

7-2001

JulA2001

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "JulA2001" (2001). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 1046.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/1046

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.

Always more to be said.
Who says? Always
some smartass question
it takes the whole world to answer.

1 July 2001

GNOMON

Can this open a door can it sing
where *sing* is to *speak* as *garnet* is to *red*
and the fucking opera is always waiting to be said?

1 July 2001

BERLIN

for my friend

The angel erect among the creative derricks
lifting the new city out of somebody's brain

and the angel is golden
as the past always is

a flower that grows nowhere but the mind.

1 July 2001

WARNING

And even your losses can be found
and what is just lost also can wither and be gone.

1 July 2001

AMORETTI

[]

In the shadow of a bush
a dark earth riddled with tunnels
everything carving reflections of the light

and it really is a matter of what we remember

am I little lead soldiers racing down these grooves
trenches furrows caverns casemates, tell me
all the words you know for getting in and staying

2 July 2001

but what were they
late at night
the thing inside the day lilies
that made some of them still stay open
but made the street light flicker and go out

this is a Baltic question a remembering of someone named April
someone named Ellen the way two or three names together
are just a flicker of vowel sounds and what do I know

nothing, it's lost in the lilies,
I saw the water and it saw me and is that enough of a story

Can that be my bible and you believe?

3 July 2001
late

People came and did their work
and I am all denial.

You hear the ballad underneath the rubble,
the awesome traprock of my fraudulent earth

built on the girders of a better.

I mean we dream this planet wrong.

It is famous how before Petrarch westerners
did not know how to look at mountains
though Chinese ones always knew
or forests.

I say we see earth wrong.

I say we need to know earth new

what you see is what you get
and we have gotten hell where
rocks meant only heaven,

desert of the Dasht-i-Lut.

3 July 2001

The only time I know what's coming
is when I've just been and the place
I was forgets me and a blue stone

Some say sapphire others opal
but a strange one more water
than stone more fire than water

blue flame and the cave in oxygen.
Ibn Arabi. All I am is breath you know

breath runs the hands the tubes of touch
the wings that carry me step by step

into the confusion of how we live
arthritic angels on a willful earth.

4 July 2001

LAPSUS

Fleurs, flares? My life
a long mishearing.

Habit of the lapse, the fortunate
let fall, the slip

that is the tongue
a sweet wet sign

virgin speaking in the dark.

2.
it is so far that they have come
to be so little a thing as me

all the masters, all the angels
of the interior the gold

beating Casanovas the pale
wrested Beethovens to be me

what a futile destination for their art
yet I can walk on that meadow with them

the grass of things
allows me in that company

sundappled maybe
a few steps behind

3.
if two friends have fathers of different
ages the ages of the friends — no matter

their own ages — are the same number
of years apart as the fathers. Because the word

of the father that evil
engine is what allows us to be.

4.
birth trauma of I thought so many
sparrows in what I was thinking

so many blades of grass between
the museum and the museum

I clutched my knees to my chest
and sat on the grass and studied

up at the old Empress so poised
her body between the museums

birds rode her the vague sun
was pale on my wrists

I was a little girl in love with nada.
Dada. To be free.

5.
Grazier tribe that stalwart oxherd
traveling man with corny music

I was there when they invented bagpipes
radio when porcelain first broke

I was a golden adder striped across the road
a little girl must have picked me up

how cool her hands made me
as I lay about her wrists

6.

I think it is a sunshine
after all a pronoun a naked word

impossible to say out loud
I was salt bird droppings serenade

I knew the name for it
Assume nothing said the oak tree

that made my door
no one is entitled to say prayers

7.

the stresses of the afterlife
distract the blessed from the damned

demand *la part maudite* the brave
librarian delivered in the stacks

because love is the animal of memory
and Eros arises arsis

of the rhythmic wave a Greek
sailor *sympa* never soon *siesta* leaps.

8.

I would have been green
grown to this coast of broken eggs

the lapwing trails its feather tips
twirling wounded to lure us off

apotrope the hope of summer
someone not finding where she nests

we watched her seaside vaudeville
how many thousand years she's tricked us

city after city and all the while
the little birds were hidden at our feet

9.

because we fly. Sky rangers.
Arrangers. I can't be sure

if I'm the same large or little one I was before
if before really happened and isn't just

the shadow of now fallen on your shoulder
spilling down the graceful plummet of your back.

10.

a door a
destiny. A door a thickness

of necessity, an event
without vent, issue without

coming out. Show me
the little thing inside you you call me.

5 July 2001

A day's a piece of color in the night.
Galaxies trotting by. A cloud opens
And is a road to show the Pleiades.
Count them. They will be other
When you come again. A white
Woman standing at an open door.

(found from months back)
— 5 July 2001

And how are we to live in the world?
That was the sentimental way
With the soft skin of your anxieties
Soothing my desire, cheek by cheek,
The oil of answering, the whole story
Yields to the simplicity of touch.
That's what my body wants to believe.
And what do you believe? Are we
In the world together? Or do we talk
Only to one another's shadow? Who
Do you see from those astonished eyes?

(from months ago)
— 5 July 2001

NEWS OF THE DAY

All of it on its way to
and the sun gives way

form enacts

the shape conceived
and held in mind
begins to function

Golem is between the eyes
held firmly in Rabbi's gaze

function follows form

*

you sent a petal
a sign to show the way

a petal's a wind tongue
watch it sift along my tabletop
to see what the world says.

6 July 2001

Are you listening when I hear?
Are you walking when I move?

Stand, stand,
Be the old Lutheran by the Spree
Painting the blue bridge blue again

Be my bright brass.

6 July 2001

all you really need is a river
and the rest will come

a name a lover a bird
to settle down on the roof of the
house that will swallow you both

6 July 2001

But did people fall in love before photography
really fall in love, gasp-gaze at the image
cream at the cherished sight of, how could they,

to be so without? Now is there anywhere
to put them, these faces
we carry so long in our hearts
that we forget them?

What happens is that the face
is washed over and over and over in the heart's chambers
until it's worn away and all that's left
is the intensity of feeling, the feel of a face,
your identity dissolved in my blood.

7 July 2001

but because of the way the haunch of the rock is raised
the wind got its fingers in under it and lifted
a few thousand years till the sand was gone and rock
ground against rock like an arthritic knee bone against bone

wind fist deep in what happened happens

but the rock made sense of how it felt
the worn away became the word it let slip
I try to sleep I hear those words telling me constantly what to do

7 July 2001

trying all along to hold the light against the temperature
to make the day the accurate the fertile when one says
o fons Bandusiae and supposes even Horace had it
never better than this the cloud the sheep of the sky the god
favoring the inner lightning from the heart to the hand

and you say this. This again. And this. And all these sounds
have perished into signs and all these signs are perishing
even as we speak into what you understand. You. It's your fault
that poems mean. It's your fault that language specifies.

7 July 2001