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THE TRUE HISTORY

and the furthest island

every god has a dream to link
mainland with far island

and every people is or has a god.

Archipelagoes abound.

25 May 2006

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Why does only this answer me
when I put on my car and the
coat is full of snow
and the cat bites me?

They do. The cat's coat is brown,
I am jealous of his attractive power
because he is also a young man
in a brown sweater by the fireplace

see, I really am doing it, I am telling
about *my* life, a simultaneous sweater
and breakage and dream.

So that the man said

all the Portugals we need,
the Pope demarking this from that,
your oldest swimsuit on the line,
the coral atoll that is no more,

the whole effing alphabet is a riddle
(o that man is in the moon again
unloader of new species, semen broker,
connoisseur of come)

and here we are,
mistook the pilot for the captain
and mistook the captain for the ship.
Emerson was born today.
Dissolve this long disease. Dream this.

25 May 2006

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

I dreamt of a cat
the cat bit me

it hid by the fire
you went to attend it

outside the music
the snow

25 V 06 / Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Does it speak louder then?
When you press the tongue
against the smooth
wood of your lover's door
and listen?

Not everyone can tell
the simple errors of our policy—
we work for the rich, they work for themselves,
they stand closer to some god, they point the way
away from our needs. Away from our delight.

Pleasure is only for them.
For us, they made this thing called 'sin'
and took everything else away.

25 May 2006

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

A pot of chives
on the deck rail
even through closed
windows hear
the sea
 touching
all round
and the channel bell.
To be at all
is to be at the center of it.

And seldom know.
By Church's Beach
the scotch broom
blossoms. Cold
morning telling me
what? Could it be
a cloth the sea weaves
a crazy shirt?
Get dressed;
the hill is still high.

26 May 2006

PERVERSE

to do battle,
the tools
at hand.

Amity. Hydrangea. Proust.
What one asks of a friend

an island. Too
soon the sentence ends.

26 May 2006

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Not by little
bones the body
stands. Small's
what makes it move.

26 V 06, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Some miracles are hard to read.
Thinking quiet morning fog
the thrill. And it matters
somewhere else one
wins or loses as if the game
created players to play it.
Mist, uniform light.
Say more. I exist only
to touch you. Skinless and unborn.

26 May 2006

Cuttyhunk

ars poetica, 26 V 06

The book's not here
I'll have to make
it up out of the air

another kind of take
on words, the breathe
them in from light

26 May 2006

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Has it made it through yet
the bird through the cloud

I learned how to ask questions
from Yeats and Duncan and Stein

a question is always worth asking
as long as you don't know the answer

so if you're really asking
the bird lands on the lilac bush in front of you.

27 May 2006

= = = = =

A red bird on a branch in the wind
holds tight, rides with the lift and twist and fall

like a man standing in a speeding motorboat
rolling with the slap and fall of wave

To ride on an element is the chiefest grace
something like rolling over in bed and being there.

27 May 2006

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

In the tunnel through the aspens one
frog declaiming. Smooth
black water either
side of overgrown path.

We try to go slow
in our quiet clothes
wild roses rip.

The ferns are still not ready,
the lilacs still aflame.
End of May. All round us
roar of an uneasy sea.

27 May 2006

Cuttyhunk

ars poetica, 28 V 06

whatever you do don't think about it
just write it down the way a whale
what does a whale do spout I suppose
or swim, just do that write it down
like swimming, like brimming your
fat lips with krill and sucking in
the devious significations of the world
letter by letter, o I'll learn you a new
alphabet that no one knew, a crisis
made of chalk and tallow, a sign
carved into a candle that lasts
when all the wax is gone, do it
write it down just like that like fire.

28 May 2006

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Now the girl is on her mower mows
her swain attends her with a scarlet can
as law demands of gasoline.
The insupportable clamor I support

like all the thoughts thinking at
once in the brain. Taking care
of the lawn and foreign policy
and war. The boy trims edges

with his special other kind of noise.
Everything sings. As poems promise.
Men can lie but words never can.
Brisk wind in up off the Sound.

The little black dog runs around.

30 May 2006

Cuttyhunk

The Young Poet and Rhyme

He feels more comfortable with it
like going for a walk in strange terrain
with your own dog at your side.
He doesn't like dogs, though

he likes the way they go
rooting out everything that tries to hide
and smelling every blessed thing.
A dog is ceaseless exploration,

rhyme's like that too, Sapir said,
heuristic, means help you to find.
Affinities between the world all round you
and your eternal mind.

2.

Good dog. Run away now.
Let the man's mind lead him
where it wants. No more
affinities, no more playing
boy and girl with the thingly
universe.

Now walk alone.

Or not alone. Your shadow
is always with you, fluid,

free, freely shaping itself
to every move of yours
and every surface it touches.

This is music. This is form
knowing the world, intimately
inward, moment by moment, true.

for Vince Lechowick on his twentieth birthday, 2 June 2006

30 May 2006