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## marG2012

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Will you be my webinar  
whill you be my fragrant car  
will you park beside the breath  
and let me capture?

19 March 2012

= = = = =

And then the text started to rehearse itself  
and children fluttered around in the street waiting for their principals  
and the gunman approached on a motot scooter  
and fired at random into the crowd of Jews killing four at least  
and maybe more critically ill in the hospital  
and roared away and was lost among gentiles  
and this happened not the morning after Kristallnacht  
but this morning in Toulouse while America was asleep.

19 March 2012

= = = = =

Let the stonecutter awake  
as Whitman and Neruda would  
and set the works of the worders  
out there so all can see

and seeing believe  
that the one who chose all these  
herself wrote this

a sister among sisters, among brothers,  
among angels and amateurs  
and the spunky spontaneous music of mind  
bellow out from these quiet pages.

19 March 2012

= = = = =

THEY COME HERE IN THEIR WHITE  
SKIN TO BE TREES

they want to punish each other  
for all the distances  
they continue to endure

hug a tree beat a tree  
to make the sap flow  
old Italians told me  
in the neighborhood  
no springtime without beating  
wake it up, same with us  
people ski, fall from planes,  
they raft whitewater, tumble  
from rocks and walk on fire—  
anything to w]  
ake from sleep  
the nasty dream that tells me  
it only matters if it hurts.

19 March 2012

=====

Legal things. The wrong  
lips kissed. The doubt  
that feels like blood  
flowing in a distant limb—  
how far away the earth is.

19 March 2012

=====

But what will you do  
when it's all done?

It will be now then,  
it will be now.

19.III.12

= = = = =

The stars so far.  
Spring festivals of primitive  
peoples I am.

I will howl gently  
for three days

trying to tell the sun  
who's boss  
but all the while

trying to fondle  
sunlight as it falls.

19 March 2012



=====

A small thing  
best for spring

later  
comes Easter

where we belong,  
then song

takes birth  
out of earth

again and again  
we call it Him

and say his name,  
he is the same

who fell asleep  
now leaps

into the ordinary air  
and we are there

and we are him.

19 March 2012



=====

The dubious theology  
of poetry  
my heart in your hand.

19.III.12

= = = = =

So on a day of small comfort  
beautiful images and much sun

the light strode across the table  
to interpret men and women caught

by the insolent light-writer  
who had carried in his hand

Sicily and Italy and mother creek  
where we all live still

a black box with mind of its own.

19 March 2012

=====

Where will St Joseph go  
to find his son  
His own one?

19.III.12

= = = = =

That's what it means  
to live in a magical world  
you talk to machines  
and they call you back  
using the voices and bodies  
of real people almost,  
you fall in love or leave  
town or get divorced  
and all the while it's machine  
you've been hanging with,  
the exalted self-lubricating  
machinery of the world.

19 March 2012

## TO A WISE CHILD

I can tell time too.

But what can I

tell it to do?

19.III.12

## DIOCLETIAN

As soon as the word  
depends from the cloud  
the silence comes—

the, the, the—

the calipers of hypotaxis  
plunge the heart a-  
gain and again into the slot  
left vacant in the ordinary

Swing from a tree  
hide a sheep in a flock

only you, you alone  
will know how different  
this thing is, this little thing,

a fleck of sunlight on the lawn.  
It is not now.

A flitch of meat  
fly-visited on a butcher's shelf.  
Illyria. The old Emperor  
retired now, is trenching



delicate white asparagus  
in his garden. Over the sea.  
Asparagus so-called  
from being used to sprinkle,  
*aspergere*, as in a ritual  
or initiation, with sacred  
somehow water or the blood  
of sacrifice. The fluid  
clings in its fine scales  
then shakes free. Sprinkle me.

19 March 2012

= = = = =

Don't look down  
below the skin  
nothing there  
but mortal sin

we die from inside out  
be like the yew tree  
and stay alive, life  
is easy, stay

on the radiant surface  
lick the skin of everything.

19 March 2012