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**Some words of it
falling through the sky**

who broke the light?

After rain a little mist

**Sometimes the energy that makes you speak
and sets the words in order spills
so urgently we can't hear what is said.**

**I have written a book of blurbs
praising the world
overstating the case but not my love for it.**

**Running is a road
being there is nowhere.**

10 April 2013

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**Be friendly or falter —
this light is dim
a turbulence within
or more precisely a quiet
where there shouldn't be.
Or at least has never been.
A stillness in me
as if an engine
had finally stopped.**

10 April 2013

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Why does the mind have toes?

**How strange the fit,
that mind in this body.**

10.iv.13

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**Is it possible that time,
old ordinary time,
public time, clock time,
is really our dearest friend,
protects us from
the infinite timelessness
of mental experience?**

10 April 2013

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The celebration always wants to begin.

There is truth

and there are duties,

there is even sometimes beauty,

iridescent in the Afghan air.

10 April 2013

EPITAPH

Little by little

the letters darken in the stone

children start to have memories

and then there's no stopping them

we need the symbol that is already

engraved in everybody's heart

lungs thorax thymus fingertips

stare into your cupped hands and remember.

10 April 2013

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**And then can we say another crime
a strumous ichor on the bathtub
left from what fierce engagement
love on love until the window breaks?**

10 April 2013

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**Look at this young month
how like a mouth it is
coming to speak**

**it talks to me in green
after yesterday's orderly rain
it comes to me and says**

**however old you are this is now,
the same now you always had
endlessly different.**

11 April 2013

Third Lunar Month

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**The portion of the day
reserved for nothing
is a glass of wine
tastes of clarity alone
like a clean window
on a rainy day. Day again
heart full of habit,
let me thrill you
with my infancy, cry
of a child, headache
of a man, lightbulb
burns out with a little pop
in the dark room
it's broad daylight.
This is what I mean,
a tool held lightly
the nimble air
frightened of our breathing
escapes. Joggers pant
beside the highway
someday some god
will give them wings.**

11 April 2013

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**Is this how it serves
its master? Blank page
panting for ink?
All of you have been
so good to me,
so many words
so many roads.**

11 April 2013

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**It's not saying goodbye,
it is here for us,
it is a synagogue**

**standing empty
in a part of the city
most Jews have left**

**quiet building
full of light and dust,
the last answers of God.**

11 April 2013

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**Always being reminded.
As a tree holds your hand
in the most innocent dream,
rabbits and so on, just so
the cloud veils the shocking blue sky,
that single blue word
that rules our lives.**

**Death signs: you see
dead people plainly,
they smile at you
but speak a foreign language now
more like the sound of horses
drowsing in their hayey stalls.**

11 April 2013

DANTE YOUNG

The gloss of rain

my manuscript

parchment scraped

in the infancy of weather

waiting

for the great themes to appear

declare themselves

like sunrise through winter trees

notions that perplex us to this day

are meant to make us doubt

the hill the daffodil the rabbit and the rain,

the devil is philosophy

the word that says

only this word is true

and all the other ways are wrong.

The devil is always duplicity, the sly immortal dualist.

A child studies his own hands

wet now from what he handled,

a wet book, a thought of leaves

not yet tonguing from their branches,

now the scrap of paper falls from his hands
in the book of the words said
and then the words *is written*
and then the words and their paper
floated on the little pool
of rainwater by his feet,

one pool leads to another, rivulet, river
all the way through the weary
mesentery of the years,
the folds and promises of how we live,
how we try to remember, praise her,
harsh spring, frogs burping in the water meadows.

2.

So this is the grand theme
your mouth open
measuring out meaningful praise,

praise the sun and praise the rain,
traveler's caravan, sultan's tomb,
praise the stars because they are.

12 April 2013

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**Day of the bobcat, sleet
at April midnight last
or was it too slow
to be anything but snow,
the languid falling
into our space,
woodlot of the weasels
slithering in leaf fall?**

**Everything lives here,
gloss on highway in the tumult of morning—
sing away
quick from the workplace,
blond persons, sing
away from the office, brunets,
and sing away from the foundries
black hair and white hair,

everybody lost into music at last!**

12 April 2013 / *Twelve E*

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**Never mind the museum
sculpture is evident
everywhere,**

**it moves all round us:
hold it steady in your eyes,**

**up to you to hold it
fixed in beauty
in the fact of being seen.**

12 April 2013

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**Summoned by colors
the grey day declines—**

**softly softly polarize the light,
no grass so green as at this prompting,**

**shadows coming to the door
a white cat in the rain.**

12 April 2013

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**The way you wear your clothes
the way the apple flees the tree
the accidental geometries of love—**

**all these he infant knew
stumbling down blinding white sand
by an ocean blue as memory**

**and for the first time
she was gone again,
pale, receding,**

this time as a wave.

12 April 2013