

3-2012

## marF2012

Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk\\_manuscripts](https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts)

---

### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "marF2012" (2012). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 189.  
[https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk\\_manuscripts/189](https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/189)

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](mailto:digitalcommons@bard.edu).

=====

Your delicate laptops  
make you wear backpacks  
walk bent in the fresh day.

17.III.12

=====

Accept this moral  
directive from a sinner  
I know what you want  
because I know what  
everybody wants because  
I know what I want  
so be careful of me.

17.III.12

=====

It's all right to feel  
what I feel  
as long as I don't  
let myself feel it.

17.III.12

## FOREST

So where the trees peter out  
the trucks slow down  
drivers sleep at the side of the road

woodpeckers rattle over their dreams  
nothing is close nothing is far  
it's like the thought of a woman

stepping into a sacred pool  
three thousand years ago  
and nobody watching, not even me.

17 March 2012

=====

Called by the other

I guessed my self

but I'm still just hypothetical

a conclusion drawn

from specious reasoning.

I mean from skin.

17 March 2012

=====

Bird hopping around in the bush  
or is it a jogger way up the road?  
Eyesight like creation is a marvel,  
unreliable.

17 March 2012

=====

## **SPRING SPARROWS**

How fast they fly by the window!

It really makes you think.

But what, what?

17.III.12



## NEIGHBORS

They take better care of their lawn  
than I do of my mind.  
I'm still littered with last year's books.

17.III.12

= = = = =

Barracuda or better  
we shark each other  
till no blood's left  
then drown. Blame  
the environment, blame  
my hand or your shoulder  
not moving, no caress,  
just a live thing still  
weighing you down.

17 March 2012

= = = = =

I'm just walking on the sidewalk  
boring as a dry-goods store  
minding nobody's business  
not even my own when  
the sun comes out and  
stuns me with glory. Do I  
deserve this? Does anybody  
deserve anything? said the sun.  
And the sun said I love you  
I can't help it, all  
I know how to do is shine.

17 March 2012

=====

Will I be at the end of the day  
before it begins?  
What can you do but wait and see.

17.III.12

= = = = =

So the lines in our palms  
we always thought were marks of our characters  
(such as they are, Libras are free  
of such things as personality)  
(or are only personality and no core)  
(like Pessoa whose name means 'person' but who  
was everybody but no one in particular)

are really the lines that stretch  
out from this palm (the one that thinking  
and imputation and old habits  
think is mine) all the way out  
to someone new, someone you,  
somebody with hands of their own

and that is what lines are, she told me,  
a line has two ends, a line  
gets all the way there, not a segment,  
a line goes all the way, a line,  
so simple and irresistible a thing,  
an everlasting in-between.

17 March 2012

= = = = =

Irish is as Irish says it does  
but secretly it swims, a salmon  
among Semites, a pig among  
gentiles, a half-caste in a windstorm,  
a stalk of celery no beast would eat,

but mostly it's a seal among women  
and a gull over all, you know it's Irish  
by the way it screams in the sky.

17 March 2012

=====

Day to quiet  
all I know  
into belief  
that modern thing  
the other  
side of the window  
where the birds are.

18 March 2012

## YEW

“Birds fond of that tree  
you planted” she  
said as if we were not we  
who bought it and had  
a man now vanished  
set it and two others  
beside it on the berm  
before our window  
and the road looked on.  
Should I smile and be smug  
and take credit for the birds?  
As if the birds could care  
who gave them their tree.

18 March 2012



## NOTHING TO DECLARE

Nothing to remember  
or all need nada nada  
my father on the telephone  
said his name as not a burden  
nothing to remember  
a woman who liked cheeses  
be fragrant with fondness  
tea-tree in my hair  
how is a photo of a light different from the light it shows  
advancing autos  
restless motility measures roads  
highway to Brighton  
minor miracles of license plates  
spell her name for me  
how strict the rules of the land  
be absolute my darling  
we fall in love with alien modes  
we fall in love with how people talk  
the syntax of their difference  
a text in love with the later work of Béla Tarr  
in that country they all come from somewhere else  
but in our furrows a-run with blood  
be brave in not knowing  
smooth body of your back

the never-seen apocalypse of now  
rien de grave  
suppose they really could know what you're thinking  
do you call it thinking  
that mash of images and grammar thick inside  
somewhere your brain can hear it  
tell me again how wonderful I am  
I begin to forget  
I demand an irresponsible closeness  
people are what they want not what they get  
dissonance between image and real estate  
where you live is your overt meaning  
everything else is accident  
write small so the ink will last  
a giant Shadow writ on thy small Earth  
a day without color soft as a kiss  
delicate busses of a blood relation  
someday though remind me of this.

18 March 2012

## THE KNOWLEDGE

London cabbies know their twenty-thousand streets  
and what do we know? What are our taxonomies,  
the pretty pockets we stuff our little knowings in,  
the recognitions, the masterworks, the venial sins?  
Or are they mortal? How do we tell them apart,  
the way we tell pornography from high-class art?  
Or can we? Do things decide where they belong,  
and we follow meekly, trying to hum along,  
never being sure of the words or the meaning  
but still we're able to find them the next morning  
mostly, though who knows how many fine things do get  
lost in the night, things we can't manage to forget?

18 March 2012