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Everything over the sheen belongs to me

_schön_ shiny things are fair to be

privilege of silver your own moon in the sky

a body lingers telling time away from me

the belt of storms decides the parallax of lust

is it you or is it me stand witness for the light

hydrogen and helium burn to make us see

or is there a light that comes before the sun

come and come again disorder ferries me to you

through the window see a warrior dying on the beach

once we were Vikings now we are stones

the oldest dream you ever had becomes your life.

(26 June 2013, Cuttyhunk)

(start of NB 359)
178.

Some texts only dare to read by day
David’s harp strings cut for the sake of the song
how should an old man dance before the Ark
to what old music Biber Schubert Karamanov
body’s an embarrassment in church
folly to the Greeks dance with your tongue
till the song goes to sleep along the spine
why does sun on the sea smell like toast
the word remember is like roasted meat
when there is nothing left but to recall
call again and hope they hear you but who
when you meant me what name did you actually say?
179.

Leave the flute lower there is a deeper music
indefatigably mental a fiddle a golf cart in Judæa
o I have one of those three Promised Lands nine El Dorados
spent a month writing down the wind
spread on the lawn to welcome godly showers
hear the copter but see only cloud how white clouds roar
indecisive moment the taste of glass
the great gate of Kiyiv never opens never closes
a gate is a man standing in the desert
Stonehenge is a ring of girls around a message
they said a storm is coming love lost in theory
revolutions are almost all revenge.
Swimming in rain the lightning swims with you
we still don’t know what it is this electric thing
hydrangeas struck by lightning reading Montaigne in the park
one fugue for a thousand voices
ghosts at midday the darkest time of soul
wait for the re-entrance of the theme the bay of Naples
dark as I am don’t confuse me with the dark
look at the sea through a man with an old straw hat
the sea you’ll see is not the same sea
or we were tortured by our differences
I’ve been seeing ghosts all day
a ghost is a man without a man.
181.

Penny rolling down an inclined plane
or planet on its roll around a source of question
I knew you when you were my mind before
no one took but everybody takes
a cleared a forest to liberate the moon
beautiful astronomy before numbers were invented
one day there was nothing left to count
could you catch Lyme from the bite of an idea
there are no comparisons or only one
paper doesn’t drink up the way it used to
one mind shadows another
wake up some morning and think with me.
Trace the themes that wind the fugue
deep undergrowth this year in aspen grove
all lines lead back onto your hand
line of fate line of wheat
how many kids all the disasters of love
scribbled on the palm grey clouds coming
woodland cabin of the arbiter of dreams
where the bishop of sudden permissions was born
it’s all a merry-go-round some horses go up and down their poles
some horses just as beautiful understand to stand
harnessed in pretty glass rubies of samsara
all the love you give comes back to you.
Infant voices shrill to cry for help
stood by Niagara to understand Canadian
the doctor complained I failed to signal pain
fall in love deepest with whatever you don’t know
release the sky from labor let the lighthouse do it
something to steer by only one horse on the island
this glass of water that I prove to you
ran through all the rivers of the world to get to you
every word is an exaggeration
I saw a trickle of wine on the Savior’s chin
I waited and everything revealed just keep talking
those who saw her knew enough to look away.
There is another story I’m not allowed to know
I’m reading one book the story’s in another all the time
the empty story I need above all deeds
the normal lights the way to the story of any story
the skeleton who sings the ribcage knows how to think
o neurons mother of my little world
Hölderlin’s roses bloomed last month some still linger
these gulls seem to be asleep as they fly
like the swallows of Lacoste who sleep all night in midair
where Mary of Magdala saw them first and cried
so that her Husband looked up too and spoke
everyone will rise again and none fall back.

(26 June 2013)
185.

On the burden of the undecided
raptors quick in surf to dive a cormorant
quarrying the sea
the end of matter is an ardent remember
words change their clothes for winter
a fugue is never far
it is a better man who says such things
refuted by the first green tide
merciful fog hiding colors in plain sight
once a lost battalion stumbled on a black lake
thousands of cranes in a low mist
and knew they had come home.
All the lands of never waiting for me
wonder why the ink itself won’t sing
some words belong to someone else
o borrow borrow this gypsy cock
praise is vital though it turns to ash before the shrine
spice of incense burning down
solve all my problems easy as say no
signpost at the crossroads between Neaux and Hiesse
strong sun in cucumber slice open midnight
that’s how the stars began mind started counting
I need a maid to pick up all these stones
a world swept clean of what I mean.
All these animals waiting for me
a tiler waiting for a wall an early Christian floor
I once knew how to walk that street
I see a word I never touched before
raindrops impersonate pale flowers
all these headlines try to hold your mind
give a hint of what each sentence meant to reveal
verbs confuse sentences as sudden movements startle birds
the nouns you almost trust as if the Middle Ages
came round to you again and all your shirts
smelled of lavender and any maiden with a lute
could drive you crazy with likely continuities.
Now there was a man the ferly folk took away
they brought him to a time between times and loved him there
left a lookalike back home to do his job
while he did theirs and the work they had to do
is all praising and delighting in them
for they were born before the world and wonder still
what manner people we are who hardly know them
let alone praise their sacred everlasting beauty
so he lived with them in some blessed island
till he understood at last what pleasure is
and shared it with the little brooks and the trees
and the ferly folk marveled at his industry.
Lie here because there is nowhere else ever
the word gave birth to me and I may have failed the word
a friend in São Paolo among the flowers smiling up
the image does not please me you never can
tell what a smile is smiling at
animal wisdom I need you near
only a beast knows when to turn away
a man by the nature of time will walk to the abyss
Empedocles Master of Consequences to vanish into thin air
hum hum hymn of the volcano
a story broken in half we hold the stub
the other part of it or anything blows away.
190.

The breeze stops when I open my eyes
someone is watching me powerful and far
I close my eyes again and doze into blue breeze
and then I am far with everything else
we live remote and love alike
sky white sea green we imagine difference and live with it
wave travels into mist makes island seem
name it and storm ashore
this is my kingdom of a moment
eternity a puff of breeze
if I try to walk there I will never come back
I never come back.

(27 June 2013, Cuttyhunk/Buzzard’s Bay)
He will be safer as a ferly-man if men they have or are
he will be a leper-man in ordinary land
his voice the bell to warn away the fearful
because language is a holy terror believe me
hide yourself in the silence of story
there’s always something left to believe
dust for sparrows said the old aesthete
be bathed clean in what defiles us
*Arbeit, heilende Welle* in what defines us
how far inland we’ve been carried by the wave
left where no other wave can come
lost among friends in a house of one’s own.
Sneak around saying prayers to trees  
rub against the rugged obvious until you guess  
intimations of amphigory kiss the new kitten  
but here’s a word you’ll need before  
blue traces at the rim of cloud pursue  
sometimes never wonder wandered back or forth  
a lawn! dense woods all round it who shall I be now?  
can only tell the mind that comes to word  
poet heers a worke beseeming you  
not war but warbling kiss the girls and make them cry  
all the holy raptures of the local mind  
when I wanted clarion Gabriel renew the world.
Now blow your horn and if you can
shock the morbid loves into new play *Lila*
mother of the mind the play of light all over
a mistake for persons on their gilded businesses
the light was like a woman in the trees man on a rock
and in our little ears the mountain spoke
a fleet of do’s and don’t’s assail the lucid now
I am the hole in your pocket
your hand can’t leave me alone
the peace of grieving things be on the land
what they lost they never found
we try to belong to each other but the wind says who?

*(28 June 2013, Lindenwood)*