

5-2014

mayD2014

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### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "mayD2014" (2014). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 174.  
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**Metrical analytics  
foxtrot in Vlasov  
the woman leads  
the answer through the woods  
hand on spine  
where music came from  
that cracked pitcher at the living well.**

**2.  
Time to renew.  
It all is singing  
yes. Depending  
how you breathe or beat it  
short breath of green time  
when the waltz was new?**

**3.  
When he wrote Ave Maria  
and ever after. It is time  
in question here, time  
to be renewed.  
Milder than music fiercer than song.**

**4.  
But who could that be, Omar?  
What caravan could carry it  
beast-footed northward  
the sound of salt on the tongue?**

5.

**There is a pattern in these leaves  
Socrates began by trying  
to approximate carving stone,  
each of the Graces as a different tree.  
That was the dialectic,  
reading one book while thinking of another  
and it gets better, two songs at once,  
dreams in the workplace,  
a schooner leaving money far behind.**

6.

**Because music will never be richer  
than the philosophy of its age.  
That makes you divine, chérie,  
when you write about Marx  
but where do the cellos fit in,  
their heavy breathing from a richer time?**

7.

**Loganberry tart and Sinding song,  
Melartin and Petterson.  
There are alternatives to where we are,  
another window open on another meadow,  
children help us to remember trees.**

**12 May 2014**

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**I am tired of preferences  
tired of opinions based on them  
tired of taste and memory**

**I am not tired of music  
only of the way they make me hear it,  
they, mes pensées, my enemies.**

**12 May 2014**

**= = = = =**

**The need of it**

**trying to recoil  
on the first thinking**

**the philosopher  
set his mind at rest**

**default condition.  
Nada. But nothing**

**with brightness in it.  
As it. How can that be.**

**Thinking has no object—  
that is to be free.**

**12 May 2014**

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**Who bloom. *Virag*.  
Come to me, rose  
from Sharon, flower.  
You walked me  
one summer idle hour  
over wooden bridges  
of your branches,  
showed me the eternal  
river of the air  
flowing below.  
You flushed pink  
all summer, always  
cool beneath my awed  
seeing. Bloom again  
for me, magic spell,  
dewy impropriety  
a man and a flower  
air marries them  
time leaves them alone.**

**13 May 2014**

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**As if nobody could  
or silence—an Indian  
on a rock—could take  
hours. Now begin.**

**The aria is a fist in the sky.  
Everybody knows it.  
We struggle against capital  
shirt by shirt—nakedness  
is a sort of answer—never  
enough skin for all that mind.**

**2.  
In John  
Wanamaker's department  
store there  
was in the Village  
a great organ  
and I was a child.  
Sound filled my building.  
Lure us in, keep us  
thrilled. Something  
given back. Theory  
of exchange.  
*Warenwert der Musik*  
does that sound still  
like music to you?**

**3.  
What the sound  
says.**

*Leave me alone  
inside you  
I have work to do,  
you'd only get  
in the way of what I  
have come to say.*

**4.  
Yes Rose song  
meant you to.  
We watched water  
sluggish under word  
until we were  
just us again  
and no harm done,  
safe with a flower  
not even in hand.**

**5.  
Crippled by faith  
was slow to think.  
Keep coming back  
to that blank day.  
Where memories intersect  
the child is born.**



**But mostly what we remember  
is asymptotic, comes  
close but never touches.  
This is a sign  
to leave alone  
the leaf-fall  
the curve of cloth  
and what it told  
the air. I had  
never been here before.**

**13 May 2014**

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**See if you write  
from memory it comes  
out elegies, if  
you look out the window  
politics, White keys  
black keys, anger  
on smiling faces.  
We love our job,  
we are ocean  
we keep coming  
wash everything away.**

**13 May 2014**

## **ARROWS**

**Not now a bow  
*newe bent*  
but a ball**

**and still the revels  
of our phant'sies lead  
love's orthodoxies**

**amid the round wood—  
full moon unsatisfied  
let the ever-arrow fly!**

**\***

**The arrow winging to the moon,  
the full moon!**

**Let me live  
to see that passionate insertion,  
climax of all our local space,  
tradesmen clapping their hands  
anxious scholars on the hilltop  
bent to their devices, measuring  
at last the pregnancy of night.**

\*

**And then it comes to me newborn.  
happy haruspex, priests proffering  
auspicious names, the queen  
exhausted asleep on her dark couch.**

\*

**With a bowstring made of bees  
taut in formation. who  
is the bow then, and whose  
daring — or insensate — fingers  
lets it fly? I claim all this  
is translated from the Sanskrit—  
it's up to you to prove I lie.**

**14 May 2014**

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**Dumézil told me so much of this  
in that corner café behind Saint-Julien—  
watch for things that come in threes  
he said, they are your gods, the root  
divinities of everything you learn  
or dare to claim you know. But Georges  
what about the other numbers I asked.  
There are no others—only three. Or none.**

**14 May 2014**

**[FOOTNOTE]**

**I'm writing this with an antique Rapidograph—  
blue cap — that wasn't antique when I bought it  
new. Time's arrow changes adjectives and prices—  
how well it writes! How well it flies!**

**14.V.14**

= = = = =

**To lift the velvet  
after all  
with reverent palms  
towards the one  
taste that answers.  
Earth. Enclosure.  
A wall round specifics.  
Garden in there,  
drenched lilacs.  
love misspelling  
everything all at once.**

**14 May 2014**

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**Bird goes by, bees stay.  
aWind teases us all.  
They have motors in them,  
mine is idling. To wait  
is to be like the wind.  
To outwait time. Long  
time. Miracle of still  
being here. In Vienna  
we called this music.**

**14 May 2014**



**= = = = =**

**Where things suddenly stop.  
Pickerel weed around the pond  
over the hill. On the limps  
of swimmers the water runs  
like oil, slow and glistening  
if anyone dared to swim there.  
Beavers live at the far end  
but here you are, watching  
slow crest the little dam.  
The swimmers have all gone  
back to their poems and theories  
leaving the sun to set in peace.**

**14 May 2014**

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**Count the leaves on that maple.  
symphony in Tree Major. Numbers  
align with their absences. A hole  
in the middle of me. All this  
to fill it almost up. The wood of music  
carved by mind. Something like that.**

**14 May 2014**

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**The problem is fixation.  
It doesn't go away.  
It clings to its object  
as the eye adheres  
to every passerby  
as it can never not,  
asking Is this the one?  
And it never is.**

**14 May 2014**

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**Dusky**

**like the skin  
of some Icelandic blonds,  
a velvet underlay of tan  
below the pale,  
as if like their island  
their heat was from inside,  
they bronze inside out.**

**15.V.14**

= = = = =

**Approach is aggression  
leads to banishment.  
Sin everywhere.  
I was reading a book where the  
sameness of the narrator's passion  
obliterated the differences of its object,  
all his loves the same, only the names  
different. I asked myself  
the obvious question and fell  
as they say a-weeping. Dreams  
do all this better. The differences.**

**15 May 2014**

**= = = = =**

**Enough of me  
now turn to it  
the spelunkkers coming out  
puzzled by the ordinary light**

**the quiet rain.  
Or the child in love with  
opera already  
coming out of the Met in his sweater**

**that was Aida this is the Nile  
or in Paris once he heard  
a blind man singing in the street—  
what more is there to tell than this?**

**15 May 2014**