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**If you know it, why say it?  
Say what you don't know.**

**The sun comes out of your mouth  
every sentence a vision-quest**

**the swallows of the Vaucluse  
sleep in the sky**

**pillowed on the updraft of warm air  
as you dare sleep on ignorance**

**on quivering currents of uncertainty  
and wake out loud.**

**29 March 2013**

=====

**Ran outside  
hunting for what's going to happen.  
Tear the stanchions down  
that keep the crowd at bay.  
The sky is pale, my lord,  
a ship has come from Denmark  
with no meaning. We have opened  
all the books and found nothing but words.  
We found a man who speaks no language  
and asked him. He smiled and led us  
all the way to it, a box washed up  
half-buried in the sand.  
We opened it carefully  
and found it empty,  
we are persuaded it means something,  
that emptiness in that location,  
but for myself I find it hard  
to distinguish what I'm thinking  
from what the sea is saying  
so we can submit  
only this dark report.**

**29 March 2013**

## THE JOGGERS

*for Carey*

How nice for them the run,  
the real. Holy Saturday.  
The joggers filling up the time  
till they're reborn. The stone  
rolls away from their hearts  
by itself. The sun rises.

2.

In this holy season, Pesach,  
Passion, the music we hear  
pretends to be our souls.  
Calmly to Bach we hark,  
*es ist vollbracht* we heard,  
the work of dying  
finished to give us  
life. What could  
these words mean?  
A stranger at the door,  
a glass of wine?

3.

The iron foundry closed today  
the lumber yard still open.  
Wood is all we have to buy

(your daughter goes out dancing)  
and nails in little wooden keg  
enough to roof one house with  
(the gods gave you this house  
now fence it in,  
secure the window and the wall,  
paint words of power on the mantelpiece)  
for heaven is always watching.

4.

Or as Shakespeare said *Jog on*.  
A play belongs to everyone —  
you want Hamlet lean I want him fat.  
I want him to want everything,  
love and potency and skill,  
slow revenge, rye bread smeared with cheese.

5.

Easter coming, the earth  
forgives us again. We met on Good Friday  
and you rode west,  
the better part, the fugue  
and left me with the passacaglia,  
marketplace and morning star.

**6.**

**The keen desire each man feels  
he thinks no other ever felt so.  
And that makes Easter possible,  
when even I might wake from ignorance  
and feel again as simple as a candle  
held in a child's hand  
(I have no children, drink only water,  
feel sad for all the pretty joggers  
panting down my road towards noon).**

**30 March 2013**

=====

**Lingering at the trellised gate  
he rooted, turned  
into a rosebush and crept up the laths  
in pink and white extrusions  
of what had been a self.  
Sometimes we wait too long.  
Sometimes desire just  
turns us into the world,  
into everything else and other words  
and the bees make  
honey from us when summer comes.**

**30 March 2013**

=====

**To die on Easter  
when everything is waking up**

**is a rowdy thing  
a late-night unintended swim**

**laughing from the capsized  
drunken canoe**

**into a river that has no end.  
The silver dawn of meaning far.**

**31 March 2013**

*[thinking of Rupert Norris Von Bockbrader, lost in the Housatonic]*



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**Examples of otherwise  
would be a moose in the meeting  
telling what town is for —  
to fence me out,  
me with my antlers and appetites.  
I call this a sonnet  
to get your goat, to plead  
with women to obviate  
the wearisome distances  
of gender arguments  
begins to stop stopping  
the tune is permanent,  
the sheriff is asleep.  
Slowly we citizens learn to spell.**

**31 March 2013**

=====

**So silver light the lissome day**

**each of us buxom to the other**

**= obliging, pliable, formed**

**by heaven to agree.**

**Across our street a little stream**

**is always journeying, tires me out**

**sometimes with its industry.**

**I hold on tight and try not to flow.**

**I stand here trying to remember stone.**

**31 March 2013**

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**How did the R get its tail  
over Knossos bull horns leap  
the lasses head over heels  
the scholars say, interpreting  
the alphabet, sunrise,  
Easter, everything still happens,  
we risk the mild ascensions,  
the tragic chutes. Waterfall  
weather, quick analyses  
of old inscriptions,  
P was R once for the Greeks,  
things change, the lips mute,  
the gullet growls, the boys  
chase after the girls and they  
jump over the old bowl too.  
We are sons of God they say  
who spells us as He chooses.  
They are reverent in their fashion,  
hold the girls' hands modestly  
thinking on their distant laps.  
Oh the striving in the world!  
Oh the leap, somersault  
over the forbidding horns,**

**if an animal can speak  
why can't I?  
They shape the letters  
to fit the mason's chisel  
the way the sun rises through mist  
making everyone her proper shape.**

**31 March 2013**

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**Glamorous reprisals  
owl in a tree  
complaining about the moonlight.  
What will keep me sleeping  
if dreams don't play?**

**31 March 2013**

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There are religions cast  
before swine, pearls  
from a lover's earring fallen  
and sonnet forms reclaimed  
from vers libre analysts.  
Color organ. Scriabin. Taste  
organ. Des Esseintes. The street  
of the holy fathers and the school  
of medicine. Have a coffee.  
No one smokes anymore,  
the girl is delicious with distance.  
Now that you're back in Paris  
I can let my reflection  
fall into the stream beside our house  
confident it will reach you  
and you'll see it on the Seine  
someday long away  
like light coming from Regulus  
or some other fashionable star.  
I promised you Hermès  
and gave you water,  
you promised me midnight  
and gave me dawn.  
How beautiful it is

**all supposed to be.**

**31 March 2013**

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**How happy my father would be  
to see the three  
or four deer that come every day to our yard,  
sometimes more than once a day.  
Sometimes a fawn. The fawn  
is getting bigger. Time passes.  
Twenty-two years since he died.  
And when the deer shiver away  
back into the trees  
the crows come down to feed.**

**31 March 2013**