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**aprB2012**

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= = = = =

To know that I am free to be the day  
and no off sparkled merely dappled light  
do I have to shun along the way to other  
but dare immerse in the immediate

one moment maybe endlessly overt.

Off-day in the forest of on.

So turn off the minimal, only things  
usually go on too long, so what you say

slithers sideways to unclear the need  
you felt to speak it to me sideways  
sitting on the rustic rim of ordinary water  
'never say what you mean' and I complied.

But that was back when dragons were  
and priests green-kirtled skipped around the ash  
she slipped right to me and passed on either side  
an eerie feeling that I wasn't there at all

but here I am, safe from fairyland  
modestly sunlit in prosperous April  
the dint of heavy traffic just a memory  
like Moscow or a phrase from Cicero.

Have you *ever* been here? I implore you  
to study the classics: moss on xenoliths,  
the glum geometry of shale, holly's edgy leaf,  
glaciers, muddy paths and my cat's green eyes.

But I do not have a cat and that too is love.

3 April 2012

=====

The wind says something.

Open the door.

You worry about your health  
you should worry about mine—

I am all the world has  
and all it needs.

Swallow me  
as much as you can.

Then hear what I will make you say.

3 April 2012

= = = = =

As I sat wondering  
how to get oxygen  
into every body cell  
without the path of killing  
eating blood rivers  
roiling through the quiet  
body, some crows flew by,  
How to get us into the sky  
they asked, laughed at me  
the way they do, all  
you need is light and air,  
one carries the other  
into the secretest lair.  
Light and air—try it,  
stop eating and live.

3 April 2012

= = = = =

Grimy fascination  
names one by one

the body parts.

I am elbow

again. Liberty  
means doing everything

you can do.

Ability is permission.

The cloud rains  
the earth drinks in.

In other words life  
is a disease of matter

elsewise would be at ease.

Peace. But then

the sparrows came  
and we soon followed.

4 April 2012

**Call this a beginning**

an opera built of birds  
and a saint asleep  
dreaming of a piece of bread

what do you dream of  
in what part of whose body  
what did you drink for breakfast  
before tea and coffee

what was the world  
like then and to whom  
how could we have lived  
without a piece of bread

without saints and birds  
without opera and buses  
and the plinth in the square  
void of statues

I was your only hero  
and you exiled me  
into suburban gardens  
talking to birds

dreaming only of you.

4 April 2012

= = = = =

Once there was a Christian  
held a candle in the wind  
until the light went out

this is called heaven  
where there is nothing  
but numbers and the names

of colors in other  
languages, some of them  
have no word for you.

4 April 2012



= = = = =

Thousands of years  
or are they hours  
on the prow of this ship  
gouging a groove  
in the water element  
this way, to get here,  
am i here yet, have all  
the awkward hours  
added up to the grace  
of an empty shore, rocks  
plenty, and way up  
half hiding in mist  
the flush of wild roses  
also waiting to be here?

The wise man insisted  
once that Love also  
was a native of these rocks.  
And I still don't understand.

4 April 2012

## DEALING WITH THE MAUNDY

The mind at once't  
with itself the first  
time is forever.

All the water is  
out of the well  
and poured out  
round us as another

(we are molecules  
of each other—*corpus*  
*mysticum Christi*—  
betrayed today—the door  
is always open  
but the doorway's in shadow—)

(the suspension of words  
is part of the inside you)  
(like a bridge you carry with you  
—cardoor slam the song  
of morning—or a hand)

the point is the actual is evidence enough  
(when I saw the three-day-dead body of my friend  
there must be something that is not this—

someone merely absent—on his own  
occasion elsewhere arising—the nonsense  
that makes sense)

so watch  
everything think nothing.

5 April 2012

=====

She breathed a virgin air  
 (leather holds wood to the wall)  
 back of your mind a tune you dare sing  
 (wrapping objects was fashionable  
 art in those days—she unwrapped it  
 she split the wood and found the floor  
 she stood upright and shouted down the night  
 she split the stick) a nail is near  
 (inefficient geometry of living  
 systems death is a mathematical mistake)  
 (no dogs allowed) she kissed the wall  
 rub against the wall the wall  
 knows all (she was listening)  
 (I am my own father I have no mother)  
 that is how she knew it was different from her  
 and she could work with it  
 (I am different from wood but not very different  
 we feel different things  
*pain is not part of the process*)  
 she could nail it together  
 (love you for your lumber) remember  
 radio remember when we had to see  
 with our ears (you can do it) (you are sound  
 yourself) (you ate the air) dark  
 in the dark (dark feel of meaning)

bright fingertips of wood (*cantus rerum*  
the song of things) listen (and then  
she slapped the leather on her wood  
and nailed the light to the other side of color  
and the wall laughed (the wall  
is always laughing listen if you don't believe)

she broke a flower and found a friend  
(always too busy to say more)  
(clarity is frightening sometimes)  
identity usually hurts  
(when never then ever)  
in Hawaii they have no vacations  
(all this is just a framework for it)  
(inside the parentheses really outside)  
(agile as a monkey) we were once  
(remember when you!) move faster than wood.

5 April 2012

= = = = =

It does not speak  
to say desire  
but to listen.

Claudia in a cloud  
her sweater taut  
the neck unwashed

and broadloom everywhere.  
I could have been a madman  
but had the wrong metabolism

some people are just stuck  
with being sane  
so she rattled on in Italian

on her cellphone and I  
was helpless in admiration  
her body and her mind

so tightly taut together  
it was like watching a river  
or a rock rolling downhill

she *was* the world and let me watch

so desire has no part in this

the mind just pays attention

to what is so simply there.

5 April 2012

=====

*Be natural...*

—R.C.

Wave your fingers  
and be the sun  
love me if you can  
if you can love me  
you can love everyone

the trees thanks to you  
are stirring with  
what will be color  
now still just  
a mistiness  
around their lips

shine up at them  
while the sun shines down  
we'll make a world  
of this before we're done.

6 April 2012



= = = =

A word with no meaning spits in God's face.

It is Good Friday and we deem  
ourselves lordly of language. But kneel  
at the foot of the word, the word  
dies into you and gives you life.

Do not mock the word  
crucified for you in human speech.

It has to happen, the word  
is spoken for you, it speaks  
to set us free from the dismal  
tomb of the unspoken, the mere  
yearning, the sullen fear.

The word steps out of the tomb.

Adore the literal,  
cling to the hem of its robe  
and be taken to heaven,  
this place, this lasting answer.

6 April 2012

= = = = =

I'm your shut-in pen-pal  
a century ago the radio  
was made for such as us  
I am your pen sometimes  
and sometimes you are my  
pal or even my lap or even  
the open door that shuts me in  
you open up again and let me  
really in, you are my pen,  
I write into your lap, we pal  
around in cyberspace and never  
meet except the way the sun  
and the moon meet, constantly  
and never, crossings,  
crossings, wedding at a distance,  
scald of moonlight, ice of the sun.

6 April 2012

## GETTING THERE

*for Michael Ives*

Whom had I followed  
or would have seen  
a mustang prancing in Montana  
a meadow I never?

No one will ever get there  
the kodachrome flowers  
are old as magazines  
the books we read

full of the truth  
time turns into lies  
and the shattered grammar  
of the middle class

we scoop the dust of  
the sanguine dirt  
to heap a little mound up  
a man could stand on

to see six inches further  
over that unspeakable prairie  
runs from Vienna to the Ohio  
with only a stupid ocean in between

in friendship see you  
standing there at last  
the dream place dimly  
the flowers that smell like cigars

or what is the geometry  
of that geography  
how much further does  
the eye reach

over the ultimately flat  
puszta savannah steppes  
noetic grasslands of America  
how many miles ahead

for each inch of elevation  
we are preposterous  
because we love so much  
and hope so hard

the orchestra is broken  
only the uplifted hand  
can fix it by falling  
as we by failing

write the new history of this world.

4/6 April 2012

## GOOD FRIDAY 2012

To relieve the grief of the day  
the Other Music happens

a star broken on an anvil  
and the great cold devil spits on the steel

the carbon turns into diamond  
you know how it does

you know about these things  
they happen under her skirt

and the cross to begin with is wood.

2. I asked you to study the lines in wood  
to see if any of them led to me

whoever I am  
in this particular story

more like no one  
an absence that loves you

from far away and with very cold hands.

6 April 2012