

5-2012

## mayE2012

Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk\\_manuscripts](https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts)

---

### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "mayE2012" (2012). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 172.  
[https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk\\_manuscripts/172](https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/172)

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@bard.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@bard.edu).

**9:58**

They're coming to work now  
work is waiting for their cars  
they hurry to the dragon's gorge  
to placate him all day long

in hopes to flee at evening  
back to the workless world again.  
How did we get to live this way?  
How do we belong to someone else?

13 March 2011

= = = = =

Walking the no dog  
I leave it to you  
in me to find  
the path. The woods  
are the same  
everywhere. Never  
the same. You know.  
You are in me,  
you lead me along.  
To you. Where else  
would I be going?

13 March 2012

= = = = =

Just enough ink left  
for me and my friends  
to get it said  
before the sun comes  
up or goes down or  
whatever things do  
outside us almost  
touching together  
miles apart as  
usual until the right  
time comes when all  
things will take  
their cue from us  
and just stay put  
time just a quiet  
dog at our feet.

13 March 2012

= = = = =

That a cast of dust  
fell down and knew me—  
read slow, ye archers  
of the night, and aim askew  
your infatuated darts—  
my safety is to mean you.

Say: Everything that happens  
I accept. I am the cause  
and the effect, the crime  
and the punishment. Nothing  
comes to me but  
what I own. Or owe. Or what I need.

13 March 2012

= = = = =

Things that are alive

but listen.

Then it gets colder.

Then the night sets in.

I have set you moving

the bus goes through the trees

you abandon everything

just to be you.

The wind made it

happen. The sun fell—

everything has happened before

and is terribly new.

But listen,

I read a book with you in it.

It was the end of me

because I was in it too.

13 March 2012

= = = = =

Give me something  
to start another day with  
now at the end of it  
a knob of night  
to wrench open  
dream and let me in  
out into dawn door  
to rescue another one.

The river of self  
deceiving flows  
as what-I-know,  
the think I think  
is me. Night  
knows better, speaks  
languages I don't know  
ancient and modern  
and even one soft  
tongue yet to come,

13 March 2012

= = = = =

She rode into the mountains  
and slept in a tree  
all safe because  
she was homosexual

and the tree knew it  
slept on a branch  
panther outstretched  
woke clear of illusions

there are no mistakes anymore.

14 March 2012



= = = = =

Tell the story without the people  
tell what the trees knew  
when they danced

tell what the moon saw  
with his old eye  
tell what lasts a hundred thousand years.

14 March 2012

= = = = =

Erasing old e-mails  
till there's nothing but memory  
then not even that

but the words stay somehow  
into the world, a word  
once spoken never is silent,

it changes the air around us,  
our weather comes  
from everything we forget.

15 March 2012

*In deserts people have such good memories that they have no weather at all.*

= = = = =

A natural pause  
before entering the gate  
they are there before you

the kings and all their queens  
bored as flowers in a knot-garden  
wait for you to change them

only you can  
the world is imperfect  
with longing

but you, you scatter  
color wherever you go,  
I'm coaxing you to come in,

make it different  
just coming through the door's enough,  
entering changes everything.

15 March 2012

= = = = =

I don't mean to be mysterious  
but there's a rubber band in my pocket  
and a hawk overhead.  
Try to understand. I'm all alone.

15 March 2012

= = = = =

So I thought love  
meant love and love you  
meant me and  
when we are somewhere  
it is us all round us  
till we sleep—  
but that was taking words  
as if they marched  
personless out of the wordbook  
I clutched them to me  
but felt only my own arms.

15 March 2012

## ARIA

Can we understand what she's saying  
when she's only singing, the syllables  
come from words but are not words

they are colors spattered on the ceiling of the mind  
maybe, they are what you forgot you meant  
before you began to feel

and what is feeling but a boat forever leaving  
and you never get to the dock in time  
and have to watch it through your tears

drift away with insolent slowness  
why does it take so long to reach the sky  
and you barely remember who you are.

15 March 2012

=====

Orpiment at least a name  
a native element. And *ego*  
is the me of me, the rest  
(that holds you or you hold)  
is the ore. We are mountains  
to one another.

15 March 2012

## DELACROIX

How flat the head of his tiger  
biting into the haunch of the horse—  
always the haunch, they know  
where the fire's stored, they're always  
trying to turn fire-orange all over  
to be one single flame of meat  
dangerous in dark trees.

The flatness of the head is scary,  
a snake head, or as if the lower jaw  
is on the far side of the world  
and all of us are in the tiger's mouth.

Poor mare. Poor stallion. Strong  
as we are, he is more voluptuous  
than we are, his love more focused,  
his reason keener to understand  
us profoundly with his teeth.

15 March 2012



= = = = =

Can it really be you  
born again for me  
to be my part-time river  
my Brazil?

Can the Touch

live without the skin  
and come down later  
to be wielded  
mind between mind?

Is it you? I thought I saw you  
writing on the wall  
and then again you tumbled  
on the lawn and then I knew  
I really knew. But what  
did I know? And who  
am I to think I know it?

16 March 2012

## IN BROOKLYN

Big deal we'd say on b-days,  
everybody gets born  
what makes you special?  
Did you change the world  
by coming into it?  
And we'd be sneerily silent  
but each of us hoping the answer was yes.

16 March 2012

= = = = =

A cool rainy day  
said to an old Celtic soul  
remember when we  
were wet together  
and died and got born  
a thousand times  
and you were a salmon  
and I was your pond  
and over us both  
a wise trees spread  
grey branches with new fruit?

16 March 2012

= = = = =

Is it time for me yet,  
is it mother?  
It is material,  
my fetish, and each thing  
particular. I admit it  
I'm a fetishist  
of matter, just be there  
and I'm excited.  
Once I met a matter  
and a mother  
in one moment, because  
we stood on simple  
wood they all  
belonged to me.  
Now carry my raptures  
out into the actual  
and make everything speak.

16 March 2012