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**A lank of saffron ribbon  
wraps around your waist,  
enough to spare  
to make a shapely knot—  
that is the translation at last  
of your Aztec name.**

**22 March 2013**

=====

**Cast a spell on you such  
that you come on a rainy day  
and sit snug on a portico  
between fluted columns**

**and look wise. The words  
will remember you then,  
you'll think you hear music  
but then you always do,**

**piano hobbling through cold rain!  
Moscheles concerto, your fingers  
itch to play. Already  
the water reaches to your feet.**

**22 March 2013**

=====

**Leftwing attitudes infest pop songs**

**because all song**

**lives in the body.**

**We carry it with us**

**wherever we grow,**

**short breath or long,**

**spring spiders of**

**winter shadows, sing**

**sang sung song.**

**And your head floats**

**half silent above all**

**this arrogant music.**

**22 March 2013**

## **SOME PLAYS FOR MY MASTERS**

**1.**

**Willingness before all  
or the stream undammed**

**scared beavers frolic  
rehousing in culverts**

**things are available  
but are you but are you**

**and the glorious caravan  
lurches through your lap**

**always wanting everything  
and no hands to hold**

**forgive my grasp I work  
like weather to be everywhere**

**all at once and you hear me  
if you do with foreign ears.**

2.

**Sympathy abounding  
or the raft overturn'd**

**we snuggle in eelgrass  
hoping for better**

**a glass full of promises  
and numbers yes numbers**

**are all you give me to drink  
remember when we**

**six times the setting sun  
appalling umber with ardor?**

3.

**Apostrophes misplaced  
or who knows who's**

**Samoyede manners in March  
great shivering pectorals**

**abound around a mound  
where Venus sate**

**kemming her glimm'ring fur  
looping odd loose strands whereof**

**into a crystal goblet from  
which every bard must drink**

**or in poltroon silence ever  
after choke in peace.**

**22 March 2013**



====

**The course of the car goes  
noon whistle by  
sturdy animate companion  
dream—I taught her  
Heitor Villa-Lobos  
and she didn't care who saw us.  
These are the ways music happens,  
typically in Russia or Vienna,  
my hat in my hand. *Please, miss,*  
*a kiss* is what it all  
adds up to long before the end.**

**23 March 2013**

=====

**Getting warm in the web  
the virtual metabolism  
like watching through the window  
deer step down your snowy hillock**

**always depends. Reversion  
to an earlier dialect the way ice  
remembers water constantly,  
each muscle longing for that free.**

**23 March 2013**

=====

**There are so many things waiting to be wrapped inside a human body and sent out like noisy children to rub through libraries silenced only by the gaudy or grisly color plates in old encyclopedias you know the ones i mean i know you studied them too while your lower body quivered with all the revulsions of desire -- for what do children know of what moves them?**

**Everything does and everything is important but nothing has meaning or nothing has words so we spend our whole lives doing not much more than making up thousands of more or less plausible sentences to express what we felt in that one five-minute epiphany in the public library before the mean old librarian came and drove us away remember when there were mean people remember what it felt like to stumble down the stone steps knowing the whole glorious tedious never-ending Task had finally begun.**

**23 March 2013**

=====

**The certainties pursue us  
the dreamworld that is science  
where we are turned,  
body and soul, into shadows  
of what we think. But yield  
into the uncontrived, the pure  
experience, awareness of awareness,  
real science of being here.**

**23 Marc 2013**

=====

**Dipping the longer, Eve,  
the tongue-tied pen  
you sketch the doorway  
and stand through it.  
You make the room  
into which the doorway  
pours, you made the sea  
out the window and  
yourself stretched out  
on a long blue chair.**

**But I was there too  
though uninvited, like  
the steepled of an un-  
distinguished church  
in some old river town  
that has nomore religion  
only me watching you all  
over again create the world.**

**23 March 2013**

**NO**

**opportunity  
to master time  
enter you  
instead.**

**24.III.13 [dreamt]**

=====

**If I hadn't given  
myself away to everyone  
would I have had anything at all?**

**24.III.13**

=====

**Like every other  
a good day to stay home**

**or any day is good to go.**

**These are decisions  
not in our hands  
not in my hands.**

**24 March 2013**



=====

**Take things out of context  
so they know themselves again**

**On a desert island,  
daylight and no music.**

**24 March 2013**

=====

**There has to be more room in me  
for such disclosures but who?  
Most of the snow has been censored now  
a few words still scattered under trees,  
under eastern house walls, left  
like the spill of one passionate illicit tryst.**

**24 March 2013**

=====

**Pillowing sky  
folds of grey and pearl**

**kind sea for inlanders—  
everything reminds.**

**24.III.2013**

=====

**I don't know where it starts or finishes  
the lovely dreams our time zones are,  
I can start my morning with  
what you were thinking on the road to sleep.**

**24 March 2013**

=====

**Nothing song enough to say  
a voice from a joining  
always divides  
the clock has its eye on us  
lonely little girl jogging up the road  
doesn't know she's lonely  
only knows what earbuds tell her,  
listen to me till you're nowhere  
nowhere but the going.  
I look up again, she's gone,  
there already and I'm still here.**

**24 March 2013**

=====

**Stars must be like stones**

**yearning to have wings**

**to move all by themselves alone**

**not just part of everything flows.**

**24 March 2013**

=====

**Toss me a rose because I know  
but find it hard to remember precisely  
the thing I am meant to know,  
the thing the rose means me to remember.**

**24 March 2013**

=====

**Among necessities  
white silk round the neck  
a man in a grave  
a crow on a lamppost**

**and some woman in between  
reigning there  
in the sorrow of plain air  
glorious ordinary.**

**And all the striving  
went into old music  
we see her clearly  
tears in her language**

**she does not actually speak.**

**24 March 2013**



=====

**I want to talk to you  
but in my own language  
not the English of explanation  
but the American of I want  
to get through into that place  
in you where you and I  
have always been talking  
always together back to back  
facing the night facing the sun  
that loneliest of all the stars.  
All the fumbled words  
are stones and rubble thrown  
aside as I try to make my way  
to it, from far away I hear  
always the rumble of that silence  
where we wait for us there.**

**24 March 2013**