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## marD2012

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## WEOGRAPHY

I keep trying to talk about  
maps with you on them

where the brook enters the river  
marshy confluence our mud,

seabirds and inland fowl commingle—  
I know that when I touch the skin

along your upper arm just once  
my life is changed

the sea is suddenly near  
the coasts stretch unpatrolled

and immigrants splash ashore,  
me too, I am salt enough

for you, I wade in, I reach  
all the way inside,

too dark to see if you're smiling  
as you roll the map up carefully

and stow it where such things go.  
And I'm still there when you wake.

10 March 2012, Boston

= = = = =

Calumet or some old horse  
somebody's father bet on once  
or in Spain a colonel or  
in Ecuador a solitary pine  
the Muse means me  
to be humble a while when  
all the news is bad  
and all the books are dull.

11 March 2012, Boston

**(Song)**

Give me your young house  
to fill it with my noise,  
a pack of wolves that love you  
and chase you upstairs

where after busy darkness you  
stand on your roof at dawn  
and look out at the empty world  
and know you'll never be alone.

11 March 2012, Boston

= = = = =

Cast the eye the into you  
— my plan is to erect a coherent city  
between the horns of your pelvis  
— you can rule if your choose  
or let the Saracens like me  
play at being aldermen,  
we avail not but we're cute  
sort of in our pretentious way.  
I can't stop thinking of your bones.  
But the city I give you is real,  
is worthy of your majesty  
while I sit in the Tower composing  
my lugubrious *History of the Real World*.

11 March 2012, Boston

= = = = =

Listen girl I want to make  
something of you tell me what  
and I'll translate it from Greek  
loosely but with feeling till  
you're ready to study the mirror  
at last. I am the mirror  
toxic with mercury and salts  
I turn black inside to be so bright  
out here. For you. A sad lake  
that kills the birds who fly over  
but I show true, true. Listen  
what I say when you let me  
finally look back at you.

11 March 2012, Boston

= = = = =

Control the shape of time  
by theory. Cor-ten steel  
the perils of analogy rust  
one tenth of an inch not more  
how strange things are  
in a thing world. Whereas  
a simple human outlasts  
filaments and even lighter,  
tramps tweeting from the freight yard  
because yes there still are trains  
the eight reindeer of heavy  
industry to get stuff here. But I  
have no purpose here. The rot  
resists decay. The rust  
prevents erosion. I linger  
as if to look on purpose, have  
money for the food-court  
words to share with those who share  
my table or my mattress. My Bible  
I tore up page by page to give  
holy stuff to everyone I meet.  
Here, read this. This is yours  
where Enoch leaves us for  
another star where flowers grow  
upside down to wake that earth.



We go to the movies and sit  
close together, you read your page  
by the flicker light of the newest  
boring story while I touch  
timidly the knob of your left knee.  
God wants us to behave like this.

11 March 2012, Boston

## MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

The courteous German doorman  
with extreme myopic lenses  
offered my moter-in-law  
a wheelchair at the door  
“a carriage for madame?”  
and so we saw the Kings  
of Shambhala arrayed  
on the wall blurred  
behind glass and hard to read  
but I found the Twenty-second  
King, Narasimha, Lion among Men,  
slipper-footed, sitting  
in the Western style, perhaps  
our own sovereign, Knowledge  
Lord of our own age. Maybe.  
A goat is looking up at him,  
a lion not far. You squint  
to see the picture better, come  
away with a taste of it in your mouth.  
Familiar. More than you know,  
less than you desire.

12 March 2012, Boston

**(Old Song)**

The sun marries the moon  
the moon marries the sea  
come and lie in the empty dark  
come marry me

The heart hurries the hand  
the sky marries the tree  
come with me in the noisy dawn  
come marry me

The sun marries the moon  
the moon marries the sea  
come make love in the empty dark  
come marry me.

(from my play *Moving Out*)

ca. 1970

recast 12 March 2012

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The mercy of trees  
would cover the whole  
earth if they could

and where trees stand  
the earth drinks deep  
and catches crystal fire

deep down ever growing  
from all the green leaves.

12 March 2012

= = = = =

More delicate than my prey  
I suffer the first bite  
You're bleeding pleasantly  
Soft in my anguished mouth.

12 March 2012

= = = = =

The runes have eyes  
the letters are mercies  
forgiving all my wrong—  
when the lights are out  
the alphabet is all about me.

12 March 2012

= = = = =

Little girl besexed  
with so many strangenesses  
I taste the old  
woman in you to  
the world in chamomile  
around your wakefulness  
and I alone your dream  
everything contradicts.  
Is it awake yet  
to be tomorrow or  
will you ask of any self  
to count in integers?  
You're sick little  
wonderful person  
sick, I have no cure for  
your interesting disease.

13 March 2012

= = = = =

Nothing animates  
words but what drives  
along and alive and after  
and not fail Story again

but listen where women  
trust me, and men scream  
alone on desert stones  
knowing there is never

anything ever but war.

13 March 2012



= = = = =

Nobody's mistress looks like much in pictures  
but when the live animal slips into the room  
everybody knows it. Photos can show  
everything but what really makes a woman so.

13 March 2012

*(thinking of Claretta Petacchi)*

= = = = =

Off the animal

the fur is a sumptuous reproach.

Wedding bells

break the air.

The vows of children

annihilate the world to come.

Sexual obsession is the root of war

the law is made by sad old men

secret link between Vatican and Taliban

the long sickness of being masculine.

13 March 2012

= = = = =

You're casual enough darling  
you don't need me to be slack  
I never relax I am always sacred  
earnest foolish highfalutin  
know more than anybody else  
lie down at anybody's feet  
you don't need brand names from me  
or choco lattes I am green  
money for you to spend or save.

13 March 2012

= = = = =

You don't suppose this is really  
me talking to you? If it were me  
I'd be sitting beside you my tongue  
too close to your ear—  
then who am I if not me?

I am the voice you hear when you close  
your eyes, I am the sound  
of what you really expect of yourself  
booming out of the darkness. No wonder  
you wait for me to be finished and gone.

13 March 2012

= = = = =

I have nothing to say today  
nothing to anyone of you  
friends dear friends  
I wish we could be quiet  
together almost touching  
but at least we can be  
one day on earth quiet alone.  
It is silent in me except for your skin.

13.III.12