

5-2013

## mayE2013

Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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**Waiting for the store to close**

**so I can walk by and gaze**

**at the unreachable — lick**

**the plate glass, the French say,**

**window-shopping: at night though**

**only the taste of glass**

**because I do not want to reach**

**out from the circle of my thought**

**and reach the limit of someone else's thinking,**

**that thing, that thing in the window.**

**14 May 2013**

=====

**Store is world is store**

**alaya is no *merx* no Marx**

**no marketplace — the**

**world is a closed department store**

**a G.U.M. a SAMARITAINE**

**over the river, after the war.**

**The store is always closed**

**the glass is always cold.**

**14 May 2013**

=====

**I can't figure this picture out  
it shows a smiling couple.**

**It is not written anywhere  
that Jesus laughed.**

**Yet these  
people, from their clothes,  
are Christians.**

**What are they thinking?**

**What is thinking anyhow?**

**Who is the dark Lord who held the camera?**

**14 May 2013**

=====

**Now the green blanket  
is on the earth and earth can sleep  
after its long blueprinting winter  
this thing we dream,  
this inside-out dream we share.**

**15 May 2013**

=====

**The places I went in the dark  
barefoot in the snow not cold  
and a nice man brought old books of mine  
for me to read from  
as if who knows when we really are.**

**Sometimes the present is the past.  
We have this confusion,  
these retro-futures we inhabit,  
we live in slippage,  
barefoot in time's mild deep caressing snow.**

**And the dream place is always far away,  
I never dream where I am  
wherever I am. As if I could tell  
the bed the street the forest floor  
pitching like an angry deck in storm.**

**The images are too forceful,**

**meaningless, particular.**

**Old as history edge of table parts of shame.**

**But the light inside these rooms**

**is warm light still.**

**I feel someone's breath**

**asking me if even all this**

**standing around is a sort of dance**

**to which a hand laid**

**lightly on the shoulder might be the only answer.**

**15 May 2013**

=====

**To be done with it as if beyond it  
the letter sealed, who writes letters  
anymore, dropped in the letterbox,  
do they still exist, are they gone  
like the sky full of orbiting junk,  
French nineteenth century operettas  
refitted as hip-hop cantatas,  
a melody is a toxin in time's blood.  
Stand by the letterbox, wonder what she'll think  
when she sees your name on the envelope  
small and her name large, if she's still alive  
or did you by chance address it to yourself.  
In a day or two at most that at least will be clear.**

**15 May 2013**



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**What did you tell me**

**while I waited nowhere?**

**Pick up any book and read**

**any book at all.**

**The first passage to catch**

**your eyes, that's the task,**

**message, instruction, call it**

**what you will, it's our**

***material* for you.**

**The work begins when**

**you don't know what to do.**

**And all the rest is music.**

**2.**

**Any book at all,**

**they're all written in language,  
language is silva,  
the material forest where you live,  
the wood is your business  
to grow, deeper and wider,  
till fruit and kindly shade  
cover all the earth,  
leaving rock and water  
to make do with light.**

**3.**

**For there is a mind that is not language  
you cannot know. Or can't know yet  
until one day your harvesting and planting  
lead you to the edge of the woods.**

**There is a smooth-barked tree  
at the edge of the clearing, Virgil**

**saw it once in Italy, close  
to the headwaters of the Tiber,  
  
a beech tree elegant and grey.  
You will rest your back against it  
and stare out into the unspoken land  
and then at last you'll see.**

**16 May 2013**

=====

**Having a right to empty space.**

**The greatest luxury I know**

**would be to have an empty room.**

**And go in there once in a while**

**and stand in emptiness. Maybe**

**one window. Maybe nothing**

**much outside. Sky.**

**16 May 2013**

=====

**There are many kinds of teaching in this world.**

**And one of them is silence.**

**But there are many kinds of silence,**

**many dialects of saying nothing.**

**And keeping still is only one of these,**

**the one where you listen till they hear too.**

**16 May 2013**

=====

**Open the door let the dark out  
and see how many acres it will fill  
with your Euro-American mind-spill**

**or drag me closer to the climb —  
the mountain meant me  
while I slept — you'll never  
reach my summit yet  
you are nowhere else but there.**

**16 May 2013**

**[first poem with Charlotte's Sheaffer]**

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**But could they come writing  
the way the wind on Calvary  
brought down the scent of blood,  
vinegar, smell of a crowd,  
smell of final silence.**

**So they could write their way here  
the way the wind leaves evidence  
always behind of where it's been,  
most readable after it's gone.**

**You cannot really understand a poem  
until its poet is dead,  
dead in the distance, not even  
his shadow left on the page.**

**16 May 2013**

=====

**Why did we lose him?**

**Whom? The emotions**

**grow old along with the bones,**

**a mood is fragile,**

**even sadness passes**

**into dullness.**

**We lost**

**him because we forgot**

**to pay attention.**

**Whom?**

**The one we lost**

**was popular and smart,**

**the young loved him**

**and their elders studied his remarks.**

**We forget so much,**

**the skin is still young**

**on most of the body, only**



**the parts we look at**

**— faces, chests, hands —**

**show what are called**

**the ravages of time.**

**By whom?**

**They are not ravages,**

**they are relaxings, the skin**

**losing interest in the air,**

**in other skin.**

**The one**

**we lost paid attention**

**to us, now he's gone**

**and we don't know how to**

**pay attention to ourselves.**

**The window looks at you.**

**Whom? The light comes in**

**and trifles with your hair.**

**2.**

**Did we ever know who he was to begin with?**

**Whom? The one we lost some say was never here.**

**We never had him clearly in our field of vision,  
never got the feel of his handshake, smell of his breath.**

**Yet it's clear he's gone, we're missing something. Whom?**

**17 May 2013**

## **SOME DOHNANYI CHAMBER MUSIC**

**Small faint lines across a national frontier.**

**Political milk**

**spilled on the map.**

**He read the news that day in Hebrew,**

**people are coming with guitars.**

**How annoying when people try to please.**

**Court jesters have short lives, I painted one**

**walking through the wall to make a point,**

**we learn magic only when we have to —**

**out of the air a cello decides**

**blossoms on the crabapple, lilacs**

**just past their prime, a cloud,**

**praise God a cloud at last,**

**some sympathy left in the sky**

**bare thighs, the feel of waiting**

**mothers carrying their young safe from the plague zone**

**stemcells strain against normal decay**

**a violin always has something to hide**

**17 May 2013**

=====

**To be halfway through another life**

**a star inside the bone**

**the body tells the story the face tries to hide.**

**But the body tells fables of its own.**

**But morning has its mouth full**

**and a red pickup outside**

**seems like a letter broken out of an alphabet,**

**I stagger among texts I try not to read**

**as if everyone's sorrow is the same**

**is it, Hannah, is there a difference**

**or is death just one more democrat**

**erasing the curlicues of our identity**

**and leaving only a hollow place, dry and empty**

**but tears somehow seep put pf there**

**and the eyes blur from what they cannot see?**

**Red shadows, pale skin, someone**

**not far away playing Mozart of all things.**

**18 May 2013**

=====

**Write the way the sky does**

**one word at a time**

**then there's another. Say it**

**and let them look, or look away.**

**18 May 2013**