

3-2014

marF2014

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "marF2014" (2014). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 187.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/187

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.

=====

**No tax city
over brown river
speaks to poor woman
only 23 twice a mother
no man in sight**

**I am an unwed bride,
a childless mother,
a story told with numerals alone.**

23 March 2014

2.

In spirit land

there is no time

only space

and what it does

to us

the city safe beneath its glittering scales.

23 March 2014

=====

Lightweight, as a swan
reflected in slow eddy
I am (any I is)
a bird that turns
half under water
half in the sky,
a self is a beast,
some heraldic blending,

my enfield, head
(brain) of a fox
forelegs an eagle's grip
and eagle chest and lion after
and wolf tale aloft,

a self is a composite,
heraldry is always reminding,

we are the mythical beasts,
griffins basilisks manticores.

There is no such single animal as me.

**(All that I learned from a picture
of a swan moving forward
in Jeff Scher's lovely little
homage to springtime *Welcome Back*.)**

24 March 2014

=====

**Moon and morning star
then color starts
as if it came from *there*
all over again
and we were new.**

**Dawn is a quiet desire.
An obsequious animal
at first, barely rousing
through the trees and then
before you know it
you know it.**

25 March 2014

=====

**There are so many
and none.**

gematria

**shows the way, every
word adds up to One**

which is the same as Ten.

**How our cruise began
in all these seas
from which these lilies
hurried home.**

Long

lovely quiet equaling None.

25 March 2014

=====

The roses when they begin to shout
will drown me out. This is the way
I am supposed to be, a *voice*
in ordinary attending on great matters
from the lower register,
a song not
much use to the sun.

25 March 2014

AQUEOUS HUMOUR

**Waiting to specify
begins in the trees
where answers ripen**

***the sea the sea* they cried
on the mountain crest
seeing what they saw
with the part of ocean
that wanders us.**

**In the old books it is said
the whole earth is the Buddha's blue eye—**

See with the earth and really see.

25 March 2014

=====

**You see a certain thing
you fall unconscious.
As if the whole body is
not strong enough
for what it sees, or is
only what it beholds
and there was nothing there.**

25 March 2014.

INTERVIEW WITH THE DRAGON

I am many kinds.

You alone?

I all one.

Water and air, like in Chinese?

**I am air when I am in water,
I am water when I am in air.
I am earth when you sleep,
I am fire all the time.**

When you roar, is there meaning?

**There is always meaning
count the lines
in my face, they
match precisely the lines in your palms.
And when I say precisely
I mean the numbers match,
the planets align, the rain falls.**

Do I belong to you or you to me.

As a part to a whole.

Which is part, which is whole.

Yes, only yes.

You confuse me with clarity.

**Next-door, a machine is grinding tree stumps
at the behest of some man or men.**

Or woman?

A machine thinks everyone is a woman.

26 March 2014