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Drive slow your beautiful body wakes.
Stop at the deli and read a letter
somebody thinks she wrote to you.
Swiss on rye a little mustard no butter
a lump in your throat why do you always
believe them? Do you really think
anybody cares as much as you do?
Try to take it easy, you're off the highway
saints in heaven the trees are full of your exes.

2 July 2012

= = = = =

I thought it was the Ogdoad the powers of the world

it was a choir loft dusty benches and keyboard yellowing
and there I waited for my love
to climb the stairs and be my chaparral
my glacier my Dakota stretching grass forever
in this snug place and all of it fueled
by power of the fugue once played here I never heard

come to me in silence silence is what you're really after
we mute each other in the baffled stained glass light.

2 July 2012

SIGNS OF LIFE

Chance of. Chipmunk patio.

Green voters eat red meat sometimes.

Lines of some staff. Be my acronym:

let the letters of your name

spell my true nature. Abbreviate me.

Skill is breathless. Person sulks.

But in the old movie she sits on a stone
that's there. The sea speaks Swedish too
and it's always trying to be somewhere
else. **Seeks Elsewhere Always.**

Your skin though. Your thoughtful skin.

Missing you. A letter left out of a word.

Amaze me by knowing. Which.

2 July 2012

= = = = =

Blue hydrangeas everywhere
I said and sort of meant it
the woman at the checkout
seemed to be on the wrong
side of the register, she knew
my mind as if I were selling
but what? A supermarket
that stood up in the woods
suddenly as a toadstool.
And there we stood, food
smiling all round us, the bright
store safe as money. O dear
light for those who do not
see too well, light my dear
bartender mixing my favorite
realities For example an island
full of hydrangeas speaking
with the voices of women
and the sea is their only husband.

3 July 2012

= = = = =

Always displacement.
As when a battleship is launched
what happens to the water
it pushes out of its way
with stern and hull an snout?
All over the world the sea
rises by a certain measure—
this is called the micron of war
as we fill the ocean with anger
cruiseships stuffed with dreamers
oil tankers to suckle our sad cars.
Until we have filled up the sea
and what then? Ominous nilometer
rises. Barbarossa rouses
under the mountains wet rocks.
It is coming surely but not yet.
And then the two of us also
endure displacements in each other—
isn't your bible all about that?

3 July 2012

= = = = =

For Leos Carax who knows
walls and doors tell
more than human faces

I want this human thing
the stuff you care about
your whole life
and not a word of it
ever has to be looked up in any archives,

no abbey keeps the parchments
that tell what I desire

I once has a card made
with the single word Agent
under my name

and that was more than enough
could I live up to that
and actually do

2.

curiosa pf personal indebtedness
my god sun sheen on the Narrows
crossing the old 39th street ferry

to whatever I didn't yet understand
across the water a high hill
a herd of schoolkids from Jersey
a house full of snakes

the zoo showed what it could afford
in those days a hundred weird reptiles
cost less than one familiar lion
Barrett Park wisdom
of the curator

who don't the art ones know so smart

I'Ultima Cena
flaking off the convent wall.

3.

So stay

with what they'll always
want to know
how to control their bodies and speak their minds
that's all my Jesuits need to teach

give them the burning mirror
leave it to them to smash their glass.

3 July 2012

BRINGING THE LIGHTS BACK TO COXSACKIE

for S.Q. & C.H.

Somebody has to. It is a grief
among Christians Easter's only once a year
or Good Friday ever happened. Light,
though, is useful all the time. Even
in Coxsackie—an actual place, famous
roadhouse in it where they serve fish—
on the upper Hudson hard by Athens.
Back of it the hills roll soft to join
the massif of the Catskills, as the natives
call the fair Blue Mountains of our Dutch
to match the Green and White ranges
of New England. And the Dutch are smart
people, they knew what color things are.
Blue Green White the real flag of the northeast,
our dear Antillia the Blest. So this friend
of mine for reasons of his own (a snail
talked his way across America, a woman
told all kinds of things to the audience
in a fine sound wooden barn-like theater
tentative image of the *Theatrum Mundi*
way up in the hills—it's all about geography,
really, all of this) borrowed the lights
of one small town and brought them

to another no bigger. Now like Falstaff
to the Herne oak at twelve o'clock
he hurries against the sun eastward,
carrying the light in his hands.

3 July 2012

Annandale

= = = = =

The size of the thing.

Tiny figure of my wife by the door.

I feel a little fear all of a sudden,
it's so big, it's always like an animal

a building on the move
lurching forward, a slant-browed snout

as if to catch and swallow. Alive.

What it would be like if a building

could actually be alive. Could there
also be some kind of kindness there?

3 July 2012

(Frank Gehry's Fisher Center)

= = = = =

Eye tearing. Eve leaving.
I stayed behind in Paradise
and she left her shadow
behind to companion me.

Sin is always incomplete,
the door opens out and in.
Et cetera. All
the consolations
of a fallen mind
taking what comfort
they can from skin.

Skin. The seeming
nature of things. I say
the environment
is my wife,

Eve's shadow
is Nature
in Satan's world.
And leads back to her
the shadow always
to its source.

3 July 2012

= = = = =

Play catch with the kind
one by one
balls fall from the air

he must throw them and catch them
all by himself

he must rise
five minutes before the sun

must be asleep by midnight
or there will be war.

Real war, with tanks and elephants and jets
trumpeting over the streets

it must not happen—
there must not be dead people on the sidewalks
temples burning.

He may drop a few balls
but as long as he catches
more than he lets fall
the kingdom stands.

4 July 2012

= = = = =

Band of white band of grey
first dawn since Cuttyhunk
sky gives me something to say

4.VII.12

UP THERE

All the inspiration
one fleck of blue
all the rest is language
dreaming at my feet.

4.VII.12

= = = = =

Speaking of dream it was you
my head between you and the other
woman's head where I whispered
to both of you how important it was
that we were there at that moment
doing what we were doing and
both of you were fast asleep.

4 July 2012

= = = = =

Around the soul
the body spins
its planetary system
a solitary heaven
full of beauty and collisions

eternal anxiety of matter
swims round it, the body
takes all of time
to spin

and then those other
solar systems all round us
neighbors and enemies
lovers and I forget,
galaxy beyond galaxy
nations of them stretching out
beyond knowledge, all
guesswork anxiety dread and
beauty when the pain stops
and all of us the same.

4 July 2012

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The dying man said
I miss you too much to breathe.

4.VII.12

= = = = =

Death is an abstention
remember when you had to lick a stamp
to stick in on an envelope?
Death is like that,
a pressure and almost a kiss
a sending of something away—
in what dark mailbox and to whom?

4 July 2012

= = = = =

What do I know about death—
I never died, I never will
I who speak to you now
am a grammatical convenience
a kind of fork that lifts the word up
to offer you a proposition
then lets it fall. Nothing
to do with me Anything I
can possibly say is thoroughly
provisional. And so are you.

4 July 2012

KAHUNA

Get your soul on your side
get it to work for you
put on bright clothes
collect smiles and breathe them in

some part of you must
always do what your mother said

otherwise the soul's divided
try it, be on your own side.

4 July 2012