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A rule in himerology:

never have a type.

Go from fair to dark and slim to chub—

a type chains you to what you used to be,

a type is the projection of a dead self.

8 May 2013

TWO DURABLE CLICHES

1.

**By the second week in May
it all is green—one fortnight
to hang the whole winter's work.**

2.

Reminiscences of Soho

**The hot crowded smokeless room
winebreath aand on the wall
invisible images
lost in palaver on the brink of hope.**

8 May 2013

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**I am curt this morning
someone else's miracle
deep relief of staring into green
green average of so many trees and weeds
receding into the blessed middle distance
and all of it heals.**

8 May 2013

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**Be gone to me
for I am kind
and you are natural
only no longer—**

**dream philosophy
trip on the curbstone
spring snow on Rambouillet
the sky drained of caffeine**

**the river sprawls.
What kind of kind am I?**

8 May 2013

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**Natural waiting miraculous
crabapple fragrance evening
upended concert pale saints
balcony on the brink of being**

9 May 2013

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At the Cloisters over the river
used to have pheasants till
the Domingos ate them all
and why wouldn't they a bird
is better than its color only
Hawaii wouldn't you? Once
they strutted ringneck through
undergrowth now not.

Little by little this land
makes Indians of us all
again, we are born of geology
and taught cruelty by time—
or we came here to be savage
where the rock would let us
and all our thoughts just
feathers stuck in our hair.

People become what a place
wants them to be. It takes time
to shape a population of women
and men into slavers, avengers,
murderers, patriots. It gets
scarier every day, America.

9 May 2013

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**I don't have to believe
the tells you think me
but I must write them down
let belief grow inwards out
the whole blue sky spoken.**

9 May 2013

LAC

1.

Coats of lacquer

layered deep

around a sense

of shape, lacquer

licking itself

sheath on sheath

until a dark sleek

cup holds water

painted with flowers

bright in the lac sheen

naturely on black.

2.

Or so it seems

the make of things

Clean hanky in the drawer

hiding girly regrets, its.

3.

Things are not just things.

The amplitude of evidence

convinces. Identity lurks there.

4.

Cup. How

many times

it turned around itself

just to be?

5.

Rusty lawn-roller

been out there

on the neighbor meadow

all my years here.

now saplings all up

around it and deep things.

More and more looks

like an old animal

resting there. More

and more it talks.

9 May 2013

ANTIGRAVITY

**Without that physical
energy called Levity
(or 'soul') a man would
sink to the bottom
of the earth, the central
fire. that second sun
down there we live
our cool lives uplifted from.**

9 May 2103

APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA

1.

**Or I could hold my own hand
and lead me through the ashes
then long after turn around to see
how many footprints
someone like me leaves.**

2.

**Like me. A shadow
of a going. Going.
Identity is death.
You live by else.**

3.

**I say what is not known until.
Makes me the first victim of what is said.
What it said. This mistake I make
before you, woman, let yourself understand.**

4.

**Now they blame
me for the clouds**

as if aloud
sends fumes aloft.
Whenas I breathe
so that you be.

5.

It could all have been
one narrative
an endless lyric
with dragons in it
and girls lured by devils
and dome-studded
cities in the mist
beside famous rivers
and a man in a room
making it all up
by numbers alone—
but it was only this,
only this morning,
new lilacs on the
tree beside the road.

10 May 2013

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Month of all made known

made new.

Intricate fancies

unwoven.

Pieces of blue light

assemble a sky.

10 May 2013

THE CHARIOT OF CHARITY

caritatis, that is,
of love.

1.

Hear the wheels,
love clanking the streets
six floor Midwestern office building
aglow wth strange lights
and the banks become flesh!
Your body presses against other bodies
hips as warm as teacups
you can hardly see
how much you feel,
the skin is your only eye.

2.

It was easy in those little river towns
to be lonely, queer or not,
the red clay made you lonely,
always some lips you couldn't kiss,
and the trains, always the trains,
when you're little you climb up the caboose
the dirty hairy men laugh and let you.

**But after that it's all downhill,
the trains go away, and when they come again
no one gets off
to visit or to stay.
How can you have an identity
if there is never anybody else?**

10 May 2013

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We'll never know who wrote it
the chorus, just ended
or who sang it
but doesn't matter what is matter

the words work their way
out of the ground
it's not just nature
that gets to be natural

nature is just the opposites at play
the red and the green parts of mind

but mind is more.

There is the blue mind
and the white yellow mind

and the black mind speaks
inside me till I write it down
no small thing that script and print are black
against white mind,

black, that blue or black the Greeks
called *hyacinth*, and called Achilles' hair.

11 May 2013

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**Beneath all our jabber
in cicada season
all the red-eyed revelers
come out, each one of them
with a gospel to proclaim.**

11 May 2013

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I've heard this voice before

it is a name

it sounds like rain

11 May 2013

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**Not even Cage
could make a silence
silenter than spring
thunder, right after.**

11 May 2013

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Each tree a different green.

This means.

You came

home from the library

burdened with so many new words

your body stuffed with them

you had to get out.

In the old days in Brooklyn

we called it shitting through the mouth.

11.V.13

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**In a land called May
the opera walks unsleeping.
Small clean white men
push brooms along the gutter,
it could almost be real.
We sit, knees touching, in the café
trying hard to stay asleep.**

11 May 2013

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Or in the Lux

sit side

by side

on black little

metal chairs

they used to charge

ten francs to use

after the war

when everybody just

needed to sit down.

11 May 2013

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