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4.  
So changes are needed,  
hello—  
    a house  
is what someone else must live in.  
You're in the open, weird wind,  
forest murmurs, wendigo.  
You scare me, mirror,  
with your tendency to lie.  
Hello yourself, impertinent  
means not touching  
the matter at hand.  
In hands. The hope  
of heaven, pillow conversation,  
under the heavy quilt the whole truth.

5.  
Of course in pieces—  
nothing is whole.  
    Hear  
you raving and rave myself.  
Taut metal strings,  
cheap guitar  
tossed on the capfire,  
how it sings.

6.  
That's me, he confessed,

I'm always like that,  
I see and remember  
and slide my way  
into people's sleep.

Hence the edge,  
the serrated vocabulary,  
the trace of blood  
on the rim of what I say.

I confessed too.

I am guilty of you.

7.  
Warm up the space  
the ink will follow.

*swallow, swallow*  
said the poem  
long ago, taught me to stand under  
the weight of what we know  
and groan my own confession,  
profession,  
a rubbler with desires.  
scant savvy.

a taste for morning  
and for saying 'you'  
to everything he knows.

8.  
Of course personalize.  
What else are things for?

Mercury taught me this  
before I knew to call him Hermes,  
he stood naked on the phonebook  
ensnaked wit cables and lightning flash  
and said You can say everything  
and then he said a different thing,  
Everything everything can be said.

9.  
By this point the girl  
was tired of listening to me,  
she liked language that was dialogic  
and who can blame her,  
there are only two of anything.

10.  
*lissomaisi* the poem said then  
the other one, another  
language you pretend you slept with  
and always woke alone.

11.  
I used to walk more in the woods  
but the roots are tricky now



But she'll like the colors anyhow,  
like being in a church at twilight  
stained-glass colors all over her skin.

15.  
Waiting is the same song ever,  
no matter who.  
It's always raining, always cold  
always thirsty, always hot.  
Turn the petcock, let the coolant out—  
soon enough the engine seizes.  
Then you wake again  
with your own thoughts  
for once in your head  
and no one to think them but you.

5 April 2014

= = = = =

Empirically implausible  
alchemistically necessary  
intercourse by inspection alone

::

In ancient time  
before we were only we  
we propagated  
fully and lightly  
by looking at one another  
we made a child be born  
a full-grown other

Later it is said  
it was no longer enough  
(what had happened  
to would be us?)  
not enough to look  
you in the eye—  
we had to smile  
and from that archaic gleam  
(we still possess it,  
don't know how to use)  
the stranger came,  
our child was born.

And later still one had to fall

out of the world of light and meaning  
into the tougher regimen of space—  
we had to touch

finger tip to finger tip

to make a child  
by willed contact alone.

Now in this mixed time  
in desperate muscularity  
we strive to propagate  
by clutch and clench and intromit,  
and shove a cloud inside a continent  
full of interspecies violence  
where children are born howling  
with their mothers' pain.

::

We have to begin again.  
Align the hands, the smiles, the eyes  
into pure reality again

so it will make itself in us  
as us.

::

So when all this had been sermon'd up out loud  
came a woman along to me  
leading a big black horse by its reins.  
This is for you, she said, because  
you remember what you were told  
long ago when this lesson began.

She handed me the reins  
and no sooner had the leather  
touched my fingers that I knew,  
know, how to handle this being,  
I know whete to pasture him  
and maybe someday soon he'll  
tell me who's meant to ride him.  
For I myself am done with animal.

6 April 2014  
(begun in, as, dream)

=====

And martyr's-breath  
that noisome flower  
uproots us from the world—

but set authority against authority  
and slip out from in between  
free from all your tired convictions

Blake's infantile rage against the Father God  
was the outcry of the victim Son  
to whom the Holy Ghost the comforter was slow to come

but came and came and came again.

6 April 2014

## LIEBESLIED

That instant bond  
I felt in us—  
or was it just your smile?

If I were Byron  
I would ponder this  
for six cantos full

of racy anecdotes  
sly tendresses  
and sheer speculation

with a last song near the end  
might make you cry  
and maybe even me.

6 April 2014

====

Blue sky drives  
on the wrong side of the  
road this must be  
April and lilac soon—

there is a little wooden  
bench in lilac land  
fortunes are told there  
and poems understood

sky and flowers soon to come  
the press of slatted  
wood against the flesh—  
words are pure analyses

desperate as we sink in stuff.

6 April 2014

= = = =

Who I am  
nobody knows  
nobody needs to know

but from the *love-cress*  
*round her delve*  
dream says they'll come

a perfect monument  
to me, perfect  
likeness of everyone,

the new-born child.

7 April 2014

## HEMERODICY

Hope such a small thing as this  
serves to justify the day.  
To make it worth its while  
to come and come again tomorrow.

7 April 2014

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Car rolls by slowly  
ominous. Drive-by  
shooting. Funeral  
but bwhose?  
Real estate developers  
looking rhoughtful  
at my house. Go  
fast if you must go past.  
Lingering is purgatory.

7 April 2014

=====

Get something going  
and be gone. Different  
alphabets, different  
measures. How sly  
to be Georgian or Thai,  
read newspapers nobody  
else can understand!  
And still be under the same  
sun, same moon, , same  
animal inside that runs  
the show, queen of savvy,  
the four-lettered heart.

7 April 2014

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Envy me antiquity.  
I saw China before the wall  
they built to keep me out.  
and Egypt was a broad lagoon,  
Stonehenge a field of April rye.  
I was there a day after the world  
and still don't know if I made it  
or it made me. But all the stuff  
you ever saw or heard about  
is no news to me. I laid my head  
on Cleopatra's knee, walked  
with Solomon through his House  
of Four Thousand Wives and he  
touched none of them and I  
touched few. There was  
a sorrow in the world back then  
that you forget, we built  
such hills of stone to hold our  
hope in place. But stand some night  
beside the Pyramids and you'll hear  
the soft moan you think is just the wind—  
the lament we chant for all we haven't done,  
all the slaves we still have not set free.

7 April 2014

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Examination comes too last  
for some of Ireland's woodcocks

who tumble eerie from the cloud  
ever grey-low over Erigal

where erst I learnt to single.

7 April 2014

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We lose things or  
it is the nature of  
things to be lost

sometimes we get  
lost too, people into cars,  
cars drive into woods,

predicaments unfold  
like lightning from blue sky  
astonishing the priests

their business is to know  
the sky and everything below  
everything that comes down.

But all I need's a tablet  
of beechwood to write on  
and a few hundred words

from a language nobody knows.

7 April 2014, Kingston