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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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<late> =======

To strike the word

as at the moment

    of a blue knife

    a traveler

comes home at last

among the streets.

28 June 2004

Boston

(written in the dark, in bed, and with an alien pen)
All through the night I wanted you in or under my hands
inscribing whatever they would in or on you
and now we’re together in the blank morning.

29 June 2004, Boston
ON THE AMERICAN MAINLAND

So many trees!
So many kinds of things.
An island has no choices.
Here it’s like driving or walking
through an encyclopedia
after spending a month in a haiku.

29 June 2004, Boston
I feel strongly that I’m not headed back but forward, to something else. 

_Nostalgia_ begins to be reserved for moments of perception or intuition one feels at once nourished by and sustained anew by recalling while at the same time hungry to revisit.

But how can a moment be revisited, it can barely be lived in while it’s there so quick it goes? The definitions of things get in the way of things. Isn’t a moment of atom of time, atomy, indivisible? The physicists and their military masters show us what happens to the world when the atom is divided. Who will show us how to _split the moment_, chronic fission?

A moment is awareness. A unit of awareness: it can be divided. Milarepa in many places in one moment, Mohammed’s topped waterjug is still spilling when he comes
back from heaven. The moment.
And when it is divided
a new kind of time will crack out,
the day of miracles and green silence.

29 June 2004
Boston
But this is not to say or not to say. And not to stay what seems to have been said. Or stay with it as long as it stays the way something stays that has been saying or has said. Memory has nothing to do with it.

29 June 2004, Boston
THE WAY NOBODY SHOWS

The legal charm of all our Tuesdays
linked by the secret judges of the open court
themselves hoodwinked like Justice
stumble through the crowded parlors of time
bruised by bronze rhinoceroses
capable of Spain. And reach today,
the furthest shore, the surf
pounding on the otherworld that starts right here.

29 June 2004, Boston
ANTIBAPTIST HYMN

Hands up, Christians! You have imposed
your won’ts on too many,
now we sentence you to live
the joyous life of all you banished,
sin strongly and endure
the swift consolations of immorality,
brief though they are and headed west
or worse. Across the river and into Thebes

where ordinary green frogs
will sing you back to life again.

29 June 2004, Boston
Whatever philosophy means (not the ‘love of wisdom,’ that would be sophophily), it should mean being smart about love.

29 June 2004,
Boston
<late, and at home> =========

Things I think are busy
marveling at themselves

and the radiant delight
of a flashlight shining on a blue jar
in a house empty for a month
or the old red maple
exuberant with dark new leaves
is what old books meant by the Glory of God.

29 June 2004
Annandale
Stymied, in Circe’s bowge

I come home from the barges bent
in the interior direction – how sails
bend the sky when the sloop heels
in the wind off Falmouth –
doesn’t have to be there, anywhere
can compose a dynamite scenario
glossy as a lipstick ad in Elle
to remember what it actually felt like
to be the sea a million years ago
and pick your denizens
out of your dream hat
and set them swimming, beaching, barking,
making books. And all of them did
what they do for you, to please the long
fingers of your dream,
the cosmic circus you put on for yourself,
that’s how I am now,
before dry land appeared and I am on it
limited in my selection of the trees.
So many trees – that’s what overwhelmed me
when I came back from the island. And now
I see all this is floating on so many seas.

30 June 2004, Annandale
THE RULES

Even kings
can’t bite mosquitoes.

30 June 2004
But what if I weren’t here at all

and a spider, and who would be
and the wind outside, so tame, so land,
would have eternity to figure out
what piece if any is missing from the puzzle.
But who wants to spend eternity
figuring this small world out?
The capacity for bemusement
is severely limited
among the animals we are.

30 June 2004