

3-2014

marD2014

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "marD2014" (2014). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 195.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/195

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.

SKIN

**Wringing wet laundry
in the old days
and water still so wet—**

**reach into the tub
retrieve the small clothes
easy access to the underworld**

easy payments on the sky.

12 March 2014

=====

**Liberty
is to have done
everything
and the ships
sail up the River
bringing Africa home
and Asia and this
sweet word from Parmenia
I am but nowhere
you have ever been.**

12 March 2014.

=====

**More midnight love
letters glide over the screen.
In a world of desires
the truth is Queen.
But who his is her consort,
beast snorting in greensward,
gypsies in the shrubbery,
parson on the lawn?
The truth belongs to those who made it.
Or even hearing it will do.**

12 March 2014.

=====

**Licitly over the edge of
and then the sun rose
alternative energies
I'm scared to death
so I turned towards my fear
wearing a glowing bright face
borrowed from my master —
a mind unsees all fears.**

13 March 2014.

=====

Vital information
a blue flower
tucked in among white
lilies, lost.
Or maybe found.

14 March 2014.

=====

**To know the norm
and hide inside it.
Or flee to the moon
whose coast is
these trees in snow.
Midnight.**

14 March 2014.

=====

Squirrel on suet cage

being ingenious.

Me watching, telling

about it. Animals.

What we do.

14 March 2014

=====

**Sit there writing
and that's all right.
Sit there snowing
and that's all white.**

**Where can you go
that isn't here?**

**Repetition, pretty sounds
make philosophy uneasy
yet we have to whisper
to keep the world of things asleep
for if they wake
and then start talking too
there'll be no end
to poetry and what about me?**

15 March 2014

=====

**Enter the being sure.
Hellenistic her breasts
in the light of fireflies alone
that sultry night a valley
I could never find again
lost between hellos.**

15 March 2014

=====

**Long doctor short disease
a Cooper's hawk killed a sparrow
on our own snow**

2.

**Just make certain
there are rules of light
tumbling through the trees
till you can see.**

3.

**And I'm with you
waiting for Byzantium
to come again. Or go.**

15 March 2014

WHAT POETRY DOES

**Lose my words
into your ears
so they can find
what they really mean.**

15 March 2014

=====

**Shadow of the house
in front of the house
I sit in watching
what happens out there —
is it all shadow, all just light.**

15 March 2014

=====

Cantilevered stress
the kind I finds in you—
a relation bridges something
the river invisible,
the sky
crossing
earth on its way
to another place.
Be blue
for me a while
longer please.
A soft stone.
The cleft this tree grows down.

16 March 2014.

=====

**Keep close to the rail
or edge if there is none,
the Nepali valley
will catch you if you fall,**

**it's no worse than any street
but don't fall.**

**The road means
to bring you
above falling, above
even the fear of it.**

**She smiles at you in the forest,
she has tasted it already and knows.
Now know with her
as you can. She made
the road maybe. She
gives you a small cup
and you drink. Or she does —
it's still not sure.**

The world remembers for you.

The edge holds you.

It is almost done.

16 March 2014.

=====

**Waiting inside weather
smell what people do
time to visit Whitman
in Trenton his *distraction***

**a place for a moment sets
us seemingly free from
our everlasting thinking**

but mind makes place two.

17 March 2014.

=====

**What we want is go along
prairie say or afternoon
with chance for interspecies inwardness**

**nearsighted man peering at nearsighted deer
other distances come to mind but
they are lost with Samothrace**

2.

**Or is it? Aren't the ancient glories
lambent still at mind edge, ripple
right across from time to time, the subtle
concentricities of time?**

17 March 2014.

=====

**There are people like that
Shimmer of ice crust on snow**

world hum

under

it all,

the sum

summing itself up

of everything —

the thrum of thinking

under what I think.

17 March 2014.

=====

**As far as I can see
there are only things to be seen.**

**Mute trajectories. Deer tracks
ample, the little herd
comes down the ridge, they shelter
on the other side, near the stream.**

**That's all for geography I know
and that may be wrong.**

**The snow eventually will melt,
I'll follow them home
maybe, the tracks vanishing.**

No more trace than a bird.

17 March 2014.

=====

**Aware of the motion sensor
bright eyes of the middle class
blink at starlight. *Nemo*
venit. It's all right, we
don't need guests we have ghosts.
Presences around us all the time.
In us.
 We stroke them with thought.
We wait all our lives for their answers.**

17 March 2014.

=====

The finches of midnight

scatter the dark.

Full moon, no rain.

The birds

go wild on the soundtrack

they know something about time

they try to tell.

I listen

poorly,

I'm just a man.

Help me to hear

I cry to the moon.

It sends the trees

to answer me —

listen like them,

listen like branches

upraised, leaf no leaf,

it's the stance itself

that counts,

**in the asking,
using the whole body
to ask,
listen hard,
listen like wood.**

17 March 2014.