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**aprE2011**

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## MEMILIES

1.

the woodshed the shop  
the sawdust the wood  
and being happy there  
the mother the bringing  
her there the wood  
smell her own hand  
sawing wood. Did  
she remember or did she  
remember remembering  
when someone said.

It is not only memory  
that is constructed. The  
world is constructed  
around us and we think.  
We think we remember  
I think I remember  
Emily telling me this.

2.

Or was it a picture on the wall  
A child at daycare. A child  
a day a camp the smell of wood  
being happy and the mother  
brought her she reached out

to her father and snuggled  
up against him because he was  
big. Her lips purse  
towards me as she describes  
her arms reach out  
to size him. Seize him.  
A memory is a kind of hand.

14 April 2011

= = = = =

Taking chances  
is a railroad  
efficient adolescent  
little river big bridge

hereless thereful, a road.

I brought her with me  
to the desert  
that's all I know

the cool of skin the stars at work

I'm not sure either of us  
wanted to be

I think I turned out to be her mother  
after sunset it's hard to be sure.

15 April 2011

**(Memories)**

3.

Was it the saw was it the wood  
and what we the wood anyway  
and what was it she saw?

a picture of her doing it  
she said and was the picture  
what she did or what they said?

because a picture makes them speak  
the old ones who remember  
what the picture remembers

in their own way different  
and they say what they saw till  
she isn't sure if it was she

or they who knew the wood  
and held the saw and smelled  
the sawn wood dust on the floor

so memories turn out to be  
like flowers on your table  
living their own life nearby

but none of them belongs to you.

15 April 2011

= = = = =

After all the waiting awake.

For sleep is tending  
someone else's sheep  
drowsing on hillsides  
in far green countries  
and dream is a wolf.

16 April 2011

=====

I don't like the way I sleep these days  
not even dreaming of you.  
If I hold you in my mind's heart  
it has to be the few  
hypnagogic moments between  
the cool pillows and oblivion.  
And there I see you.

16 April 2011



= = = = =

I see us rivering  
under the naked sky  
past some other forest  
why can't we do it here  
what is skin for?

this is the only geography

But to be awake  
is already somewhere else

I don't recognize my shadow  
the crows on my lawn  
take me for an impostor

and we all are,  
because we are not yet fully  
who we are, we wander  
into one another's life  
it seems forever, even you  
magnificent trespasser.

16 April 2011

= = = = =

Or is there more?

Barn door

horse gone

no thieves

our own hooves

the distances

call out to

even the meekest

were you up

on its back

when it ran away?

singular emptiness

now of morning—

is that music?

16 April 2011

= = = = =

Mourning doves at work,  
Dinosaurs became birds  
should make us think  
differently about dinosaurs.  
They too may have been sweet  
busy shy inquisitive.  
They too may have sung  
in those ancient springtimes.  
We all may have come from  
that monstrous song.

16 April 2011

=====

So many things waiting to be me,  
blue ensign on a pirate ship  
a wolf on tundra. The song  
is anything that comes to mind.

17 April 2011

## **SIRENS**

The wax that seals my ears  
saves from wilder melodies.  
The tunes. Tunes control the mind.

17 April 2011

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Loving like a railway car. Freight.  
Rumbling slow downriver full  
of the economic products of Big Turtle Island  
before I came to teach the Native Peoples  
the cycle of fifths. I was Pythagoras,  
laugh at me. Among the Tsalagi  
I was an alphabet. Spell with me  
a word you finally believe. In Fond  
du Lac I was a porcupine. Mess with me.

17 April 2011

## IN HORTONVILLE

a blue  
kingfisher broke the air.

Light  
is produced by the friction of bird  
wings against the wind  
acting on atmospheric nitrogen.  
That's why it gets dark  
when the birds all go to sleep.

17 April 2011

=====

It's so late now. I didn't  
start the morning till midnight.  
And now the other thing  
is ready to speak.  
Writing is just answering.

17 April 2011



= = = = =

Caught nearby, and telling—  
this is the fish yearned for  
since stories first told me.

Long! And it knows everything.  
Did I want to eat it  
or to be it? Are there more like it

anywhere in the blue world?  
She told me it was here so  
one more time I lower the net.

18 April 2011

= = = = =

Catching the word woes  
'warble' or maybe 'warp'  
they tell the throat  
of somebody else—

nothing is comedy  
till the cat starts laughing.  
Flowers droop  
from pure memory,

that fatal gas.  
'Gas' is a Dutchman  
pronouncing 'chaos'  
long ago. No form

that we can see.  
Poor us. So little  
our skin of vision,  
so much to see.

Listening is so fierce,  
an animal god knows  
what he'll hear next.  
Perception is destiny.

19 April 2011

= = = = =

We linger by the sheepfold  
counting wolves.  
None. Still none.  
And there's another none.

Nature is no horseman  
to our expectations,  
we have to go on foot  
blindfolded by desire

through the monstrous  
hereness of all things.  
Passover. We chose.  
And chose the desert.

19 April 2011

= = = = =

We do it right.

Or it does it right in us.

No error on the path—  
the path makes sure of that.

How much can the arms hold  
how far can the legs walk  
our questions are the answers,  
it is night, come to understand the light.

The dreams go on all day long  
below, they guide us,  
goad us, to a quick joining  
and a parting and a forest and again.

20 April 2011