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Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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*for Claire Woolner*

Try inside out more.

There is a sea that says.

Around island water.

Around water what?

She built a continent

rafts and flowers

jagged cathedrals

floated like a turtle

shell gives sound when

string gets plucked

stretched taut a tone

deep in the orchestra of signs

a dozen houses make

a town a wooden floor

makes a nation *the*

*continuity of material*

matters a world to be.

10 April 2011

= = = = =

Everything a person builds  
replicates the self of the builder.  
What else can the builder know?

We call artists those who have glimpsed  
a little bit of who they really are  
beneath the accidents of biography

and built out of scrape or sigh or lumber  
some sign of what they saw.  
Each glimpse enough us to go on.

10 April 2011

= = = = =

To be delivered from the nightmare  
and its gasping after, when the blank boudoir  
wracks the eyes that want above all  
something real and commonplace. No dawn.

And the real is all illusion anyhow  
but right now it would be a comfort  
il faut chaser un irréel par un autre  
keep breathing and the light will come

it's as if I made it up inside me.

10/11 April 2011

= = = = =

The strong touch of the wrong hand  
slays me.

The landscape broke  
around me. The innocent highway  
led to angry hells. An empty room  
can be like a god.

I don't have to  
say anymore, but if I do  
it will come forward through the trees.

It is true: white men never dream of trees  
so I must be waking.

The man with the camera  
signals me to start breathing.

10/11 April 2011

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This time I'll look at no picture  
I will remember them all, the images  
I have let into my house—

thousand eyes of all the faces I let in,  
welcomed even, and now they look at me,  
all of them, and won't let me see

a new thing, something that happens to be there.  
Old images just dance around,  
tiresome variations, like Czerny exercises

for the keyboard of the mind.  
Variations without difference  
without getting anywhere. The new tune.

10/11 April 2011

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Things done in the dark  
are self-creation,  
fishbones for Leviathan to gnaw on,  
skyscrapers to scratch letters on the sky,  
what else could we have had in mind?

Did we want miracles?  
Wasn't a road enough, the Roman road  
down Woods Road by Tivoli  
all the way to Santiago?  
A road is anything the sun shines on—

we have to be ready on it,  
a brain is a car now  
that once had been a kind of house  
we lived in so long,  
and never till the end will the brain be a river.

10/11 April 2011

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Have to be waiting.  
more is brittle.

Dante's peasant worried by hoar-frost  
blesses the sun.

Or does he pray to it?  
Who listens when we speak?

Who speaks?  
And who in language is speaking?

Blessed compromise, a word  
between speaker and hearer—

listen to him talk, he doesn't  
mean what he's asking for.

All we can want is each other.

2.

But that is called thinking.  
Water the flowers, don't forget the moss.



Get out of town as soon as we can,  
I don't want to live without a mountain.

Sad nationalities, when your identity  
is something from outside,

a trick of language or of law  
why weren't you born into your own body

and not into some book?

Are we not brothers? No. No family matters.

11 April 2011

=====

Matsuke Ito has lived a month in a shelter  
after the overwhelming tsunami.

She sits outside and smokes a cigarette.

So many aftershocks. A big one  
a few hours back. She is sixty-four.

She smokes and says “the world  
feels strange now. Even the way  
the clouds are moving isn’t right.”

11 April 2011

= = = = =

And here the daffodils have risen.  
75 degrees on the Rail Trail  
it's spring at last  
finger itchy where someone bit  
the road over Winchell Mountain  
hits 1200 feet  
all these measurements  
the numbers live in us.  
Clouds coming our way, lusty winds.

11 April 2011

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As if the day were done already  
fold up the light  
and bring to mind.  
Those people out there are flowers.

Spring has walked in, it might  
be for the first time. How  
can so porous a thing as I am  
ever be sure? All I know

is some of their names: blue,  
yellow, waving, prostrate.  
It seems impossible all this  
has come up out of the ground—

is that the way things work here,  
the dust breathes in, the dirt  
breathes out and there they are?

How do they fit you and me  
into the story? From what invisible  
nurture do we stumble our way here?

12 April 2011

=====

Serenity is an illusion of attention.  
Ceaseless nattering, mutterings, adjustments  
convulsions going on. Serenity  
comes from 'evening' comes from 'late.'  
But we are early mostly, busy  
stormclouds over an invisible sea.

12 April 2011

= = = = =

The tiny milling round the edge of coins  
not on pennies pitch  
the pennies in the crucible  
their copper alloy fuses to  
homeopathic metallurgy—  
this molten mass means money.  
A charm made from it brings the sunshine down.

12 April 2011

= = = = =

How many leaves of sky are left?  
Brick question tossed into shadows.

Far away a beige mesa arches.  
Krazy Kat is near to me  
a brick rests on the desert floor

What is evidence?  
In the court of someone saw  
the tribunal of someone heard  
in the rustling of the night outside  
a word or was he dreaming?

Dream. The psyche  
taking revenge on the mind.

It hurts  
to think.

Leave me in the dark alone,  
how many miracles it took to be here.

12 April 2011

= = = = =

The woes are not what we know  
they are the songs those deep ones drone  
gaudy dozy beneath Sargasso heave  
anxious to come back and flirt with us

because we have minds, and they have none,  
only the sacred satan inclination, Impulse,  
mother of the bleeding world. Anybody  
can hear them when you hear the sea.

12 April 2011



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With morning eyes  
to see again

This is called blue

This movement of the air  
is called wild geese overhead

slowly arranging  
names and things together  
as if they belonged

or they were mine.

13 April 2011

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Have I been here long enough to be here.

The grass is growing.

A woodchuck is eating.

The east is red.

A large sparrow lands on a chunk of wax.

Things have sizes before they have names.

Lilies are withering in the blue vase.

The woman by the well was given a full answer.

The woman by the well knows the truth.

A woman by the well haunts my dreams.

The sky is pale mazy in the sun in cloud,

I am trying to tell you all I know.

We can only answer one moment by another.

Ordinary mind.

We can only be quiet.

Bird behavior characterizes springtime.

Noise of distant machinery.

I claim nothing.

None of this may be as I think it is.

None of it may be machinery.

It may not have been a sparrow.

The size.

The wax is paraffin.

I can't read Arabic.

Suddenly the woodchuck scampers to shelter under the deck—why?

All dream long I was asking why.

Could she be afraid of flowers when they walk in the wind.

Sun is working though.

I am trying to tell the light something.

I want to pick the color off the flower and bring it to my eyes.

Blue.

Blue flowers are rare.

The eye's receptors for blue are few.

Maybe five per cent of the total.

Otherwise blue would obliterate all the other colors.

The sky.

I wouldn't mind.

Could you die of blue?

I think it heals.

I think a blue light can actually make love.

Do I think that or did I hear that?

All this isn't even evidence.

Long-beaked birds live by lakes and seas.

A heron flies overhead towards the east.

I am puzzled by the color of flamingos.

A truck is backing up.

The weathered look of the sapling fence pleases me.

Quiet emotional transfers occur between objects and persons.

'Affect' is sometimes used to sneer at feeling.

How long does it take anything?

Now the sun is frankly shining.

What should I do, no shelter.

I love whatever happens by itself.

People call that Nature but I wonder why it's called anything.

There is no it.

I have a taste for the unnatural.

When you're lying down you are a landscape.

But you aren't land.

You only look like land and mountains far away.

This is a report from is.

Or seems.

But to do nothing is the hardest thing of all.

It keeps happening no matter what.

All matter, all matters.

Was the woodchuck frightened of me?

I don't think I even moved.

Morning is what scared him.

Morning is dangerous.

The truck beeps as it backs up warning us.

Messiah comes once every day we turn away.

I don't really know much about it.

It's just something I say.

14 April 2011