8-2013

aug J 2013

Robert Kelly

Bard College

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

Recommended Citation
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/257

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.
Knowing no.
Serious.
A seven-starred horn
of the bull,
the only one,
the one that lives us
in our horoscope.

How did we do the morning in the night?

Such things are on the other side
(islands, operas, angels, shoes)
but this is No.

The special land
where all things sleep.

They sleep
and we know —
so that is No.

30 August 2013
Might have died already
and thus be dead.
There are things we long for
in the afterlife
Lilies of Peru
a letter from Lord Byron
serious for once
discussing the weather on Helicon.

We have been coming towards it so long
like a night that cannot reach its morning
— and no one to mouth it for us,
no flag to drag behind us in the mud,
to show the nationality of our disgrace.

Because another always knows you
— sight unseen in the land of No.
Where all things go.

30 August 2013
captured in the webbing
folded over, brought home —
a small stone fallen from the sky
giving off a faint reddish light,
a little heat.
When morning comes
I see your eyes are blue.

30 August 2013
HYMN TO ZEUS

The flirtations of Zeus
have no boundary.

Lightning runs down the solitary tree,
fire loves the wood of it
we think, but in truth
fire loves this secret water
deep inside each thing.
The water hidden
in the crystals of steel,
water in the wood, sap rising
to meet Jupiter rushing down
to the water in us.

II.

That is Zeus.
Makes girls and boys out of everything
his power makes us who we are

as once on Helicon
he seemed to take a fancy
to a chubby little shepherd
ripe on the altar of puberty and
rushed down from heaven
to plant one scorching kiss on those rude lips
so ever after that young swain made
song whenever he tried to speak
so his plainest hello could
thrill the hearts of all the shepherdesses,

Genesis of poetry.

III.

“the swan was before we were married”
says Jove to Juno in Offenbach’s Orphée aux Enfers

history changes day by day —
no one knows what comes before

because feeling is always and only right now
and history has no heart to feel.

The Swan also is tomorrow.
IV.

Was there even time to answer them
before the air came down
— who made the air? —
to lock our snug atmosphere around us
safe so we could breathe?
But we weren’t we yet,
we had to born from crystals of air
— why a man has a chip of ice
deep in his every heart —
and learned to wrap a silk of skin
around an mass of air.
A net of blood to carry it.

It’s a guess
to call our father’s name.
*Zeus* gave us the weather,
*ta metarsia*
so let us praise *Zeus.*
*Dia.* Accusative case of God.
It’s time for me to start
reading every book again.
For him if not for me.
V.
Me, I look out the window
I see the air.
What can be wrong with me
that I can see the air?

The outside calls
to the inside,
air inside me too
solemn as Tennyson
blood-journeying oxygen,
caravaning its way through the frail brain.
My hungry eyes, my hungry eyes.

VI.
Hymn to Zeus.

He sees us when he looks down
when we do something
worth his notice,

some offering or some public iniquity—
the beauty of Zeus is this:

*he does not know what we’re thinking.*

And all the forms Zeus takes
rejuvenate the human race —

the swan of our grace, the gold
in the mercy of our eyes,
on our eagle wit — he pours
the beast-god stuff in,
on our genome rises to adore.

31 August 2013
Where are the saints really headed
When they all come marching in?
For where is in?
Have we ever found it,
Deep in the cellars of our flesh,
The sly self playing in the trash?

31 August 2013
Every woman needs many fathers.

Every man needs many, many mothers.

31 VIII 13
The woods are steep today
I looked up into them
from the cage of the summerhouse
safe from those who live up there
as they are safe from me.
And in all that green
just one small patch of sky.

31 August 2013