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remarkable how little I have to say to you  
yet I keep calling tree tree listen to me  
like a little girl playing a game play with me

which one of us is me which one is you  
the rope you skip so well never moves  
never hoops up around the light or falls  
you have to move faster and faster  
to keep up with a motionless thing

the woodpecker is laughing at us  
so early we came out into his morning  
and what do we bring for him  
everything for us a ball and a scepter  
a girl who knows how to gypsy  
and a word you never will say out loud

but we think it all the time all the time.

17 July 2005

=====

I am such a conventional person  
I dislike pain and enjoy pleasure  
I come inside in very cold weather  
and stay out of the noonday sun

I am such a conventional person  
I answer more letters than I get  
but get more letters than I answer  
as a writer I have to eat through my skin

but shit through my mouth, I smile  
at trees and condescend to roses  
I am such a conventional person  
I like money and dislike danger

I hate gambling and tempting fate  
I love the feel of water anywhere  
or on my cheek beside the ear  
the breath of somebody I love

I am such a conventional person

I love the ones I love and forget

the phone numbers of those I don't

I make a sandwich often by arranging

something tasty between two slices of bread.

21 July 2005

FAITH IN LOOKING in the face in me  
spiral catwalk  
to the horsefield bridge  
where Those People keep  
coming from my hands.

22 July 2005

TOMORROWGATE a bluster  
to be in love with your time  
all stories are one gold ring  
she lets fall into the shallowest  
pool.

22 July 2005

FRIDAY minerval

the minstrelsy

kid compulsion night car

they call my name

from blue spruce from unpine

the death ship sets out.

22 July 2005



NEVER ANYTHING again

no explanation

blue frost on mind ledge

this summer day

I have caught a case of weather

and the drowned book come wash

legible back in any wave

now no one can not read.

22 July 2005

WRITING BETWEEN words

child school notebook

mind out the window

away from the jabber room

the loom of silence

that weaves her shirt

sad money of all that talk

find the windows in the words

big with morning crawl

out maybe maple free.

22 July 2005

=====

As if another master  
slipped in and lit the candle  
and then poor servant only knew it  
tomorrow morning bright sunlight  
seeing the spilt wax  
spoilng the walnut desk –  
whom do I serve?

22 July 2005

VOICES IN rock

I seldom hear

but anywhere I pass

a flower parched

for water that

I hear, its dry cry

noble clamor.

22 July 2005

## A SEQUENCE FOR FRANCIS QUARLES

The case of jury

the blond believers

the mordant doubt

the light goes out

the ivory particle

the beast enraged

the crystal bathroom

the skin gives shade

the walnut on the counter

the uncut book

the sinister appetite

the bicycle topples over

the ring on her finger

the spider on his wrist

the appalling certitude

the church burns down

the ordinary animal  
the dogfish on the beach  
the tee shirt with a maxim  
the light gives way

the forgetful bachelor  
the broken rooftop  
the feel of cat fur  
the priest goes golfing

the harpoon of the greeks  
the cookie in the tea  
they hurry to get somewhere  
the saw starts to rust

the rain of religion  
the picnic of lust  
the clawhammer in the grass  
the child is weeping

the sandpaper of philosophy  
the cordwainer of the gospel  
the sanhedrin of despair

the hen perches on the harrow

the brutal dictionary

the adirondack chair in flames

the miller's daughter

the mountain starts to worry

the sapphire principle

the maniple of trust

the rowboat full of frogs

the bank is full of smiles

the drowned migrant worker

the caste of unweavers

the charnel house struck by mortar

the manicurist sets her clock

the empty newspaper

the luminous cigar

the dusty conversation

the stripper has no more to show.

23 July 2005





= = = = =

The child's pen  
and the orpiment vein  
his young maid  
lies half-submerged  
in shallow pool

he wants breathless  
between the worlds  
half this half that  
waiting, a runner  
down the hill  
a grooved curtain rod  
down which a marble  
rolls, it is enough

Paradise is made  
of thisses. A pond  
a person an inclined  
plane. A luminous  
perpendicular.

23 July 2005

= = = = =

Where everything comes from  
is where I am.

A kind of game  
stars play with one another  
their play our weather.

I am at the intersection.  
You are too. Mean  
as a savings bank  
things persist, obedient  
to unthinking physics.

Their rules are rights  
but are not ours,  
citizen. The numbers  
cavort in darkness  
behind space.

Interest.

Accruing. Inuring.

I know there is a conspiracy,

I know who's in it.

But why have they chosen me  
for this ignorant magnificence?

23 July 2005

## SNAKEPLANT

Explain this to me –

the sanseveria Mary gave me close to 20 years ago

I put out on the new deck last summer

to give it more air and space,

then back inside for winter

and out again now.

The stripe-mottled leaves at their longest

are four feet tall.

And this year something I never saw before:

what looked at first like a weed

comes up, a tough stiff rooted scape

about to flower, it's about to flower.

So tell me, what is time.

24 July 2005

= = = = =

I will be brave and remember the world.  
It looks a little like a walnut (the king's own)  
new fallen from a tree, midsummer  
green, the husk going soft, full of light  
it looks, whirling on the lawn of space.  
I pick this one up and it's not soft at all.  
This world is one of so many. A day or two  
it will turn brown on the porch rail  
as I watch it, trying to see what's on its mind.  
What its plan is. Because everything has one.  
We are born in the middle of an immense  
conspiracy, it takes your whole life to find  
out which side you're on. I myself adhere  
to the sect of the treefall and the accident.

24 July 2005

== == ==

Say a word. Rain.

Say situation. Chokecherry

messy tree. His dog

(half wolf half akita), he'd *pay*

*money to see somebody try to take out*

his *children*, the dog *would kill him*

*in a heartbeat*. The dog.

The wolf. The remembering.

Tell a man from a wolf.

Who owns my children?

I have no children, Socrates,

am I disqualified then

from this conversation?

And do you have children too,

your son dead in battle,

do you, your daughter

married to a worm and the wind

blowing so hard through walls and windows

you think you hear music?

But what kind of music, even?

Socrates, do you have a dog?

How can we say death, death

if there is nothing after? There is

nothing after but what we say.

Awareness of awareness pure

and tell what you found  
when you weren't looking  
and it showed itself to you  
clearly so briefly through the leaves.  
We have no other business  
together, do we? Is the hibiscus  
by the roadside mauve late summer  
proof of anything? Hawk  
above your head, hairs on my thigh,  
the water low in the cistern?  
This world need to be proven,  
you must be wet at the end of it.  
In Hammerfest they met a man  
who wore a white fur cloak  
around his bare shoulders, he said  
you have come to the end of your world.

25 July 2005

## CATHODE

Catching the mornlight  
another writes my hand  
my heart was replaced by a golden heart  
I sold the gold and bought an iron one

the rust of it flames my blood  
the metal of it schemes my bones  
and there you are, flesh of me  
however you squirm

waiting across the dangerous  
oxygen of the sea for me,  
the Spanish Main, the pirate ship  
foundering in calmest weather,

the windless tedium of things unnails my timbers.

26 July 2005

= = = = =

Energy through  
waiting for you  
wanting flowers  
shadows come to life  
the sky falls  
out of a passing bird  
you give me  
one word escape.

26 July 2005