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OF THE APHRODITE OF KNIDOS

Catch of one-ness
braggadocio of all our misprision
a man calling a woman’s name

we have no right to
the cursive element that runs all form

Praxiteles’ Phryne, to conceal is to reveal.
and Aphrodite asked How did he know,
when did he see me naked?

The sun rises actually
the earth is bowing to the sun
the moon is our teacher

the forms of Greek statuary
live inside us
they are the abstracts of what we are

deep in all our local seeming.

27 June 2014, Cuttyhunk
Anybody can read my palm
disconnection is clarity
sunken ships from World War II collect
relics in the channel to New Bedford
rusty mines no danger maybe
sea-glass returning colors to the sun
harvest brightness among the ruins
canisters and glass and seals

o paint my nails
I want to be a different one
to read a different fate
in the lines of my hand
fatum is what has been spoken
not what is written

o the sad fates of personhood
a whim reviles me
orchestra of moots
nothing ever decided
music so glib with reflection
a face the size of the sea.

27 June 2014
Cuttyhunk
Wondering where they are
where could they be

*location is identity*

were you even listening
when they called,
you could traced the sound
bac through the trees

there are no trees,
so many things are seen,
*apokalypsis*, the shock
of seeing anything,
a seagull swooped down
snatched a snake from our garden
high into the air then
downhill with, towards the shore

yet there is a place where
that silent victim still is speaking
or we can hear.

27 June 2014
Cuttyhunk
Laggard roses
intimate afterlife

trying to say it so clear
"yond crickets will not heare"

we laugh at liberty to lose
the franklin stove the port-of-call

names of things: reluctant to forget
whispering at daybreak

trying to find a door
into the lost galleries of true provenience

I got my words from you
and you are their value their fidelity

barter art for meaning
politics the opiate of the learned class

blue serge communion suit age of reason
I was too young to sin before but now
no meaning but the church bells in the dawn
to leave Vienna in time to see

on an empty street before a closed store window
a woman bent low inspecting jewelry

the way we pray all our lives for what we cannot have.

27 June 2014
Cuttyhunk
Always something left to say

our dusty garments
hung up as our testimony

rooming house in old Pompeii
we are preserved by what destroyed us

then remember Moses was Egyptian
put it all together it spells Pagan

i.e., raisins and barley and trellises
rain-drenched cushions drying in the sun.

27 June 2014, Cuttyhunk
Then suddenly the waves ran backward from shore—

Rose rapt from earlier time it took ten thousand years to be in love from Göbekli Tepe to Berlioz

from the great plaster monument by Parker Shipp a man’s hand reaches out to touch her, clutch her, bring her, bring us bac out of history.

In the land of sculpture shadows talk.

27 June 2014
Cuttyhunk