

3-2013

marD2013

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "marD2013" (2013). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 196.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/196

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.

=====

The sacred
geometry of our adorations
wind in the bushes

branch brushes window screen
and light curves round us
smooth as Praxiteles
Lady Light my lucent lover—

then he was silent
as if he had prayed
and waited for his prayer to rise
efficacious on the morning air
safe before that heart of noon
—the noon who is No One—

when (as Powys warned us)
all prayer falls into fire and is not heard.

So he was silent
as if waiting.
Deer faltered down the hill
to see what was for them
in all this flurry of bright wishing

**here now
that the snow had finally melted**

**to browse on time
to graze the light
and if we could as if we could
grow fat on sheer lucidity.
How vague this flesh
whose outline tells so much—**

**we are just silhouettes
each of us a symbol
of an identity just beyond our reach.**

14 March 2013

=====

**The trees need care
the secret glances of the citizens
even though the citizens
go home and sit on their sofas**

**are enough to affright the nurserymen
arborists, the children hired
to clamber into fruit trees and
with curved knives and hooks dismiss**

**irregularity of silhouettes
that bane of householders.**

**Everything must dome
or must spire. And old**

**apple trees get beaten by
old men in March with sticks
to wake the fructiferous
entities deep in the wood,**

**the goddess Pomona herself
asleep on her left side,
throng of young women in scarlet gowns
approaching her altar with bright knives.**

15 March 2013

=====

**Nothing in common
but their bodies
was enough to run
beside beside
the little river
in their neighbor wood
and run back, morning
jaunt, perils of amity
to be a friend is keep
pace up the hill.
And every road is up
and everyone is you
and I am no one.**

15 March 2013

=====

**Hide the deer in the woods
hide the woods in a map
hide the map in your pocket
folded six times carefully
as a just ended song, hide
your pocket in someone's coat,
hide someone in the sun.
This is the face of the day,
one more of them, the last
for all you know. So talk
your way out of the house
mutter the mantra that
starts the car and go
little brother, go.**

15 March 2013

NUMBER THEORY

Comfortable with silence

things to listen

to, things

to begin.

OK, that was zero,

that was some birds

names too sacred to say

eating things from grass

or from the road

and sitting on fences and flying away.

Maybe that was one

the mother told you you were

how could there be more than you

for instance, for instance

leaves on the trees

but there are no leaves

because this is three

is winter still and cold

bones every night

**the sun like tired retirees
coming north slowly for Pesach**

**because the weather is
a monotheist plot
where next week will
always be better, next
life will be heaven**

**but we rationals know better
it all is magic
and magic works!
action at a distance
the will works its way into the world
worm by lattice
crystal fracture of the morning light**

**or how many faces
can I have to watch you
you dance again
you again whom I have studied**

**centuries now curve by mantissa
the lovely shape of leaving a door
open in the sky**

the sky after all.

16 March 2013

=====

Petrel. Never saw one.

Albatross either.

**A poem flew by my window
chased by a hawk.**

**Hawk I know,
they're high, they squeal
and plummet down,
one once
crashed into the window
next door, the poem
was gone by then
with all the other
little birds that hurt
no one, peck around
sing a little and fly away.**

16 m\March 2013

=====

**Touch me and I will appear
I take the form of a copper lamp
with a smoky purple flame
nibbling on an oil-soaked wick.**

**I light your room. You smell
the rapture in my oil, essence
of fire and continuity. You move
me round your spaces.**

**When we're tired of playing
you blow me out. I seem
to disappear then. But a flame
once kindled is always waiting,**

right here, in the air, waiting for you.

16 March 2013

=====

**Why are
red cars?
Kid time
only fire-
men haad.
Now lots.
They hurt
my eyes
when parked
in green
they shine.**

16 March 2013

=====

**Big enough to remember
a srick in your own hand
and a girl bleeding—
and never
get over the shame**

**or chalk on a blue wool coat back—
how can a man ever know
the mind of the child he was?**

**Who were those people I was being?
no connection with their hopes and deeds
except the shame, their shadow—**

**shame for the nice not just the nasty
shame for foods and fantasies
xap pistols and a curveball**

**grazing the strike zone, shame
for all the shame I felt, fear,
rebelliousness and sullen silence**

and one day I kicked my father's shin.

17 March 2013

=====

**I put a red coat on
and meant the king.**

**I was tired of invisible
masters and wanted one**

**with a gold hat on his head
and coins tumbling from his fingers**

**I was tired of bankers and brokers
and businessmen running the show**

**I wanted a glorious fool
so I could know the face of him**

**who sends me out to thirst
and die in old Affhanistan.**

17 March 2013

=====

Willing the best

the stone set

on the table.

Sacrilege—stone on wood.

Sacrifice—wood on stone.

Lift up your arms

as if you were a funnel

and the whole sky full of light

poured down into you.

Then say her name.

17 March 2013

=====

**Straight from dream
into the day's disorder
but I had no dreams
waking up a horncall
a phonecall unanswered
a day I didn't answer
catholic guilt for that
all I must have missed
of you a squeeze above
the ears mastoid moment
fear of what's to come
and in Irish fear is a man.**

18 March 2013

=====

**Pen come back to hand
song come back to tongue
this is how magic starts
but where it goes
is that comfortable country
nobody knows.**

**And in our touchable
bodies know only this
faerie, to live with
passion is live for all.**

18 March 2013

AGORA

**Waiting for the heat to come
again**

**The balance
understands the fingertip**

Cars collect sunshine. Fact.

**Every tree
remembers me
knows
I was the one.**

**But obeying the road
sometimes means leaving it**

**Faltering sunlight imagines me
Rude breakers disassemble sandy beaches**

**I who speak
was once a storm.**

18 March 2013

=====

**Embarrassed by remember
a mirror
is a cautery for hope.**

18 March 2013

ON THE DAY ONE K'ANIL

1.

Rabbit shy four color corn

I eat this kernel now

that hides your heart

now you live in me too

not just yourself

2.

Red Yellow Blueblack White

these are distinctions

only the soul knows

the soul

needs colors—the rest

of me makes do with thinking.

3.

You think you're shy

you think you wear clothes

to shield your nakedness.

Not so. You wear colors.

Cloth, leather, fur

are just accidents
that the light happened to
coming to find you.
The light finds you.
The colors shield you from the mind.

4.
Beginning to remember again
the beaches of Portugal
they say have black sand
white bodies on them
slowly reddening under the yellow sun/
I think of this for no reason—
we are food for somebody else
but never learn who, we never
get to turn the page and find
where the answer is, printed
clear in black on white,
cui bono out there we be.

5.

But I am shy.

I want you to walk

all around me

fiddling with this and that.

When I was a kid

I wanted to be a bridge

over a river

full of harbor seals

or anything bright red.

Find me for me, I'm lost

in what I almost

remember I remember.

19 March 2013

=====

**You held me tight
and spoke about chastity,
ice on the roads, cries
of different birds, how
to tell one from another,
you from me for example
or when hip finds hand
who touches whom?**

19 March 2013