

4-15-2012

**aprE2012**

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### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "aprE2012" (2012). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 27.  
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To wake the water

a bird's enough

the colors of umbrellas

the smelly gaudy colors of poverty

to wake the word

in someone's heart to speak

against the heartless

who make the poor

to wake the water in the heart

a word's enough maybe

to quench the torment

of identity, the claim of me

self and other disappear

in bliss

an orgasm all the time

real happiness never knows it's

happy it just is.

15 April 2012

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Partly it's the way things are,  
[artly it's the way they sell you things

in a commodity economy  
everything is commodity

they sell us water, air, landscape,  
visions, rushes, stories, glories, ideas

they sell us things to think about  
and things that trap us into thinking

Google goggles, ads imprinted on the air,  
they sell you your own mind

time itself belongs to them  
and you rent all your experience from them.

These nasty Loki thoughts  
just to make you doubt—  
pause a minute  
before you haul your wallet out.

15 April 2012

### THE FLY (3)

Does it matter who does it?

There is no one to see.

When he reaches that point  
invisibility is easy.

People think he's flown away  
but he's still right here—  
he sent his shadow flying off  
keeping only his awareness intact

so he could be with you all day long  
and he is with you now.

Once someone really speaks  
he never stops speaking.

You hear deep down his buzzing in your heart.

15 April 2012

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Sunday morning—  
people run past my house  
as if I lived, as I live,  
on an immense gameboard  
where such people play  
their minds on rules  
a thousand miles away  
from where they move.

15 April 2012

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**[SQ, the flame again]**

The sky itself becomes a stone

because we believe color

it tells us

and there is shuddering to be done

cold breeze off the river

hot night closeted with remembrance

morning could be a relief

but trees are mostly remembering

lifting soft wet memories into hard dry altitudes

monuments to the forgotten.

What's on your mind,

tall stranger?

Geometry dreams meat.

Flesh of quantum flashes

glimpses of the moon

through everlasting cloud,

And then the sky began to put out leaves  
and you and I were suddenly the same

same as what?

Nothing to be known.

Of course night is the ash of day.

Of course you always knew it.

The last light is your first kiss.

15 April 2012

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**[SQ, start of the blue one]**

Pretend they're all trees  
your friends. They distract you  
from the sky and from the ground

they come in all colors and stand around.  
They touch. They say too much,  
They mean too much with their eyes.  
They know you're looking, you can't  
look away, can only look deeper,

looking deeper is your only chance,  
deep in, not deep down—  
deep in is the way out.

15 April 2012



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I always wanted to be your friend  
but a friend is a noisy clutching  
undependability. A friend is an old car.  
A friend is an agency you never quite get.  
A friend is Portugal that spoils your Spain.  
A hand is an unknown language, an extra  
hand at the end of your arm, an awkwardness,  
wet breath in your ear, whisper you can't catch,  
milk spoiling too long out of the fridge,  
a friend is a pony-tail on a jogging girl  
cute to look at but soon gone.  
So there are dandelions on the grass instead.  
Instead of what? We'll never know.  
There are just too many kinds of weeds.  
But please try to find a use for what I am.

15 April 2012

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**[SQ, blue one cont'd]**

I talk about friends

because a friend is a lonely thing

lonely concept, these images

are lonely, they long for our eyes,

they yearn for the human presence

they so pointedly exclude,

There never were people in the world.

A human is an imaginary creature,

halfway between a friend and a unicorn—

or why does a body hurt?

What does this have to do with blue?

I've never mentioned blue,

never said the word,

even now I don't say blue.

Don't dare to. A word hurts too much.

All the pain in the body

lodges in the spoken word.

Sometimes. And sometimes it just stays

and hurts where it began.  
Where the whimper of pain  
slowly turns into a song  
and after a while we can't tell the difference.

And that is blue.

15 April 2012

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Nothing left to read

the leaves

are coming out

myopic trees

a blur of green

so far away

the cloud

still covers us.

16 April 2012

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Leave it at that.

Cabs in traffic

so much to worry about

but no time to.

Release.

You have been fired

from anxiety.

Take a breather.

Decades pass. Remember

what it was like to care.

Even now you see it

all too clearly,

the man-child with special needs

stands at the roadside

his hand stretched out

trying to stroke the passing cars.

I saw this myself.

It was my mind

the wind was blowing

so it must have been true.

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Where were they going  
when they passed by?  
A human a day  
drives the animal away.  
And in that country  
they have no word for dog.

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Marks of unison and dread  
stain the virgin's skin  
along her collarbone the jewels  
of shadow cluster,

pearls of terror, so frightening  
to be with other people  
in a crowd, all those feelings  
might be your own.

Whose fingers are they  
at the ends of your arms.  
You shiver. Somewhere inside  
it's always winter.

And there is fluttering  
in the heart organ  
as if there were someone near  
someone you once almost knew.

16 April 2012

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Because of the manumission  
I give the things around me  
to stand free, because  
Himmel-und-Erde reflect at once  
from the bottom of the sea,

because children do not understand  
the craving they feel is their own selves  
yearning to be out of this trap  
this new world with bars and no walls,  
all laws and no liberty  
except what you make up yourself

I tend to forget all this myself  
and feel sad on hot days  
when a smart breeze slips through  
the still undressed maple saplings  
and reminds me of the world

I used to live here (the soul thinks)  
I used to be part of my life.

16 April 2012, Hopson



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So many manipulations  
locked in one hand

and then the guitar starts  
to happen to my head

and where am I?  
I am made of a species

of neglect, self-doubt  
and imperial presumption--

what will become of me?  
I better do something else

before it does me  
the way the forest comes

creeping up in that play  
and sucks up all the water

from my little earth.

16 April 2012, Hopson

## WALKING IN THAILAND

We could be anywhere.

Thighland, the space

between our going

limbs, the space

between us

walks with us.

Walking is the landscape

manipulating us.

We walk along, along

whatever it's up to,

we come to a temple

shaped like the sea,

every wave gilded,

crested with golden going

and the chants being prayed

are all done by seagulls

and we hear.

Walking is hearing.

Space is walking all over us,

meadows and rice fields

float under us, you look  
down and think you see  
a dragon inked in along  
the inner surface of my arm.

It is not there  
but it ripples like the real thing,  
swarms around the air,  
surrounds us, lifts us.

It happens every time we reach out.  
Sometimes you take my hand  
knowing how easy it is for me to get lost.

But I am lost already.  
Maybe we have come too far  
to turn back now. The land  
won't let us go.

16 April 2012