6-2008

junD2008

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How long one waits
to taste the simplest
thing: light
coming across the skin
dawn song
that silent business
over the hill
the sea
suddenly being there

It’s not yet anything
just a difference in itself.

15 June 2008
Cuttyhunk
Merchants, list this light provisional, a good risk, something will come of it later,

tell your customers:
Take this home and ripen it, you will be glad you did, it will give you something to praise yourself for, the deepest of all human needs.

15 June 2008
Cuttyhunk
Those who don’t
write down what they see
might as well be blind.

15.VI.08, Cuttyhunk
The magic does itself—
the magician just has to stand in awe.
The pretty girl he uses in his act
ascends up to heaven
and never comes back.
No one is fooled by his magic
more than the magician himself
who believes every word he says.
Nightfall. Invention of poetry.

15 June 2008
Cuttyhunk
Nothing tells me more than light.
And you.
You have a lot to answer for
comma the world.

15 June 2008
Cuttyhunk
It was writing in the dark I was
the words found me I found later
if I was lucky or maybe not maybe
the word I didn’t write is truer still.

15.VI.08, Cuttyhunk
When there’s less light
things change colors freely.
Color is a childish pleasure
in and out of one another’s clothes.

15 June 2008
Starlings being on the deck rail
starlings being two one the spring
being almost done has lost his yellow
the other beak still a little
has or shows.
Now it is Sunday
now it is grey
the angels from a book
and the book is old
have come to say goodbye to somebody
going to sleep.
Go to sleep they say
at dawn with starlings and a cloud!
Luxury of time that has books and birds
and the weather is. Always talking.
People never get better birds change all the time.
Red sky at morning warning. A cloud of people wandering
out of a book indian-file all
down the sky.
Name each one.
It will take forever.
You have all the time in the world where will you keep it.
Fools turn it to sand kept in hourglasses,
wise men collect anything, the wine examine the flight of birds they never count them, one thing you must never do is count a thing not even one. Otherwise the wind inside you turns to sand and the sea rolls up and goes away. Green moon heaven and nobody home.

16 June 2008
Cuttyhunk
Whole sea of bead of mercury
bounced on a table top
and what it does to gold
doesn’t bear speaking.

16.VI.08
Where the seeds were
the birds are
not for long.

17.VI.08
In sunlight warm
write my way into sleep

later tell who found me there
and what was said—

sleep is mostly listening.

17 June 2008
Captured it in the small cove
between the thought and the intention
not yet ready, like the glimpse
of someone walking far ahead
who will turn out to be a friend
but not yet, a deciding. Trees
were all around it. A muscle
is of course a miracle, we know that,
we were taught that when we were
very young stars and singing lessons
were given all day long. To be ready
for the night. That’s all any anybody
needs, skin or no skin, an assignment
you can’t refuse, must be done tonight
not later. Always though with help
from a friend. Like that one now
who might almost be ready to be.

17 June 2008
Cuttyhunk
Using the light right. Spill candle grease over the east.

Sea smolder coast catch the eccentricity of human speech means touch addiction latitudes of want longitudes of need.

18 June 2008
Cuttyhunk
What can be done with one vine bent back and spliced upon itself or twisted so tightly knotted in upon the mealy substance of itself meshes and allies the strands of self inextricably one. There you have the whole green story. We rot into our identity.

18 June 2008
Cuttyhunk
More can be one.
Soft vine so tight
you have it.
Need? On this
dawn knotted
strand of eternity
is now is only now.
Bent back upon self
we rot. You are
just one more island.

18 June 2008
Cuttyhunk
Stay I want to hypnotize you with dawn.
Rubber-faced dream connivers stagger into the mirror, gone. You’re alone with your mouth.

Trinc, as the oracle told. Or touch
with that silver hand that brow of gold.
Wade ashore, this is your homeland at last.

18 June 2008
Cuttyhunk
Put in this place more than you understand—it’s called catching up with the dolphins, Hölderlin did it, and busy Hegel on horseback trying all his life to analyze why history always ends in that girl over there. No names, please. All mind is a coming to love. Only we must not use that word here now, words have to be frictive, raw, undocumented, smelling of their journey. By night, stifled or frozen, émigrés from somewhere even crueler or less meaningful than here. There. When all the oil is gone we’ll burn the air.

He said. Or someone did. Or no voice yet has been willing to agree with even the smallest river. Sunrise irritates like a bad movie. Yank the lovelife back from your vocabulary, yank the words back from their neighborly weariness. Who knows what will happen inside a word left out all night while the heart finally sleeps off its villainy and the light changes? All of these in quotes of course. Leaving things alone out loud he called the little book he meant to write and set aside.
Or if I remembered the openings
how many forests would I find inside
with animal men inside them
and inside them what’s inside me

till everything that I beheld gave out
the same unending shriek
and there was no silence anywhere
in skin or bone or sky.

19 June 2008
Cuttyhunk
Willow. In whose shade
relief of pain. Willow.
Whose leaflets trail
in the common stream.

Who floods with color early.
Who is uncommonly now.
Go on listening for the clash
of cymbals – as if music

ever needed sound. Willow.
Not even sound. Not something
to be seen apart but something
is. In shade or stream,

the pain of music stilled.
The sound released from music,
sound released from sounds.
A refutation of the pain.

19 June 2008
Cuttyhunk