

3-2013

marE2013

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "marE2013" (2013). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 192.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/192

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la Festa di San Giuseppe

Why do I care so much about you
and your feast? I've worked pretty hard
all my life but know not much
about workingmen. Such as you
are always exemplified as being—
forgive the klutzy syntax there,
you know what I mean, my ears
half-deafened with your hammer,
the squealing scrape of your plane
on the white pine wood they call soft
but it tears the skin of your hands,
the skin of your strange son's back.
Wood of the world. Every year
your feast comes round I feel I owe you
something, words are all I have
usually, you surely don't need more
of those, with all the testaments and
gnostic gospels and all the rest
it is our destiny to inherit and recite.
You took care of the son of god,
another Being's child, glorious
but day by day and all the toils
and imbecilities of his childhood

**you endured. I take feeble care
of other people's children, sons
and daughters, feckless poets,
idle artists, turbulent minds to come.
Arrogant of me to think even
of comparing. But comparison
is the absinthe of poetry, ever green
alluring and full of falsities.
But still I have to greet you, today,
this year too, on your feast
so glorious in Italy, with wine
and sausages and great plump
fritters bubbling in fat.
And here I am alone in snow,
tired, still early in the week
and exhausted already, surely
Joseph is the one to understand.**

19 March 2013

=====

**Spring hurtless
magnitude of know
this place and only**

*

**small scar on the sky
not there yesterday
things can happen in the night**

**long believers arrive
bearing emblems of their misunderstanding
spirit *is* matter**

*

**we used to ask
and think we were smart for asking
what is sex the symbol of**

and now we know.

20 March 2013

=====

**In the gap between clouds
we see reality
nothing less
and nothing more.**

20.III.13

=====

**If I called you past midnight
you'd be stupid as golf,
your eyes harnessed to Netflix,
body too tired to be.**

20.III.13

OF HOUSES

1.

A house is a shape
so unlike our own
it is a wonder
we made them as they are

boxes inside boxes
and all too small
and nothing like us at all'
all angles and corners

no curves no yieldingnesses,
asif we followed
some weird alien design
meant to entrap us,

o give us a soft house
with a hip thrust into the
north wind, warm air welling
up and everyway free.

\

2.

**Housecraft and purple asters
when autumn comes
you understand the maybes
of a house, we build boxes
to be unnatural, save us
from nature, that place
where things die,
the terrible circumference.**

3.

**What would a house look like
if it looked like you
something fit for you and that you fit,
easy, comfortable,
like a cougar on a tree branch
or a salmon in the sea?**

20 March 2013

ARS POETICA 20.III.13

**It doesn't feel like anything
but it is.**

**Make us feel it
without generating memory**

**you never know between
what two words the world
will end,**

**the yawning
gap begin again—**

**only the silences make sense
between us
so hard to endure them
overfull as they are with understanding**

**people touch each other to
restrict infinity.**

20 March 2013

=====

**In a classroom on the moon
a man of a sort you've never
seen is waiting.
He is all claim and no forgetting,
he wants nothing and takes everything.**

**It is the first day of spring
and people are afraid in the new snow,
they don't know it but he's
the one they fear,
that musician up there
with no horn but his thinking.**

20 March 2013

=====

**This old red Esterbrook
pen came all the way
to Japan and back home
to me. This tall
stork or heron in someone's
garden two hundred
years ago bowed
down and ate a frog.
Images never leave us
alone. We Christians
are like that, we never
understand and never forget.**

20 March 2013

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**We pray to images
because we are images.
We bow down
because we are too high,
I am the idol and the idolater,
didn't Omar say that?
Didn't I hear the waves
crash in and break on the shore
when there was no sea?**

20 March 2013

VIENNA. GIANT WHEEL.

**These austere living rooms
lifted into the sky
slowly again and again**

**stand by the window
looking out into the city
down to the merciful earth.**

20.III.13

EVENING

**Measurements avail. The shirt
loose around the chest. The flame
flees from the wick and floats
cartoon-wise over the dark river—**

**if only we could remember.
And now I have forgotten
your face too, coming
through the basement door
letting all that blinding sunlight in.**

20 March 2013

=====

So I lived Tuesday twice
coyotes eerie chatter in the night
I wouldn't use that word
we all live in this forest too
trees disguised as bungalows
condos cars hurrying to work:
tulip raspberry avocado lace

These are no morning matters
or scratchy beard on maiden cheek
the rafters of winter
close above our heads
noggins and flagons
bread and dandelions
this is your Bible speaking
in cars and planes your seatbelts scorn

on the eleventh day of this moon
the snow lay peacefulm the roads
were clear, tanktrucks delivered
distillate to homes and offices
and left pink flimsy receipts
by the house door, magnolia
blossoms blown in from the snow.

21 March 2013

ARCANA

**I stress the normal
because that's where magic lives.
In a wild world
no wizard needed—
arise from torpor
the shaman shames the clutter in your head
you scream with satisfaction
this is the only other country there is.**

2.

**Licensed lepers tread their mill
looks like a state road to me
but they know better, goes nowhere—**

**however far they travel
they are the same, all situations
the same, "all weather hurts us and we wait."**

3.

**Keep looking for the bride's veil
keep believing her face is behind it
the white figure shimmers through twilight
looking for her everlasting husband
a black goat, tall, with a man's hands.**

21 March 2013

TIMEWORK

1.

**Sometimes I look at the date
at the top of the page
and marvel we have come so far**

**into the plastic raygun future
and still the old words
stir the gut**

**girl in moonlight
sun on stone.**

**So I have carried the old with me
and spoiled the new,
stretching my legs out at any old fire.**

2.

**So I confess to them all
as once at *Mass Confiteor*
I am the devil in your nice machine
moondust in your latest device
old old old as Wallace Stevens**

or King Lear my goodly fere.
I have been so you can be
and here I am in your face again
making time pass thicker,
quicker, and with musics.

3.

Apt for energy
a thought half
way into the head

half still out there
where a bird in passing
leaves a line behind it

dividing the sky
where it has been,
what is seen

compels us,
can't refuse
the latest news,

thinking is a brake
on time,
years hold onto being

**remembered, watch it,
let the bird go,
drag that line down**

**and loop it round your love
you know the one,
the only one who understands.**

22 March 2013

UN REBLOCHON DE SAVOIE

**It doesn't have to be a sonata
it can sing all by itself
like a raindrop on the windowpane
or a pale cheeseworm in my cheese.**

22 March 2013

=====

**Something star
words they took away
and hid in money**

*island pleasure faithful
measure love star road roof tree*

**nothing belongs to me
so I give it all to you.**

22 March 2013