

5-2014

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**Well into the way**

**a wood beast**

**humaniform, vert—**

**his arms are my arms**

**muscled just enough to carry her**

**bare through the clotted trees.**

**To vanish us**

**in that green becoming.**

**No one knows what happens there**

**but my body knows**

**and will never tell.**

**Not even me.**

**16 May 2014**

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**Remembering something  
that never happened  
is like keeping  
tropical fish.  
I'll tell you why  
later, when I remember.**

**16 May 2014**

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**Hits the nail on the head  
without a hammer.  
Poltergeist weather  
lawnmowing in the rain.  
I think I see birds on the bush.  
Sometimes the ordinary  
is so beautiful, a hand  
on the small of your back.**

**16 May 2014**

## **NINE A.M.**

**The world is divided into those who  
are hurrying everywhere to get home  
and those who are desperate to escape  
from where they live. Madness and art  
come to those who want both at once.**

**16 May 2014**

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**According to the other side of the wall  
there is a woman standing there.  
She holds darkness in her hands  
and walks slowly through the rain.  
Stone turns soft when she steps on it,  
sits on it, takes it in her hand.  
We too are shaped by what she thinks.**

**16 May 2014**

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**So if the word is a wonder  
and we want it, if a word  
smells better than its mother,  
does a word even have a  
brother or a sister, does  
a word ever look at itself  
and wonder how far it  
and it alone has come  
from the imaginary world  
all round it— *the terrifying  
things that have no names*—  
and the word trembles then  
even in our mouths as we  
beautiful fools try to speak it.  
I say the name of what I mean  
then I begin to tremble too.**

**17 May 2014**

**= = = = =**

**Does it only work with fear  
the summoning  
out of nowhere by dread alone**

**or can desire walk that way too  
and lure the lover  
out from the trees to come close**

**the trees the streets the books the names?**

**18 May 2014**



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**Jogger running with  
little dog. Why? Why?**

**18 May 2014**



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**Cars and trucks  
why do they go?  
Awaited where  
in what blue daze?  
*Speed knows*  
but never tells.  
By my slow window  
listening.**

**18 May 2014**

== == == ==

**(My songs rise  
from the contingencies  
within certainty,  
flesh inside the apple,  
mind inside the house.**

**Going out the door  
is entering a cell—  
freedom comes from pure  
being, and being here,  
*here, to be it.*)**

**18 May 2014**

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**Imagine me again.  
the green leaf  
is back, a hero  
hides in every cloud**

**I was waiting for you  
cross-shaped pale  
fabrics soft arrayed  
on the queer-mowed lawn**

**how we cut things  
make them more like us  
rambling side to side  
without a single tabletop**

**to steady our words—  
coffeepot philosophy  
percolator over blue  
flames fifty years ago**

**Fort Square every  
house is different  
even now, even here  
a little dog keeps yelping**

**it's a neighbor car,  
a drunk at the bar's back door  
quiet frantic of a little town  
in lilac weather, he complained**

**I shoved the table as we talked  
and that was true, I still  
imagined in those days that  
words are never enough.**

**18 May 2014  
Red Hook**

== == == ==

**Does the body know  
what it's going to do  
while I'm just guessing?  
Quietly it makes its preparations  
while the mind speculates,  
remembers anecdotes,  
old books, the smell of lilac.  
Or just now the petal of an iris,  
purple, cloud light, how soft.**

**18 May 2014**

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**The great thing about going to the sea is that when you get there it knows you, remembers you from before, from even before you were. The sea knows your name. I hope in a few weeks I'll sit by the shore sharing its endless conversation. Because the sea is always talking. Very specifically. Always naming names. Not always loud.**

**18 May 2014**



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**Blind man reading  
the newspaper with his fears**

**the man tries to come home  
behind the cloud**

**the sun allows  
the sun knows everything**

**the moon is running down  
a boy in an orange singlet**

**climbs the fork of a compound tree  
ice cream cone clutched in one hand**

**you choose the flavor in the cone  
you know all this better than I do**

**since you're reading this now  
and I'm only remembering then.**

**19 May 2014**  
[after catheter]

== == == ==

**The trees seethe, writhe green  
in that wind before rain.  
Carpenter bees explore the soffits.  
All I do is know these easy thing.**

**19 May 2014**

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**After the consuls lost their power in Rome  
and the mon/arch came cæsaring in  
and they thread iodine up my arteries  
with peering machines glib inside me**

**and the quirites turned into the bourgeoisie  
and too many things had value  
different from their ipseities, and the dome  
of Monreale was all that was left of the fiery**

**Son of God who had ended the Abrahamic cults  
for a long season, and after I fell into a deep  
sleep saying my prayers, a japa discontinuous.  
a yidam lost in dreams, and after the devaluation**

**of sterling, the abolition of ancient shires, the rough  
spot on my left thumbnail, after the wildfire in Berkeley  
after the strange animal in the trees last night  
bigger than a coon smaller than a bear fatter than deer**

**I didn't know what to make of the rest of the day.  
Everything was gone, everything still here.  
Take my medication and go to sleep too?  
No, there is waiting to be done, names recited,**

**patches of grass to fondle with the tip of my shoe.**

**19 May 2014**

