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**Ten thousand clouds  
speak one sky  
seamless, the light  
beyonding.**

*(Murioi,*

**a very large number  
uncounted, perhaps  
countable in  
some late culture)**

**for we take what appears  
and squint at it lovingly  
knowing the apparition  
is part of us already**

**always**

**(as that other culture says).**

**8 March 2014**

## **MEAN**

**Mean people go to shrinks**

**./.**

**Shrinks make people mean**

**The word 'mean' needs to come again,  
children used it once, and their perceptions  
were spiritually accurate—a mean person  
was sensed as unhgappy, doomed, sick at the core.  
It took kids a while to feel compassion  
for the illness they so acutely diagnosed.  
Later, after they had cried and run away.**

**8 March 2014**

=====

**Bracket it all.**

**Admire those who  
like Edgar Bergen once  
can throw their voices  
into other mouths  
not necessarily of wood.**

**I foolishly keep  
speaking using only  
my own swee, sad,  
reasonable mouth—  
you have one too  
so maybe understand.**

**8 March 2014**

=====

**Roses on the table—  
when they show the first  
sign of withering,  
Charlotte briskly takes and  
tosses them out onto the snow.**

**All flowers mean remorse,  
this sorrow is every sorrow.**

**8 March 2014**

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**What would it be like, really blank blank page? And that's of course what Jackson McGrew and John Cage tried so hard to do, to scour the page clean of anything I might want to sit there, and leave it free for all the words of heaven to come flutter down on as they chose. Jews.**

**8 March 2014**

=====

**a question — does Dennis, the realm of the dead, sometimes come closer, had its own perigee and apogee? Can we sometimes hear it talking over the Hill, voices of your stepmother, your dad lover your own voice when you were a child? Is death made of of your past life?**

**8 March 2014**

=====

**getting through to morning  
where the world**

**chants its simple completely  
unnotatable chanty**

**doing its work and saying  
where are you, lazy**

**dreamstick, landlover?  
Get your hands strive.**

**9 March 2014**



## **PSAPPHO**

**will you see me  
walk the red Cliff  
kissing the sky'd  
pslr cheek as I fall?**

**Everything I do I do  
for you, you beautiful  
children of my voice  
my throat wombed ypi  
so you hear me now.**

**9 March 2014.**

=====

**The road gets wider  
as the snow melts away  
back from the black  
the white mass recedes**

**Until there really are  
two lanes again  
and the sun's  
and it's 6° above freezing**

**what can it mean?  
The birds explain.**

**9 March 2014.**

=====

**I know nothing  
I remember nothing  
I read the paper.**

**Sunday. I know  
even less. I remember  
tomorrow, though.**

**This sad old thing  
begins again.  
The necessity. The time.**

**9 March 2014.**

=====

I leave you to record my condition  
displayed before you as I am  
without the looking glass of anesthesia,  
just a man as blunt as Bronx  
trying to make sense. Fat chance,  
as we said in another borough  
back in the night called childhood,  
a nightmare of ice cream and panthers.  
Don't forget knishes, arsenic solution,  
sun glare, foreign languages,  
sporting goods stores, tobacco.  
Some of us wait on lines for puberty,  
some can't escape. Years insinuate  
their boring required reading lists  
into my burdened memory.  
Is Sonia any different now  
from a book I read and never really  
understood, a book with breasts maybe  
and her own ping-pong table in the cellar?  
A word can make the whole

**thing start jabbering —  
who am I anyhow but what I remember?**

**10 March 2014**

=====

**Lift my glass  
it's water  
watch the road  
through it,  
what  
makes it mine?**

**Taste it, it's still  
just water,  
your mouth,  
the glass**

**there is a theory  
about such things,  
arisen recently  
as humans go.  
It says there comes  
between the glass  
and your lips another  
race of beings  
neutral or defiling spirits**

**on business of their own.**

**In this theology**

**we have lived**

**for 200 years.**

**No way**

**you can give the water back.**

**10 March 2014.**

=====

**I sat on Coleridge's  
chair at Grasmere  
at the corner of the stair,  
sat in Yeats's chair  
at Marano, Pound  
his son-in-law made  
for him, a William  
Morris kind of woody  
semi-comfort,  
a sprawl of tree bones.**

**Lucky body of me  
to to have known such  
intimacies, such  
instructive pressure  
on soine and thighs.  
Inspiration of sheer  
matter, matter  
with a memory —  
as every seat aspires**



**by grace of Isis,  
mother of the mind,  
whose emblem is  
a simple chair.**

**10 March 2014.**

=====

**Then the keyboard starts  
it knows we are bifid,  
forked devils, hands  
full of heaven happens,  
music can and can't as  
all her fingers prompt  
the apple gate to widen  
the sound to let it out  
to let us in.**

**11 March 2014**

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**Will I turn simple  
or will it wash away**

**over the hill  
where the good things go**

**lost and last and never known  
all at once a crystal found.**

**11 March 2014**

=====

**The car is the color of the road  
the gull is the color of the sky**

**we hide in being.**

**We lurk in movement.**

**11 March 2014**

=====

**Who knows from the other side  
how the journey spells  
its way into that world  
dark to our distance  
but so bright inside?**

**11 March 2014**