

5-2013

## mayA2013

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### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "mayA2013" (2013). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 151.  
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**May Day workers  
last night's witches  
oil of wanting  
flame of labor  
a dangerous option  
pale blue pale green  
colors tell it all  
and name is old  
as a car on the road  
soon as it's made  
so little to say  
the words flow free  
free as the workers  
who these days, these  
woods do not march  
too weary to protest  
the way things are  
religion is the crack  
cocaine of the masses  
crazed with identity  
they miss the target  
religion always protects  
the system, is the system  
cosmos, our struggle**

**not with flesh and blood  
he said, no man  
is your enemy,  
a van goes by  
all those empty seats  
to bring one man  
to work for some  
other nightmare  
o I am lost  
on the edge of the woods  
bird cries  
in English too  
the birds are students  
at the same seminary  
makes priests of us all  
angry apostates later  
or hunting heretics,  
priests serve the wrong  
god, the evil god  
of other people.  
Beautiful music  
of self-delusion  
it is enough  
to touch your hand  
from which the book  
falls, thud of  
Bible on the ground**

slay bells  
banging in the steeples  
kill for heaven  
falling birthrate  
color of money  
the minaret collapsed  
blown up by believers  
do you hear violins  
tanks rumble streets  
but the stars are on  
burning our principles  
away the ethics  
of bayonets obsolete  
ingenuity, a wheel  
to go nowhere  
Jesus Maria we  
were a kingdom  
I thought but now  
a mile of white  
fences an expensive  
horse and no trees  
horses don't eat leaves  
Mercury flits by  
on silver ankles  
laughing at the half-life  
of money, the toxins  
of communication,

**black mold of entertainment,  
for the gods decided  
long ago they do not  
believe in us  
even a minute longer,  
humanity is dead  
they say in heaven.**

**1 May 2013**

## **THE THRILL**

**High school labs all over America  
prove money keeps  
the whole animal twitching  
as old Galvani showed  
poor little beast  
long after dying  
still made to dance.**

**1 May 2013**

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**It is not a small thing to have shared the earth  
for three years with William Butler Yeats  
or five or more with Joyce, fourteen with Richard Strauss.  
No wonder that I'm so presumptuous.**

**1 May 2013**

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**Always another beginning to begin  
there is a rule to it  
an ethical injunction  
a barnyard simile  
a deft enjambment on the  
banks of the Nile  
and there your sermon sits,  
a haiku on the rock,  
a tadpole in the sky.**

**2 May 2013**



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**Months minding May  
for one week it is licit  
to have sex with the dead  
in the astral neighborhood  
where you first met  
in the shadow of fallen elms  
watching the sheep shift about  
in the lost meadow, frisking  
of a lamb you ate ten years ago.  
Because in this season Time  
is an oil that sticks to your skin,  
and a little tickling trickle  
down your back,  
that soft innocent back,  
is the future getting ready for you,  
its sly conversation already begun.**

**2 May 2013**

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**Her singing voice  
the plains of Judah  
hill hide slattern scree scatter  
down waste slopes,  
a voice  
reaching D over high C  
explaining something about love  
— all effort and no gain,  
all feeling and no meaning —  
your chariot driver will  
take you thither  
where from a low cliff  
you can see the dead  
pretending to enjoy the afterlife  
whenas they had hoped  
for sheer oblivion,  
the absence inside everyone.  
Who knew that music  
identical with theology?**

**2 May 2013**

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**Because you can enter the voice  
the sound it makes, the tone  
it sustains is a gate  
and any child in you can walk in —  
and once you're inside a sound  
it lasts,  
                  no decay, the bright  
cavern all around you, lit  
from some source you cannot know  
and a little trickle at your feet  
leads to a dark lake  
where the waves quiver most gently  
in sympathy with that sound.**

**2 May 2013**

## **THE GHOST OF CAIN**

**Then Abel of the flocks  
slew upright Cain  
the hurtless gatherer.**

**His body rotted  
but the ghost of Cain  
fled into empty spaces**

**the human unconscious  
where he lives and teaches us  
music and all technology,**

**the ways of matter in a spirit world.**

**3 May 2013**

**(That was what the dream woke me with  
early, first open window of the spring  
the stream's voice heard again.)**



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**Tree bark**  
**my last book.**

**3.V.13**

**TIME, 2**

**Or no time left  
so translate me  
across the border  
into space alone  
that monster mind  
that all things thinks.**

**Then I can wake  
into this day again  
made for once  
out of sunshine  
that alien glow**

**effrontery  
of being known  
nowhere to hide.**

**3 May 2013**

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**Sun builds patriarchy.**

**Autarchy. Moon**

**builds family.**

**Let**

**me flee into the realm of stars**

**sheer multiplicity.**

**3 May 2013**



