four thousand more.  
Because we cannot eat till we sit down  
and we are always on our way.

3.

Spiderweb. Arachne  
left it behind  
when the goddess lifted her presumption  
and made an animal of it,  
anything ensouled, anything that breathes,  
spiderweb the veins and vesicles  
spiderweb the branches tangle in my wrist  
spiderweb the words write themselves down  
and writhe so no one can tell

where the beginning of that telling is.

Make fun of other people

they're the only friends you have.

You despise yourself.

You are one of us.

You too are on the way.

Sunset means nothing to you

and midnight is just another kind of light,

the one with demons in it

who use your legs and eyes and hands.

24 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Flying saucers from another world  
fly here as viruses  
we are the skies  
they flash their lethal signals in.

24.VI.12

= = = = =

The stars tread lightly on the calendar  
but the door keeps opening.  
At a later orgy light comes through the wall.  
It belongs to you because you saw it  
the whole science is the willful association  
of geometric pronouns with actual things  
such as your hand or he had a dream.  
Then dreams are real? You can see them  
twist and turn the sleeper and often she cries out  
more puzzled than afraid. Use simple words.  
By the bottom of the page everything is linked together.  
The net of Indra barely quivers.

25 June 2012, Cuttyhunk



= = = = =

The air trying not to move  
sun easing into a cloud.  
Enduring rejuvenation,  
wanting everything again.  
All the time. Hour after dawn,  
the balance moment. Poise.  
The fishing boat I saw at first  
light is gone. It's all renewed.  
A day spent in Basic English.  
Make no plans. Decide on nada.  
It is decided already. Sit  
quietly and count the birds.

25 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Something like wind  
folds of brightness  
do things that will change you  
then the bird comes down  
to bring you bread rolls he  
stole from the market,  
living is itself a crime—  
we wear the skin of the beast we are,  
the beast we made alive.

Sermon to the stones  
ye listen well, ye who are waiting—  
and every day ye hear the raven cry—  
yesterday was the feast of all  
men who stand naked in the desert  
preaching in a loud voice  
to no one in particular  
about the very particular person who is to come—  
one of them, named John, thought  
for years he meant someone  
who was going to come from inside himself  
and be the one who spoke,  
and he would be the one appointed.

Then one day he saw another,  
and knew that other was the one,

he had summoned him all these years  
from inside himself to stand, simple,  
bareheaded, splayfooted  
in the mud at the riverbank.  
And so the legend or the inference is  
we all are summoned from the other  
and the other is the self our inward work  
makes step towards us from the outer world.  
And John said, You have come, Lord.  
And Jesus answered, We make each other be.

25 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

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Those eight minutes I just 'wasted'  
glancing at *The Times* and *The Times of India*  
what will become of them?  
Is there a bank where spent time lodges,  
recruits its freshness, and comes out again?  
Is time a commodity after all?  
And now I've spent a minute chasing eight minutes—  
a silly little micro-Proust at work.

25.VI.12

= = = = =

Let me dream I'm awake  
let me pretend again  
this Aristotelian universe  
ten qualities three times  
and a dimension for each time  
we pretend to share,  
all of us chicken  
feather-shedding in the gusts of news,  
the news, the only one they let us hear.  
When you scratch a Christian  
it comes down to Them and Us  
so leave me out  
let me wake till I dream  
a square with eighteen sides and a maiden fair  
like the old days  
when I walked out in my great-grandfather's field.

2.

So that's it, the ordinary rage  
to seagull over things and scream and fly away  
like Shelley to the bottom of the sea.  
Give me no lakes

hedor, water is not bounded,  
and in my special shoes my giant feet  
can walk the sea bottom  
skirting the wells of magma  
down where the ocean takes off its blue  
and is like the rest of me  
dark and old and swarming with strange life.

3.

For I pretend to magnitude  
a supple vocabulary tricks me to suppose  
a papal sort of authority  
lodged in the names of simple things—  
for Satan tempted Eve and she fell,  
he said Eat this and she said It is an apple.

Language is the original sin  
by which we live.

Magnitude. As when a man  
opens his mouth  
as if the whole world were listening  
and by grace of language  
it actually is.

4.

So ancient and so close  
been here for weeks  
seems like days

and the long boulevards of my life  
converge like Haussmann in that hollow spot  
maps call the Circle or the Square  
and doctors call the heart.

26 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

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What is I?

A cluster of times remembering themselves

variations on an absent theme

the kindly devil lets one breathe.

26 June 2012, Cuttyhunk



= = = = =

The sun is on us soon  
batters through cloudbank  
over (always) the other island.  
Here the sun rises out of Nashawena  
and falls later into America.  
What can this tell me of where I am.

26 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

You call it love song  
I call it finding your breath  
after you let your heart  
out of the casket you keep it in

because you love and loathe at once  
you're in love with yourself  
as a girl you're too smart to be

harken to me,  
I do not give myself away ever and to anybody

but my heart is open.  
This is a kind of heroic stance  
foolish and dangerous at once

but the only way I know  
to be loud me in a many'd world.

26 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Caught in the ocean  
with my wants known  
I shark. Or Sunday

evenings in an uncle's house  
screwtop fountain pen,  
cold fireplace, an apple.

Trying to make sense  
of a whole life.  
Ocean in the palm of my hand.

26 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Till everything becomes natural  
and there we are again  
riding the Greyhound across Antarctica  
clutching a smartphone with a dead battery  
the bus driver has the face of a ghoul  
and eats his sandwich with one hand.  
Liverwurst. Driving south into the dark.  
That's all I remember of my childhood.  
Later they will call it the rights of man.

26 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Sun in clear blue sky, wind  
shoves modest clouds around.  
The world is in its uniform.  
I stride up to the sky and salute—  
give me my orders for the day.  
I'll spend the light listening to the answer.

Some days the sky  
is one more policeman  
only the shade of blue is different.

26 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Meaning to install the differences  
between strata of salinity  
so various chemical'd in this one sea.  
Climb into grammar, find  
a mood between optative and desiderative  
and call it thinking. Call it salt.  
All round us skin we imagine  
imagines touching us. Ours.  
We own nothing but sensations.

Last will and testament—  
childless I leave it all to my daughter  
may she find my son  
and Eden with him  
so this world too  
will have a garden  
again and again  
and do history to itself  
world without end.

26 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

We talk of free will  
she said, but what we do  
is what the local gods tell us to.  
And they are fighting all the time—  
strife is our natural obedience.

26 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

You found an old record  
in your father's closet  
there was no phonograph  
the label was in Russian

conveying nothing, just one M  
and all the rest unknown.  
Dyslexia. You held the record's  
smooth surface to your ear

and ran your finger lightly lightly  
over the grooves. Maybe  
you heard something—far away  
a naked woman weeping in the snow

black trees all around her.  
Maybe that was just your  
idea of Russia, maybe  
it really was music

you heard the images  
she stumbles, keeps going  
she reaches a cottage  
warm lights in the window



she goes in. Snow  
keeps on falling. Nothing  
else happens. You can even  
hear it not happening.

There is no explanation.  
What was it all about?  
Music is supposed to be  
about nothing. You decide

it was a love song  
all the evidence (naked,  
tears flowing, harshness,  
a little house in the woods)

is on your side: it was  
it is a love song. The vinyl  
warm now rests still  
against your cheek.

26 June 2012