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Count wait change
words that begin me
why? Have no numbers.

Everything is happening
already all the time.
Things try to become

themselves, succeed,
falter, unbecome.

Something is always waiting

counting the minutes
to change me into another.
And the sky is waiting too.

20 April 2011

= = = = =

Ending is an atrocious art,
a filter that keeps the actual away.
Any ending spoils the beginning,
that hush or guess or sharp
intake of breath. So many words!
Lost in them, we live the middle,
we grow from the midpoint out.

20 April 2011

= = = = =

Not many miles for walking.
Mute. The sung
material struggles with the thought
stuff. Image silences song.

How far the trees are
though I can touch them as I pass.
Shade. A beautiful March
day at the end of April, this.

At last. Our love affair
with weather. It happens,
therefore it must mean.
Let them fight it out. Who?

The ones who hid themselves
from me from the beginning.
They are here now, I feel them
just beyond what I can touch.

Always they have been there,
they are *the known the knowers know*.
Feel but not touch. Far off
as if someone drumming in the woods.

21 April 2011

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Turn over the rock
with caution.

And the orchid also
is inhabited.

Use the hard way,
be gentle to it.
Rock unpacked
will give you water.

Moses struck it
with a shaft of sunlight,
no further chemistry
apply. Fire next time.

21 April 2011

MORNING, MORWENING

If you let the mind rest a while
the words seep back in

miracle it seems
of so much to say to so few

don't bother listening to me
I'm the one who has to listen

look, I am doing it now.

21 April 2011

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I am using you
because you are the earth
and I know nothing else

I am what you left here
to learn the Lydian
word for wheat

the distance between coal
and cold, the cry's
meaning when a crow.

2.

Who knows how
well we do.
Something tells

but doesn't tell me,
the quiet rhythm
disguised as morning,

some aspiration every
one be happy
the other side of pain—

is that where the bird
calls from,
the uncomplaining actual?

22 April 2011

SHELTER

Time to be everyone again
and lift the branch
to catch the sky
on its way down

and so we stand
in a forest of air.
In the desert a voice
is the only tree.

22 April 2011

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Casting about for a stone
to cast at the mirror
that impostor that accuser
who tells the same lie
to every applicant,
the lie we learn to live.

22 April 2011

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Later all the ink
will sink into the paper
and leave us no wiser

but stuck with a sudden
happiness we seem
to share with

matter itself our mother.

22 April 2011

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Termagant intrigue faltering kids slop deck.
 Deceive. He meant the other side. Secaucus
 in wartime stench of pig. Memory is smell.
 The mean woman nibbles porcelain severe
 little finger diamond ring Italian speak go fast.
 Because a street is nobly slow. Whom
 do you desire, song? You curl the air into
 whose ear, music? Scream at in the street
 all the native language lost nothing but a dome
 redolent of frankincense and Friday grief.
 Did milt come in yet or are the fish alone
 disconsolate unbred? Blue Dome.
 Samothrace horizon count the cod.
 Bacalà. Listen street, push together
 every no in one fat yes and squeeze.
 Pigeons from their coops arise
 girls in white satin blouses Sundays
 organ swell and aftershave arouse,
 arouse. Touch you where? Latin
 had no words for what we do.

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It's hard when anyone wanders
across the tracks of light
into the unimagined, a whole
world must be created at each step
before you can put down
the leather of your sole.
blindly, from cliff to cliff thrown onward
it feels, always cast
always forward, citizens of the fall.

23 April 2011

BY EAR THROUGH MIND

I heard in head around me
morning, I write it down here
to share, or not so much
share as gospel at you,
evangelist of listening out loud.

*

But I have said all this before.
And why not? Does Swift's blade
of new grass have to change
color every single year
newfangled in not-green
to thrill us with springtime?

23 April 2011

= = = = =

Find the key that locks the door
and let me in.

I am the wood of being alone
with you, a problem
you can sometimes solve
by counting. Or by bird.

Lean on me. Press
against the fiber of what I seem.
By bearing you I strengthen.

No, it is not a game
though birds play it too.
Lock the door and let me in.

23 April 2011

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Holy Saturday.

Jesus is hiding
from the terrible churches
that turned his compassionate
explanations into cruel laws.

Tomorrow they will say
he is risen. But today
is the truth. Find him
in his actual words.
In his word he is waiting.

23 April 2011

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Sink deep or touch not the Cartesian spring!

—FW

Earths signs prefer percussion
firesigns delight in melody
airsigns like counterpoint best
watersigns thrill to timbre—

on such philosophy is music made:
fierce intersection of sound and heart.
I know this by the skin of my teeth,
I am fire I am air and I love fugue.

23 April 2011

LUDUS PULSANDI

That she could fly.

**That she could know it
eye of the hurricane**

**the heart wears a hat
Easter shantung shimmers
“we have come through”**

**but the cave palm crimson
and the sole of the yellow foot
and beating the ocher dirt**

**all dance is beating
and running away naughty
children touch and flee**

**that she could fly
with one of those
between her thighs or she**

**athwart a shadow
also ascends!
Caves have doors**

**hearts wear hats
hands know how to sing
she flies into him and him**

**flying is hanging quiet
from the sky a sunray
staircase to him and**

**him she and she to climb
and he and he aspires
(the heart is fire)**

**helmet on his hood
a lover tunnels in gravel
to get there**

**where is it, what kind
of tree grows upside down
its crown in Tartary**

**its roots in his face
he chews her sap
and it too tries to fly**

his eyes too dark

**against the glisten of her glow
she is apart apart**

**the hat has no heart!
Goat song, nibble
on forbidden leaves**

**some barnyard rhapsode
instructs the tardy dawn
(my hat, your head**

**my place your clothes
window song)
a heart is some bird**

**we know all that
we are the pronouns
and know everything**

**your ash has roses
growing, your hat
keeps remembering**

**a time before the alphabet
wow like an ox**

no warm breath in the byre

(the heart is a vowel)

that nobody sang

some with wet hands

their feet beat earth

and the cliffs fell down

mud is our mother too

in Oregon the Blest

not just springtime

not just brown bears

('bear' means 'brown')

cuffing each other

because play has to hurt

if it doesn't hurt

it doesn't mean and doesn't work

the animals are our teachers

they teach us to play

play is the hardest song

the meanest dance

**hurt the heart
and run away
it wakes the mind**

**play is pattern
play breaks pattern
play is stealing**

**someone else's hat
her hair in my face
play is always this**

**hat from hand to hand
makes the lost heart cry
a street's for dancing**

**no road goes
anywhere a grown-up dreams
(she flies alone**

**because a sky is
and all her silver coins
fall out of her pockets**

**it is raining)
and the Dutch asphodels
remember what it was like**

**to be inside her
before the sky
when she was Crete**

**she made her marks
her fingernails dried mud
a man must learn to read**

**or when she soared
on the swingset
on the seesaw**

**on the hill called Calvary
when nobody's home
and only the night sky**

**touches her
know how to grieve
this animal dance**

**in earth socket
naked footed**

till the cave opens

the stone speaks

we rubbed against rock

till we were all new

and when she saw us

sweating in ocher and orpiment

she came back down

capped us tenderly

with the sole of her hand

and closed the glad

heart's harm.

24 April 2011

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**Make things strange,
stranger. There are loops
the eye must follow
in the sky or else get lost
out where nothing waits,**

invisible scarlet heart of nada.

24 April 2011